INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

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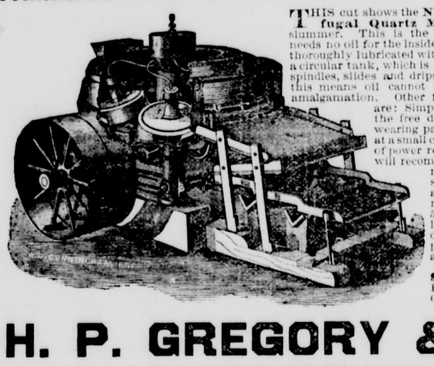

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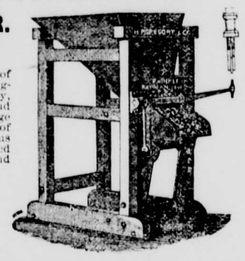

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"Hold It to His Nose."

An English medical man who was sent out to Bulgaria to look after the health of English workmen on a railway had occasion to take a few stitches in the eyelid of his horse. To secure quiet on the part of his dumb patient he proposed to administer chloroform, and called upon one of the engineers to assist him. The result of the experiment is told by the assistant:

"It was settled that we should take the horse into a shed thickly strewn with hay, and that I should administer the chloroform. This was quickly done, or rather commenced. The chloroform was poured on a thick cloth, and I held it to the horse's nose. At first he objected and tossed his head, but presently a contented look came over his face and he stood stock still.

"At this I said, 'It's all right, doctor; get ready, he will soon be off.' To which the doctor replied, 'I am rather astonished that he has not gone through the excited stage.'

"Just as he said this the horse gave a sudden plunge which knocked me over on my back in the hay, and then he commenced the most eccentric unhorse-like proceedings. He sat up on his tail and tried to reach the roof with his feet. Failing in this he jumped up and rushed into the corner, where he did his best again and again to run up the wall, tumbling over on his back at each attempt. Then he tried to put his head through between both his front and his hind legs, and so went head over heels forward.

"I bolted, but will it be believed that the unfeeling doctor held the door against me, and only answered to my entreaties to be let out, 'Hold it to his nose! hold it to his nose! Look sharp and hold it to his nose!' and when at last I succeeded in bursting the door open and making my escape I was greeted with contemptuous looks and words!

"A Rarey might have liked the situation. I am not a Rarey, and was very cautious how I went up to the beast, even after he had got over his flurry and stood stock still, looking very much astonished, as well he might."—Youth's Companion.

The Original Buffalo Bill.

There is probably no better known name throughout the entire length and breadth of this country than that of Buffalo Bill, and there are but few who do not know that William F. Cody is the bearer of the title. Mr. Cody, however, is not the original Buffalo Bill. There is nothing underhanded nor illegitimate in his bearing it. He is fully entitled to it, but, for all that, he comes by it second handed. The original Buffalo Bill is now living, an aged, wealthy, prominent and highly respected citizen and the president of a savings bank at Wichita, Kan. His name is William Matthewson. He is high up in the order of Oddfellows.

Years ago Mr. Matthewson was a bold frontiersman on the plains, engaged in hunting and trapping for a living. He supplied the forts in Kansas and Nebraska with buffalo, and his success in this work was so great that he was given the title of Buffalo Bill. During this time he engaged a boy to work for him, and the lad was so diligent and faithful that he remained in Matthewson's employ until the latter quit the business to settle down to a more quiet life. As a reward the employer turned over the hunting contracts to the employe, who then followed in his late master's footsteps. That he was successful, that he earned honor, fame and wealth for himself cannot be denied when it is told that his name is William F. Cody. With the business rights he was given the title his former employer had borne. The world knows he has kept it bright and that neither stain nor tarnish has touched it.—Chicago Herald.

The Winds of the Mediterranean.

The winds of this sea, though generally regular and periodical, have local characteristics which give rise to various names: "The Birazones of the southeast coast of Spain; the Vent de Bize, or Mistral, of the southern French coast; the Raffiche of Corsica and other mountainous islands; the Gregale of Sardinia and Malta; the Saffanto and Bora of the Adriatic; the Tramontana, generally over the Levant, and the Levanters and Sirocco of the whole Mediterranean." In strong contrast to the frequent blasts of the well known Sirocco are the calms of this deep sea, the bonaccia of the Italian mariner, which in the days before the advent of steam compelled a loitering and weary voyage.—J. N. Hallock in Christian at Work.

Meaning of the Word "Limited."

A subscriber asks for an explanation of the word "limited," which frequently follows the name of a corporation, as the "Sunrise Blacking company, limited," or "Smith & Jones, limited." In the last case, as in the first, the concern is a corporation, with shareholders, not one of whom, possibly, is a Smith or a Jones.

The old principle of corporations created by legislative act was that the entire property of every stockholder was liable for the whole debts of the company, as the whole property of every member of a general partnership is still liable for the debts of the firm.

But this system made every shareholder responsible for bad management of which he might not be guilty, and deterred wealthy men from becoming interested in the shares of corporations. To remove this objection the principle of limited liability was introduced, and in order to notify the public that only the separate property of the corporation was liable for the debts of the corporation the English law requires that the word "limited" shall be used in every case by the company.

Most American corporations are constituted on the principle of limited liability, but few, if any, of the states enjoin companies to append the word limited to their corporate titles. The matter is so well understood in this country, indeed, that it is not necessary.

The most noteworthy exception to the general rule is the case of the national banks, and even in this instance liability is limited to an amount equal to the par value of the shares. That is, if a national bank fails, each stockholder may not only lose what he has invested, but $100 more for each share of stocks he holds, if so much is necessary to pay the debts of the bank.

Until within a few years all the Scottish banks were organized with unlimited liability, and when, eight or ten years ago, a Glasgow bank failed, disastrously, there were cases of men who only owned a share or two, valued before the failure at not much more than a hundred dollars each, who were assessed thousands of pounds sterling, to meet the debts of the bank. Since that time the Scottish banks have been allowed to reorganize on a basis of limited liability.—Youth's Companion.

To Tempt the Theatre Goers.

The midnight candy store is a new thing in upper Broadway. It is open for business all day long, of course, but the particular trade which it is open to catch is that of theatrical audiences. It is situated in a neighborhood of theatres, whose dispersing people are apt to see its glare of electric lights and its gorgeous front of illuminated red glass. The standard summer joke of the village newspaper, based on the difficulty experienced by the fellows in getting their girls past the ice cream saloon, is here adapted to the cold weather season in New York. A package of candy after the play is a sweet boon to women of every degree, whether from the proscenium box or the topmost gallery, and the proprietor of this place doesn't mean that any couple shall walk past without paying attention to it.

But the striking character of the exterior is exceeded inside, where a complement of very brightly red haired girls are on duty from 10 o'clock at night until 1. Whatever differences of opinion may arise as to the beauty of their aggressive hair, their faces are all pleasant and they form a curious exhibition. There is no naughtiness about it. They merely sell candy, smilingly, but demurely, and their value lies in their attractiveness to their own sex, not to the other. The candy merchant calculates that they will make women talk about them, and thus advertise his midnight wares, which consist of candies delivered directly from the caldrons during the time of dispersals of theatre audiences.—New York Sun.

Shirt for an Ensign.

When Sultan Saladin died he commanded that no ceremony should be used but this: A priest was to carry his shirt on a lance and say, "Saladin, the conqueror of the east, carries nothing with him of all his wealth and greatness save a shirt for his shroud and ensign."—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Frank Criticism.

Fuzzle—I say, old fellow, how do yer like me suit? Bought it at Bangs' misfit parlors. Great shape, isn't it?

Muzzle—It's the most successful case of misfit I ever saw.—Clothier and Furnisher.

PEARLS IN OYSTERS.

Formation of the Precious Gem in the Shell Fish.

PLACES WHERE THE BIVALVES THRIVE.

Interesting Facts About the Business of Gathering Pearls.

To picture the sedate and matter of fact oyster as rising to the surface of the ocean to drink in the dew of heaven may well be regarded as a stretch of the imagination worthy of the most fanciful weaver of romances. Yet such was stated by early writers to be the origin of the pearl, that gem which is deemed worthy to deck the brow of royalty, which adorns fair women, which is the delight of the treasure hunter and which in all ages has been the symbol of beauty, purity and worth.

This pretty conceit, however, is brushed away by the stern realities of sober fact. The keen eye of science has discovered that the birth of a pearl is anything but a poetical affair. It is due to an accident, and to one of those provisions of nature by which every living creature resists for foreign attack and seeks to protect itself from injury. The oyster pearl springs into existence in two different ways. The first is by the introduction into the animal of a foreign substance. In some unguarded moment the oyster may permit a minute grain of sand to slip into its domicile and lodge between the flesh and the shell. The oyster is powerless to expel the intruding substance, which immediately becomes a source of irritation.

There is but one remedy. The animal begins to cover the grain of sand with a coat of membrane, followed by a layer of calcareous matter called nacre. This is identical with mother-of-pearl, that beautiful lining of the shell which reflects all the colors of the rainbow as well as the most delicate and subtle tints. Nacre is constantly exuded from the body of the oyster, the cockle, the nautilus, the snail and other animals of the mollusk order, and forms their outer covering, hard or soft, thick or thin, according to the protection demanded by their surroundings. Around the intruding grain of sand which has been mentioned accumulate alternate layers of membrane and nacre until a pearl is formed.

THE MOST VALUED GEMS.

These pearls, however, are not the valuable gems of commerce, because, in the first place, they preserve the form of the grain of sand, and hence are irregular in shape, and in the second place, they frequently adhere to the shell and consequently present one rough side.

The perfect pearl is found loose in the interior of the fish, and has its beginning in an animal germ. The oyster annually produces a number of eggs, which, as soon as they develop into diminutive animals, are thrown out of the mother. Occasionally, however, an egg proves abortive and remains behind. It is almost microscopic in size, and is inclosed in a tiny capsule. This capsule now becomes to all intents and purposes a foreign substance. But it has certain powers akin to those of the present, one of which is that of manufacturing, throwing out and gathering around itself nacre. The nacre completely envelops it, and the germ of the animal is soon incased in a beautiful prison, usually spherical in form, but sometimes pear shaped. This is the true pearl.

The most famous pearl fisheries in the world are near the coasts of Ceylon, Japan, Java and Sumatra and in the Persian gulf, although pearls in limited quantities are obtained in the streams of various countries.

Before the divers begin their work there are blessings and magic spells from priests and sorcerers to drive away the sharks and bring good luck. These incantations are of course roundly paid for. The boats start out late at night, so that operations may begin at daybreak. The divers have small instruments for compressing the nostrils and beeswax to stop the apertures in their ears. Each one holds a block of stone between his feet to aid his descent. Leaping from the boat and plunging beneath the waves, the divers reach the bottom, where they run about swiftly and fill their bags with oysters as quickly as possible. When one is ready to rise he gives a signal and is drawn back to his boat by a rope.

Divers cannot remain in the water over a minute on the average, while two minutes taxes the most expert. A very few who have stayed under four or five minutes have won great reputations for their extraordinary endurance.

The occupation is injurious to the health, as it requires a tremendous amount of exertion. Divers are short lived, subject to various diseases and have been known to expire suddenly upon reaching the surface of the water.

One peculiarity of pearls is that, unlike other precious gems, they are liable to decay. Occasionally a valuable pearl changes color, seems to be attacked with a deadly disease and crumbles into dust. Such is reputed to have been the fate of the most magnificent specimen ever known.

Passing through successive hands it finally became the property of a Russian merchant and found a possessor who knew its immense value and prized it accordingly. He kept it carefully in a secluded room of his magnificent mansion, apart from all other of his treasures. It was the wonder and admiration of his favored friends who were permitted to look at it. The merchant finally became involved in a political conspiracy and fled to Paris, taking his one great treasure with him. He kept it hidden for a time, but at last consented to show it to some distinguished lovers of precious stones. But when he opened the casket he fell back in dismay and staggered as though stricken with death. The gem had begun to change color. A fatal disease had attacked it. It was soon a worthless heap of white powder and the once wealthy merchant was a pauper.—Galveston News.

A "CUSTOM" OF DAHOMEY.

Sickening Sights for the Eyes of Civilized Man—A Serenade.

Evans informed me that in a few days one of the "customs," as the Dahomians call them, was to come off in the court yard of the palace, and that I could witness it if I chose. I did choose, but I wished afterward that I had not. These customs, which have existed as long as Dahomey has—they claim a thousand years—are of various kinds, and with names. The one I was to witness was called "Throwing of the Presents," others, "Watering the King's Graves," "The Feast of the Troubadours," "The Day of the King," "The Milking of the Palm," etc.

The day came off. Evans, with a shudder, declined to attend. He had seen it the year before. In the center of the court yard a platform was erected, hung with silks, velvets and flags, including that of Dahomey—a white ground, with a figure in black holding aloft a decapitated head in one hand and a cimiter in the other. On this platform stood the king, surrounded by his nobles, among whom I had a prominent seat, while below struggled a mass of 50,000 or more people, kept in some order by the woman guard.

The affair began by the king personally throwing into a sliding trench various packages of goods, consisting of cottons, clothes and cloths, knives, muskets, pipes and tobacco, all of which were fought fiercely for by the crowd below. Then came the grand point—the slaughter.

The victims were brought forth lashed into boat shaped baskets, in a sitting position, with knees drawn up to the chin, and lifted into the slide, from which they went down to the crowd below. Then there came a horrible scramble. Thousands with long and bright knives threw themselves on the victim and in a moment he was hacked to pieces, as well as were some of his hackers, the victor being the one who came off with the head. This was kept up for three hours, the number killed amounting to about 200, until the crowd below was reeking and smeared with blood. A more horrible sight was never witnessed, and it did not lessen the horror with me to be told that this is not a mere useless slaughter, as civilized nations suppose, but a day of execution, the decapitated being criminals, traitors and prisoners of war, who have been "offensive political partisans." It is the highest holiday in the year, and the only one where much slaughtering is done, and there is no doubt, according to Mr. Evans, that the king himself wishes to abolish that part of it, but he dares not.

That night, perhaps as a soother to my nerves, the king gave us a serenade by his own private band. I was awakened about midnight by a noise that I can compare to nothing but a thunderstorm in scales. They ran from high to low, and got terribly mixed in the middle. It was not really unpleasant, but, like the chiming of bells, should be heard at a distance—the greater the distance the better. I sprang to the window, to find that this band consisted of twenty-two men, each with a log, or piece of wood, the largest so heavy that it took four men to carry it. These were set, one end on the ground, the other supported by a wood trestle, and beaten on the high end with wood hammers, of all sizes, from the hand hammer to a sledge, each stick or log emitting its sound, but no distinguishable air resulting.—J. W. Watson in North American Review.

The Sultan at Prayer.

The sultan stands erect with his face to the east and his feet on his praying carpet, and, placing the thumb of each hand under each ear, he spreads his hands like wings, lifting his ears upward as if to catch any sound from heaven, and with his hands in this position must turn first to the right and spit, then to the left, and then, dropping his hands to his side, hold them rigid while he bends his knee and then his whole body forward from his knees until his forehead touches the floor three times. He repeats his prayer in this position, and gets upon his feet again without touching his hands to the floor, and again makes wings of his ears, and again spits right and left, and his prayer is over. Every Turk believes that he has two attendant spirits, one good and one evil, and as he is not sure which side the emissary of Satan has pre-empted he spits at both to make sure.—Charleston News and Courier.

Individuality of Razors.

Barbers declare that razors are even more capricious than fickle woman, and the gentlemen who shave themselves recognize the individuality or idiosyncrasy of razors. Some razors need a rest after using, and no amount of strapping will make them efficient unless they are humored, while others will be the better for constant use. Some razors will be better if strapped immediately after using; others require the edge to be put on before application. Many gentlemen who shave themselves have a set of razors—one for each day in the week. The more expensive the razor the more capricious is the finer tempered steel blade. As a rule a new razor is not as profitable as a well tempered old one, and barbers declare that the breaking in of a razor is a matter of skill as important as the training of a colt. Once ascertained the temper of a razor can always be relied on.—New York Times.

Monkeys as Opium Eaters.

Dr. Jammers, in a memoir sent to the Academie des Sciences, states that monkeys, unlike other animals, unless it is the human animal, readily acquire the habit of taking morphia. When monkeys live with opium smokers, as they do in eastern countries, where the habit is more prevalent than elsewhere, and become accustomed to the medicated atmosphere, they acquire a taste for the pipe. One particular monkey, it is said, would wait for his master to lay down his pipe and would then take it up and smoke what remained. If not allowed to do so for several days it would fall into a state of depression and inactivity which would disappear as soon as it was allowed to "hit the pipe."—Pall Mall Gazette.

No More Express Robberies.

I know that the time is coming when there will be no more express robberies in this country. The time has already come when the detective is sharper and shrewder than the expert cracksman, burglar and embezzler and thief, and they cannot escape. This has been demonstrated quite frequently of late, and it naturally follows that such robberies will become an unprofitable business.—Globe-Democrat.

Corliss, the great engine builder, made no attempt at invention until he was 35 years old. His first effort in this line was a machine for sewing shoes, which was a failure.

In Alsace-Lorraine the velocipede is universally used by the foot service orderlies.

FEEDING A SNAKE.

How Rabbits are Crushed and Swallowed.

BOA CONSTRICTOR'S APPETIZING MEAL.

No Visible Struggle on the Part of the Rabbit.

Three corpulent rabbits of Belgian breed were caged in a soap box quietly awaiting their fate. They were the meal for which the snake was anxiously awaiting. He had not tasted meat in four months and his voracious maw yawned like a bottomless pit for the unfortunate trio in the soap box. Manager Bell appeared and drew forth one of the rabbits. After stroking "bunny" on the back for a moment he opened the door to the snake's den and thrust him in. The huge boa had coiled himself up in a corner, but at once roused himself for action. He was fully twelve feet long, and having recently shed his winter coat his skin glistened and shone like satin. He raised his head a foot or so from the floor and viewed the first course of his quadriannual meal.

The rabbit showed no signs of fear, but rather seemed to enjoy his new quarters. The snake slowly lowered his head and cautiously began to stretch himself along the side of the den. He never once took his eyes off the rabbit, which was still unconscious of his danger. Suddenly the rabbit began to act strangely and to cut all sorts of ridiculous capers. He would leap back and forth over the snake and then rub up against it, and appeared to be fascinated. Slowly and stealthily the snake turned his head about until it was within a foot of the rabbit's haunches. Then, quick as a flash, he darted forward, seized the rabbit in his mouth and in another instant there was nothing to be seen of the little animal save the tips of his ears, which protruded from between the folds of the snake.

The huge serpent then raised his head full two feet from the floor, darted out his forked tongue and hissed horribly at the motley group watching him. If there was any struggle on the part of the rabbit it was not visible. The snake had him in his awful coils. Then the coils slowly, but with a strength which was terrible to look at, began to tighten till every bone in the poor rabbit's body must have been broken. This done the coils relaxed, and the limp, lifeless body of the sportive rabbit of a few moments before lay ready to be swallowed. First the serpent nosed his victim all over. The eyeballs of the dead rabbit were protruding from their sockets, and by way of beginning the boa licked them with his tongue. Once more he coiled about his victim, leaving its head and shoulders free. Then he opened his monstrous jaws and, taking "bunny's" head therein, began to swallow. Soon the head and shoulders were out of sight, and in less than fifteen minutes the hind legs followed.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Profits of Authorship.

I caught one of our best known authors in a confidential mood recently, and his comments on the revenue of authorship, which he gave me permission afterward to print, carry interest with them. I may add that the name of this author is one of the most widely known in American literature today. "Seven years ago I chose between law and literature. I had every opportunity to succeed at the bar, for through hard study and my connections a lucrative practice seemed open to me. But I turned to authorship. Today I am what the world calls a successful author. My last novel was bid for by three publishers, and my royalties, I am told by my publishers, are higher than those of the majority of their writers. I have the pleasure of hearing my books and name hawked on the trains when I am traveling, the newspapers give me from a quarter of a column to a column and a half reviews.

"But what has literature brought me in money? Let me open my vest pocket to you. Here is my actual revenue for 1889, and includes, as you see, royalties on six of my novels, magazine articles, etc., and everything is collected. Here is the total, $2,170.40. Compare these actual figures to the paragraph recently circulated in which I am reputed to earn $10,000 from my pen. Is it any wonder that the unsophisticated enter literature with false hopes? Yes, print these facts if you wish; only, of course, withhold my name and identity." I reproduce here the facts and figures as they were given to me. I only wish it were possible, for the sake of those who think that literature is a bed of roses, to give this author's name.—New York Letter.

Struck by Lightning.

Sailors are proverbial for their big yarns, but they can't get much ahead of river men. The other day Capt. J. D. Parker got hold of Capt. Gibson, and he said:

"Dave, you recollect when I was mate on the Yazoo and that streak of lightning struck me as I stood near the jack staff, in that terrible storm, and you all thought I was dead for sure?"

"Oh, yes, very well; but where did the lightning go to, anyhow?"

"Why, it went right down into my boot."

"And you never were hurt?"

"No, sir, not a bit. I just took my boot off and poured the lightning out on the deck."

And the two worthies went to look at the weather map.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The orator secures but a poor success who makes people exclaim, "What a fine speech!" but he is entirely successful who persuades them to his thinking. That is what Fenelon meant in his "Dialogues of the Dead" when he represents Demosthenes as saying to Cicero, "Thou madest people say, 'How well he speaks!' but I made them say, 'Let us march against Philip!'" That an orator will create no impression who does not seem to feel his words is a certainty.—Austin Fryers in Once a Week.

Some German Students.

One mark of German brutality I saw with indignation and disgust. Three gross looking students, with their heavy faces gashed with saber cuts, embarked on the Rhine steamer at Bonn. Bardolph himself would have looked a decent fellow in the presence of the leader of the set, who was swollen with beer and freshly scarred on his hideous face. One of his comrades had cloths bound round his neck and head. They at once called for beer, and sat down to play at cards. Their insolent faces showed how proud they were of their brutal, stupid persons. An American gentleman who was standing by me, looking at the grossest of the three, said that if such a fellow were at a university in the states they would stick pins in him. I should have been content with getting him well into the middle of a "scrimmage" at football in the parks at Oxford.—Macmillan's Magazine.

When Men Buy Candy.

The writer was talking to Clerk Peacock at the Hoffman house the other day when a messenger boy came to the desk and left a package for one of the guests. The package was from a well known confectioner. Mr. Peacock gave a receipt for the package, and when the boy had gone said: "Now, I know that the gentleman for whom that was left is going away. I can always tell when a man is going away by those packages. It is a sure sign. Men don't buy candy for themselves, and when they get it to take away with them they always wait until just before they go. That guest's room will be vacant probably this evening, but he is certain not to remain after tonight."—New York Letter.

English Worship of Royalty.

It is only natural that there should be great competition among the London hotel keepers for the royalists who visit the metropolis during the season. No one knows better than the landlord of one of these fashionable hotels what fearful snobs the well-to-do English man and woman of the middle class are. They would black the boots of a king every morning, and pay handsomely for the privilege. The king of Sweden is stopping at the Grand hotel, and, whether he is in or out, there is always a crowd of snobs hanging about the door. They gloat over the coroneted carriages which drive up to the door and worship the very calves of the footman who opens the doors and carry the bouquets. It is a sickening sight.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Great Climatic Cycle.

According to the calculations of M. Adolphe d'Assier, based on the assumption that the coincidence of the earth's perihelion passage with the summer solstice every 21,000 years marks the regular recurrence of a northern glacial period, the last glacial period, culminated in 9250 B. C., the alternating period of greatest northern warmth occurred A. D. 1250, and the ice period now approaching will reach its greatest height A. D. 11,750. Evidence of the slow cooling during the past 600 years is seen in the changes recorded in the northern limits of the growth and ripening of certain fruits.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Influenced by Environment.

Many a man is saved from the company of the defiled and the defiling by the sweetness and light of a cheery home. Many a woman, in the possession of a house which invites the actualization of her womanly concepts of the amenities of decorative art, finds the cares of the household no drudgery and her work lightened and brightened by the cheerfulness of her environment. Human nature is always more or less influenced by environment, and the house which one builds and lives in has much to do in shaping his character and disposition.—Pioneer Press.

A Steam Catamaran.

A novel craft is being built in Montreal. It is a steam catamaran, each of the cigar shaped hulls being of steel, sixty-five feet long, and built in two compartments, one being for water ballast and the other for coal oil, which will be used for fuel. Two vertical engines will furnish the power to two propellers, which are so arranged that they will lift themselves out of the way when the hulls strike floating ice or other obstacles. The boat can be taken apart and packed on a ship, and is intended for whale and walrus hunting in the Artic regions. It will carry a gading gun and a powerful electric battery.—Cleveland Leader.

Coffee Not Injurious.

"It is nonsense," said a chemist, "to say that coffee is injurious on account of the cafeine in it. Cafeine is an alkaloid, which, taken in larger doses, would produce nervous troubles and other serious consequences, but is present in coffee in such infinitesimal quantities that it is perfectly harmless; on the contrary, it is to cafeine that coffee owes its tonic properties. If coffee is injurious it works very slowly, for thousands of people who use it to excess live to a good old age. They say Voltaire drank forty-eight glasses of it a day."—Philadelphia Times.

Keeping Him in Tow.

"Edward, dear, I hardly know my own heart," said the girl, softly, "and you must give me a little time to think it all over."

"Will you want very much time?" he asked, tenderly and hopefully. "When may I come for an answer?"

In a low, sweet voice, the girl replied: "At the end of the season." And she arose languidly, adjusted her tournure with the gentle tap indicative of noble birth, and moved gracefully away.—Life.

Wanted Somebody to Be Sorry.

Dying Benedict—I bequeath every dollar to my wife. Have you got that down?

Lawyer—Yes.

Dying Benedict—On condition that she marries within a year.

Lawyer—But why insist upon that?

Dying Benedict—Because I want somebody to be sorry that I died.—Harper's Bazar.

Well Up in His Lesson.

Professor (of class in journalism)—What is the difference between an editorial and an editorial paragraph?

Student—An editorial is of the same nature as an editorial paragraph, but is larger, and doesn't have as much to say.—Harper's Bazar.

ABOUT MAIL CARRIERS.

Manner of Collecting and Delivering Letters.

BITTER MEMORIES THEIR ERRANDS EVOKE

The Lights and Shadows of Life Distinctly Marked.

What family jars has the letter carrier witnessed; of what romantic stories has he been the bearer! Many little missives has he carried to the love sick maiden, which she has tenderly placed beneath her pillow at night, to sleep and to dream on. Then again what bitter memories have some of his errands evoked! What aching hearts have longed for absent loved ones, for some message that would tell of their existence, and when death rapped at the door the letter carrier was the first to bear the announcement.

These were the thoughts that suggested themselves to a reporter the other day as he contemplated "one of the best" hurrying along from door to door of a populous tenement district. The shrill whistle sounded at frequent intervals denoted his coming, and from window and basement dozens of heads protruded and asked the one all absorbing question, "Anything for me?" It was amusing to see their different expressions as they received the little envelopes. Some were enraptured and kissed the paper passionately, while others frowned and glanced anxiously at the bearer. Perhaps some creditor demanded payment for an overdue bill, or perhaps the scrawl meant even more.

"You would like to know just what kind of life this is?" remarked a carrier. "Well, it is not quite as rosy at it appears. It is getting better, however, every year, and now that we are about to participate in the benefits of the eight hour law work will be more pleasant."

The reporter had followed the carrier from block to block until every letter had been delivered. Then, as he had a few mements to spare, the gray coated official sat down to tell his story.

"I don't know of any business where we see more of human life than ours," he commenced. "The lights and shadows of life are pretty distinctly marked and we see them both. Sometimes we feel just as much pleasure in delivering a letter as the receiver in getting it. Sometimes when an ominous black bordered envelope falls into our hands we are sorry that we have to deliver it. Just what hours we will have to work after the rearrangement I do not know," he said. "At present our duties are pretty onerous. In the branch offices collectors have to report as early as 4:40 o'clock in the morning, or five minutes before the regular time for starting out. Forty-five minutes are then consumed in collecting from the various boxes, after which we return to the station with the mail. Then we start to face up.

"You don't know what facing up means? Well, that is what we call sorting our mail and getting it in order for our route. Facing up takes all the time up to 6 o'clock. Then we start out and deliver the letters. We make a prompt return to the office. Collections have in the meantime been made and again we start facing up.

"Every trip is but a repetition of the other. We make them hourly, and are kept constantly on the move until 11 o'clock. Then we swing. This is what we call taking a rest. In other words, there is no work for us to do until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Then we come on again and work until the darkness of evening has fallen over the city.

"You want to know what we see on the route?" and the letter carrier dusted a few grains of cigar ashes from his bag. "Well, it is funny just what we do see; then again it is sad. The saddest of all my experience occurred one day when I delivered a letter to an old man who lived alone in a dilapidated house on Park row. It was a mourning letter, and as I handed it to him the old man's fingers trembled. He tore it open convulsively, and as he read the lines he tottered and fell into my arms. The letter was from his daughter, who lived with her brothers in a fashionable house up town. It stated that her mother, the old man's wife, was dead and would be buried that afternoon. The girl also warned her father not to attend the funeral or there would be a scene, as his own sons would not permit him there.

"He wept as he told me his story. There had been a quarrel, and he had been driven from home. He had never darkened it up to that time. That day my duties brought me around Grace church. I saw the funeral cortege, but what attracted me most was the figure of the old man outside on the sidewalk. His lips quivered with emotion as he saw the casket that contained the remains of his wife, but he dared not approach. He held a daisy in his hand, perhaps in remembrance of other and happier days, and he was still turning it idly when I passed along.

"Yes, it is a funny kind of life, half sunshine, half clouds. We have our own troubles to worry us as well as other people's. We meet all nationalities, and hear all kinds of languages spoken. We get letters with writing such as none could understand; we have to examine and look out for log letters, and are held responsible for any error. Log letters are undirected ones. We are supposed to know all our route, and see that it gets to its proper destination. Well, it is time for me to start, so good-by," and the letter carrier walked briskly away.—New York Star.

Stoned a Bear to Death.

J. Sweetland tells us a funny story of how five Siwashes got away with a bear at his camp just across the bay from here. Mr. Bruin intruded himself in among the pots and kettles, picking out a dainty meal. While so engaged he attracted the attention of a Siwash, who at once called his mates to his help. The ground is pretty rocky around the camp, and there are plenty of loose stones ready to hand. They at once fell on the bear, like the Jews of old did on Stephen, and stoned him. He would at first endeavor to follow his assailant, but, being surrounded, a stone in the rear would turn him.—Union City Tribune.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY JANUARY 2 1891

County Official Paper.

It is reported from Washington that there is very little probability of Congress taking any action in regard to silver. Every day brings news of fresh financial disasters all over the country. Long established and first class banking and commercial houses are every day going down in ruin. Many of these have assetts that greatly exceed in value their liabilities, yet they are unable to meet payments as fast as they become due and are forced to go under. All this ruin may be charged to the want of coin enough to do the business of the country. A few men make vast profits out of the ruin of others. It is stated on what appears to be good authority that a few New York capitalists cleared thirty millions of dollars out of the panic already. These are the men who do not want Congress to restore the free coinage of silver. And they have power enough to accomplish their will, for the influence of aggregated capital dominates Congress.

Terrible destitution, hunger, cold and general misery prevails in Europe. The winter is the severest in fifty years, business is dull, and vast numbers of people can find no employment. All the nations of Europe have great armies and the navies are the most expensive the world ever saw. These vast fleets and armies must be supported by taxes wrung from the starving people. Emperors and kings and privileged classes are unmitigated curses to humanity. It is they who cause Europe to be a vast camp of armed men.

Secretary Windom evidently has a kindly regard for newspaper editors. He proposes three amendments for Senator Stanford's bill. The first amendment is to extend the basis of loans so as to include all kinds of property; the second is to lend money to men who have brains but no property and the third to loan to men who have neither brains nor property on the grounds of citizenship. The last two amendments must be especially designed for editors.

The engagement is announced of D. O. Mills to the Marquise de Talleyrand. The titled dames of Europe may be starting in to follow the example of the titled men in marrying rich Americans. In this case, however, there is better reason for the lady's action. She is a native of Boston who married a titled Frenchman, and after some years of unhappy life with a noble blackguard was glad to get divorced from him and now wisely determines to marry a decent American citizen.

During 1890 buildings to the value of over $4,000,000 were erected in the city of Los Angeles. Each week during about five months an average of 125 car-loads of oranges were shipped. Other fruits and vegetables aggregating immense value were shipped by whole train loads every day. With such resources as these the country must increase very rapidly in population and wealth.

A Farming Spot in a Big City.

I know an old lady who owns a house in the very heart of the town. It is environed by a splendid little park, where you may see through the fences, as you go past, a browsing cow and a colony of fowl, garden houses and beds of flaming flowers. Year in and year out the owner has resisted the most tempting offers to sell this land, each foot of which is almost priceless. Of all the rich people of New York—and she is by no means one of the richest in money—she is almost alone in her love of a touch of nature under her own windows, and in an appreciation of the fact that the rustle of green leaves and the twitter of birds is a melody as precious as the clink of minted gold.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Diamond Earring in Her Shoe.

One of the most singular happenings occurred in this city on Monday evening. A lady of East Main street while walking home was disturbed by an article in her shoe, which she thought at first to be a cinder which had gotten in while walking along. She went limping home, and on removing her shoe found a diamond earring. Her dress skirt had apparently caught it up in some manner and dropped it into her shoe. The lady is at a loss to know who lost the valuable, and cannot tell where she found it.—Lexington (Ky.) Press.

From One Head of Barley.

Four years ago Miss Lena Woodard, living on Thorn creek, Wash., sowed the seed from one head of barley. She harvested the crop with a pair of shears, and sowed the amount received the next year, again harvesting it with her shears. The third crop her father cut with a grass scythe, getting enough barley from this crop to sow forty acres last spring, which averaged forty bushels to the acre when thrashed, making a total yield of 1,600 bushels from one head of barley in four years.—Detroit News.

A YOUNG NUN.

Within the convent grim and gray
And ivy grown,
She liveth on from day to day,
Life's monotone.

She leaveth oft the ancient pile
And passeth by,
Yet I have never seen her smile,
Nor caught her eye.

Her hands are very white and small,
And those who know
Say that on Fever's brow they fall
Like flakes of snow.

They say her voice is soft and sweet
In Sorrow's ear,
Wooing the soul to Mary's feet
From doubt and fear.

Ah, me! And yet her youthful face
Clad though it be
In cold religion's saintly grace
Is fair to see.

Her eyes, so modestly cast down,
So introspect,
Could light a smile or arm a frown
With dire effect!

'Tis just such orbs that steadiest burn
With passion's fire;
Can all the tears in Virtue's urn
Quite quench desire?

Her mouth is red, and shaped for bliss
It seems a loss
That it should only kiss and kiss
Her rosary cross.

Oh, Little Nun! Thou art too fair!
It had sufficed
If one less sensuously rare
Had wed thy Christ.

The devil oft in form of saint
Entraps the eyes;
Thou art a soul without attaint
In devil's guise!

—George Horton in Chicago Herald.

The Decoration of Prayer Books.

The prayer book that the Vanderbilts, the Astors and other families use for every day, that is to say every Sunday occasion, costs about $50 each. Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes has just ordered two $60 silver bound prayer books, and these will be given to her two daughters on the occasion of her silver wedding. Prayer books are used now a great deal for presents in society, and particularly for wedding presents. The really correct thing, it may be mentioned, is a small prayer book bound in white morocco, with elaborate silver trimmings. The resulting ornamentation is very rich and very handsome. The designs are either flowers or allegorical figures that have a quaint and mediæval character. The work is open work that shows the cover of the book, and this supplies a very effective groundwork.

In some cases, however, the book is completely cased in silver and the silver is very artistically worked. There is still a slight demand for ivory covers, but the demand is so slight it is scarcely worth mentioning. The covers of the prayer book are enbellished with a silver cross if the morocco is retained on one side and the bride's initials on the other. The books themselves are generally of English make and what is known as the Oxford edition. The type is beautiful and the binding is in the highest style known to the art.

In the original covering the Bible or prayer book is about the cheapest book of its quality that can be found. After its manipulation by a fashionable jeweler it is about the dearest. A pretty book mark usually accompanies the prayer book composed of three white ribbons. They are marked with a heart, a cross and an anchor, signifying, of course, faith, hope and charity.—New York World.

George William Curtis' Wife.

I very often see a matronly looking woman with a bright, intellectual face on Broadway, in the vicinity of Washington square. Her manner is simple and dignified, and altogether she is handsome and agreeable. She is rather old fashioned in her ideas of dress. Her gowns have all the quaintness of twenty-five or thirty years ago, and this rather pleasing effect is heightened by the manner in which she wears her hair, pressed flat on top and folded neatly down the sides of her head. Who is she? The wife of George William Curtis. She was a Miss Shaw before her marriage to the brilliant litterateur.

Mrs. Curtis leads a remarkably simple life at her pleasant home on Staten Island. The house is a neat frame cottage. It is surrounded by spacious grounds, in which are many fine old trees. A winding drive leads up from the gate to the house. The appointments of the interior betray at once the literary man and cultured scholar. The house is furnished in extreme good taste, and an air of refinement and culture is prevalent everywhere within. Mrs. Curtis is not known in the literary world except as the wife of Mr. Curtis. She very rarely goes into society, although she has friends by the score. Mrs. Curtis' pleasant and genial appearance does not indicate that she has found the companionship of a literary man irksome or uncongenial.—New York Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

Lillian Russell's Daughter.

Little Lillian Russell, aged 6, is a miniature copy of her beautiful mother. She has the same hair and eyes, but her complexion is tanned by the jolly outdoor life she has led. She was never separated from her mother until the last two years, and as a natural consequence of her trips on "the road" she has strong theatrical preferences.

She is now at the Sacred Heart academy, where her mother visits her every week, and takes her home occasionally for a few days. She considers life a dreary waste unless she attends a matinee frequently, and her interest in the play and criticism of the characters are extremely refreshing. She is a warm admirer of Little Lord Fauntleroy.—New York Letter.

Mourning Watches.

Black onyx has lately been utilized in making cases for mourning watches; they are usually open faced. Chains composed of oblong blocks of onyx joined by slender golden links accompany the watches.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Germany employs 5,500,000 women in industrial pursuits, England 4,000,000, France 3,750,000 and Austro-Hungary about the same number, and still women are the weaker sex, the lesser half, the clinging pensioners on man's beneficence.

A Fall in Crockery.

I was amused by a sign that I saw the other day. It was prompted, no doubt, by the shopkeeper's enterprise, and announced a "Great Fall of Crockery and Furnishing Goods." Crockery that had suffered a very great fall you would hardly care to buy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mme. Le Roy, mother of the Duc d'Alicante, and well known to the scientific world from her explorations in Asia and Africa, is now preparing to start for India. She intends to visit every port in the country and to ascend the Himalayas during her journey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo county, Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 16th day of December, 1890, an assessment (No. 15) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 30th day of January 1891 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 20th day of February 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

Notice to Stockmen

HAVING RENTED OUR LAND IN THE Georges Creek District all parties but the renters are hereby warned to keep their cattle and horses from trespassing on said land. Disregard of this notice will be followed by actions at law. M. C. STEVENS.

A. C. STEVENS.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of ditch, near Independence, Inyo county.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of Nov. 1890, an assessment (No. 6) of Twenty (20) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, Independence, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of Jan., 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 7th day of Feb., 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H MACK, Secretary.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

☞The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,

Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to no one on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor. feb12tf

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best.

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,

dependence, Cal.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE STEWART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

FREE

about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $8 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

FREE. OUR NEW $35 Solid Gold Watch Worth $100.00. Best $80 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $50 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine. FREE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

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WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAI

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

☞Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and pric before purchas ng elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891. n476tf

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

HENRY M. STANLEY

IN DARKEST AFRICA

The complete story of Stanley's recent thrilling adventures and the disclosure of his important discoveries will appear for the first time in the work written by himself, entitled "In Darkest Africa." Do not be deceived by any of the so-called "Stanley books" now being offered as "genuine" and "authentic." To no one of these has Stanley contributed a line.

There is a no question about this statement being correct in every particular. We guarantee it, and will give particulars on application.

CAUTION In order not to be misled, see that the book bears the imprint of

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General Agents for the Pacific Coast.

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MINING TOOLS,
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—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—

HORSE SHOEING,
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☞All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

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ONIONS, CABBAGE,
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SWEET CORN, BEETS,
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All orders promptly attended to and delivered on board the cars.

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Over 200 acres of winter posture comprising meadow and stubble, with plenty of outside range. Address,

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NATHAN RHINE.

NATHAN RHINE,

(Successor to Harris & Rhine.)

MERCHANT,

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Inyo Co. Cal.

Wholesale & Retail

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise

MY STOCK

CONSISTING OF

Almost every needed article is well calculated to satisfy the wants of everybody; and, as in the past, it will be our aim in the future to retain the extensive patronage enjoyed heretofore.

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NATHAN RHINE

BANKER

Independence, Cal.

SELL EXCHANGE

—ON—

SAN FRANCISCO

Draw Direct

—ON—

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LONDON, England.

BERLIN,
FRANKFORT-on-the-Main, } GERMANY.

I AM PREPARED TO TRANSACT ALL KINDS,

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GENERAL

BANKING
&
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Wechsel in beliebigen Summen auf Berlin und Frankfurt am der Main, Deutsche Vollmachten geben Sight. Geldsendungen von und nach Deutschland besorgt.

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INSURANCE COMPANY

Capital - - - - $21,000,000

NATHAN RHINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

P. H. MACK,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

GEO. M. GILL,
District Attorney,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—

The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.

All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

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C. MULHOLLAND.

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A. R. CONKLIN,
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Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

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IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)

Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
☞NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.☜

Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,

Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1889, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday ..... February 1st
" ..... March 1st
" ..... March 29th
" ..... May 3rd
" ..... May 31st
" ..... June 28th
" ..... July 26th
" ..... August 30th
" ..... September 27th
" ..... October 25th
" ..... November 22nd
" ..... December 20th

P. H. MACK, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House,
New Furniture,
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☞Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

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Watchmaker & Jeweler

LONE PINE, CAL.

Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.

☞All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.

FRED BURKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,

HAWTHORNE, NEV.,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS.

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

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sept 11-tf

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BEER ICE COLD.

The Bar is supplied with the Best of all kinds of Liquors and Cigars.

The Coolest Hall in the town. Call in and see what comfort you can have this weather.

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BIG PINE - -

New House,
New Furniture,
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☞Splendid hunting and fishing near at hand, it is a veritable paradise for the pleasure seekers.

Special attention given to the wants of guest.

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J. W. Mur...

BLACKSMITH...

—AND—

General Iron ...

Wagons and ...
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HORSESHOEING, ...

Shop on Edwards ...
Court House, Independence

S. H. BIGI...

—DEALER I...

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 2 1891

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 102
Lead, 4 12
Copper, 16.85
Tin, 20.95
Sugar, .06½
Coffee, 17 @ 19¾
Wool, foothill, 10 @ 13.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence at 7 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

John A. Hannah, Superior Judge.

MONDAY, December 29th.

Application of F. E. Densmore for admittance as a practicing attorney of Inyo County.

Mr. J. H. Bulpit of Bishop was in town at the beginning of the week.

Mr. E. Robinson returned to Independence last Monday from a trip to San Francisco.

Rev. Andrew Clark of Bishop was in town during the week on a visit with his son, Mr. W. Clark.

The young people about town will give a social at Mairs' Hall this evening. Come out and enjoy yourself.

The day after Christmas many teams were plowing in the Tehachipa Valley, at an altitude of 5,500 feet above sea level.

Mrs. S. P. McKnight and Miss Nellie McKnight returned to Bishop last Tuesday from a short visit with friends at Independence.

The following have been elected officers of Masonic Lodge No. 221 at Independence, to serve during the ensuing year: John S. Gorman, W. M.; T. C. Boland, S. W.; G. W. Brady, J. W.; C. Mulholland, Sec.; O. I. Mairs, Treas.

L. J. Rose of Los Angeles has a mare whose colts have been sold and brought a total of $160,000. The mare is now aged about twenty years and will be well cared for till she dies. Mr. Rose now has one hundred head of running horses, all of the very best blood.

Secretary Noble is trying to have cavalry detailed in the spring to keep sheep out of the mountains of California. Uncle Peter declares he will keep them out of his nook in the Sierras with a shot gun. It is bad enough for the sheep to eat all the pasturage, but Uncle Peter swears he won't stand it to have them go into his cabin and eat his bacon.

Several people from Big Pine and Independence who were at Bakersfield recently, had dental work done there. They were treated by Drs. Wasson, father and son. All who had treatment speak very highly of the Doctors and express entire satisfaction with the work done. The Doctors intend making a trip through Owens Valley in the spring, and will visit all the towns in the practice of their profession. Due notice will be given of their coming.

Let Us Go To Los Angeles.

The people of Inyo County can now ask for a change of venue in the Elliott case. The army of witnesses are used to travel and are well prepared for it, so far as teams, wagons and camping outfits are concerned. No doubt the witnesses would enjoy a trip to Los Angeles. Oranges are ripe now, and a few weeks among the orange groves would be quite pleasant. Let us ask for a change of venue to Los Angeles.

Valuable Mines.

Mr. O. I. Mairs of Independence took a trip from Bakersfield to the tin mines in San Bernardino county, not far from Riverside. He says a very large amount of capital has already been invested in developing the mines. Extensive buildings are erected, the best of machinery is there, good roads are made, and what is of most importance the mines are well developed. He was assured that there are large bodies of tin ore in sight richer than the ore of the mines in England. Everything indicates mines of great extent and value.

Some Ducks.

Vast numbers of ducks are now at Owens Lake. A party passing up the west side of the Lake last Sunday saw the water full of them for a distance of ten miles or more. The ducks were in great solid masses, like divisions of an army, with thousands of skirmishers scattered all about these central bodies. There are very few hunters to disturb the birds and and most of these are Indians. An Indian will shelter himself close by a favorite haunt of the ducks and wait till a flock comes near enough and fires with a shot gun. The usual result of one shot is about two dozen ducks, and as this is all the hunter wants in one day he shoots no more till next day. The ducks are plump and fat and make fine eating.

Some Errors.

In the Christmas issue of the Reno *Gazette* a description is given of Owens Valley. In general the facts are fairly stated, but there are some errors. For instance, the population is stated to be about 1,200. The town of Bishop alone has about that number and the population of the entire valley is about 3,200. The *Gazette* says the valley has room for about 4,000 settlers. There is plenty of land and water here for a population equal to fifty times that of Reno, or for about five times that of the whole State of Nevada. Owens Valley can be made to produce an abundance of all products of land for 200,000 people. The *Gazette* is a well edited paper and has no superior in Nevada.

Cursed With Criminals

Bakersfield is plagued with desperate characters. Mr. N. N. Saylor of Big Pine, who was there as a witness in the Elliott case, was knocked senseless with a sandbag and robbed. The crime was committed on the principal street of the town, within one block of the Arlington Hotel, about eleven o'clock at night. The attack was so sudden and the blow so severe that Mr. Saylor had no time to make any resistance or give any alarm. The robbers escaped. Only a few days before that the County Treasurer of Kern was assailed on the street about six o'clock in the evening. He killed one of the robbers and the others fled. Four men were arrested on suspicion. The people of Bakersfield must take desperate measures to rid their town of such dangerous and desperate characters.

An Affair of State.

All the bills against the county for the late trial of W. T. C. Elliott are not yet presented but it is reasonably safe to say that the total amount will exceed ten thousand dollars. The two trials at Bakersfield will cost the county not less than sixteen thousand dollars. For a county having so small a population as Inyo this is a very serious matter. Elliott has now been tried three times and the total expense connected with his case will be equal to about three fourths of the revenue of the county for an entire year. And the end is not yet, as the case stands just where it did two years ago. For aught that now appears to the contrary the case may bankrupt Inyo county. Elliott has a right in law to demand another trial immediately, and should this be had no better result may be expected than we have had in the other trials. This case offers good reason for so amending the law that when a person accused of crime asks a change of venue to another county, and said change is granted the State should bear the expense. No matter how depraved and brutal a criminal may be, nor how great his crime, there is no limit to the number of witnesses he may have subpoenaed and taken away to another county. One who can murder a fellow creature will not stick at making an affidavit to a lie; and the affidavit of the accused that the persons he has named are witnesses material to his defense, is all that is necessary to secure the issuing of any number of subpoenas. The State gives to criminals a privilege that may bring little short of financial ruin upon a poor county and therefore the State should bear a part at least of the expense where defendants take a change of venue.

Tough Animals.

The endurance of Owens Valley horses was well illustrated on the recent trip to Bakersfield. Let us take the journey in one direction alone to show this: From Bakersfield to Tehachipa the distance is fifty miles. On thirty miles of this, approaching Tehachipa, there is a climb from 400 feet above sea level to an altitude of 5550 feet. Part of this is very steep. This stage is made the first day. The trip for the second day, from Tehachipa to Coyote Holes, is sixty-five miles. Seven miles of this, up Redrock Cañon, is through deep sand and up steep grade. The distance covered on the third day is fifty-five miles, from Coyote Holes to Olancha, at the south end of Owens Lake. At least fifteen miles of this is through deep sand. Independence was reached on the fourth day; the distance is forty miles but the road is so sandy most of the way that the last stage is about as hard as any of the others. The journey is made over a mere track through the desert and stretches of over twenty miles must be made without water. The party that came in on Sunday had sixteen horses and all of these but one got to the end of the journey in good condition. This shows the value of Owens Valley horses as roadsters and for carriage animals.

Very Dangerous Shooting.

Last Sunday Mrs. Geo. M. Gill, wife of our Superior Judge elect, was standing in front of a window in her residence about noon when the crash of breaking glass was heard and the broken pieces fell upon a table just in front of where she was standing. Mrs. Gill looked up and saw a hole in a pane of glass directly over her head. She picked up from the floor a rifle bullet that was slightly flattened and which Mr. Gill now has. A boy was in the brush back of the house shooting at birds with a rifle and there is no doubt that he sent the bullet through the window. Had the rifle been aimed a little lower than it was Mrs. Gill would probably have been killed. The boy had no intention of injuring anyone, but one who is so young or so indiscreet as to send bullets crashing into dwellings should not be allowed to use fire-arms. It would be very poor consolation to Mr. Gill to tell him that the boy did not mean any harm when he fired the shot that killed his wife and left his little children without a mother to care for them.

Kind Hearts.

On Christmas Eve, a ball was given in the New Southern Hotel in Bakersfield. During the late political campaign a young man had both arms blown off by the premature explosion of a cannon when firing a salute in honor of Senator Stanford. The party was given for the benefit of the unfortunate young man. The large dining room of the hotel was beautifully decorated with flowers and foliage wreathed about the columns and chandeliers. Large branches of orange trees, heavily loaded with fruit were hung on the walls around the hall and the beautiful golden globes among the rich green foliage made a beautiful decoration. The whole entertainment, including music, an elegant supper, the decorations and the use of the hall and other rooms, was given as a contribution by Mr. J. C. Morrison, proprietor of the New Southern. Four hundred dollars was given as the net result of the party to the injured man.

Wanted to Buy Cattle.

Mr. L. J. Rose Jr. of Los Angeles was in town several days this week; he was accompanied by A. Garcia. Mr. Rose came here intending to buy cattle, the kind he wants being steers only, of two-years-old and upward. He expected to get such cattle at about fourteen dollars per head, but the lowest price that would be accepted was eighteen dollars. Mr. Rose says he can have cattle from Arizona delivered in Ventura, where his herds are, at seventeen dollars per head. It would cost at least two dollars per head to take cattle from Owens Valley to Ventura, and with this added to the greater price asked for cattle here he could not afford to buy. Mr. Rose evidently expected to buy extensively as he came here with a letter of credit for a large sum, fifty thousand dollars, it is said.

A Fizzle.

When the attorneys for the prosecution in the Elliott case announced in Court that all their evidence was in, and that they now rested their case, Mr. Kittrell, attorney for Elliott, addressed the Court, and said that the defense would not call a single witness and did not want to make any argument to the jury. They were quite willing to let the case go to the jury as the prosecution had left it. The result proved the correctness of the judgment of Elliott's attorneys. There could not be a more complete fizzle than the result of this trial, nor stronger proof of the utter folly of having it.

New Year's Ball.

The Independence Cornet Band were complimented with a good attendance at their ball New Year's eve. From Bishop there came Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Sommers, Mr. and Mrs. A. Valverde, Miss Rita Drake and Miss Grace Gifford, Messrs. E. Mallory and W. A. Chalfant; and J. E. Jones from Round Valley. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Harvey, Miss Russell, Miss Deming, Mr. E. Edwards and others were up from Lone Pine. The party was very successful and pleasant.

A Good Lecture.

Last Monday evening at the M. E. Church Rev. E. Vandeventer, Superintendent of the Methodist Mission of Nevada, delivered an excellent lecture. The subject was "Men For To-day." At all times in the world's history the chief need has been "Men," and never was that need greater than to-day. It is not wealth, or high position in society; it is not talent or learning, or even genius that makes such men as the world most needs. Character is what is needed; love of truth, justice, honesty; unflinching devotion to right; these are the qualities that make the men most wanted in the world. The lecturer named many of the great men of all times and nations to illustrate his meaning. Mr. Vandeventer has a keen sense of humor and is a good mimic. He amused his audience well in addition to giving them wise counsel and excellent instruction for every day life.

A Chance for Big Profits.

The Reno *Gazette* says it will take the Stockmen of Nevada fully five years to recover from the losses of last winter, and it is very doubtful if the State will ever again support as many cattle as in the past. Every animal that could possibly be beefed during the past five years was sent to the shambles. The losses of range cattle all over the Coast have been enormous during the past two years and the result of these causes is certain to be a big rise in the price of cattle. Buyers of cattle at present prices are likely to make big profits.

Watch Meeting.

Just as the clock marked mid-night, the sound of the bell on the Methodist church at Independence was heard. It was not a slow and solemn peal but with clear and joyous sounds that the bell rang out, calling all who would to unite in praise to the great Creator, and in prayer for grace to guide them aright through the year 1891 upon which they had just entered. All who attended the meeting were better and happier for it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,

WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

ORDINANCE No. 31

THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF THE County of Inyo, State of California, do ordain as follows:

SECTION 1. The regular meetings of the Board of Supervisors of Inyo County, State of California, must and shall be held at the Town of Independence, in the County and State aforesaid, being the County Seat of said Board on the first Monday of January, April, July and October of each year, and must continue from time to time until all the business before the said Board is disposed of. Such other meetings must be held as are otherwise provided by law.

SECTION 2. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force on and after fifteen (15) days from its passage, and Ordinances No. 2 and 21 of said Board of Supervisors together with all ordinances or parts of ordinances in conflict herewith, and each and all of them are hereby repealed.

SECTION 3. This ordinance shall be published in the INYO INDEPENDENT, a newspaper published in said Inyo County, at least two weeks, said publication to be made for said time and before the expiration of said fifteen days.

This ordinance was passed by the Board of Supervisors of said Inyo County, State aforesaid, at a Special Session of said Board, held on December 10th, 1890, by the following vote: AYES—J. D. Harger, J. J. Stewart and Seth G. Sneden.

SETH G. SNEDEN,
Chairman pro tem. of the Board of Supervisors of Inyo County, State of California.

Attest: P. H. MACK,
SEAL Clerk of said Board of Supervisors.

By ALEXANDER CLARK, Deputy Clerk.

[ENDORSED.]

ORDINANCE NO. 31.

Filed and recorded December 10th, 1890, in Ordinance Book "B" on page 69 et seq.
P. H. MACK, Clerk.
by ALEXANDER CLARK, Deputy Clerk.

Proposals for Care of Indigent Sick of Inyo County.

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Inyo county, at the office of the County Clerk until 10 o'clock A.M. on Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1891, to contract for the care of said indigent sick for the term of one year from May 10th 1891 to May 10th, 1892, said bids to designate the amount for which parties contracting will care for said indigent sick on the basis of an average of four patients per day throughout the year, and to include all medicine, nursing, board, lodging and washing. Said bids to include the burial and funeral expenses of any indigent sick person or persons who may die while under such care.

Said contractor to care for all the indigent sick properly admitted to the contractor's care. And said bids to designate the price per head at which all excess of patients over the average of four each day throughout the year will be cared for, said excess to be paid for by extra allowance on presentation of bills duly sworn to, at the regular meeting of said Board immediately after said contract has expired. The average four per day to be paid for at the regular meetings of the Board on presentation of bills duly verified. All payments to be made by warrants drawn upon the Hospital Fund of said county.

The person or persons to whom said contract shall be awarded shall give a good and sufficient bond in double the sum of the contract price, for the faithful performance of said contract.

The care and management of said indigent sick by such contractor shall be at all times subject to the inspection of said Board of Supervisors, or any member thereof, or any person appointed by the Board for such purpose.

Said proposals must be endorsed, "Proposals for Care of Indigent Sick," and the same will be opened between the hours of ten o'clock and twelve o'clock A. M., on the 7th day of Jan. 1891, and the Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. P. H. MACK,
Clerk.

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

HALE BROS. & CO.

ARE YOU READY FOR CHRISTMAS

HALE BROS. & CO.

The Leading House of the Coast.

Nos. 825 to 835 K St.,
Sacramento, Cal

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

THE BEST VALUE

LEVI STRAUSS & CO'S
Celebrated Copper Riveted
OVERALLS AND SPRING BOTTOM PANTS
ENJOY A NATIONAL REPUTATION.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT OUR TRADE MARK.

BEST SEWING! BEST FINISH! BEST FIT!
BEST MATERIALS!
The only kind made by White Labor.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

F. E. Bunting, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon
LONE PINE, CAL.
OFFICE IN GELCICH BUILDING
All calls attended to immediately.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

GIVEN & INGALLS.
—DEALERS IN—
FARM PRODUCE.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.
Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St
In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable
S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
MUNZINGER, PHILLIPPAY & CO.,
Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜
Send orders to
MUNZINGER, PHILLIPPAY & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,
Watchmaker & Jeweler.
BISHOP, CAL.
Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.
Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.
I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
Deputy County Clerk.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT
Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.		5:00 p. m.
Dayton	12:00 p. m.		4:40 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.		2:50 p. m.
Hawthorne	5:00 p. m.		11:00 a. m.
Mammoth	7:05 p. m.		9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.		9:15 a. m.
Belleville	9:15 p. m.		7:55 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10:00 p. m.		Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3.		No. 4.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Belleville	8:20 a. m.		5:25 p. m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.		1:35 p. m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p. m.		11:00 a. m.
Alvord	2:45 p. m.		10:00 a. m.
Independence	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m.
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.		7:40 a. m.
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.		Lv. 7:00 a. m.

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (20 miles); Bodie (37 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downieville, Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON.
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc.
AT
L. WOOL'S
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL,
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
THOMAS & HILL.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. That woman had tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun.

Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure 'll come.

But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a *guaranteed* remedy in the nearest drug store.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Mild and effective.

This world is like a fruit basket. The big and attractive get on top, while the little ones are crushed out of sight in the bottom.

HOW TO GET RID OF SIDEACHE.

Who has not suffered from sideache? We all had it when we ran races at school—we have it when we overwork ourselves at any age. It comes on, as everybody knows, suddenly. By using one of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS it goes away nearly as quickly. F. Roessner, of No. 556 West 58th Street, New York, says:

"It is with pleasure I write these lines in testimony to the powers of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I have been somewhat annoyed with serious pains in my sides, for which several medicines have been prescribed, but to no avail, and through the advice of a friend I tried two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, and the relief they have given me is both satisfactory and astonishing. To any one annoyed with pains these plasters are a certain remedy."

Silver Bullion—Wife—My dear, isn't it a silver king they call a bullionaire? Husband (capriciously)—Really, my darling, I thought it was a cattle kin.

THE BUCCANEERS OF OLD

Flaunted the skull and cross bones, their ensign, defiantly at the masthead. Your modern pirate, not on the high seas, but upon the high reputation of standard remedies skulks under various disguises. His hole and corner traffic has never to any degree affected Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, although that standard invigorant and corrective has long been the shining mark at which his shafts have been directed. Cheap local bitters, composed of fiery unrectified stimulants, with an infusion, or extract possibly, of some tonic bark, are still sometimes recommended as identical with, or similar to, or possessing virtues kindred to those of America's chosen family medicine. These perish speedily, while the great subduer and preventive of disease pursues its successful career, overcoming malaria, dyspepsia, nervousness, kidney troubles, constipation and rheumatic ailments, not only on this, but on many continents.

When the pretty girl marries rich she has reached the sweet buy and buy.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar, read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours Truly,
L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

At a Home-Rule Meeting—Irishman—Hooray for Orland! Englishman—Hooray for hell. Irishman—That's right, me boy. Every man for his own country.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pains or detention from business. No cure, no pay, and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

How She Knew.—Maud—I really think he loves you, Ethel—I am so glad; what makes you think so? Maud—He hasn't proposed to me for over a week!

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thomson's Eye-Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

DR. AUGUST KŒNIG'S
HAMBURG BREAST TEA
(Hamburger Brustthee)
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
—AND THE—
Relief of Consumptive Patients.

☞ THE GENUINE IS NEVER SOLD BY WEIGHT.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 packages $1.00) in stamps.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY,
BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.
"Worth a Guinea a Box" but sold
for 25 Cents,
BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

CAUSE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

The Theory Advanced by a Pratical Observer.

TWO TESTS WHICH PROVED HISASSERTION

Hawks' Mode of Warfare on the Canine Species.

I captured and raised a nest of young hawks. One female survived and became tame, following me devotedly around my garden. She learned to eat "cut worms" and was of very great service in consequence. She also kept birds from my strawberries, and by catching mice and young cats protected my chickens. She would not permit a dog to come on my grounds. The way in which she treated them and the effect her treatment produced may throw some light on the blindness and madness of foxes and wolves, and possibly be a clew to a cause of madness in dogs.

Her method with dogs was peculiar and must have been hereditary, as she had had no training. When she observed a dog near her she would thrust out her head, draw up one foot out of sight and drop her wings. If the dog advanced to attack her she would spring into the air by a quick movement of her wings, and catch the dog by the end of the nose, using the foot that had been hidden under her breast feathers. On this she supported her weight, steadying her body with her wings and threatening either eye that should open. I witnessed her encounters with two small lapdogs, a large fighting black and tan, bull terrier and a very large buff English mastiff. Each dog gave up on his third experience with her talons. The small dogs disappeared from town. No one knew where they went to. The terrier ran to his master's blacksmith shop, where he retired behind the forge.

Soon his master, Mr. James P. Hill, of Waterville, Me., came and asked me to go and see the dog. He had witnessed the fight with me only a few minutes before. On reaching the shop I found his dog cowering behind the forge in a pool of water, and as wet as though a bucket of water had been thrown upon him. I said to his master, "I would not throw water on him, he is frightened enough now." He replied: "I have not thrown any on him; that is sweat, the first I ever saw from a dog, and that is what I wanted you to come for." I saw the dog a few days after, with a thick viscid saliva hanging to his mouth, leaning against some infant school children, looking into their faces, receiving their caresses and acting very restlessly. Knowing his savage nature—the man's own children could not caress him up to the fight with the hawk—I went and called him into my garden and quietly ended his troubles with my pistol.

The mastiff was a noble dog of rare qualities, very intelligent, docile and obedient, would run errands better than a boy, and never played truant. He was owned by a gentleman in Winslow, Me., who said $100 would be no temptation for him to part with the dog.

I was called upon by this gentleman for professional services. His dog came with him. Knowing the hawk's love for a fight, I asked the man to bring the dog in. He wanted to know why. I told him. "I want to see the bird that can whip my dog," said he, and, seeing, nothing would do but "see the feathers fly." He did not see a feather disturbed, but his noble dog, after the third bout, ran for home, and the man could not stop him. The next week he came again. He had shot the dog "on the verge of madness." "A changed dog," "all afraid of him," "no longer mind."

"When I got home," said he, "I found the dog had come straight home and crawled in behind a pile of wood, which I had to take down to get him out. The dog, and the ground about him, were as wet as though a bucket of water had been thrown there; his eyes were bloodshot, and he growled and showed his teeth, a thing he was never known to do before. I had to kill him, for we were all afraid of him." I had told him what the result would be, still I could not help feeling sorry for him, and saying so. "Well, it was no fault of yours. If I had not seen the fight I could not have thought it possible. I would not have taken $160 that day for the dog. It was a pretty fight and worth the cost."—G. F. Waters, M. D., in The Swiss Cross.

Summer Camp for Invalids.

But perhaps the most curious, and certainly the most pathetic, of our summer colonies out of doors is that which is recruited from the hospitals. Whenever a hospital has a garden attached to it you will find tents pitched on the grass. In some cases they will be large army tents, and through their open flaps you may see rigid figures stretched on mattresses on the floor, while neat and noiseless nurses pass to and fro among them. In other instances they will be roofs of canvas, under whose shelter feeble, white faced men and women swing in cots or hammocks. The New York hospital has one of its spacious roofs covered with canvas awnings, beneath which patients who are beginning to mend are quartered, in order to have nature assist in the cure. It is a very recent institution, this summer encampment of the sick, but it is, I am told, already established as a valuable part of the process of cure. The trouble is that few of the hospitals have spare ground enough to carry out the plan properly. Some, too, which have the space, are so hedged in by other buildings that the sanitary value of their open air is seriously impaired.—Alfred Trumble in Pittsburg Bulletin.

Chinese Wit.

A traveler in the far east relates that Chinese gentlemen of quality consider it beneath their dignity to invent their own jokes. When they go into society each carries with him a collection of bon mots and smart repartees, obtained from various sources, and when he thinks the time has come for him to make a sage remark he turns over the leaves of his commonplace book till he lights on a suitable passage, which he gravely points out to his neighbor. The latter reads the passsage with equal gravity, whereupon he selects from his own stock an appropriate rejoinder, which he shows the other with a bow. Both then smile solemnly, and, after many compliments, resume their conversation.—Il Popolo Romano.

A Ghost in London.

The story goes around in London that a ghost has really been seen. A well known woman, just before appearing in some private theatricals, saw an old friend standing near the entrance of her dressing room. She greeted him, but he only shook his head and walked away. She learned the next day that her friend had died the day before she thought she saw him.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Captive Prairie Dogs.

"When I was a little boy my father moved from Hoosierdom over upon a broad and blooming prairie in Illinois," said a man to a reporter. "One time my father trapped four or five prairie dogs. I don't know how he managed it; I've forgotten that. I think they must have been young and foolish, like baby rats, which ventured where their pa and ma would never go. My father brought them home, and we children hugged ourselves in delight as we fancied them as pretty pets, like squirrels or white rabbits. A cage was quickly fitted up, the captives were placed in it and surrounded by all the dainties which we fancied could tempt them to forget their captivity. Our parents kept us away from the cage, as the little strangers regarded us with a terror which they did not attempt to conceal. But we went to place more food before them the next morning. The food previously provided had not been touched. The little prisoners sat wearily on their haunches in the dark extremity of their cell. Childish curiosity was repressed till the second morning, when the cage was again visited. The captives sat in the same position, and no morsel of the varied bill of fare with which we had designed to tempt them had been touched. The water was undiminished in the bowl.

"Another day passed, the third morning came, and we ran out to see our pets. The sight that met our eyes I shall never forget. In their hunger and despair the poor captives had eaten their own feet. The bloody stumps were a sad and sickening reproof to our cruelty in depriving the children of the prairie of their wild, sweet liberty. We felt it, children as we were, and silently, almost in tears, we opened the prison door and slipped away to give the captives opportunity to escape. But it was too late. With their feet gnawed off up almost to their little bodies, they could scarcely more than drag themselves out and creep away into the grass, where they soon after died."—Chicago Herald.

The Wit of an "Immortal."

M. Labiche, who died in Paris not long ago, was a member of the French academy—one of the forty literary "immortals" of France. M. Labiche originated the saying, now not unfamiliar in characterizing a person who, though ignorant, insists upon making a great show of what he thinks he knows. "He is a man of vast and varied misinformation." Labiche expressed the thought in this way: "He has a great and varied ignorance." Not long after Labiche had used this expression, and had embodied it in a literary work, Prince Bismarck said of some one: "That man possesses a perfect encyclopædiae ignorance." Labiche insisted that Bismarck had borrowed the phrase from him. But it is more probable that the repetition was a mere coincidence, as Bismarck himself is a man of genuine wit. At the marriage of his son, Labiche gave a little party, and, as he was quite unaccustomed to ceremonies of a social sort, he was at first puzzled to know what he should say in greeting and parting with so many people. "I have it! I have it!" he exclaimed finally; "I will simply say to each person as he arrived, 'At last! and to each as he goes away, 'Already?'" He carried out his programme, and all his guests felt very much flattered.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Starvation and Red Tape.

Once when I was in London a woman applied to a hospital for food for her babe, which was dying of starvation. The committee of gentlemen called her in and asked her a string of questions, and finally said they could not give her anything unless she had a written application from the secretary. She thanked them, gathered her dying child in her arms and started off to look for the secretary. He called her in, asked her questions and said he could not make out the application without an order from the doctor. She thanked him and went back to the hospital to the doctor. He gave her the order, and with hope in her heart and hugging the precious burthen to her breast, bidding the little one wait just an hour more, the poor mother hurried away to the secretary, and from him to the hospital again. But when food was brought and she drew the ragged end of her shawl away from the baby's face, the little one lay dead in her arms. It was dead of starvation and red tape.—Catharine Cole in New Orleans Picayune.

Culinary Implements for Hotels.

A hotel steward who is giving advice for the purchase of culinary implements said the other day that he knew of no line of business in which greater abuses have grown up than this. The firms that manufacture kitchen goods have long made it a practice to give a tip to each cook every time he buys anything or orders any repairs made. The consequence is that the most intense opposition made to any progressive movement of the day is that which combats all the new inventions for saving labor or material. As an instance, there is a new process for doing every form of cooking without the direct application of fire, and the especial beauty of it, beyond the fact that it cooks perfectly, is that the roasters, boilers and broilers practically never wear out. On this account the invention languishes, except when a bold proprietor takes the matter out of the cook's hands and makes his own equipment. But even if he does that he will find that cooks are apt to refuse to work with these modern tools, and, if they take the situations, will declare that the machinery will not keep in order.—New York Sun.

The Idiotic Topical Song.

The impression that all "topical songs," which form a prominent feature of the comic operas, so called, are written in asylums for idiots is not quite correct, though the quality of most of the songs certainly gives color to it. The nursery rhyme is bad enough, perhaps, but in comparison with the average topical song it is a gem of purest ray serene. Every time I attend a comic opera I want to go out when the topical song begins. In the first place the alleged singer has no more voice for melody than an old crow, and in the second place the words he pretends to sing are either idiotic, or, in a literary sense, mere rubbish. It is a rule to make new verses for every new thing that comes up.—New York Cor. Detroit Free Press.

A Charming Bridal Chamber.

The most beautiful bridal chamber ever seen was one recently fitted up by an English duke for his bride. Her favorite flower is the daffodil, and it predominates in the decorations. The ceiling and the walls are of a pale grayish green and gold. The fringe and dado are of dull gold canvas silk, hand embroided in white daffodils and narcissi. The chandeliers have for globes opaline glass on the same flower designs. The velvet carpet is gray green, sprinkled with golden flowers. The furniture is of heavy English oak, carved with winged love's heads, and the draperies and window hangings are of Spanish lace, in conventional designs of daffodils.—New York World.

Distance Covered by a Waltz.

Mr. Edward Scott, in his "Dancing and Dancers," makes the following estimate of the distance actually waltzed over in an evening by a belle of the ball room: "Do you, 'my fair and fragile reader,' think you would go six times around a moderate sized ball room, say, making a circuit of eighty yards during a waltz? Yes, at least, even allowing for rest. That, then, is 480 yards, if you went in a straight line. But you are turning nearly all the time, say on an average, once in each yard of onward progress, and the circumference of a circle is rather more than three times its diameter, which will bring each waltz to over three-quarters of a mile, or, at least, fourteen miles for the eighteen waltzes."—America.

Pao Yun, president of the Pekin (China) Academy, is translating Shakespeare's plays into Chinese.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Dissertation on What is Called "Literary Merit."

POEMS OF INTENSE LITERARY VALUE.

A Doubtful Question That can be Solved by Reviewers.

What constitutes "literary merit?" Each editor thinks he knows. So does each literary critic. So do the people who will tell you that the poems or essays or books that live are possessed of it. There is a sort of agreed upon standard, known in a vague way by literary people and represented by our best periodicals. By all means keep this standard high, and keep yourselves up to the standard; but at the same time, once in a while, let your mind dwell upon the lesson contained in the parable of the widow's mite.

If poems or prose writings had intelligence, and could think for themselves, there would be one infallible test for intrinsic value that they might append to themselves after they had stood the further test of time: "Only remembered for what I have done." For instance, several years ago a little poem appeared in one of our daily papers from a local author. I cannot think he was paid for it, nor can I think any other paper ever thought it worth copying for its own columns. I well remember glancing over it with a little bit of contempt in my mind and a good deal of indifference, and feeling sure it was quite without "literary merit." It was about the "baby boy," a very hackneyed subject, you will all agree.

Well, the other day my pride of judgment received a humiliating blow. A woman, good and true, in the humble ranks of life, had seen this poem. Her own baby boy was only a few weeks old, and perhaps she had let creep into her heart the thought that he was something of a burden, with poverty and hard work pressing upon her each day. The little poem struck a higher, better chord than that, and the tone of her thoughts grew sweeter. She cut it out of the paper and tucked it into the sewing machine drawer, and learned it, a line at a time, as she sat at work. Nor did it stop there; around among the neighbors it went, and brought many a blessing to the little babies in the poor, crowded houses.

Question: "Did the poem have literary merit?" Certainly, its simple phraseology, its humble truth, its honest purpose, spoke to the mind as well as the heart of these people as one of Browning's sonnets could not have done.

Again: There is a housekeeping paper published in one of our western cities. "Very ordinary," I have been wont to pronounce it, and after a cursory, indifferent perusal I have sent away my numbers to a little housekeeper on a Virginia farm. She is a brave little woman, left, at the age of 14, by the death of her mother, to bring up the three younger children and do the housework. Very limited was her schooling, of course. For two years, now, she has had this housekeeping journal, and I have had her occasional letters. And how she has grown mentally! It must have been the "literary merit" in that paper that I called ordinary, and could not waste my time upon.

There is apparent literary value and an intrinsic one, I feel bound to admit. There may be two ways of considering whether a poem or a book lives. If it is printed over and over again at the demand of the people, all the world knows it lives. But it sometimes happens that it is printed only once, is caught up by some heart, passed on and on in word or influence, and the good it does never dies. Is it not really "literary merit" that makes it live—the mode of its expression as well as its inherent thought? I am asking, for at the very end of my remarks, with a full recognition of the value of high standards, with a just respect for editors, critics and cultivated readers, but with an equally ardent appreciation of comparative value, I humbly confess that I do not know what "literary merit" really is.—Juniata Stafford in Belford's Magazine.

In a Mexican Market Square.

Passing on through the market place I emerged suddenly from a side exit into the market square. Just in front of me sat four or five groups surrounding a bunch of smoking faggots, and as I approached them a little girl or boy would step forward and offer for sale strings of glass beads or baskets of images made by Indians from clay. I bought several of these images and narrowly escaped being cheated in the process, for the little rogues who are playing merchants know when they have a stranger to deal with, and, although they smile at you, showing their white, pearly teeth, they will give you the wrong change if they can.

Just beyond these groups I saw other groups seated about large, square holes, which had been dug in the ground. At first I could not understand this, but after awhile I found out that they were engaged in roasting the century plant. The holes in the ground were apparently three feet deep and perhaps four feet across the top. Inside these holes they had placed a half dozen stalks of the plant over smoking faggots, and from the smoldering fire there issued a volume of smoke and the sound of escaping pulque. By and by a Mexican strode up, threw down a three cent piece, and, without a word, one of the agile boys jumped into the hole, chopped off a bit of the wood and delivered it to the purchaser, who went away munching on it as though it was the leg of a chicken. The juice of the maguey is sweet and intoxicating, and a great many of the Mexican people are, I regret to say, slaves of its power.—"R. M. Y." in St. Louis Republic.

Technical.

The technical speech of people in various trades and callings has an interest for others than dictionary makers. Even the most uninviting vocations have a language which attracts by virtue of its individuality. The freshest illustration of what I mean comes in this form: "Aren't you going to have a new dress for the ball?" was the inquiry addressed to the wife of an undertaker. "I can't afford it," was the dispirited reply; "you know it's between seasons." "What do you mean?" "Why, the pneumonia season is over, and the cholera infantum season hasn't begun."—Christian Union.

A Free Gift.

Mrs. Bibbs—See here! Why are you unloading all those shingles in front of my door? We haven't ordered any.

Driver—No, mum. They comes wid the compliments of the neighbors. You see, folks thinks from the way your boy acts that you can't afford to buy any.—New York Weekly.

They Have to Come Down.

There are no less than thirty different religious castes in India, and when the railroads were first established no two castes would ride in the same coach. The natives found it inconvenient, however, and now all sorts of castes mix up for a journey, but offset it at the end by calling each other dogs and infidels.—Detroit Free Press.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Advises the Reporter Not To.

"Humbug? Of course it is. The so called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young phycians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo *Courier*. "Very cozy was his office too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy-chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Sometime ago, you remember, the Boston *Globe* sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardiner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890:

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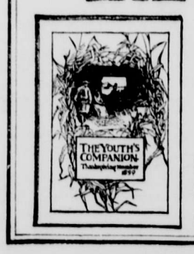

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WHITELEY'S STORE.

One of the Wonders of the World of Trade.

THE SUPERB JEWELERY ESTABLISHMENT.

The Famous Bon Marche of Paris—Two Wonderful Stores.

Whiteley's establishment is one of the wonders of the world of trade. Comparatively few Americans visit it, as it is far away from what is known as the American beat—i. e., from the Langham hotel to the Metropole. Compared to the trade kingdom over which a single proprietor, William Whiteley, rules, such mere overgrown dry goods stores as the Louvre and the Bon Marche in Paris are but simple affairs. Whiteley's is not a store, but a whole congeries of stores, each as accessible to but as distinct from the other as the dining room is from the parlor on a floor with folding doors. What in the usual run of dry goods stores occupies a counter or at most but a room—such as the silk department, the linen department, the costume department, etc.—has at Whiteley's a large and imposing store to itself. The jewelry store is a superb establishment, the furniture house is magnificent; china, glass, ironmongery, dressmaking, sewing machines, coiffures, toys, Japanese and Indian curios, each and all have stores devoted exclusively to themselves, large openings giving communication through the entire series of establishments.

ADDITIONAL ESTABLISHMENTS.

This would be wonderful enough, but there are surprises at Whiteley's; a provision store of extensive dimensions adjoins an excellent restaurant, the restaurant leads into the aviary, conservatory and live stock establishments. There is a well supplied wood and coal office. Pianos are upstairs in a store of their own; near them is a large hall, decorated with flags, statuary, tables and chairs in profusion. Here a dinner of several hundred covers may be given, or ordered for any place, town or country, with every accessory, from the banquet itself to the waiter who serves it; all provided by Whiteley. I had nearly forgotten to name a charming picture gallery, where many original works of great beauty are displayed, and where orders are taken for copies of any masterpiece on the walls of any of the great galleries of Europe. Whiteley is also a banker. You may buy or sell money on his premises. You may take your passage by any steamer for any port. You may hire a servant; bury a deceased friend; put your belongings up at auction; purchase, sell, build or take down a house. In short, there is not a single transaction in life relating to trade which Whiteley is not willing to make for you. No wonder he calls himself "the universal provider." Such a business as Whiteley's must speedily make a man a bankrupt or a millionaire; and as disaster has not overtaken him, it is presumed that Whiteley has a good account at his own and other banks. His establishment has suffered frequently from fires, whose strangely persistent recurrence irresistibly suggests incendiarism.

In the matter of cheapness I find very little difference between Whiteley's and other establishments which are not especially devoted to wealthy customers, as are Gillow's in the furniture line, and Lewis & Allenby in the dry goods. An honest price prevails, and if an American visitor sees anything he or she likes at Whiteley's, I would advise him or her to purchase it without further ado, as it would be a waste of time to run all over London to try to find the same article at a lower price.

AT THE BON MARCHE.

For one American who has heard of Whiteley's in London, ninety and nine have heard of the Bon Marche in Paris. Persons who know no other single word in French are aware that bon marche means "cheap." This famous store is indeed a marvelous place. Outside of a few little knickknacks known as articles de Paris, the vast establishment is entirely devoted to the sale of dry goods. No wonder the American woman, with her national love for shopping, revels in hours spent in flitting from one counter to another. Gloves are to the right of her, flowers to the left of her, silks are in front of her, lace is beyond. Are these beautiful things really, or only in appearance, cheap? Why, the truth is they are sold at the market price. Examine well anything that is offered below the current rates, and you will discover a reason.

I will call the attention of American ladies to a custom which prevails at the larger shops in Paris, by which our countrywomen are misled, though no deceit is willfully put upon them; it arises simply from a difference of custom between the French and American merchant. When a price is seen upon a remnant in America, the purchaser knows that the marked figure is the price of the whole remnant, while in France the marked figure means per yard or rather meter, according to the French measurement. Thus, if an American lady sees some attractive pieces of lace or silk, marked variously from $2 to $10, and decides to take some or many of these remnants, it comes, as a very disagreeable surprise, to find out that the articles were at so much per yard, and that the shopkeeper will now measure the yards. Often the price is but a few sous reduction per yard on the original figure asked, and the purchaser finds herself with awkward lengths of goods she was tempted to buy only in the Mrs. Toodles spirit. To be sure, at the Bon Marche the privilege is given of exchanging articles which a purchaser may be dissatisfied with—if no harm has come to them. Even money is, under certain circumstances, returned.—London Cor. Boston Transcript.

A Great Discovery.

The problem on "How to marry on $12 per week" has at last been solved. The way to do it is to issue 900 invitations to the wedding, secure 900 presents from 900 victims, and sell off about 800 to secure capital to run the house on for the next five years.—Detroit Free Press.

"They say a ground hog shows in its habits just what the weather is going to be."

"Very likely."

"You've seen a ground hog of course?"

"Gracious! haven't I seen sausages?"—Boston Courier.

Love Is Blind.

Mr. Infrit—Miss Chanse, I love you! Will you be my wife?

Miss Chanse—I am sorry, Mr. Infrit, but—but—I am somewhat fastidious in my choice.

Mr. Infrit—Oh, but I am not.—Puck.

Saved.

"Look at that bill," said a young man as he entered a bank on Griswold street a day or two since, and laid a "ten" before the cashier.

"Yes; I'm looking."

"Is it all right?"

"No, sir. Bank has been busted two years."

"It's teetotally no good, eh?"

"That's it. Did you take it for good money?"

"I did. I was coming in with the St. Thomas excursion with my girl, and a stranger wanted change. I accommodated him."

"Yes."

"And I am here in a strange town, dead broke, and a good looking girl expecting candy, peanuts, ice cream and street car rides. Say!"

"Well?"

"After kicking myself twice around the square, what shall I do next?"

"Pawn your watch."

"Haven't got one."

"Anything else?"

"No."

"Any friends to borrow from?"

"No."

"Then be taken ill and sit in the depot all day."

"I'll do it! I'll have to do it! And I'll sigh and groan and kick and cough and take on, and the gal will never know what hit me. Thanks, old fellow—life is worth the living, after all."—Detroit Free Press.

Bill Nye's Advice.

Be warned by one who has your best interests at heart and do not seek to obtain wealth suddenly as a humorist. Dig ginseng root, or trap muskrats, or break steers, but do not seek to obtain an immediate fortune even as a humorous "fence," for you will regret it. Even wealthy humorists are not always happy. I know one who has more money than some farmers have hay, and yet he is sometimes sad. Though he has two pairs of trousers with creases down the legs and pink shirts with maroon collars to them, he often wishes that he could again be a poor clergyman preaching his old sermons over again as he used to do, but free from care and perfectly pure in heart. I know another humorist who has shaken hands with royalty and who keeps a team and who pays more for groceries every month than he used to get for a year's hard work, and yet he feels just as sorry when one of his children dies as any body else.—Bill Nye in New York World.

Hard Luck.

Mrs. De Winks—Why, how happy you look?

Lovely Daughter—Such news! I put in a claim for $250 for my trunk, and the railroad official said it would probably be paid very shortly.

Mrs. De Winks (a week later)—Mercy! What's happened?

Daughter—Oh, I do feel so miserable I wish I could die. Everything goes wrong.

"Dear me! Has the company refused to pay that claim?"

"No. They have found the trunk!"—Philadelphia Record.

A Chill in the Air.

He (at Saratoga)—You must permit me to compliment the hat you have on, Miss Keepaway; it is most tastefully trimmed.

She—Oh, thank you, Mr. Vere de Vere; but isn't it rather unusual for gentlemen to give their attention to such matters?

He—Well, yes, I suppose it is, but a man who has trimmed as many show windows as—er—um—yes. Excuse me, Miss Keepaway, perhaps you are finding the night chilly?—The Epoch.

Trouble Ahead.

Old Lady—Why are you not playing ball with the other little boys?

Little Boy—I muffed er fly in de lof' field, an' de capt'n chucked anodder foller in me place.

Old Lady—I wouldn't watch them play if they treated me like that.

Little Boy—I ain't watchin' 'em play; I'm waitin' till de game's over ter lick de capt'n.—New York Sun.

His Antiquity Established.

Census Taker—"How old is your father?"

"Just passed his hundredth birthday."

"Impossible!"

"Quite true."

"Can you prove it?"

"Yes. He sent some poetry to the magazines and lived to see it published."

"And he's only a hundred years old? Well, well."—Lincoln Journal.

One Good Turn, Etc.

Facetious Visitor in Newspaper Office (to editor)—May I use your brains a moment?

Editor—My brains?

Visitor (smilingly picking up scissors)—Yes, sir. Only a moment. I want to——

Editor (with great cordiality)—Certainly you may. Use them as long as you please. Always glad to furnish brains to a man who hasn't any.—Chicago Tribune.

Similitudes in Life.

"The really efficient laborer," says Thoreau, "will be found not to unduly crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure." We were thinking of this as we came down in our barouche this morning.—Rochester Post-Express.

Had One of the Requisites.

"Quimby, I hear, is going to branch out as a prize fighter."

"Holy Grail! He'll never make a success of it. He can't run a little bit."

"No, but he's an excellent elocutionist."—Philadelphia Record.

[illegible]

Brown—So your girl's father showed you the door!

Jones—He did.

B.—How did you feel over it?

J.—Well, I felt put out.—Boston Courier.

The Umpire's Position.

The papers are devoting a good deal of space to the discussion of the umpire's position. As nearly as we have been able to discover, the umpire's position is always an erroneous one.—Boston Transcript.

ADULTERATED DRUGS.

The Chemist the Magician of the Present Day.

RESULTS OF SYSTEMATIC ADULTERATION.

The Public are not Always Benefitted by the Processes.

In this era of universal enlightenment the training of the successful tradesman is much broader than that of his predecessor of fifty years ago. The latter considered himself fully educated when he was able to distinguish the quality of the different grades of the various articles in which he dealt, and as very few methods of sophistication and adulteration were known, his task was a comparatively easy one. With the merchant of the present day, however, everything is different. He can depend on his own judgment only in very few instances. He must know not only how to manipulate his wares so as to undersell his competitors, but he must be continually on his guard to make sure that the articles which he himself buys shall be just as represented. He may be a trader in woolens and buy his stock from the deacon who passes the plate in church, yet he never neglects to have his samples examined by an expert, and analyzed if necessary. But the strangest phase of the whole matter is that, so universal has the custom become, he does not consider it any reflection on his neighbor to take this course, and if he finds that the goods are not as represented, he thinks none the worse of him, after he has claimed and secured his rebate. No branch of trade is free from this sophistication, and as long as the resulting article is not injurious to the health of the people, we have come to accept it without a murmur, as an inevitable result of competition. With such a state of affairs, it will readily be seen that the merchant of "ye olden time" would now stand a slim chance of success unless he called in outside aid.

A NEW ADULTERATION.

The chemist is really the magician, who today is sought by one party to develop a new adulteration, and to-morrow is called upon to analyze the article which he has just succeeded in adulterating. His laboratory becomes the confessional for merchants of all degrees, and he must be as silent and secret as the clergyman. But his power is greater than the ecclesiastic, who cannot read our thoughts, and who may know only what we care to tell him. But to the chemist all facts within his province are accessible. If we are frank with him, we can render easier the work which we have for him to do. If, however, he has a suspicion that anything has been withheld, he has but to make an analysis and the whole secret is open to him. In his realm he is king. He says to the merchant, "Do thus," and the business man, realizing that his only way to success is by following such injunctions, does so, and is relieved for a time. Soon, however, he learns that he is being undersold, and once more has recourse to the magician, who finds that some brother genius has stolen his charm, and it becomes necessary for him to conjure up a more powerful one, only to have it, in time, again stolen.

The following incident, related by a distinguished chemist, may be interesting, as showing how systematically this business of adulteration is carried on. The gentleman mentioned was recently consulted by a firm of oil dealers, who were naturally anxious to learn how it was that their competitor was always able to undersell them, in face of the fact that the chemist of their factory could not discover any adulteration in their rival's product. On analysis, no foreign substance appeared, and the consulting chemist was forced to confess himself nonplused. In the course of conversation he happened to mention, quite incidentally, that the only impurity he had been able to find was a trace of petroleum oil, which he had considered accidental. The oil dealer inquired the amount of this oil present, and on finding that it was about 2½ per cent., immediately said that the problem was solved. Two and a half per cent., he explained, made in a barrel of forty gallons a difference of one gallon, and, by extracting this quantity of an oil worth fifty cents, and substituting a gallon of an inferior kind worth, say, ten cents, his rival had been enabled to draw away almost all his trade.

POISONOUS DYES.

People have become so accustomed to finding the discussion of the subject of adulteration confined to articles of food and drink that they are apt to consider that this is the only part of it of any importance. Physicians, however, can tell a different story. For instance, they are frequently consulted for disorders which can be directly traced to cheaply dyed articles of dress, and many of the most obstinate cases of skin disease are due to poisonous coloring matters.

Before the art of dyeing had progressed much most of they dyeing colors in use were prepared from simple vegetable extracts. Soon, however, the demand was greater than the supply, and the chemist was called upon for substitutes. Step by step he followed nature back to her laboratory, and finally was able to announce that he could produce at will in unlimited quantities a dye stuff which could not be distinguished by any test, either chemical or physical, from the natural product. The substance which he had made was alizarine, the coloring matter of madder, and the article from which he made it was common coal tar. This discovery worked a revolution in the industrial world. The path, once it had been pointed out, was easy to follow, and in quick succession came the announcements of new colors made from this same waste product—coal tar—until at the present day any color or tint can be supplied from it.

But here, too, the practice of sophistication soon became a prominent factor, until the question was, not how well can dyes be made, but how cheaply. The process of manufacture is a long one, and great care is required at every step to thoroughly remove the powerful chemical agents by which the necessary changes are brought about. Here was the opportunity for cheapening the final product. An incomplete removal of these chemicals means less labor and less expense; hence the indifferently finished product can be sold cheaper. Unfortunately, however, these impurities thus left in the dye are in most instances highly irritating to the skin, and when an article dyed with such substances is worn it is very liable to cause trouble, especially if the skin is chafed or scratched.—Boston Herald.

The Way Out of It.

Her Parent—Do you think, Mr. Filkins, that you can support my daughter in the style in which she is accustomed?

Bright Young Man—I think I could if you would let us board with you.—Exchange.

WHY HE TOOK THE INSULT.

Allowing His Face to Be Slapped Because a Revolver Was Pointed at Him.

"There are times," said Col. Metcalf the other day, "when men will stand any treatment, however outrageous. A man who has seen what it means to stand up before a revolver acquires a great respect for that weapon when it is in another man's hands and he has the 'drop' on you. There was nothing in the old days in the seventies which demanded reparation so quickly and so definitely as an insult. For a man to accept an insult without demanding or taking redress was to bring upon himself the scorn of the entire community. And yet I accepted the worst kind of an insult once and even to this day I blush when I think of the circumstances.

"I was in Hugo at the time and was playing billiards when a man came in and began to make a disturbance. He was a well known desperado and no one was anxious to get into trouble with him. He became so obnoxious without being checked that finally he picked up one of the billiard balls and sent it flying through a window. He was just reaching for another when I reversed my cue and placing the butt end of it in the pit of his stomach, pushed him back against the wall. The next moment I was looking down the barrel of a Colt's revolver. The sensation in such a case is simply overpowering. I was perfectly helpless, for I had no revolver myself, and if I had been wearing one he could have killed me before my hand could reach it. I thought he was going to shoot me then and there, but he chose not to do this from some whim.

"'I'm going to slap your face, Metcalf,' he said, 'so that you can tell people about it. Turn your cheek around here.'

"I looked way down the barrel of that six shooter so far that it seemed to me that I could see a bullet in its chamber. I set my teeth against the insult. I knew that I was deadly pale.

"'Turn it,' he said. 'One, two'—and I turned my cheek. I did not feel the blow, but the flame which scorched it afterward was like a furnace fire.

"'Now,' he said with a laugh, 'give me the other one. Again he counted—'one, two'—and I presented my other cheek for a second slap.

"If ever I wanted to kill a man it was that fellow, but I had no show at all. I remember the sickening feeling which ran over me at the thought that he might insist upon breaking my nose. Revolver or no revolver I do not believe I could have stood that. But I took the insults, not from him, but from a six shooter. A man can't argue against a revolver. But for months and months I longed to meet that man on even terms. I never saw him again."—New York Tribune.

Modern Literary Chances.

The aspirant for literary honors with pecuniary remuneration should remember that the most famous names in the literary guild earned their money for the most part in other than literary ways. Bryant was an editor and publisher. Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell were Harvard professors. Emerson and Bayard Taylor were lecturers, and Taylor was also a Tribune editor. Curtis and Stoddard depend upon editorial salaries; Stedman is a broker, and Hallock was John Jacob Astor's private secretary. And one might go further with this list. Whittier began as an editor, and only in middle life attempted to lean on literature alone for a support which his early savings and simple habits made possible.

It was always Longfellow's advice to young men who wished to be literary to have first, and mainly, a vocation independent of the finer muse. If a young writer thinks he possesses genius he may of course experiment with it, but it will serve his purse and peace of mind better to secure some source of labor and income that is more philistine and worldly and ride his Pegasus only at inspired intervals. For it is a fact, in spite of the occasional big figures that are given as the result of literary work, pure and simple, that the men who prosper or have prospered by that alone are only, at any one time, a few dozen in number among our sixty-five millions of people.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Don't Wear a Soft Hat.

I write against the evil of wearing soft hats. I have made this a careful study and have found that the soft hat will eventually produce baldness. The band of the soft hat being so soft and flexible that it very readily falls into every line and curve of the head, it thus excludes every particle of air, thereby producing an intense heat and rotting the roots of the hair. I find that the healthiest hat for a man to wear is the silk hat, both summer and winter, not only on account of the stiffness of the band, which prevents it from falling so close into a man's head, but because the space which is inside of it allows a free circulation of air.

In England, for instance, there are not nearly so many bald headed people as there are in this country, even in proportion to the population, but there are a great many more silk hats worn there. The young men begin to wear them there at the age of 18 years.

To show you the difference in the production of silk hats here and in England I find from the statistics that England, with a population of about 30,000,000 inhabitants, has employed in the manufacture of silk hats about 2,000 men, while the United States, with a population of more than 60,000,000, has only about 500. Can you wonder that there are so many bald headed men here?—Cor. New York Herald.

Honesty by Weight.

"Is that boy the new junior?" the president of the bank asked the cashier, pointing to a youth in the office.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you tested his honesty?"

"Yes, sir. I left him alone in your room for half an hour or more to count a pile of gold, which I told him had not been counted."

"Of course it had been counted?"

"No, sir."

"That was rather risky, wasn't it?"

"Not at all," replied the cashier; "I weighed the gold myself first."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

VALUE OF MESMERISM.

Ridiculous Things Done While in a Hypnotic State.

AN ANÆSTHETIC AS PERFECT AS ETHER.

Can Crime be Committed by the Aid of Mesmerism?

It is conceivable that mesmerism might injure an invalid. If he have heart disease, for instance, an exciting or violent episode, a rapture of joy or a convulsion of great grief or fear, it might prove injurious or even fatal, just as it might in his normal condition.

This possibility is abundantly offset by the value of mesmerism as a therapeutic agent. The responsive can be made so intoxicated on water, which he has been told is whisky, as to exhibit all symptoms of extreme inebriety; can be made disgustingly sea sick by being told that he is at sea in a storm, and can be at once physically affected by an imaginary medicine. His temperature can be changed, his eye dilated and his pulse quickened. Mesmerism is as perfect an anæsthetic as ether, and as harmless as water. Any mesmerized person can at once, by a single stroke of the hand, be rendered totally insensible to pain, and can have a tooth drawn, a cataract removed, a cancer cut out, or an arm cut off without feeling the slightest pain. This has been so often demonstrated that amputations frequently take place under its influence in the Paris hospitals, and it is successfully employed in obstetrics. Though only a fraction of patients will be found eligible as candidates for this annihilator of pain, its utility is so obvious it cannot be long before medical societies will take up the therepeusis of mesmerism as a serious study, and army surgeons will be required to have as practical a knowledge of it as of any part of the pharmacopœia.

It is quite erroneous to suppose that the conduct of the responsive is directed in detail by the operator. He only suggests the general line of thought, and each responsive pursues it according to his own knowledge, experience or prejudices. I say to my responsives, for instance, that I have a wonderful educated cow with seven heads. They all want to see it. I call their attention to the imaginary stable door near by; they look toward it, and when I snap my fingers they all see a seven headed cow enter. Now, by questioning them it becomes obvious that they all see a different cow. Unless I have designated her color one sees a white cow, another a red cow, and so on.

Then I tell them that she can dance, can waltz and keep time with music. I hand one a cane, telling him it is a flute, and that he is an eminent performer, and he goes through the motions of playing to the dancing cow. They all hear different tunes, but the exhibition is satisfactory. I now add that the cow can sing—can sing a different part with each mouth—can sing seven ballads at once. At this point there is some incredulity expressed. They see the cow stand up on her hind legs and hear the seven ballads—and this, I may as well add, is the narrative of an actual experiment.

Five of the six mesmerized persons believed that she sang. "She is singing 'Tit Willow,'" said one. "And 'A Warrior Bold,'" said another.

"I hear singing," said the incredulous one, turning to me. "'Annie Laurie,' isn't it? How do you work her—the machinery, I mean?"

The others laughed at him. "Why, the cow sings," said a young lady. "Can't you hear her sing? Can't you see her sing?"

"She looks as if she sang," conceded incredulous. "I see her mouths move all around. She sounds as if she sang; but she doesn't sing. Cows don't sing."

"Very well, what is it, then?" asked one of the others.

"A tube and a hole in the floor," said incredulous, "or perhaps ventriloquism."

"Aw!" exclaimed the first, derisively, "ventriloquism does not work like that. I've made a study of ventriloquism."

"Well, I've made a study of cow!" persisted the scoffer obstinately.

Sometimes I turn the responsives into children, and have them play school with infinite fun; sometimes transport them over ocean to Africa or Japan on the enchanted carpet, where for a brief space they enjoy all the delights of travel; sometimes we participate in battles, in political campaigns, in exciting tirade, and sometimes Socrates, Moses or Confucius is introduced and interviewed, the intelligent responsive furnishing both questions and answers in a curious dual action of the mind that is highly entertaining.

Not only the reason sometimes rebels as above, but the conscience also. As a rule responsives can be completely dominated and made to do anything of which they are physically capable. They could generally be induced to take poison, or jump off the house, or throw themselves under a locomotive, or attack one another with deadly weapons. But there are some exceptions. I was unable to overcome the fear of one of my responsives, whom I sent to assault an imaginary Indian in the park. He refused to go, and said it was "difficult to kill an Indian."

A young lady, one of the brightest sensitives I have ever seen, steadfastly refuses to play cards. I tell her she is Buffalo Bill, and easily induce her to assume his character, but when cards are suggested, "No, I never play cards. It is wrong!" she says, and I cannot move her. I could make her jump out through the window or put her hands in the fire, but play cards she will not. I was puzzled by it till, inquiring, I ascertained that her religious parents had brought her up very strictly and taught her it was "wicked to play cards."

And this brings us to the question much mooted of late, whether crime can be committed by the aid of mesmerism. If so, it is brought into relation, not only with medicine, but with jurisprudence; not only with the pharmacopœia, but the penitentiary. It is obvious that if cases of this kind occur the one to whom punishment must be dealt out is the mesmerist.

I could probably induce any one of my responsives to take his life in my presence or to assault anybody within reach, but the mind wanders curiously in this strange condition, and generally takes little cognizance of surrounding objects. I have used the word "probably" in this sentence because the conduct of mesmerized persons cannot be positively predicted. The mental impression may not in a given case be sufficiently vivid and dominating to induce action, or the intention may be counteracted by the trained moral sense asserting itself and overbalancing the confused hypnotic tendency.—W. A. Croffut in North American Review.

Brutal Policemen in Russia.

I shall never forget the first brutal exhibition of the kind I witnessed on Russian soil. It was on the docks at Baku. As the little Caspian steamer moved up to the wharf a swarm of ragged porters were seen struggling for position where they could pounce on the passengers' baggage. Gaunt, hungry looking and clad in rags, they seemed like the very off scouring of the world. Standing out in bold relief against them were a number of burley policemen. The chief duty of the latter seemed to be to abuse the former, which they did in a most unwarrantable manner.

The bluecoats did no artistic and finished tapping with the locusts, like the members of the Broadway squad, but they struck the poor, half starved wretches squarely in the face with clenched fist and kicked them in the stomachs. The burly policemen seemed to take a wanton pride in smashing the poor ragged devils in the face and in kicking them in dangerous places with their heavy topboots. As a picture of brute force unbridled, gloating over defenseless victims, it beats anything I ever saw.

It seems incredible to an Anglo-Saxon that human beings could ever be so thoroughly crushed and cowed as to submit meekly to such inexcusable brutality as the lower class Russians do. One after another the wretched victims of police brutality would go limping away, lamed or doubled up by a kick, and faces often streaming with blood. Our Russian passengers paid no sort of attention to the scene; only in the breasts of two persons present, in all that crowd, was aroused any sentiment of pity or condemnation, so far as could be seen on the surface. These two exceptions were an English war correspondent and myself.—Thomas Stevens' Letter.

Whistles of All Sorts.

The primary idea of a whistle lies in the making of a column of air to vibrate, in whatever condition. As there is no lack of means or methods for doing this, the infinite diversity of the forms of the apparatus for producing the vibrations and the resultant sounds is a matter of course. The most general form is the human whistle, which one can make sound—after a fashion—without much preliminary training; but many musicians have made themselves masters of its intonations to such a degree that, instead of the usual inharmonious and unmethodical discords, they can render with it the most difficult passages of elaborate musical notes. I shall not dwell upon the means that may be employed to make the sounds sharper and to modulate their tones. Every one knows what effects are produced by inserting the fore and second fingers so as to turn the tongue slightly back as the column of air passes over it, or by sending the blast over the outside of the bent fingers.

If we seek other primitive whistles, we have them in the hollow barreled key, the terror of authors and comedians; the famous willow whistle, cut when the twig is most sappy; the green dandelion stem, split along its length; the nut shell between the fingers; the cherry stone, which school boys grind down so patiently on the soles of the shoes and bore with a hole; the buckhorn, and all the other things which we are fond of contriving, in our early youth, with which to split the ears of our parents and teachers.—M. L. Gutode in Popular Science Monthly.

Advantages of Audible Laughter.

Man is the only audible laughing animal in existence. Girls giggle, boys te-he, women hah-ha, and men haw-haw. These are the spontaneous outbursts of jollity, and in trying to suppress it one cannot be accountable for the consequence. You have the faculty of communicating to your blind friend the reciprocal pleasure of life, therefore you have advantage over the most intelligent of the brute creation. No dumb animal has the faculty of expressing any emotion they may feel save the dog, who laughs with his tail as his long absent master returns; it seems as if he would never cease to wiggle-waggle his tail and nibble his master's beard from one ear to the other, he laughs with his tail, kisses, as it were, with his teeth, and caresses with his paws, seeming to be the exact converse of human nature. Be sure that heaven and all the cherubims are better pleased with inate goodness, rosea ate with smiles, than a face as long as your arm and as solemn as the day of judgment. Give us a bright, smiling face, indicative of the effervescence of the within. It helps us to enjoy a passing hour of blissful happiness. A new delight steals over the heart, and we willingly yield to the fleeting, fanciful dream that all of earth is surest bliss.—New York Press.

Inheritance of Moral Weakness.

"There are not too many people for the world to support," says Professor Summer; nor are there too many liable to be born; but there are by far too many of sorts that never ought to be born. He conceives that all social questions drop into this one of improved population. Mental and physical feebleness, or inferiority, is at the bottom of our troubles; but the professor must also include moral weakness, inherited like other evils, and aggravated by personal habit. Is it improbable that some degree of control may be some day established over the multiplication of diseased personalities?

Darwin dares to hint that the same care that is exercised in breeding our domestic animals might in the future be applied to humanity. Is it necessary that "Margaret, the mother of criminals," be allowed to populate the state with a breed so debased that in a few generations there are paupers, idiots, moral outcasts and beggars by the hundred, and hardly a savable person out of a score? It will not do, perhaps, at present to any more than suggest the question.—Globe Democrat.

What It Really Means.

Did you ever think what it really means to be a "tramp?" No home, no friends, no work, no chance, nobody in all the wide world to care whether you live, or die in the gutters like a dog. No heaven for such vags to inherit; no decent grave to hide them out of sight; no opportunity to be anything, and no hand stretched out to give the greeting or the good-by of love. Nobody to feel an interest in you, whether your bones ache from cold or your skin cracks with fever. No spot in all the world to call your own, not even the mud wherein your wandering footstep leaves its fleeting mark; no prospect ahead, and no unbroken link to bind you to the past. A name like a curse to blight every hope of manhood, and a reputation, like a ball and chain on your leg, to hinder the way to any good accomplishment. I tell you, when we sit right down to it, and figure out what it really means to be a tramp, I guess we will not find it so easy to withhold a piece of bread and a cup of coffee next time one calls at our door.—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Dr. Tanner on his Much Talked of Subject.

WARNING AGAINST PREMATURE BURIAL.

Don't Bury Your Dead Until Decomposition has set in.

Eight years have gone since Dr. H. S. Tanner performed his wonderful feat of fasting forty days and nights in Clarendon hall, in New York city. For sixteen days he touched neither water nor food. After the sixteenth day he began to drink water, and subsisted on this alone during the remaining twenty-four days of his fast. The public has not heard much of the plucky little doctor for the last few years, but not long ago he turned up in Chicago, bright and chipper, a splendid specimen of a man in perfect health, and with a rotundity of form indicative rather of the bon vivant than of a man who eats only two meals a day in summer and only one in winter.

"Where have you been keeping yourself, doctor?" asked a reporter, after friendly greetings had been exchanged.

"I have just returned from New Mexico, where I have been for nearly four years, pursuing certain investigations of a scientific nature. I am much interested in the subject of suspended animation or counterfeit death. I am convinced that a far greater percentage of people are buried alive than even those who have ever given the matter much thought would be willing to believe. In no country in the world are the dead buried with such criminal haste, I may say, as in the United States. I have been looking into this subject more or less for the last twenty-five years, and the evidence I have accumulated is startling. I tell you, it is murder, horrible murder, and it is high time some agitation was started for the purpose of securing needed legislation on the subject of the burial of the dead.

THE MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

"The principle of life is so subtle," continued the doctor, "that man with all his science knows nothing about it; and the only safeguard against the awful crime of burying alive those we love lies in the precautions that are taken against committing their bodies to the tomb before decomposition has set in. That is the only unmistakable sign that death has finally taken place. The people of Holland were among the first to awaken to the importance of this subject, and in 1764 a society was organized in Amsterdam for the purpose of looking into cases where death seemed counterfeit rather than real. In less than four years they had resuscitated—saved from entombment alive—no less than 150 persons. In 1768 the authorities at Milan and Venice, and those at Hamburg, followed the example set by Holland, and a little later similar societies were formed at London, Paris and Glasgow. As a result of the work and investigations of these societies, among the members of which were some of the foremost scientists of the times, it has been proved that in a great number of cases where every known test had been applied and preparations made for the burial the subjects had recovered. These experiences led Professor Morine, of the University of Rome, to offer a prize of 1,500 francs for the best essay on apparent death; and the Marquis d'Ouche left 20,000 francs to be used in discovering the best means that could be applied in detecting the counterfeit of death. And so in all countries statistics collated on this subject are startling, as revealing the danger of premature burial."

"Now don't you think," asked the doctor, "that this is a subject that people should discuss, should be waked up about?"

"What remedy have you to offer, doctor?"

"Simply this: I hold—and it certainly cannot be successfully contradicted—that the setting in of decomposition is the only certain sign of death. In the absence of this burial should be delayed weeks and months, if necessary, for so long as there is no decay life may hang by a feeble thread, and, by that subtleness of which I have already spoken, the recovery be spontaneous.

THE DOCTOR WILL HIBERNATE.

"Another discovery that I have made," said the doctor, "is that hibernating animals do not use their lungs during the period of hibernation. For several years I have been studying the habits of this class of animals, and, do you know, I am about convinced that man can hibernate"——

Here the reporter must have looked the incredulity he felt, for the doctor hastened to explain: "Take the bear for example; its organs of respiration are the same as man's, and it hibernates for months without food or drink. I have also been studying the philosophy of the adepts who used to be able to go into the death trance at will. Their preparation for this was long fasting, and the trance condition following was, in my opinion, a season of hibernation. I am studying now with a view of making some experiments in this line, and the time may come when I will permit myself to be sealed up in an air tight coffin and laid away until such time as I shall designate for it to be opened."

"But, doctor, you will not expect to come out of a test like that alive, will you?"

"Yes, indeed," was the earnest reply. "I have twice been near the portals of the tomb in my studies of this subject of life principle and of suspended animation, and I firmly believe I can go still nearer—that I can to all outward appearances be dead, and, remaining that way for a length of time, can still come back a living witness of the truth of my theories and investigations."

Speaking of his fast, he said: "The fact is, with most people the body rules the mind, while the reverse should be the case—the mind should control the body. Appetite, and it may be a depraved one, clamors for this or that desired article, and people rush off to gratify it. When I began my forty days' fasting I said to my stomach: 'Here, old fellow, I have a job for you. I want you to take a good long rest, and I want no grumbling about it.' That settled it. At 10 o'clock of the last day of my fast, when I had only two hours to go, a little child that was in the room where I was thrust a ripe peach under my nose. If Adam was tempted as I was then I do not wonder that he fell. I had so little longer to go without eating that I relaxed my will power, and truly my greatest sufferings were during the last two hours of my fast."—Chicago Tribune.

A Wise Tramp.

A tramp's notebook, picked up on the Essex road, contained, among other sage reflections, the following bit of wisdom: "Its a grate eel beter to have yure shins barked than bit."—Burlington Free Press.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 9 1891

County Official Paper.

It is a pity Governor Waterman didn't have a few weeks longer in office. Had he remained in and kept up his kick he would have saved the State great expense by pardoning all the criminals at San Quentin and Folsom.

The "well" in the State Capitol at Sacramento is the scene of more howling drunks at each session of the Legislature than any other dive in the City. A law stands upon the Statute books that prohibits the sale of liquors within the Capitol building, but the law makers are a law unto themselves, and the fun in the dive goes on at each session of the Legislature. None should be so ready to laugh at laws as the law makers, for no others know so well what a farce most law making is.

County Superintendents very generally condemn the State series of school books. Our own County Suderintengent, Mr. J. H. Shannon, is among those who find serious fault with the books. It is alleged that most of the series are of poor merit and evidently prepared by incompetent persons, that the arrangement of courses is bad and such as makes teaching more difficult than with the books formerly used. It may be that the books of the State series are not so good as they might be; but the scandals connected with the 'old contract system' andthe expense of endless changes had become intolerable. Time will improve the State series and we had better let the system alone than go back to old evils.

The "Record-Union" urges the people of Sacramento not to continue the blackmailing practices of former years, when members of the Legislature were importuned incessantly to buy tickets for raffles, church fairs and endless devices to extort money from them. Perhaps Sacramento is no worse in this particular than other State Capitals; but all who have ever served in the Legislature will bear testimony that this incessant begging and importunity for money is an intolerable nuisance. As the beggars are mostly respectable looking people and a majority of them women, it is all the more difficult to get rid of them. If the "Record Union" can abate this nuisance it will do the city a good service.

A cry is being raised for a constitutional convention on the alleged ground that the present constitution is too faulty to be amended. The cry is raised by two classes, visionary cranks and political schemers. All who remember the bitterness and turmoil that preceded the last convention and the demagoguery and hoodlumism that prevailed all through the convention, will be in no hurry repeat the experience. The constitution can be amended, and certainly some amendments are necessary. One of the worst humbugs that ever existed is the Board of Railroad Commisioners, and this should be wiped out. Another folly is the taxation of mortgages, and this should be abolished. These and all other defects of the constitution can be remedied by amendment.

The Editor of this paper recently had opportunity to hear the opinions of merchants and shippers in other parts of the State on the workings of the Railroad Commission. All who discussed the subject were agreed that in every case within their knowledge, when a grievance was felt or a concession wanted, the best satisfaction was got by appealing direct to the railroad managers. In every instance parties so appealing were courteously received, listened to patiently and where a wrong was shown it was promptly righted, or a privilege asked, it was granted if reasonable and possible. When the Railroad Commissioners were first appealed to interminable delays followed, and in the end nothing was granted that could be avoided. Since the day the Commision was organized it has been nothing but a great expense, a continued scandal and the cause of much hard feeling between the people and railroad managers, and the sooner it is abolished the better.

Stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil is an old practice still in use. In the town of Truckee certain men got up a petition to have disreputable characters removed. Some of these owned houses and lots. The citizens were induced to buy these properties, in some cases paying twice the actual value. The men who were most active in the matter owned some worthless land across the Truckee river from the town, and as soon as the disreputable characters had got their money, these men sold them lots where houses were built and where worse dens are now kept than were closed up in the town. If these Truckee men had been church members, oh what a howl there would have been about hypocrisy! But as it is they are accounted sharp business men, and their respectability is increased by the increase of their bank account

Grewsome Photography.

Monday afternoon about 3:30 o'clock Undertaker Harvey's gloomy wagon drove hurriedly up to the entrance of a well known photograph gallery and two men carried a black coffin into the building and up to the floor in the operating room. It was met there by the photographer and a number of newspaper men, and shortly afterward a woman, youthful and beautiful, clad in cashmere and lace, with flowers at her feet and her white hands folded peacefully across her breast, lay in the somber box, with her long brown hair streaming over the crampled satin lining, as pale as her cream tinted skin.

The men stood about the coffin whispering as the undertaker touched a flower here, a leaf there, and tucked in a careless wandering curl, while the photographer moved a hand out of its stiffness or turned the face where the light would fall upon it to a better effect before the lens of the camera. It was an uncanny scene, and if the sunshine had not taken the chill off of the place it would have been as ghostly and ghastly as a charnel house.

When all was ready the photographer caught the picture on his plate and then the lid of the affair was removed for the friends of the family to step forward and take a last look at the body, for it immediately sat up in its casements, shook hands all around, and jumping gracefully to the floor, laughed merrily and talked cheerily of such a lark, and gave the undertaker and photographer her authority to perform the same sad rites when she was dead in earnest, and not merely flirting with the king of terrors. The ruling passion, strong in death, it will be observed. The corpse for a minute was Miss Lillian Lewis, the actress, and the pictures, when they are done, will be striking, even if they are not particularly cheerful.—Washington Star.

A Novelty for Tea.

Rose biscottines are indeed a novelty, and if properly made are far superior to the world famous Shrewsbury cakes. For 5 o'clock tea they are a decided innovation and are unique in every way. Those who would make these lovely little morsels to perfection must keep exclusively to the proportions of the different ingredients and likewise be careful that the biscottines are not overbaked nor burnt in any way. Take

One pound fine, dry pastry flour.
Eight ounces Castor sugar.
Eight ounces butter (fresh).
One-half ounce finely sifted biscuit powder.
A hock glassful of rose water.
Two eggs.

The flour and biscuit powder should be sifted together, and then the other ingredients well rubbed into them. The sugar should now be mixed thoroughly, and a space made in the center of the lot, in which the eggs and rose water should be poured. Stir everything well together and produce a nice, firm, stiff paste. Roll this out into a sheet rather less than one-eighth of an inch thick, and then stamp the biscottines out of it with a small, fluted edged, oval hand cutter. Now lay these cakes on butter baking tins, put them in a warm oven, and keep them there till quite done.

By rolling the above dough out only the thickness of stout note paper, and baking the biscottines very lightly indeed—only about twenty seconds in a good hot oven—the result will be beautiful wafers to take with ices.—New York Letter.

Salmon P. Chase's Diary.

Kate Chase is still a very fine looking woman. She looks ten years younger than she really is, and she works as hard as any woman in Washington. She is writing a life of her father, and her work will be full of unwritten history. In addition to her wonderful reminiscences gathered during a period covering a quarter of a century, in which she was in the closest confidential relation with the greatest statesmen and generals of her day, she has bushels of letters made up of private correspondence of public men and she has her father's diary and letters.

Not long ago she said that she considered this diary one of the most important historical papers in existence. She keeps it in a fireproof vault, and she will quote very freely from it in her work. Salmon P. Chase kept a diary throughout his whole public career. He had it in his bedroom, and he jotted down his memoranda in it of the occurrences of the day every night before he retired. It is probably as valuable as the diary of John Quincy Adams.—Frank G. Carpenter in Chicago Herald.

Bridesmaids in Black.

Chilian young ladies have been literally plunged into mourning by an edict of the archbishop of Santiago, who has decreed that no bridesmaid in his diocese shall appear in any color but black, which somber attire, however, they are to be permitted to relieve with white gloves and veils. One cannot but sympathize with the Santiagian girls, whose wits will be sorely taxed to devise anything really becoming in "suits of solemn black." But the news will doubtless be welcome enough to intending Chilian Benedicts, for the archbishop's prohibition will, I should say, bring about the abolition of bridesmaids, and the customary gifts to these attendants will of course cease at the same time. Even if brides to be adopt our idea of having pages in attendance, the expense will be considerably lessened, for small boys are, after all, much more reasonably supplied with souvenirs of these occasions than grown up girls.—Lady's Pictorial.

Playing with a Snake.

At Somerville, N. J., the other day, the 2-year-old baby of William Porter was found seated on the kitchen floor playing with a flat headed adder three feet long. The infant laughed and crowed gleefully as the serpent coiled its sinuous length around its throat and arms. The mother of the babe screamed and fainted at the sight, but a neighbor ran in and enticed the snake away with a bowl of warm milk. The little one had been stroking the serpent's body, and the snake had apparently enjoyed the sensation, as it made no demonstration of anger.—New York Times.

WOMEN IN MEN'S CLUBS.

Some Swell New York and Boston Clubs Make Special Provision for Them.

A veritable revolution is slowly taking place in the realms of clubdom. If any one had suggested the possibility of ladies being received in aristocratic male clubs a few years ago he would have been considered a most promising candidate for Bedlam. Despite this fact, two of the most fashionable and exclusive clubs in New York city and one club of the same character in Brooklyn make provision for the reception and entertainment of the wives and daughters of their members; a third New York club will soon be added to the list of the clubs which have sanctioned the innovation, and other clubs are looking in that direction.

The revolution was started by the famous Somerset club, of Boston, than which there is no more exclusive and conservatine club organization in America. This club among clubs decided about eight years ago to fit up a suite of rooms exclusively for the accommodation of ladies, and provided a private entrance to this suite of rooms, which are entirely isolated from other parts of the club. The wife or daughter of a member was permitted to introduce other ladies as her guests, the sole restriction being that she should in her own handwriting enter the names of her guests in a book kept for the purpose. The innovation won the immediate approval of the social circles so largely represented in the Somerset club, and speedily became one of the distinctive features of that organization.

When the Hamilton club, of Brooklyn, was incorporated it adopted this feature, and shortly after, when the Lawyers' club was established in the Equitable building, the same system was adopted on a much broader scale. The Lawyers' club set aside private dining rooms, a public dining room, a ladies' parlor, boudoir and bathroom for the use of wives and daughters of its members, and subsequently placed them in charge of experienced ladies' maids, who are always in attendance. No gentleman is ever admitted to these rooms unless he is accompanied by a lady. Upon his election to the Lawyers' club a member fills out a blank with the names of the ladies of his family to whom he wishes to have the privileges of the club extended.

The names so entered are copied upon a register, and thereafter the ladies named by the member have the freedom of the suite of rooms set apart for the use of their sex. They can gain admittance to these rooms at any time during the day, can meet other ladies there by appointment, can lunch or dine there, or can entertain friends at luncheon if they so desire. No check is ever presented to them, but the amount of indebtedness which they incur is charged to the member of the club at whose instance they are introduced.

The somewhat remarkable departure has worked admirably, and has given entire satisfaction to the most conservative members of the club. A somewhat similar custom is in vogue at the rooms of the Riding club, and there, too, it has met with favor. Although the fact is not generally known, a proposition to buy the house on Twenty-first street, next to the Dix property, on which the annex to the Union club is now building, and to fit it up for the use of the wives and daughters of the Union club men, was broached at the time of the Union club's acquisition of the Dix property.

The proposition did not go through, to be sure, but the mere fact that it was made in so conservative a club as the Union club shows the hold which the innovation introduced by the Somerset club has taken on club men. That it will be generally adopted by the better class of social clubs before many years there can be little doubt. And that it will tend to mitigate the asperity with which the feminine sex regards the clubs to which their husbands and brothers belong there can be less doubt.—New York Sun.

Pictures of Beauties.

Remarkable success has been attained by Professor Ahn, of Breslau, in applying photography to fix the indications of different diseases of the eye. Another contribution to one of the newest departments of science are Professor Fischer's photographs of cultivations of luminous bacteria, which were photographed by their own light, the views giving evidence of the constant movement in which the tiny organisms are unceasingly engaged. One of the greatest anthropologists of the century in Paris has been making a collection of the various types of mankind, and he does it by means of the photograph.

He inclines to the opinion that the type or origin, the race to which the party originally belonged, is better preserved among women than among men. He has therefore made his collection from among women, and to increase its attractiveness and value he has announced his intention to choose only beautiful women for his types. Apropos of this idea a prominent photographer proposes to appeal to photographers for selection and contribution of a photographic reproduction of the representative women whom they consider the most beautiful, so that a collection can be made which will be handed down to posterity as representing the standard types of beauty in the Nineteenth century.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Teaching Children to Play.

Some philanthropic women have established a "Children's Happy Evening association" in the east end of London. They have secured for two hours at evening the use of unoccupied school houses, where they gather the poor little children from the wretched labyrinths of the city and teach them (for many of them do not know) how to play the simple games which are supposed to be familiar to children the world over.—London Letter.

A traveler has discovered that brunettes are not the rule in Spain. Many Spanish women are fair, with blue eyes, especially in Cadiz, while even the Easque women often have auburn hair.

Reckless Extravagance.

Miss Prudence—Those Livewelles will certainly come to grief.

Miss Patience—Why so?

Miss Prudence—At dinner last evening their chief dish was a great plate of apple sauce.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Leprosy in India.

The latest statistics show that there are 71,287 lepers in Bengal, 13,944 in Madras and 13,842 in Bombay. The lepers in the native states are not included in these totals.—Philadelphia Ledger.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo county, Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 16th day of December, 1890, an assessment (No. 11) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 30th day of January 1891 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 20th day of February 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of ditch, near Independence, Inyo county.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of Nov. 1890, an assessment (No. 6) of Twenty (20) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, Independence, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of Jan., 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 7th day of Feb., 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

F. H MACK, Secretary.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891 will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURCKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed Flooring.
sep 11-tf

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence,

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

PIONEER BREWERY
INDEPENDENCE
BEER ICE COLD.
The Bar is supplied with the Best of all kinds of Liquors and Cigars.
The Coolest Hall in the town. Call in and see what comfort you can have this hot weather.
PHILIP GEHRIG, PROPRIETOR

CROCKERS' HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee.
sep1-tf

J. W. Murphy,
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for Shoes.
Shop on Edwards St., opposite Court House, Independence.

S. H. BIGLAND,
—DEALER IN—
Owens Valley Land
39 SUTTER STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
1-26

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 9 1891

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 103½
Lead, 4 20
Copper, 14.60
Tin, 20 20
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 17 @ 19¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence at 7 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

MONDAY, January 5th.

Cordelia M. Miller vs. W. K. Miller—Decree of divorce granted.

Broder et als. vs. Conklin et al—Filed Judgment for Plaintiffs aggregating $129,957.27 and costs.

TUESDAY, January 6th.

Nathan Rhine vs. A. W. H. Smith and J. White Smith—Filed complaint. Issued summons and writ of attachment.

WEDNESDAY, January 7th.

Frank E. Dansmore and L. C. Hall admitted on examination to practice in the Superior Court.

DIED.

NEWBILL—At Daggett, Cal., January 5th, P. H. Newbill, aged about 65 years.—Deceased was the father of Mrs. W. L. Hunter, of Georges Creek.

Mr. J. W. P. Laird got home from Bakersfield at the beginning of last week.

Mr. E. Walker came up from Olancha last Monday and was in town a few days.

Mr. J. R. Eldred and family have gone to Big Pine. Mr. Eldred will go into a blacksmith business.

R. S. Miner Esq is at Independence. He is conducting some important business in the Superior Court.

Mr. John C. Eldy of Darwin was taken very sick last week and was exceedingly weak at last reports.

The new County officials assumed the duties of their several offices on Monday, and business at the Court House goes along smoothly.

Mr. John Anton has leased the bar-room of the Lake View Hotel at Keeler. John has a pleasant greeting for visitors and will serve up the best of everything in his line of business.

Mr. John Barnes continues to manage the Lake View Hotel, and all guests are treated with the kindness and attention that are never wanting on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes.

Large shipments of marble continue to be made from the marble quarry. A great deal of machinery has been added to the mill at Verdi, and the mill is kept steadily running to its full capacity.

Three days ago a strong north wind began to blow and still continues. A good deal of ice has formed in the streams. The nights are very cold but bright sunshine makes the days pleasant enough.

In the advertising columns will be found the cards of the new county officers, Messrs. Gorman, Yandell and Forbes. The gentlemen have all settled themselves in their new positions and county affairs are proceeding smoothly.

A locomotive was coming down the C. & C. last Saturday and when near Hamil Station ran into a hand-car. One Chinaman was killed and another injured so badly that it was expected he would die.

Hon. R. E. Arick, late Superior Judge of Kern County, died at Bakersfield December 31st. During the trial of the Elliot case the Judge was so sick that he was not able to finish the trial; he suffered from dropsy. Judge Arick had been elected to succeed himself. He was the first Mayor of Virginia city Nevada.

Sheriff Gorman is determined if possible to stop the vile business of selling liquor to Indians. He will pay a reward of forty dollars for information that will secure the conviction of any one guilty of this crime. This reward will be paid out of his own pocket.

The two young lawyers who were admitted to the bar by Judge Gill last Wednesday should now begin diligent practice and close study of the game of whist. All the Justices of the United States Supreme Court are crack whist players and none but good players will be promoted to that august position.

The Los Angeles *Herald* says that at Santa Monica during the past two weeks the Pacific ocean has been rough and a northerly wind has made it unusually unpleasant for bathing at this season. On the Atlantic Coast no complaint is made at this season about the ocean being too rough or the weather too cold for bathing.

It is announced that the first of Pennington's air ships, built for the Mount Carmel Aeronautic Navigation Company would start about January 1st from Mount Carmel for New York, via Chicago and St. Louis. Possibly the date may be postponed to April 1st owing to circumstances beyond control, and which no gift of prescience could have foreseen.

Postponed.

The case of Manuel Leon, accused of murder, was called for examination on Tuesday. Justice of Peace, John Baxter, who issued the warrant of arrest was sick and unable conduct the examination, and by request C. Mulholland, Justice of Peace, presided. John W. P. Laird Esq., appeared as counsel for Leon. Mr. Laird said he had just then been engaged as counsel in the case, and had not yet been given any opportunity to study it, and asked for a postponement. District Attorney Forbes said he had not secured an interpreter, and as most of the witnesses are Indians it would be necessary to have one. The case was therefore postponed until January 19th inst.

SUPERVISORS' PROCEEDINGS.

MONDAY, January 5th.

The Board of Supervisors of Inyo County, State of California, met in regular session at 7 o'clock, p. m.

Present Supervisors Sneden, Steward, Stewart and Love. Absent, Supervisor Eddy.

J. J. Stewart was elected Chairman of the Board by unanimous vote.

It was ordered by a unanimous vote of of the Board that Ordinance No. 31 be and is hereby repealed and another Ordinance No. 32 be enacted.

The following claims were allowed:

J. B. Steward	$14 10
R. Love	21 00
S. G. Sneden	18 80
J. J. Stewart	10 80

Whereupon the Board adjourned.

CORRESPONDENCE.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
Department Pub. Inst.
SACRAMENTO, Dec. 26th.

ED. INDEPENDENT: I mail you a copy of the Fourteenth Biennial Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction. An examination of the statistics will show that the increase in the number of census children in the State during the past two years was 10,382. The increase in the average number belonging to the schools, for the same time, was 15,714. The increase in the daily attendance was 14,365, thus showing that the daily average attendence was increased by 3,980 more than the total increase in the census rolls for the same time. During the past two years 381 new school houses have been erected, the total number in the State now being 3121, of which 115 are of brick. Increase in number of teachers, 496. Increase in the number of teachers, graduates of Normal schools, 328. Increase in number of volumes in school libraries, 77,050. Increase in number of visits by County Superintendents, 831. Increase in the number of teachers attending institutes, 631. Increase in number of school visits by Trustees, 3,930. Increase in number of school visits by parents and friends, 32,116. Increase in value of school property, $3,050,363. Total value of school property in the State, $13,624,143. In retiring from office I desire to express my sincere thanks to you and the public press of the State generally for the cordial courtesies which you have extended to me during the past four years and the encouraging, friendly helpfulness which you have given to all engaged in promoting the interests of public schools.

Very sincerely yours,
IRA G. HORR,
Supt. Pub. Ins.

Mining Notes.

Mining business in the county is not very lively at present, but this is usual every winter. The Newtown mine at Cerro Gordo is turning out a good deal of ore; prospecting goes on in the Union but no rich strikes are yet reported. Very little is doing in the Darwin district; Mr. McKenzie has a small force at work in the Lucky Jim but is not taking out much ore. Shipments continue to be made from the Defiance and about fifteen men are working there. Regular shipments are made from Modock, most of the ore at present being taken from the dumps. Mr. Fitzgerald has about a dozen men at work in the mine. It is reported that Mr. J. J. Gann has recently struck a good prospect in the Minnietta. Pat Kelly is doing first rate at the White Hill and has two carloads of fine ore ready for shipment.

Lee District has been regarded as one of the most promising mining regions in the county. It is somewhat isolated however, and this has retarded development. For some weeks past Mr. S. W. Buck of Keeler has been doing some prospecting there, and recently some rich ore was struck. A sample lot was sent to Mr. James A. McKenzie of Darwin, for assay, and he gave the following as the result, 1,068.41 ounces of silver per ton. All Inyo miners know how thoroughly reliable an assayer Mr. McKenzie is. Mr. Buck says he has five tons of ore similar to assay sample ready for shipment. The mine is called the True Blue, and was first located by Charles E. McEvoy, several years ago. Very little work had been done upon the mine before Mr. Buck began operations.

Meteorological Summary.

Following is the report of the Signal Service Station at Keeler for the month of December, 1890.

Mean barometer	30.134
Highest barometer	30.436
Lowest barometer	29.510
Mean temperature	42.5
Highest temperature, 4th	61.
Lowest temperature, 8th	29.
Greatest daily range temperature, 4th,	26.
Least daily range temperature, 4th,	10.
Prevailing direction of wind,	E.
Total movement of wind,	3620 miles.
Extreme velocity of wind, direction and date,	41 miles on 31.
Total precipitation,	0.22 inches.
Number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell,	3.
Number of cloudless days	11
Partly cloudy days	6
Cloudy days	14

W. C. WILKINSON,
Sergt., Signal Corps, Observer.

Short of Snow.

Up to this time there is but little snow on the Sierra Nevada mountains. It can be seen from Owens Valley that the great canyons up near the top of the mountains have much short of their usual store of snow at this season. There is yet plenty of time for a vast quantity of snow to fall, and January and Feburary are usually snowy months. But the season so far has been a dry one, and the cloudless skies and bright sunshine continue without sign of change. For months past the rivers on the west side of the mountains have been carrying vast quantities of water, and all of it running to waste. With storage reservoirs enough water could have been saved to irrigate the whole east side of the San Joaquin Valley and now that vast region is threatened with a drought.

Murder Trial.

John P. Lee was tried at Bridgeport last week for the murder of W. H. Keinborts at Bodie on the 9th of November. Lee is the stepson of Keinborts. The jury disagreed and were discharged, and a new trial has been ordered, to be had on February 5th. The trial appears to have been conducted in a remarkable manner. The *Chronicle-Union* says the Attorney for the prosecution closing, Attorney W. O. Parker for the defense, moved the Court, without putting in any evidence, that the jury be advised to render a verdict of "acquittal" on the grounds that no venue had been shown. It was so ordered and the jury retired, but returned in about twenty minutes and asked to have the trial proceed. The trial then went on with the result stated. This is certainly a remarkable proceeding in a criminal trial.

Sheriff Gorman has moved his family into town and occupies the place where Mr. J. J. Moore recently lived.

Mr. B. M. Rogers of Truckee and Mr. H. Berry of Carson Valley came to Independence on Wednesday. They are looking around for land with intention to buy, partially improved places being preferred.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel. Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,

WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

Notice of Forfeiture.

TO H. P. LIVINGSTON, OR WHOEVER at present may represent his interest in the Caldera Mine, and Peter Meyer: You are hereby notified that I have expended One hundred [$100] dollars in labor and improvements upon the Caldera Lode, situated in Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county, California, as will appear by certificate filed in the office of the Recorder of said district for the year 1890, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Sec 2324 Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31, 1890, and if within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under the provisions of said Section 2,324.

O. G. FUENTES.

Dated Cerro Gordo, January 2, 1890.

ORDINANCE No. 32

THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF THE County of Inyo, State of California, do ordain as follows:

SECTION 1. The regular meetings of the Board of Supervisors of Inyo County, State of California, must and shall be held at the Town of Independence, in the County and State aforesaid, being the County Seat of said County on the first Monday of February, May, August and November of each year, and must continue from time to time until all the business before the said Board is disposed of. Such other meetings must be held as are otherwise provided by law.

SECTION 2. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force on and after fifteen (15) days from its passage, and Ordinance No. 31 of said Board of Supervisors together with all ordinances or parts of ordinances in conflict herewith, are each and all of them hereby repealed.

SECTION 3. This ordinance shall be published in the INYO INDEPENDENT, a newspaper published in said Inyo County, at least two weeks, said publication to be made for said time and before the expiration of said fifteen days.

This ordinance was passed by the Board of Supervisors of said Inyo County, State aforesaid, at a regular meeting of said Board, held on January 5th, 1891, by the following Vote:

AYES—J. J. Stewart, Seth G. Sneden, R. Love and J. B. Steward.

Supervisor Eddy not being present.

{SEAL} Attest: JOHN N. YANDELL, Clerk of said Board of Supervisors.

By ALEXANDER CLARK, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. STEWART,
Chairman.
SETH G. SNEDEN,
ROBERT LOVE,
J. B. STEWARD.

[ENDORSED.]

ORDINANCE NO. 32.

Filed and recorded January 5th, 1891, in Ordinance Book "B" on page 71 et seq.
JOHN N. YANDELL, Clerk.
by ALEXANDER CLARK, Deputy Clerk.

Proposals for Care of Indigent Sick of Inyo County.

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Inyo county, at the office of the County Clerk until 10 o'clock A.M. on Wednesday, Feb 4 1891, to contract for the care of said indigent sick for the term of one year from May 10th 1891 to May 10th, 1892. Said bids to designate the amount for which parties contracting will care for said indigent sick on the basis of an average of four patients per day throughout the year, and to include all medicine, nursing, board, lodging and washing. Said bids to include the burial and funeral expenses of any indigent sick person or persons who may die while under such care.

Said contractor to care for all the indigent sick properly admitted to the contractor's care. And said bids to designate the price per head at which all excess of patients over the average of four each day throughout the year will be cared for, said excess to be paid for by extra allowance on presentation of bills duly sworn to, at the regular meeting of said Board immediately after said contract has expired. The average four per day to be paid for at the regular meetings of the Board on presentation of bills duly verified. All payments to be made by warrants drawn upon the Hospital Fund of said county.

The person or persons to whom said contract shall be awarded shall give a good and sufficient bond in double the sum of the contract price, for the faithful performance of said contract.

The care and management of said indigent sick by such contractor shall be at all times subject to the inspection of said Board of Supervisors, or any member thereof, or any person appointed by the Board for such purpose.

Said proposals must be endorsed, "Proposals for Care of Indigent Sick," and the same will be opened between the hours of ten o'clock and twelve o'clock A. M., on the 4th day of Feb. 1891, and the Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. JOHN N. YANDELL, Clerk.

FREE. OUR NEW $35 Solid Gold Watch FREE. Worth $100.00, just as watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, solid gold hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all expenses, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $50 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigaas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,

Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon sept 12 tf

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

One of the FIRST TEN FREE copies to the world. This is a marvelous unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send one free to first person in each locality as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All who have tried it return us to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beholding of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $2 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all expenses, charges. Address, J. HALLETT & CO., Box 980, PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best.

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

dependence, Cal. A. N. BELL,

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

ED WARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAI

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,

m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

THE BEST VALUE

LEVI STRAUSS & CO'S

Celebrated Copper Riveted

OVERALLS AND SPRING BOTTOM PANTS

ENJOY A NATIONAL REPUTATION.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT OUR TRADE MARK.

BEST SEWING! BEST FINISH! BEST FIT!

BEST MATERIALS!

The only kind made by White Labor.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.

Real Estate Agents,

Address,
P. H. MACK,
Independence, Cal.

P. W. FORBES,
Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

GIVEN & INGALLS,

—DEALERS IN—

FARM PRODUCE.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points

Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,

Watchmaker & Jeweler.

BISHOP, CAL.

Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.

I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

Deputy County Clerk.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1 Leave—		To Mound House. No 2. Arrives—
Mound House		11:30 p. m.	5. 0 p. m
Dayton		12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m
Wabuska		2:05 p. m.	2 5 p. m
Hawthorne		5 50 p. m.	11 10 a. m.
Luning		7:05 p. m.	9 55 a. m.
Soda Springs		8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville		9:15 p. m.	7:5 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar.	10.00 p. m.	Lv. 7 2 a. m
	No. 3. Leave—		No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville		8 20 a. m.	5:25 p m
Benton		11:50 a. m.	1:5 p. m.
Basalt Creek		2:00 p. m.	11:0 a. m
Alvord		2.45 p. m.	10:0 a. m
Independence		4:20 p. m.	8:20 a. m
Lone Pine		5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar.	5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7 00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (75 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

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General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies'
Wear, etc., etc.

AT

L. WOOL

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

THOMAS & HILL,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

Brimful of confidence in it—the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's a faith that means business, too—it's backed up by money. This is what they offer: $500 reward for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. They mean it. They're willing to take the risk—they know their medicine. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it produces perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases of chronic Catarrh in the Head. It's doing it every day, where verything else has failed. No matter how bad your case, or of how long standing, you can be cured. You're sure of that—or of $500. You can't have both, but you'll have one or the other.

At Table—Johnny—How d'yer expect a boy to be thankful when he's only had two pieces of pie? Mamma—Wait until to-morrow, Johnny, and you will see.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. I have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours Truly,
L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Central American Republics may not be very big guns, but every one of them is a revolver.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pains or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

"Funny idea, Enpeck, your calling your wife Blackstone." "Oh, I don't know; her word's law, you know?"

Is it *economy* to save a few cents buying a cheap soap or strong washing powder, and *lose dollars* in ruined rotted clothes? If not, use Dobbins' Electric Soap, write as snow, and as *pure*. Ask your grocer for it.

A gastronomic joke recalls the frankness of a man who referred to mushrooms with filet as the "tops of them clothes pins."

USE St. Jacobs Oil
The Great REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES
Strains & Strains
Burns Scalds
Stiffness
Stiff Neck, Soreness
also Sore Throat
Wounds, Cuts, Swellings
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

WIDE-AWAKE TRADESMEN

have learned by experience that the only waterproof coat they can sell to a cowboy or hunter is the Pommel Slicker with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark on it. They are the best waterproof saddle coats ever made. They keep the saddle, the horse's back, and the rider thoroughly dry and warm. No saddle sores from the galling of a wet saddle. When used as a walking coat, the extension front buttons back, and the Slicker is changed at once to an ordinary coat. Just try one, they cost but little and will prevent colds, fevers, rheumatism, and other results to exposure to the weather. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy. SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70; Photo-gravure, panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).

J. F. SMITH & CO.,
Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.

USE NEW WELLINGTON COAL.

S. F. N. U. No. 442. New Series No. 4

SELLING BY PHOTO.

Cause of the Decline of the Drummer's Grip.

SAMPLES HAVE GIVEN WAY TO PHOTOS.

Colored Presentments of Intricate Mechanisms.

The commercial tourist is being divorced from his traveling bags, or, to speak more tersely, the drummer is dropping his "grips." The only infallible mark of the drummer will now be the pockets which bulge with paper covered novels. The cause of the decline of the gripsack is the colored photograph. The bulky samples that the traveling man used to bear from place to place, and which were, so to speak, his badge of office, he has replaced with counterfeit presentments of the same.

Delicate, true, light and compact, these pictures, carried about in the pocket, can represent an immense quantity of goods in such a manner that there is no mistaking tint, quality, texture or size. They represent everything from machinery to bric-a-brac and from kitchen stoves to ladies' slippers. Those which need no coloring—like the stoves and machinery—are simply photographed in black and white. But the photographs are the very best of their kind, and set forth each part with a faithfulness that is remarkable. In the most intricate machinery every bit of belting, every wheel, cog, arm and elbow is most understandably produced from every point of view.

But the inviting albums are those which contain the colored photographs. These are used in particularly large quantities by the crockery and the furniture houses. The former find use for them because their wares are so fragile; the latter because they are so cumbersome. The pictures of the bric-a-brac and the fine china are wonderfully delicate, and it is a surprise to learn that the microscope is never used in the painting of them. The work is done entirely by young women. One photographer keeps eight or ten quite steadily employed. The work is taken to the houses of the artists, and done there as a usual thing. It requires much more art than the ordinary painter of photographs uses in putting a touch of carmine on the checks or a dash of azure on the eyes of a portrait. The painting of texture is several degrees above this, and this must be thoroughly understood. The soft satin wear, the Worcester and royal Dresden, the queen and Bohemian, the clays and porcelains, all have a very different finish, which must be preserved in the photograph if it is to be of any value. It needs not only accurate but strong eyes, a steady and delicate touch, and a most painstaking patience.

Young women are the very ones out of all the world in whom all of these qualities are combined, and that is the reason that this pretty toil is given them so universally.

But there is another reason—an old, familiar reason. A man could not make enough to keep him. The work must be done by girls who have homes. To be sure, one can make $2.50 a day at the coloring of the photographs of china or bric-a-brac, and now and then by working over hours and very steadily it might be possible to make $4. Such arduous work could hardly be repeated on two successive days, however. But, though this wage is not bad, it has the drawback of being fluctuating and unreliable. One week there may be quantities of work, the next week none at all.

One of the conditions of successful photograph painting of this fine nature is absolute silence. A positive concentration of the faculties is needed, and most of the girls who do the work have little studios where they can quietly work by themselves. Here, with big aprons protecting their dresses, their photographs set on a little inclined board before them, and their case of liquid paints close at hand, they patiently strain their young eyes over the almost infinitesimal figures which they are coloring. It is very confining, and no doubt the spasmodic demands are blessings in disguise, for continued application to it would be apt to tell seriously upon the nervous system.

The tinting of the photographs of furniture is simpler on the whole, although many wholesale houses have their furniture upholstered in cretonne before it is photographed. Cretonne, of course, admits of coloring, which plush does not.

The business is one which is likely to increase steadily and to extend to many branches of commerce which have not yet investigated it.

This fact has been recognized by the deaf mute school on the west side, and the art of coloring commercial photographs is among the industries in which the pupils are being instructed. The abnormal development of sight and touch which all deaf mutes possess makes them especially fitted for this work.

A woman who was one of the first to advise teaching artistic branches in this school said the other day: "No one who has not watched the development of these children can imagine what a difference the introduction of the light arts has made in their lives. They have gained in self-respect, as well as in enjoyment of life. Many of them had been regarded as little less than imbeciles in their own homes, and some had been the recipients of all the cuffs and kicks that that an ill-natured household chose to bestow upon them. At the very best they were considered a great cross.

"In the school, after a thorough system of communication had been established, we instructed them in the common branches and then gave them an industrial course. The girls were taught dressmaking, the boys carpentering. But it seemed to us finally that we were making a mistake in putting them in competition with such a great number as overcrowd these trades. As an experiment, we put a teacher in modeling in the school. You can imagine nothing more touching than the scene the first morning we gave them the clay. They took to it as ducks do to water. There was nothing of the awkwardness in handling it which most children show at first. Why, they began making things of their own accord immediately, and some of the faces which had always been as blank as a wall previously were lit up with a sudden vivacity. It was the same with drawing, for which we engaged a teacher from the Art institute. From these experiments we gathered courage. We perceived that we could make engravers, designers, wood carvers, architects and decorators out of our poor unfortunate children, and in time we shall try to do all that."—Chicago Times.

A Sure Cure.

First Crook—I've got a soft snap now; safe, too, right within the law. Did you notice those "how to get thin" advertisements in the papers?

Second Crook—By jinks! Is them yours? What do you send in return for the half dollar?

Second Crook—Country board circulars.—The Cartoon.

A Great Favor.

Dumley—I say, Brown, as a great favor, would you mind putting your name on the back of my note for thirty days?

Brown (dubiously)—Why, I s'pose so, Dumley. Where will you make the note payable?

Dumley—Anywhere you like, old man; that's your business, not mine.—New York Sun.

How He Got There.

Friend (to dentist)—Now that you've got the custom house job you were after I s'pose you'll give up pulling teeth?

Dentist—Yes, indeedy.

"How did you manage to get that job, Charley?"

"I had a strong pull."—Texas Siftings.

Sobering the Tipsy Officers.

A Russian officer gives the following account of an incident which happened during the Tekke campaign, while he and his soldiers lay encamped before the enemy, who might at any moment attack them. Some of the officers had gone to the tent of a comrade to drink tea, and after tea they had a second course, consisting of cognac and wine. Soon the camp rang with songs.

I dispatched my orderly, with a request that the officers cease singing; but he presently returned, saying that they anxiously desired permission to continue.

What could be done? To remonstrate further with them might, in their present condition, result in unpleasantness. As I meditated, the subaltern on duty came up and said to me, in a whisper:

"Your honor, let one of the sentinels fire!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean fire along the line, as though at the enemy," he explained, with a smile.

I guessed at his meaning, and was highly delighted with it; only an alarm could sober the carousing officers.

"See to it," I said. "Be prudent; don't babble."

I went to my tent and lay down on my bed, that I might not seem to be expecting anything. Five minutes later, from some place far away in the line of sentinels, rang out a dull discharge. It was echoed by another near by, followed by a third and fourth. Shouts were heard, "Ala-arm!"

The drummer sprang out of a neighboring tent, and beat the alarm. The songs ceased in an instant. Cries and exclamations rang out.

"Where's my cap?"

"Where's my sword?"

"There it is yonder! Give it here!"

"We must run down there as soon as possible!"

The shots became more frequent. The drummer continued to beat with increasing vigor. The garrison rushed from their tents, and took their places along the earthworks. Soon everything quieted down. I made the rounds of the fortifications, and found the officers at their posts.

For a quarter of an hour we stood thus, in expectation of an attack; then I dismissed the company to their places, and the camp returned to silence.—Youth's Companion.

Some Peculiarities of Indians.

If an Indian is killed in a quarrel his relatives are usually appeased by payment. I remember once an overbearing young Assinaboine buck came into the Milk River agency and bent his bow and arrow on the agent's pet dog. The agent warned him if he shot the dog he would kill the Indian. The young buck shot his arrow; the agent killed him. We expected to have some trouble, but the grief stricken father came forward on behalf of the relatives, and claimed that, in consideration that the young man, being such a good buffalo runner, the agent must pay for the loss of such a person a red blanket, a piece of calico and four pounds of sugar. He complied with their demands, but the vengeful relatives thereafter adopted him as their banker. The mother and other relatives of the slain young man scarcely ever met the agent without embracing him and with endearing epithets begging for something more in remembrance of the good buffalo runner.

No gifted funeral orator can equal or convey the impression of the mournful tenderness, the exulting pride or the gloomy despair expressed by the untaught savage in this mere act of formality. An Indian, man or woman, will be laughing and dancing; in a moment the merry circle will be left, and the next moment the same person will lift up his voice in heart breaking accents, the plaintive notes will weep tears of mournful tenderness, again startling defiance and war will breathe with fierce energy the deeds of the silent dead; then as the sorrowful recollections, inspired by the fate of the fallen relative, the high pean sinks to such supplicating despair as suggests a lost spirit lamenting its dismal fate. And all this is a mere formality, for the next moment the weeper may be the merriest of the laughing throng.—Forest and Stream.

Literary Work Without Pay.

When Rider Haggard wrote "Mr. Meeson's Will," probably the queerest of all his queer stories, he let himself out with a vengeance upon the skinflint section of the noble guild of publishers. The Meesons of the trade may possibly be the exceptions, but whether that be so or not, there certainly are too many of them. A medical friend told me the other day about one of them in New York. The New York Meeson's publishes medical works on an extensive scale and issues two medical periodicals besides. The periodicals are made up mainly of professional papers, prepared by doctors from experience in their own practice. Not one of these papers, my friend said, is paid for. The house makes it a rule not to pay any of the contributors to its periodicals. It pays only the editors, and these as little as possible.

"But," I asked, "can it really get articles from doctors without paying for them—articles, I mean, that are worth printing?" Yes, he said, plenty of them; not of the best quality, perhaps, but interesting and often useful. Many doctors like to keep their views before the profession and before the public, too, and they do it in this way. They write the article in their spare moments and are satisfied with publication as compensation. Their names are printed, the articles attract some attention, and their purpose to keep themselves before the public is accomplished. The publishers make a good deal of money by these periodicals, especially in the advertising department, and nearly all is clear profit.—New York Cor. Detroit Free Press.

A Metamorphosis.

Spudsey (the tramp)—I'm blowed if I knowed yer, Mike! Been playin' der races?

Mike—No. Been playin' dat bath house while der dude's in der water.

Spudsey—Guess I'll go in an' gaffle yourn. Dey's better den mine.—Judge.

She Remembers That It Is Leap Year.

Young Man (in periodical store)—I want a Fireside Companion.

Clerk (archly)—How would I do?—Texas Siftings.

Then They Would Be Bean Poles.

There is a large colony of Poles in Connecticut. They ought to move to Massachusetts and raise beans.—Burlington Free Press.

Origin of Fish Stories.

There is usually an area of low veracity about a trout brook.—Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph.

IN DUTCH HOUSES.

The War of a Peasant Woman Against Dust.

INTERESTING LIFE AMONG THE DUTCH.

How Laundry Work is Done in Holland—Servants.

Had Lady Macbeth lived in Holland, that "damned spot" would have been out in five minutes. Nothing, not even it, could stand against a Dutch cleaning woman. She is irresistible. Look how she is armed. Glance at her weapons. Cloths and chamois, brooms and brushes, scrubbing brushes for the floors, hair brushes for the wainscots, feather brushes for the walls, tooth brushes for the corner, goose wings for the stoves, hens feathers for cleaning out the key holes, small sticks of wood for poking out any unhappy particle of dust which may have got into the cracks of the floor, white paste for the windows, red paste for the hearth stones, emery for the steel, and several other pastes and polishes as the occasion may require. These are the implements a Dutch peasant woman uses to clean out her cottage home. Dust is her natural enemy, she is born into the world to fight it, it is her mission, and she does no more than her mother and foremothers have done before her. No wonder that such a home training turns out an exceedingly high class of domestic servant; and yet, the Dutch mistress grumbles. Such is life.

A DUTCH INTERIOR.

A "Dutch interior," from a housekeeper's as well as an artistic point of view, is a most interesting study. It is one thing to know a country well by traveling through it, stopping at the best hotels, visiting all points of interest, taking careful notes by pen and brush of all worth recording, but it is quite another experience and fully as interesting to live among its people as one of themselves to see how they live and think, manage and eat; when they are conscious no looker on is by, and that they need not adapt themselves to any stranger's custom or fancy. This latter has been my good luck to experience, and I can truthfully say that there are no cleaner, more hospitable, kind hearted, domestic people in the world than the Dutch. I mention "cleaner" first because with them it comes first. What would become of a Dutch woman in a world where there is no dust is a subject for conjecture, and though I look upon my visit to Holland as part of the happiest time in my life, still my sincere prayer is that my Dutch friends may never visit me. I could never live up to their idea of cleanliness; the mental strain would be too great.

Washing is not done weekly as in America, but allowed to accumulate for weeks, sometimes even longer, an unhealthy custom; but in this as in many other respects the Dutch can hardly be called a clean nation, from a hygienic point of view. With them it is dust, dust, and again dust.

Often the underservants such as scullery maid, nurse maid, etc., do not sleep in the house. This gives more space and room for the family. These girls come in by the day, sleeping at their own homes at night. All servants in Holland dress extremely neatly, generally in lilac print dresses, white muslin caps, and large white aprons.

The same dress is worn in the street as in the house. If the weather is cold, a shawl is thrown over the shoulders. They do a good deal of the household shopping. It must be indeed delightful for the Dutch mistress to have Betsey Jane all ready dressed to run her little errands, instead of having to wait an hour or more while Betsey Jane curls her "bang" and bedecks herself with cheap finery. This a good arrangement for maid as well as mistress, for with the former it breaks the monotony of the daily round, gives her a little blow of fresh air, besides the opportunity of a slight flirtation with the butcher's boy or the green grocer's assistant.

A HOUSEHOLD CUSTOM.

A strange household custom in Holland is the custody of the "guest money" by the mistress. Each guest is, as in England, expected to fee the house servants. In Holland, this money is at once handed by the recipient to the lady of the house, who at certain seasons of the year such as Christmas and Easter, divides it equally among all her staff. Not a bad plan when one thinks it over, but rather startling at first to the guest.

And now for Dutch food. All food is good in Holland, all cooking excellent, beef and mutton even better than in England, vegetables in abundance. Butter is very good and plentiful and is used without stint, but—everything is spoiled by being served cold. Rich dishes which would be most appetizing were they eaten piping hot, become repulsive, indigestible masses of grease when served from a cold dish on a stone cold plate. During the whole of my stay in Holland I never once saw a dish covered or a plate heated.

Cakes are a specialty with the Dutch. Each town has one or more of its own, and it was interesting to trace the ancestry of many of our American ones. Waffles met me at a kermes at The Hague. The koekje, which is to be found all over Holland and is, in fact, the Dutch word for "little cake," is actually and etymologically the ancestor of the New England cookie. Doughnuts I met everywhere, though I cannot imagine from where they got their ugly name of "doughnut." In Holland they are called spritsen, and in French Canada, where they are a sort of national cake, they are known by the name of croquignoles, and sometimes beignet, which latter name is simply the French for fritter. I imagine that in one way and another we owe a good deal of our cooking to Holland.—J. E. Brooks in Good Housekeeping.

The Zulus' Military Tactics.

The Zulus are a war like race, and their recent record in the war with England showed them to have an instinctive knowledge of military tactics best suited to their arms and themselves. For ages they have held their own against the other tribes, and rose to their higher point of power under the rule of the terrible Tchaka.

In the native fights each man throws his assagais at his enemy, catching his opponent's on his shield, if possible, then throwing them back again. Tchaka had his soldiers' assagais cut nearly through at the base of the shaft, so that although still strong enough to kill a man, they would break if caught upon the shield or ground, or upon the man falling with one in his body; this expedient placed all the sound assagais in the hands of his own men, who then rushed upon their foes stabbing them without mercy.

A curious fact is that over 2,900 years before Marius, the Roman, in his war with Cimbri, did very nearly the same thing. Their javelin, called pilum, had the rivet farthest from the point removed and a wooden peg inserted just strong enough to carry it in its flight. Tchaka also invented the short or stabbing assagai, and introduced the trick of receiving the enemies' second fire, which exhausted their assagais, and then charging home with their deadly short one. He ruthlessly killed every man who was wounded in the back, or who failed to regain his spear and shield after the battle.—Wilf. P Pond in Drake's Magazine.

Beyond His Wits.

Man is awfully smart in some things, but nobody has yet discovered one that could jam a hat pin clear through his head and make it come out on the other side, as the women do.—Chicago Herald.

A Business View of It.

"Are you engaged to Miss Eclat?"

"No, not exactly. But when I asked for her hand she gave me the refusal of it."—Detroit Free Press.

Chappie—It's very disagreeable when a fellah goes into society to meet one's trades-people. Cynicus—Why, they don't dun you before the company, do they?

RELIABLE AND ALWAYS THE SAME.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the oldest, safest and best blood purifier and purgative known. They are purely vegetable, therefore harmless. They are always the same and always produce the same effect. Other purgatives require increased doses and finally cease acting altogether. A course of one or two of BRANDRETH'S PILLS taken each night is a positive cure for constipation, headache and all bilious disorders. If you can't take them plain, get them sugar coated.

The people who don't like us don't know us. Those who don't like our neighbors know them too well.

SOMETHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The world renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 60 hands in that department. They are running about 11 months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1891 will be more than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, &c., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1891 can be obtained free of cost, from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

"And what is love?" she drolly asked.
A maid whose wit could not be matched.
"It is an itching of the heart,"
She softly said, "that can't be scratched."

TRADES AND OCCUPATIONS.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION for 1891 will give an instructive and helpful Series of Papers, each of which describes the character of some leading Trade for Boys or Occupation for Girls. They give information as to the Apprenticeship required to learn each, the Wages to be expected, the Qualities needed in order to excel, and the prospects of success. To New Subscribers who send $1.75 at once the paper will be sent *free to Jan. 1, 1891, and for a full year from that date.* Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

The survival of the fittest is so often the survival of a coward with long legs.

For Bronchial and Asthmatic Complaints, and Coughs and Colds, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have remarkable curative properties. 25 cts. a box.

A bashful young man, like corn, turns white when he pops.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

No other baking powder does such work.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy* for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds. Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

VASELINE.

FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:

One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline	10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle Vaseline Pomade	15 "
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream	15 "
One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice	10 "
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented	10 "
One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented	25 "
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline	25 "
	—$1.10

Or for stamps any single article at the price named.

If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASELINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents.

Chesebrough M'f'g. Co., 24 State St., New York.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Have cured thousands of cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 10c. in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

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Manillo-Leather Roofing.
The cheapest thing in the market for Houses, Barns, Ice-Houses and Outbuildings. Write for catalogue and samples.
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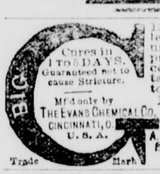

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1891.

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THE ANCIENT PUEBLOS.

Remarkable Discoveries in an Arizona Valley.

WORK OF THE HEMENWAY EXPEDITION.

Scientific Exploration of an Ancient American Race.

In a quiet and unpretentious but persistent manner there has been going on for some thing more than a year, in the desert land of Arizona, a work of exploration and scientific investigation that, by reason of the peculiar field entered upon, the originality of methods adopted in its prosecution, and the importance of the results that are being attained, is destined to rank among the foremost enterprises of its kind that the world has known.

The original investigations pursued by Mr. Frank A. Cushing among the Zuni Indians about seven years ago have now become matters of history, and their great value from an archæological point of view has long age been recognized by scientists in all parts of the world. Mr. Cushing settled among these Indians, became one of them by adoption, was initiated into their sacred rites, and gave years to a thorough study from the inside of the history of these people as shown in the traditions that had been handed down from generation to generation, and in the forms and ceremonies of their mysterious ritualistic societies.

His work attracted the attention of Mrs. Hemenway, who had long been interested in the Indian people, and she recognized the importance of having, for the first time in this country, a special cultus studied and an ancient civilization rehabilitated and brought within the scope of modern investigation.

Happily endowed with wealth, she came to the assistance of Mr. Cushing, and with cordial sympathy and enthusiasm organized the expedition that has been so effectively and so modestly working.

For over a year, then, this expedition has been hard at work excavating and collecting, and the fruit of this long period of labor is now on its way eastward. It comprises several thousand specimens of pottery, domestic utensils, shell work, ornaments, stone implements, skeletons, etc. A few of the skeletons will be deposited in the Army Medical museum at Washington, but the collection practically in its entirety will come to Salem. What final disposition will be made of it is not yet determined. Professor Edward S. Morse, of Salem, has from the outset been deeply interested in this unique enterprise. He has just returned to his home after several weeks spent in the camp of the expedition, whither he went on a special tour to examine the field of work.

CAMP HEMENWAY.

The country which was selected for exploration and excavation does not offer many allurements in the way of comfortable living. The heat is intense, the dust is stifling, the water is warm and muddy, and the baneful fly is numerous. The expedition has camped about ten miles from the city of Tempe, A. T. In and about Tempe are abundant indications of a tropical climate in trees, varieties of cacti, and vegetation generally. The valley in which Camp Hemenway is situated is a broad, level expanse, smooth as a parlor floor, hard and dry and variegated, with bunches of sage brush, the mesquite, scraggy trees, and beautiful flowers. For twenty-five miles this flat surface stretches away, and a carriage could be driven anywhere over it. The soil is light and dry, and all about little whirlwinds of dust are seen moving along. The fauna and the flora are of semi-tropical character.

Camp Hemenway consists of several commodious tents pitched about a quadrangle. A few small trees try in vain to give shade; a flag waves from a tall staff, and at a distance a dozen mules are tied. Far away mountain ranges shut in the valley. The quadrangle is roped about, and on the smooth earth floor stone implements of various kinds are arranged in groups awaiting classification. In several large tents rude tables and shelves hold specimens of pottery. Excavations have been made far and near. About the camp and temples houses, graves and communal ovens have been uncovered, until the life of this ancient people stands revealed as plainly as though the record had been written down in words.

It appears that this valley in which the camp is, as well as other valleys throughout that section of the country, was centuries ago the home of a large population, which, from the general character of the dwellings which have been exhumed, has been estimated to have reached in this vicinity alone probably not short of 100,000 individuals. The houses of these people were built in groups of cities, only the merest traces of which now remain. The buildings, it is supposed, were overwhelmed by earthquakes, after which the disintegrating elements reduced them to dust, so that now nothing is left but low mounds, ill defined heaps of earth, and irregular lines of old canals.

Once this valley sustained a cluster of cities situated several miles from each other. Between the cities the work of agriculture was carried on, and traces of an elaborate system of irrigating canals have been found. These canals run in every direction, and they turned the dry desert into a flourishing and productive garden spot. One canal has been traced seventeen miles, another in a neighboring valley seventy-nine miles, and there are others of even greater length. In their construction these public works represented what must have been then an almost incredible amount of labor. They were built terraced, so that water would be retained in them all the year, and their surface walls were baked, until they were almost water proof by burning brush piled upon the puddled and plastered mud that formed their sides. The canals served a busy population, and certainly only a great population could have constructed them or indeed even had need of them.

DWELLINGS OF THE PEOPLE.

In the middle of each city a massive structure, with thick walls and six or seven stories in height, stood as a fortress. Around this were grouped the dwellings of the people, large blocks with flat roofs and terraced to the height of three or four stories. Sufficient has been discovered to enable the investigators to practically reconstruct the general appearance of these cities, and to clearly designate the character of their architecture and the methods of life of the people, even to minor details. The men engaged in the chase and in agriculture, while the women attended to household duties, and made, decorated and baked the pottery, the traditional knowledge of which has even been handed down to the Zunis and to other Pueblos of today.

They were a hard working race, as is evidenced by the great mechanical and engineering undertakings in which they engaged, and they particularly showed a great deal of mechanical skill in the fashioning of implements of stone and bone and in the making of shell ornaments. They were in a large sense a co-operative people, as appears from the communal ovens that belonged to each block of buildings. A distinct clan occupied each building, and in large ovens were cooked enormous quantities of food for the common use, the general method of cooking resembling that of the New England clambake. The central edifices were the temples, where dwelt the hereditary priests, whose storerooms held the tithes of grain and other crops, while other rooms were set apart for sacred or public purposes. In times of war this building became the citadel of the place and might well have been impregnable.

LABELED AND CATALOGUED.

Every object is carefully labeled and catalogued, and in the catalogue every circumstance concerning its finding is noted. Photographs are made of the excavations and objects found. Plans are also made of the buildings whose ruins are excavated and elaborate maps are drawn. The objects found include pottery, stone implements, shells and shell ornaments, turquois and other stones, and human and animal remains. Only a few traces of textile fabrics remain, and occasionally pieces of wood and other vegetable remains are found, for the most part in a charred condition, which accounts for their preservation. Most of the pottery collection consists of food and drinking vessels, buried with the dead, whose skeletons are also found, or used as domestic utensils, or found buried in the pyral mounds. This pottery does not differ materially from the ceramics made at the present day in the southwest. Many of the designs in vogue among the Zunis of today are found to have been derived or to have been handed down from these ancient models. In their shapes and in their schemes of decoration they show a very considerable amount of artistic quality. The shapes are very graceful, free and easy in line, and the decoration, although simple in character, is distinguished by much vitality and force of expression and freedom of touch.

Perhaps, however, the peculiar creative genius of the people is shown more markedly in the stone axes and other tools and in the shell and other ornaments. It is believed that when these axes and other stone implements are exhibited they will be found to be superior in variety of form and in beauty of finish to anything heretofore discovered as the work of primeval man. More particularly, however, the articles of personal adornment display the artistic skill of the people. Sea shells were brought from a great distance—as far as from the Gulf of California or the shores of the Pacific, being carried in loads, packed on the backs of animals, and thus transported over the mountains. These shells were worked into bracelets, earrings, beads, and bells of various shapes. Much of the shell work appears to have been used as a base for inlaying.

POTTERY, IMPLEMENTS, SKELETONS.

Some of the specimens of pottery and ornaments, as shown in drawings and in actual examples brought home by Professor Morse, are of most interesting character. In jugs and jars bird forms are seen; one is like a bird without a head, the wings being roughly indicated on the sides, and on another a bird head springs from one side. The decoration is generally in conventional lines. The stone implements are principally choppers, adzes, mills for grinding corn, and other forms, the use of which is problematic. The shellwork is apt to be covered with beautiful designs, and with these appear clasps, curious little bird forms carved out of stone, and finger rings and bracelets made out of shell and inlaid with turquois and other precious stones. Many of these would be accepted as clever works of art today.

Nearly 200 skeletons have thus far been found. This is the more remarkable, and by scientists is considered a special reason for congratulation from the fact that ancient Pueblo skeletons have been heretofore extremely rare. Previous to the work of this expedition it is said that only three or four have ever been found. The exhuming of these skeletons has resulted in a very important discovery in the line of anthropology, the exact nature of which, however, has not yet been made public.—Boston Cor. New York Times.

Sights in Nizhni Novgorod.

The entire region, from the river to the bluff, is crowded with wholesale, retail and second hand shops, where one can buy anything and everything—from a paper of pins, a wooden comb or a string of dried mushrooms to a ship's anchor, a church bell or a steam engine. In a single shop of the lower bazar I saw exposed for sale a set of parlor chairs, two wicker work baby carriages, a rustic garden seat, two cross cut log saws, half a dozen battered samovars, a child's cradle, a steam engine, one half of a pair of elk horns, three old boilers, a collection of telescopes, an iron church cross four feet in height, six or eight watches, a dilapidated carriage top, feather dusters, opera glasses, log chains, watch charms, two blacksmith's anvils, measuring tapes, old boots, stove covers, a Caucasian dagger, turning lathes, sleigh bells, pulleys and blocks from a ship's rigging, fire engine nozzles, horse collars, an officer's sword, ax helves, carriage cushions, gilt bracelets, iron barrel hoops, trunks, accordions, three or four soup plates filled with old nails and screws, carving knives, vises, hinges, revolvers, old harnesses, half a dozen odd lengths of rusty stove pipe, a tin can of "mixed biscuits" from London and a six foot bath tub. This list of articles, which I made on the spot, did not comprise more than a third part of the dealer's heterogeneous stock in trade; but I had not time for a careful and exhaustive enumeration. In a certain way this shop was illustrative and typical of the whole lower bazar, since nothing, perhaps, in that quarter of the city is more striking than the heterogeneity of buildings, people and trades.—George Kennan in The Century.

Value of the Chinese Almanac.

Recently the Chinese residents at Lhassa, in Tibet, implored the emperor to cause arrangements to be made which would enable them to receive the copies of their almanac at the earliest possible date in each year. This anxiety would seem very curious, were it not the fact, as we are informed by a writer in The Chinese Recorder, that the almanac is the most important book to the Chinese. Its space is far too important to be occupied with the matter which fills western almanacs. It contains astronomical information which is useful, but its great mission is to give full and accurate information for selecting lucky places for performing all the acts, great and small, for their every day life. And as every act of life in China, however trivial, depends for its success on the time in which and the direction (i. e., the point of the compass toward which it is done) it is of the utmost importance to the Chinese that every one should have correct information available at all times to so order his life as to avoid bad luck and calamity and secure good luck and prosperity. Consequently, the almanac is, perhaps, the most universally circulated book in China.

Pedestrian (in a jam on Broadway to policeman)—Can't you get me out of this without loss of time?

Policeman (gaspingly)—Be jabbers, sor, ye'll be lucky if toime is the only thing ye lose here!—Epoch.

COFFEE AND COCOA.

The Customs and Products of Guatemala.

THE CARE OF A COFFEE PLANTATION.

Bad Indians and Their Ways—The Art of Lying.

The part of Guatemala we are now in is called the "Costa Cuca," and from San Sebastian to San Felipe, ten miles away and near the mountains, the road passes through a succession of coffee plantations. To one not familiar with it, it would appear to be a bright, fresh leaved tree of a rather rich and glossy green, but with its limbs covered with a parasitical green growth resembling small acorns, which illusion is dispelled when the regular rows of trees are seen and the careful cultivation of the ground noted. While great care must be taken of the coffee tree, it is not a circumstance to that required by the cacao plant, which much resembles it. Cacao, or in English cocoa, the source of chocolate, is more abundantly grown in Ecuador than in any other portion of this hemisphere, and the Guayaquil cocoa of commerce commands a price in Guatemala city of $18 per "carga," or sixty pounds, so it may be seen that it is a valuable crop. The cocoa of Guatemala is a much finer variety and sells at $35 per carga, right here in the country, but the amount raised is not sufficient for home consumption, and but little of it finds its way into the outside world.

The plant has so many natural enemies that many finqueros are deterred from attempting its cultivation. The tree is planted from the seeds, which are no sooner put in the ground than a large ant searches for them and ruins many; when the tree appears and is about three feet tall, deer, attracted by the richness of the leaf, risk their lives for a feed of it; when these dangers are past and the fruit appears, squirrels come to eat it in large numbers and any decent sized cacaotal must have two huntsmen to kill squirrels. Thus it may be seen that chocolate is a universal favorite. During this time the ground must be as well weeded and cleaned as a Chinaman's kitchen garden. And in addition to this each cocoa tree requires a madre or mother, which is a shade tree planted for its own particular use. With such great care necessary, it is not strange that many prefer coffee planting.

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.

And it occurs to me, how few who sit sipping Maillard's or Mennier's chocolate ever give a thought or ever know of the immense labor of its production! On the other hand it has its advantages, for while a coffee tree is fairly on the down grade to worthlessness after bearing eight years, the cocoa tree is said to bear abundantly for seventy-five years, and even more. Some cacaotals near the frontier of San Salvador, are so old that the oldest Indians in the vicinity testify that they were flourishing plantations when they were children, and the trees bear as well today as ever. The coffee estates near San Felipe were nearly all planted at the same time, every available space was utilized, consequently they all failed at the same time, and San Felipe, from being a thriving, busy town, became but a place to live in, and I failed to see its attractions even in that respect. When the coffee trees failed many finqueros planted sugar cane. This requires, from planting to maturity, only nine months, but is not so profitable as coffee.

The cocoa fruit as it appears on the tree is a pear shaped green mass about nine inches long, and in circumference not so large as an average pineapple. The inside of this pulpy sheath is divided into cells, about twenty, each containing one cocoa berry. Children and women are employed to prepare it for market, and it is not a sight which would induce one to be anxious to drink the cocoa he has seen cleaned. Each berry is surrounded in its cell by a sweet, pasty brown and greasy substance which the Indians like, so each berry goes to an Indian's mouth, where the sweet coating is sucked off and chewed, but this in reality does not affect the berry, because under the brown paste there is a parchmentlike shell which is impervious to the Indian's saliva, and comes off only in the roasting, leaving the inside meat pure.

SOMETHING ABOUT BAD INDIANS.

A marked difference is apparent between the true Indian of the Indian town and the one who has had much contact with whites and ladinos. The former is always respectful and polite and he is a natural gentleman. He never approaches you to speak without removing his hat and bowing low, and he never retires without excusing himself until he may return. The latter is usually disrespectful and of an insolent disposition—eager to take every undue advantage of his master's leniency and has to be taught by the generous use of a club. The ordinary feelings of the human heart are unknown to him. You can govern him, and govern him well, by simply causing him to fear you.

The art of lying is unknown in the United States when compared with the state of perfection it has reached among some of these Indian tribes. You may tell an individual in your employ to do a certain thing, but you must accompany him to see that he does it, because if he does not feel like doing it he will come back and lie about it. Hit one of them with your fist or kick him out of your house, and he will complain to the nearest alcalde, and will have twenty witnesses to swear that they saw you beat the complainant over the head with a club until he lay insensible in his own blood, and this though they may have been miles away at the time.

Many of the Indians are weavers and pottery makers. The cloths they produce are very pretty bright colored fabrics, beautifully embroidered in cotton or silks as the wearer may desire. The shirt of their costume is made like a square bag, with a hole for the head and holes for the arms, and when the skirt is fastened around the waist with their pretty belts, the lower part of the skirt becomes a petticoat. Dress a prettily shaped and well washed Indian girl in this costume, give her a bright turban, and let her balance the earthen water jar gracefully on her head, and you have a picture not soon to be forgotten; and yet they seem to be unaware how picturesque they look.—Guatemala Cor. New York Times.

Plenty on Hand.

Wife—Why is it, John, that you rarely kiss me now? Before we were married you bothered me almost to death.

Husband—I know it, my dear, and I laid in stock enough to last.—The Epoch.

The virtues of cinchona were not known till 1633 or 1638, when it cured the wife of the Peruvian viceroy, Cinchona.

IT WAS A FOUNTAIN PEN.

He Tried to Explain How It Worked, but Failed Ignominiously.

He was a prominent lawyer of Topeka. Briefs with him were as thick as the sunflowers that fringe the low bottoms of the silent Kaw in August.

Always dressed in the most spotless of fashionably cut garments, he was the envy of struggling barristers and the cynosure of the ladies who promenaded the aristocratic avenues of Kansas' fair capital.

It was a terribly melting day in the scorching month of June, when, with a cool array of immaculate linen and suggestively airy, snow white duck, he entered the state library, where the ever faithful custodian of the precious volumes of legal lore was pouring over his desk busily engaged in answering a mass of correspondence ever accumulating the burden of his daily life of routine.

"Why don't you buy a fountain pen?" he asked, in an enthusiastic tone, as he pulled one of these little instruments out of his vest pocket. "You can't imagine what a vast amount of time one can save. I purchased one this morning, and if I could not procure another I would not take $1,000 for it.

"Why, don't you know that a man's arm travels, in dipping his pen in the ink alone, more than half a dozen miles in an ordinary day of hard writing? Just think what a waste of muscular energy! Let me show you how easily the thing works."

As he spoke he attempted to unscrew the little cap, upon which a jet of the deceitful fluid, as fine as the spray from a lady's rubber bulbed perfume bottle, spurted out and struck him fairly between the eyes and slowly trickled down his face.

"I guess that I have unscrewed the wrong end. Wait until I try the other." Then, without replacing the cap he had withdrawn, he slowly took off the other, which, permitting more air in, out the treacherous ink flew in a stream as thick as a lead pencil, completely covering his face, vest and permeating his hair, falling down on his trousers, until his whole suit resembled the map of a swamp.

With evident disgust depicted on every lineament, he slowly ejaculated: "Perhaps if I had been educated in a polytechnic school I would understand the mechanism of the darned thing better. Have you a lavatory here that I may try and repair damages?" Whereupon he went out, a discomfited man!—Kansas City Star.

Exposure of One's Weaknesses.

A special weakness of a man is exposed by his indiscriminately accusing others of the same defect. When a person, in criticising the character or disposition of others, applies with a certain blind persistency one or two common faults to them all, now perchance hitting the mark and now flying far wide of it, we may be sure that these very faults are possessed by the critic in a marked degree, though they are often in a measure concealed by the complications of his own character.

They seem to stand before his mind's eye as glasses of various colors, giving corresponding hues to whatever is viewed through them, as he who looks at the sky through a colored window will see it red, yellow, green or otherwise, as the case may be. One who desires to rid himself of faults will do well to scrutinize himself in this respect, and if he finds a tendency to harp on some particular weakness of human nature he may feel assured that there he can apply the pruning knife.—New York Ledger.

Bombay Oysters.

The very newest thing about town is the "Bombay oyster."

The "Bombay oyster" isn't an oyster at all, of course, but this is the name that has been bestowed on it.

It is a composition sufficiently simple and common to please the lean and larded purse alike. It is nothing more than an egg dropped unbroken into a tumbler, and deluged with vinegar, and sprinkled with pepper and salt.

It is consumed always before breakfast, and by a great many sporting men in the city.

One of its effects is to counteract the evil tendencies of over eating. Some stout men like a "Bombay oyster" in the morning, and eat nothing again until noon. For a bilious stomach it is the finest kind of a remedy.—Boston Globe.

Protector Against Nicotine.

An electrical engineer of Carphin Springs claims the invention of a mouthpiece for pipes that will prevent any connection of the nicotine deposited in smoking with the tongue. He makes "a hollow ball, with a short tubular or slotted stem attached to it, which is inserted into the usual orifice in the mouthpiece of the pipe, or cigar or cigarette holder, so that the smoke shall pass out through the tube or slotted stem and upper slotted part of the ball, and the tongue shall rub against the ball in the mouth of the orifice, and thus avoid or prevent the saliva of the mouth from going or working back in the mouthpiece."—New York Telegram.

The Height of Our Ancestors.

Although it is needless to tell readers that all speculations upon this matter are without foundation, it is curious to find in a work published in 1718 by a member of the French Academy of Sciences the following statements. According to this author, Adam was 123 feet 9 inches in height, while Eve's stature is asserted to have been 118 feet 9 inches and 9 lines. Noah, we are told, attained a height of only 27 feet; Abraham was barely 20 feet in stature, while Moses is alleged to have measured only 13 feet in height.—J. N. Hallock in Christian at Work.

He Was Innocent.

"I missed several of my chickens last night, Uncle Jasper. Do you know anything about them?"

"Cunnel, I believe de law do not require cullud gemmen to answer questions which mout discriminate themselves."—Puck.

FADS OF BATHERS.

Ways of Steaming That Beat the Turkish Bath.

AN ORDEAL WHICH IS AKIN TO TORTURE

It is Very Popular With the Progressive Fashionable.

The fads of progressive New York women will kill me yet. Last week I took a "pack," and I am nearly dead. Lost twenty pounds and the power of locomotion for twenty-four hours. My lips and eyelids turned electric blue and my complexion is a pale green with ecru mottling. I wanted some medicine—a big dose—with a diet of lettuce, prunes, Graham rolls and hot water to see if I could put down the rebellious biliousness of my skin and put on a silver gray gown. I went to see the bathing mistress in the Hoffman house, who used to steam and knead the Jersey Lily and who did several hundred dollars' worth of grooming for the beautiful Duchess of Marlborough. She told me that I "ought to get packed."

"Where to?" I asked.

"Good looks! You can come here for a night or I will go to your house and give you a pack that will make your hair curl."

I gave her my card and made arrangements to be ready for her two days later.

Her parting command was: "Take a five meal fast to rest your system, and you will be the color of a lily when I get through with you." She did not say what color or what kind of a lily at the time, but I have since learned that the model she had in mind was the tiger lily.

THE "PACK" DESCRIBED.

I took the fast, and the day she arrived I was as hollow as a pipe stem, and the weakness of the traditional cat was muscular vigor compared to the general goneness of my interior. A small mountain of comfortables and blankets was collected, my bed was stripped and covered first with a rubber and then a pongee sheet. Over this was laid a wet sheet wrung out of boiling water in which I was folded like a prehistoric mummy.

The sensation was a little smart at first, and I had a lurking fear that the original hue of whiteness was being scorched from my spinal column. Satisfied of my mistake I relapsed into a state of passivity and the mistress of the bath transferred the mountain of blankets from the floor to my bed. Then she put a cool, wet napkin on my head, and there I lay with the weight of Atlanta's on my already caved in anatomy and every pore in my body streaming like a country pump. I tried to think I was having fun, for it was a day off and it has always been my motto to make my own sunshine.

Do what I could with my thoughts I felt the blood pumping into my brain and making violent and forcible efforts to escape. The stately mistress of the flesh brush made me keep still, changing the cold cloths on my head, slipped morsels of crushed ice down my throat and encouraging me by frequent reiterations that I was doing well and would have a beautiful color. I stayed in the pack three hours and perspired until I thought there was nothing left of me but the last breath. Then I dropped off of something—I don't know just exactly what—and when I was about to get a glimpse of heavenly things with a lot of short waisted early empire girls and small dimpled boys in feather trimmings floating about in atmospheric nonchalance I was rudely shaken and told to open my mouth. That ended the pack.

THE SENSATIONS AFTERWARD.

I was dosed with French brandy, rubbed with alcohol, polished off with a pair of bath mitts that had the grain of radish graters and put to bed again between warm sheets.

The packer gave me a cup of bouillon, a chop, a roll and a glass of claret, and stayed with me until I finished the first morsel of food I had tasted in fifty hours. Bidding me keep quiet and stay in bed a day or two she relieved me of a $5 bill I had been saving for a crimson parasol and went off. When I looked in the glass I saw a reflection that beggared the horror portrayed by the impersonators of Violetta and Camille in their last scenes. I was a sort of ox heart red with a mottling of yellow fever and black plague patches done in the fashion that Limoges vases are under glazed. My eyes were on fire, the lining of my lids was white and green, my nostrils were pinched and my lips shriveled and were onion blue in tint.

Briefly, I was a horror. I looked like a resurrection. Mentally I was as idiotic as the ushers in the Bible wedding. But I had been "packed," and there is some satisfaction to a crack brain to know that she has one less fad in the gamut of fooldom to investigate. I have given up the ideal of a gray frock and buckled down to a diet of rare roast beef, boiled onions, rice pudding and vegetable soup, for until I recover some of my lost flesh I have no use for anything but a Spanish scarf and an ulster.

But will you believe me when I tell you that these packs are taken regularly by the fashionably progressive women of New York every day in the week? It's a fact.—New York World.

Lord Wolseley's Warning.

Lord Wolseley says there is a greater now menacing England than the possibility of a foreign invasion—the extravagance of the English women. He has noticed, he says, ever since he was a boy an increase in the tendency of English women to spend a much larger portion of the incomes of their husbands than they were entitled to on articles of attire.—Detroit Free Press.

Preventive of Sunstroke.

A well known character in this city wears three sheets of tissue paper in his hat as a preventive of sunstroke. They are colored blue, orange and green. These colors, the wearer claims, doprive the sun's rays of the heat. The blue represents the higher atmosphere, the orange the clouds and the green the earth.—Dayton (O.) Democrat.

Woman's Rights in Polynesia.

A paper which Daisy seems to have enjoyed listening to a good deal was on the marriage customs of New Britain, New Caledonia and the Polynesian isles. In the first place, the girls do not seem to have a very happy time in their maiden days, sometimes passing as many as four or five years of their existence in a wicker cage about seven or eight feet high and ten or twelve feet in circumference, where there is only room to sit or lie down in a crouching position. When, however, these girls are taken out of their cages great marriage feasts are provided for them, so that their only consolation during their incarceration must be the unsatisfactory one of the prospect of the good things to come.

On the Duke of York Island a most objectionable practice prevails. The bride is presented with numberless and costly gifts, which are given to her in public, and all of which she is in honor bound to return in private. Just fancy how exasperating, and how much more difficult for couples to furnish! A custom nearly as reprehensible as that of breaking a cocoanut over the happy pair and sprinkling them as much as possible with the milk. It is hardly pleasant for the bridal gown from Worth's, or the wedding coat from Poole's! As to widowers, it must be an expensive process out there for them to marry again, for the female relatives of the first wife are allowed to assemble, and to do as much damage to the husband's property as they can accomplish. A man may have as many wives as he likes, provided he can pay for them; but this would not seem a serious drawback to some people, as they are mostly paid for in shells.—London Figaro.

Robert Houdin's Curious Contrivances.

Houdin acquired a comfortable competence by the exercise of his art; and he built a handsome villa at Saint Gervais, near Blois. When he had retired from business, he amused himself by introducing various curious inventions into his place and the grounds attached to it. The garden gate was situated some 400 yards from the house. A visitor had only to raise a diminutive brass knocker, and let it fall upon the forehead of a fantastic face—making but a faint sound—when a large bell was set in motion in the villa. At the same time the gate swung open automatically, the plate bearing the name "Robert Houdin" disappeared, and another took its place, on which was engraved the word "Entrez." When the postman delivered the letters he had brought he was instructed to drop them through a slit in the gate into the receptacle provided for this purpose. The box, directly this was done, started of its own accord on its journey to the front door of the house by means of a miniature elevated railway.

Houdin invented, too, an ingenious contrivance by which, while lying in bed, he could feed his horse in a stable fifty yards from the villa, for, on touching a small button, there was put in motion an apparatus that caused the exact portion of oats required for the animal's meal to fall into the manger from the granary above. By another curious piece of mechanism a little bench that stood beside a ravine in a remote part of the grounds was so constructed that immediately any person sat down upon it the machine automatically traversed a narrow bridge that spanned the gorge, and, having deposited its occupant on the other side, the bench returned to its original position.—Chambers' Journal.

What Self Binders Have Done.

The self binder was first successfully attached to the reaper in 1876; from 1867 to 1873 inclusive our average crop of wheat, varying more with the season than with the planted area, had been 258,000,000 bushels. In 1877, when the self binder first began to be used, the crop mounted to nearly 364,000,000 bushels. Again, in 1878, it mounted up, and from that date to 1887 inclusive, in which period the use of the self binder had become general, the average crop, varying more with the season than with the planted area, was 440,000,000 bushels. Could the crops of the last ten years have been saved without the self binder? When we consider that the total number of self binding reapers now made and sold is more than 100,000 a year, requiring over 30,000 tons of twine to bind a single wheat crop, do we not find in the tying of that knot on the self binding harvester a main factor in the export of grain with the returning import of gold on which we resumed specie payment? By that single improvement the cost of wheat was reduced not less than 6 per cent., and in some places 10 per cent.—Forum.

Afraid of a White Cat.

As for himself, the old engineer says that he is not at all superstitious, but he knows men who are handling the throttle on the Bee Line who regard it as a bad omen to see a white cat cross the road in front of an engine in the night time. "You may think it is extremely foolish," said he, "but there is a man in charge of a passenger engine on this line that can never be induced to make time after having seen a white cat cross the track at night. Such a thing does not happen very often, but he claims that it never fails to be the forerunner of some bad luck, not necessarily to his train, but somewhere along the line. After seeing the white cat he always feels his way along, as it were, and gives as an excuse for his failure to work up to the schedule that his engine would not make steam rapidly enough. The other engineers are on to him, but they never joke him about it, as he is extremely sensitive."—Globe-Democrat.

A French Clothier's Advertisement.

The latest device for attracting the attention of possible purchasers which has been adopted by several Paris shopkeepers is an "immovable boy." Outside a clothier's, for instance, the "boy" stands without moving a muscle, and bears on his carcass the newest fashion in blouses or corduroys. Passers by are easily attracted by the remarkable figure, which they take to be an effigy in wax work or a tableau vivant. The boy has been well drilled and lives up to his work. He smiles not, neither does he wink, nor does he betray by the slightest sign, token or movement that he has anything in common with the ordinary palpitating and effervescing specimen of humanity, the "boulevard boy." The device draws, for spectators are usually lost in amazement at the impassive features of the breathing simulacrum of a dummy figure.—London Telegraph.

At the First Reception.

Mr. Quickrich—I say, Maria——!

Mrs. Quickrich—Don't interrupt me when I am receiving the guests.

Mr. Q.—But—I say—we hired that band by the hour, and it's mighty mean of them to play so slow.

(The orchestra were playing a nocturne.)—Pittsburg Bulletin.

FAMILY WATER SUPPLY.

A Fruitful Source of Sickness and Death.

POISON FROM PIPES AND RESERVOIRS.

The True Source of Typhoid Fever and Diphtheria.

Pure water is a life giving fluid, imparting health and vigor to all the tissues, while impure water is one of the most fruitful sources of sickness, suffering and death, shortening the average duration of human life by many years. A pure and abundant water supply is therefore an object of the first importance to every family in the city or country.

The sources of supply are numerous. Many families depend upon rain water stored in cisterns or other reservoirs. Under favorable conditions this is pure and wholesome. It is, however, liable to absorb dust, smoke and other impurities in its passage through the atmosphere, especially over smoky cities, and in case of the first shower after a drought. When falling on the wooden roofs of houses the first rain washes off the dust and weatherbeat of the shingles, and should be filtered before it enters the cistern. Better still, an automatic arrangement may be used which will collect the first rainfall in some shallow receptacle, and when this is filled, will turn the pure stream into the cistern. If then the cistern is divided into two equal parts by a partition of brick laid in cement, so arranged that the water which enters upon one side of the partition is made to filter through the wall of brick before being drawn off on the other side, the water may be relied upon as sufficiently clean and pure for ordinary uses.

VARIOUS MINERAL SUBSTANCES.

Most country people depend upon the ground water of springs and shallow wells for their supply. This is liable in its passage through the earth to absorb various mineral substances, the most common and troublesome of which are the salts of lime and magnesia, which constitute hard water. This requires the use of a largely increased amount of soap in washing, and is therefore much less economical than soft water. In Glasgow it is estimated that the introduction of soft water in place of hard has diminished the consumption of soap at least one-half. Hard water also produces in many persons derangement of digestion, chronic diarrhœa, gravel and other inorganic deposits. One way in which the hardness of water may be lessened is by boiling it. Another method, paradoxical as it may seem, consists in adding lime, usually in the form of lime water or milk of lime. Both these methods result in breaking up the chemical combinations and precipitating the mineral substances, which should then be removed by filtration.

In cities and large towns, the usual source of supply is the surface water of rivers and lakes. This is stored in artificial reservoirs, and distributed through pipes of lead or iron. Where lead pipes are used, either in bringing water from reservoirs or springs, or in pumping it from wells into houses, the lead is gradually dissolved, and a poisonous compound formed, which when drank for a sufficient length of time is liable to produce unpleasant and even dangerous results. According to Professor Mayr, water containing one part of lead in one million parts of water is sufficient to produce lead colic, wristdrop and other symptoms of acute lead poisoning, while a much less quantity may cause irritation of the digestive organs and loss of muscular control. These effects may be produced in one member of the family only, while all are using the water, and the others escape, owing to a less degree of susceptibility. The path of safety in this matter lies in avoiding the use of lead pipes as far as possible; and in never using water for drinking or cooking, which has stood in a lead pipe for any length of time, but always taking the precaution first to run off or pump off a sufficient quantity to completely empty the pipes.

DECAYING ORGANIC MATTER.

All surface waters are liable to contamination from decaying organic matter, such as dead leaves, bark and pieces of wood, fragments of rotten fruit and vegetables, dead worms, insects and other small animals, garbage and animal excrement. Not only this, but in all old and thickly settled countries—wherever civilization has massed large numbers of human beings—both surface water and ground water are liable to the still more serious contamination of foul drainage, such as the leachings of farm yards, cess pools, sink drains, privy vaults, old graveyards and the sewerage of cities.

Dr. I. A. Watson, in a New Hampshire board of health report, has given a vivid picture of the fouling of a rural well from these sources, as follows: "Clustered on a few square rods of land are the farm buildings, the dwellings, wood shed, wash house, horse stable, cow barn, sheep yard, corn house, swine house, hen house, compost heap, cess pool and privy. All those are arranged in a hollow square, and in their midst is the farmer's well, with its curb, sweep and bucket or its cover, pipe and pump. Around this center are concentrated all the activities of a New England farm. Birth, life and death; bloom, fruit and decay, of men and animals, of shrubs and trees, have transpired here for a century. All the waste has been dropped upon the surface, there to accumulate, decay and putrefy. The earth beneath has become surcharged with animal and vegetable waste. The whole establishment is resting upon and above a mass of the most dangerous filth, and this filth is being daily leached into the bottom of the well."

In water thus abounding in organic impurities are found vast multitudes of animalculæ, which, when taken into the human system, develop into such frightful parasites as tape worms, trinchinæ and hydatids. Still more to be dreaded are the myriad microscopic bacteria, or germs of disease, which breed and thrive in filth, and literally swarm in impure water. These are the source of such deadly pests as diphtheria, typhoid and malarial fevers and Asiatic cholera. The importance of some method of preventing these dire results can hardly be overestimated. Few persons have any adequate conception of the extent to which pollution in water exists. Even in wells, it is said by competent observers that the water in ninety-five out of every hundred is insanitary and unfit for use. In the water of cities the evils are even greater.—J. M. French, M. D., in Good Housekeeping.

Gilbert at a Rehearsal.

W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, is a tall man, with gray hair and close cut whiskers. He is a great stage manager. At a rehearsal of one of his operas he devotes his whole energies to having everything go off as he thinks it should. He never smiles, even when a whole chorus is laughing at the quaint conceits of his verses. Though extremely dignified, he does not hesitate to go through the drollest contortions of body or the most free and easy dance step to illustrate his ideas to those who are to interpret them.—New York World.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16 1891

County Official Paper.

Mark Twain is very funny. He can get fun out of circumstances that would fill the hearts of common mortals with grief. It was a very cold day recently when his mother was buried, so Mark stayed at home and listened to the funeral sermon through a telephone. This is characteristic of the sham humorist and selfish humbug who never wrote a line of genuine wit or humor.

Where one rich man wants some kind of a force bill enacted a thousand poor men want free coinage for silver. But free coinage would diminish the profits of rich men, and one of these has more influence in Congress than ten thousand poor men; hence time is wasted talking about force bills to prevent action being taken for free coinage.

Sartoris, the husband of Nellie Grant, is reported to be dying of delirium tremens. The sooner the world is rid of the drunken brute the better. The gentle, loving Nellie let her imagination endow the fellow with manly character and virtues he never had. He was utterly unworthy of one so good; but woman-like, she will doubtless shed tears when he dies, though many bitter drops he made fall from her eyes during the years of her married life

Senator Hearst is reported to be dying of cancer in the stomach. In the event of his death while the Legislature is in session a successor would be elected. The State has many men well worthy of that high honor, but among them all no abler or more energetic Senator could be found than Hon. Charles N. Felton of San Mateo. Mr. Felton has served in the State Legislature and in Congress. He is an able man anywhere and would be a power in the Senate.

If Inyo county shall be united with Kern in an Assembly District we will be wiped out so far as any influence in State affairs is concerned. Inyo is as confirmed in adherence to the Republican party as Kern is to Democracy; but the latter so far outnumbers us in population that in election contests our vote would amount to nothing. It would be best if a district could be formed of counties east of the Sierras, but if there is not population enough in Alpine, Mono and Inyo there is no help for us and we must submit.

A suggestion is made to relieve from taxation for a term of years capital invested in manufactures in the State. If this be good policy the exemption ought to be extended to capital invested in irrigation works and improvements on desert land. These enterprises are of as much value to the State as manufactures; and as a rule it takes several years for the investors to realize any profits from their capital. Such relief would be of especial benefit to poor settlers.

Stanley is accused of gross injustice to his subordinates and to Emin. It is alleged against him that he has tried to belittle and crush every man who might have any share in the glory he thinks should be all his own. The really great men of the world never tried in any way to belittle or in any way injure any of their cotemporaries. Really great men think of duty before glory. Washington, Lincoln and Grant with the single purpose of doing every duty that came in their way, was each in his day the greatest man of his time. The first element of greatness is goodness; as the sun lifts the heavy waters into the air and clothes them with gorgeous beauty, so do truly great men lift their less gifted fellow men to a share of their own glory.

It is proposed in Congress to aid the Nicaragua canal. The scheme is to indorse the bonds of the canal Company to the amount of $100,000,000. This is a very large sum, but even if the United States had in the end to pay every dollar of it, the canal would be worth the money. But the United States will not have to pay the bonds, the business of the canal when completed will be immense, and there will be ample revenue to pay interest on the bonds and leave a surplus to apply on payment of the principal. The canal will be easily controlled by the United States in the event of war with any other nation. While the completion of this great highway will be of benefit to the whole United States and even to the commerce of the world, the most immediate as well as the most enduring benefit will be to California.

In California we say that Eastern people do not understand the Chinese question and that the opposition to Chinese exclusion arises from ignorance and silly sentimentalism. All over the West it is urged that in the East the grossest errors prevail as to the real character of the Indians and the proper way to deal with them. Perhaps in all of the Northern States people are just as much mistaken as to the real merits of the negro question in the South.

There has been a heavy falling off in the receipts of the State Treasury of Nevada for the year 1890. The "Lyon County Times" says this was caused by a season of severe drought followed by the severest winter ever experienced in the State. The total taxable property in the State is given at $24,663,384. This shows a falling off from the year 1889 of $1,966,269. Second rate counties in California have more taxable property than the State of Nevada.

Most of the prominent Generals of our great war have died aged less than sixty-four years. A Chicago newspaper finds great consolation in this fact. Old soldiers who are now aged fifty years must have enlisted very young, and the hardships and anxieties of war must have so impaired their constitutions that they cannot live many years longer, so there will be no pensions to pay. The science of Political Economy may yet require that as soon as a war is ended the rank and file of the army shall all be killed—put to eternal rest, would be a more humane phrase—so that those they fought for would not have to be taxed for pensions.

Columns of newspapers are filled daily with reports about State Legislatures. The most important items in these reports are about who shall be clerks, doorkeepers and other hangers on, and the prizes amount to but a very few hundred dollars for each one who secures one of these much coveted positions. Of vastly more importance than any, or all, State Legislatures, was the meeting of a few railroad magnates some days ago. These few men can at any time combine and make such laws as will compel paying tribute to them from every acre of land owned or cultivated within the United States. There is not a single industry nor productive interest of any kind but is, in some measure, subject to their will. There is no President or Governor to veto their enactments, nor can a Supreme Court declare their tariff laws unconstitutional. The most powerful Court in the United States, the actual Supreme Court, whose authority exceeds all other authority, is composed of the managers of the great corporate interests. It is hardly reasonable to expect that the men who have such vast authority will continue to use it with such moderation and justice as not to provoke a contest with the great bulk of the people. When this contest comes the corporate interests will be smashed.

A New Type of Gun.

William T. Chamberlain, of Norwich, has invented and perfected a gun which promises to be the most durable, simple and effectual gun ever made. It is called the electric hydrogen gun. There are three methods of firing the arm. By the first method Mr. Chamberlain claims the projectile is sent from the gun by a pressure equal to 37,000 atmospheres; by the second process by four times that force, and by the third method it is transformed into an air gun with a pressure of from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds. The gun is simple, without other machinery than the chamber and barrel. The demand for new and valuable weapons is so large that some of the great powers may find in this arm the executor they have been anticipating, while Mr. Chamberlain may find in it the fortune the shadow of which has kept his brain active and his hands busy for many a day.—Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.

They Are Glad to Know Him Now.

A New Yorker of very limited means recently got a bequest, the news of which was printed in the papers. As soon as the fact became known he got heavy mails that brought him letters from all kinds of charitable societies in need of aid, and from a host of the sufferers by impecuniosity. He also found more callers at his house than there ever before had been knockers at his door, and he likewise enjoyed when in the streets the sight of many more smiling faces than he had previously been acquainted with. Never until this month had he realized the attractive power of the mighty $. He now finds that his deceased bachelor uncle, who left him a bequest, has endowed him with something else not set down in the last will, to wit, cynicism.—New York Sun.

The Parnellite business cost The London Times exactly £180,000. The shareholders of the paper were compelled to forego their dividends for the last year and for the first six months of this year in order to pay it. John Walter owns sixteen shares, and his loss was £48,000, the dividend on each share being £3,000. The circulation of the paper and its receipts for advertisements are constantly increasing.—Chicago Herald.

Sport in California is illustrated by the following from a local paper: "Ben Smith, a farmer of Coos Bay, saw a large buck in his field the other day, and he went after it. By the time Smith reached the brush he found a big panther eating the buck. Smith killed the panther and took the deer to his house."

TWILIGHT IN BORDERLAND.

The sky is aglow with the sunset light,
He has poured his gold over tower and tree,
And scattered his diamonds upon the sea,
Dropped his casket of pearls on the robe of Night,
And his tears on the floweret's pink and white,
Yet I leave them, mother, and fly to thee.

Over field and woodland and dark ravine
My spirit is borne on its pinions fleet,
Till I clasp your hand and our glad eyes meet;
Then we wander away in a glorious dream
And float, and float in a mystical sheen,
To a realm unknown to mortal feet.

We bask in that wonderful region of light,
We are filled and thrilled with love's sweetest tone,
While we drink of a bliss to sense unknown.
Oh, what do they know of pure delight,
Whose souls never stretched out their wings in flight,
Who never have found and embraced their own?

—Eliza Lamb Martyn.

THE BLACK CROSS.

A black cross had been set against Judge Hawkins' name. Why it is not for me to say. We were not accustomed to explain our motives or to give reasons for our deeds. The deeds were enough, and this black cross meant death, and when it had been shown us all that we needed to know further was at what hour we should meet for the contemplated raid.

A word from the captain settled that, and when the next Friday came a dozen men met at the place of rendezvous ready for the ride which should bring them to the judge's solitary mansion across the mountains.

I was among them and in as satisfactory a mood as I had ever been in my life, for the night was favorable and the men hearty and in first rate condition.

But after we had started and were threading a certain wood I began to have doubts. Feelings I had never before experienced assailed me with a force that first perplexed and then astounded me. I was afraid, and what rather heightened than diminished the unwonted sensation was the fact that I was not afraid of anything tangible, either in the present or future, but of something unexplainable and peculiar, which if it lay in the skies certainly made them look dark indeed, and if it hid in the forest, caused its faintest murmur to seem like the utterance of a great dread, as awful as it was inexplicable.

I nevertheless proceeded, and should have done so if the great streaks of lightning which now and then shot zigzag through the sky had taken the shape of words and bade us all beware. I was not one to be daunted, and knew no other course than that of advance when once a stroke of justice had been planned and the direction for its fulfillment marked out. I went on, but I began to think, and that to me was an experience, for I had never been taught to reflect—only to fight and obey.

The house toward which we were riding was built on a hillside, and the first thing we saw on emerging from the forest was a light burning in one of its distant windows. This was a surprise, for the hour was late, and in that part of the country people were accustomed to retire early, even such busy men as the judge. He must have a visitor, and a visitor meant a possible complication of affairs; so a halt was called, and I was singled out to reconnoiter the premises and bring back word of what we had a right to expect.

I started off in a strange state of mind. The fear I had spoken of had left me, but a vague shadow remained, through which, as through a mist, I saw the light in that far away window beckoning me on to what I felt was in some way to make an end of my present life. As I drew nearer to it the feeling increased; then it, too, left me, and I found myself once more the daring avenger. This was when I came to the foot of the hill and discovered I had but a few steps more to take.

The house, which had now become plainly visible, was a solid one of stone, built, as I have said, on the hillside. It faced the road, as was shown by the large portico dimly to be discerned in that direction, but its rooms were mainly on the side, and it was from one of these that the light shone. As I came yet nearer I perceived that these rooms were guarded by a piazza, which, communicating with the portico in front, afforded an open road to that window and a clear sight of what lay behind it.

I was instantly off my horse and upon the piazza, and before I had time to realize that my fears had returned to me with double force I had crept stealthily toward that uncurtained window and looked in.

What did I see? At first nothing but a calm, studious figure bending above a batch of closely written papers, upon which the light shone too brightly for me to perceive much of what lay behind them. But gradually an influence, of whose workings I was scarce conscious, drew my eyes away, and I began to discover on every side strange and beautiful objects which greatly interested me, until suddenly my eyes fell upon a vision of loveliness so enchanting that I forgot to look elsewhere and became for the moment nothing but sight and feeling.

It was a picture, or so I thought in the first instant of awe and delight. But presently I saw that it was a woman, living and full of the thoughts that had never been mine, and at the discovery a sudden trembling seized me, for I had never seen anything in heaven or earth like her beauty, while she saw nothing but the man who was bending over his papers.

There was a door or something dark behind her, and against it her tall, strong figure, clad in a close white gown, stood out with a distinctness that was not altogether earthly. But it was her face that held me and made of me from moment to moment a new man.

For in it I discerned what I had never believed in till now, devotion that had no limit and love which asked nothing in return. She seemed to be faltering on the threshold of that room, like one who would like to enter but does not dare, and in another moment, with a smile that pierced me through, she turned as if to go. Instantly I forgot everything but my despair, and leaned forward with an impetuosity that betrayed my presence. She glanced quickly toward the window, and seeing me turned pale, even while she rose in height till I felt myself shrink and grow small before her.

Thrusting out her hand she caught from the table before her what looked like a small dagger, and holding it up, advanced upon me with blazing eyes and parted lips, not seeing that the judge had risen to his feet, not seeing anything but my face glued against the pane, and staying with an expression that must have struck to the heart as surely as her look pierced mine. When she was almost upon me I turned and fled. Hell could not have frightened me, but heaven did; and for me that woman was heaven whether she smiled or frowned, gazed upon another with love or raised a dagger to strike me to the ground.

How soon I met my mates I cannot say. In a few minutes, doubtless, for they had stolen after me and had detected me running away from the window. I was forced to tell my tale, and I told it unhesitatingly, for I knew I could not save him—if I wanted to—and I knew I should save her or die in the attempt.

"He is alone there with a girl," I announced. "Whether she is his wife or not I cannot say, but there is no cross against her name, and I ask that she be spared not only from sharing his fate, but from the sight of his death, for she loves him."

This from me! No wonder the captain stared, then laughed. But I did not laugh in return, and being the strongest man in the band and the surest with my rifle, he did not trifle long, but listened to my plans and in part consented to them, so that I retreated to my post at the gateway with something like confidence, while he, approaching the door, lifted the knocker and let it fall with a resounding clang that must have rung like a knell of death to the hearts within.

For the judge knew our errand; I saw it in his face when he rose to his feet, and he had no hope, for we had never failed in our attempts, and the house, though strongly built, was easily assailable.

* * * * * *

While the captain knocked three men had scaled the portico and were ready to enter the open windows if the judge refused to parley or offered any resistance to what was known as the captain's will.

"Death to the judge!" was the cry, and it was echoed not only at the door but around the house, where the rest of the men had drawn a cordon ready to waylay any one who sought to escape. Death to the judge! And the judge was loved by that woman and would be mourned by her till— But a voice is speaking, a voice from out that great house, and it asks what is wanted and what the meaning is of these threats of death.

And the captain answers short and sharp:

"The Ku-Klux commands, but never explains. What it commands now is for Judge Hawkins to come forth. If he shrinks or delays his house will be entered and burned, but if he will come out and meet like a man what awaits him his house shall go free and his family remain unmolested."

"And what is it that awaits him?" pursued the voice.

"Four bullets from four unerring rifles," returned the captain.

"It is well; he will come forth," cried the voice, and then in a huskier tone: "Let me kiss the woman I love. I will not keep you long."

And the captain answered nothing, only counted out clearly and steadily, "One—two—three," up to a hundred; then he paused, turned and lifted his hand; when instantly our four rifles rose, and at the same moment the door, with a faint grating sound I shall never forget, slowly opened and the firm, unshrinking figure of the judge appeared.

We did not delay. One simultaneous burst of fire, one loud quick crack, and his figure fell before our eyes. A round, a cry from within, then all was still, and the captain, mounting his horse, gave one quick whistle and galloped away. We followed him, but I was the last to mount, and did not follow long, for at the flash of those guns I had seen a smile across our victim's lip, and my heart was on fire, and I could not rest till I had found my way back to that open doorway and the figure lying within it.

There it was, and behind it a house empty as my heart has been since that day. A man's dress covering a woman's form—and over the motionless, perfect features that same smile which I had seen in the room beyond and again in the quick glare of the rifles.

I had harbored no evil thought concerning her, but when I beheld that smile now sealed and fixed upon her lips I found the soul I had never known that I possessed until that day.—Anna Katherine Green in Philadelphia Times.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo county, Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 16th day of December, 1890, an assessment (No. 11) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 30th day of January 1891 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 20th day of February 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

HENRY M. STANLEY

IN DARKEST AFRICA

The complete story of Stanley's recent thrilling adventures and the disclosure of his important discoveries will appear for the first time in the work written by himself, entitled "In Darkest Africa." Do not be deceived by any of the so-called "Stanley books" now being offered as "genuine" and "authentic." To no one of these has Stanley contributed a line.

There is a no question about this statement being correct in every particular. We guarantee it, and will give particulars on application.

CAUTION In order not to be misled, see that the book bears the imprint of

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

And that the canvassing agent carries a certificate of agency from us.

A. L. BANCROFT & CO.
132 POST STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
General Agents for the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. W. L. Hunter, Agent
Independence, Cal.

NATHAN RHINE.

NATHAN RHINE,
(Successor to Harris & Rhine.)
MERCHANT,
INDEPENDENCE
Inyo Co. Cal.

Wholesale & Retail
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise

MY STOCK
CONSISTING OF
All of every needed article is well calculated to satisfy the wants of everybody; and, as in the past, it will be our aim in the future to retain the extensive patronage enjoyed heretofore.

NATHAN RHINE.

NATHAN RHINE
BANKER
Independence, Cal.

SELL EXCHANGE
—ON—
SAN FRANCISCO

Draw Direct
—ON—
NEW YORK,
LONDON, England.
BERLIN, FRANKFORT-on-the-Main, GERMANY.

I AM PREPARED TO TRANSACT ALL KINDS
—OF—
GENERAL
BANKING
&
EXCHANGE
BUSINESS.

Wechsel in beliebigen Summen auf Berlin und Frankfurt am der M n,
Deutsche Vollmachten geter Egt.
Geldsendungen von und nach Deutschland b sorgt.

AGENT FOR
WELLS FARGO
& CO'S.
EXPRESS

MUTUAL
Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK
CAPITAL - - - $5,000,000

LIVERPOOL
AND LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Capital - - - - $21,000,000

NATHAN RHINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 28th
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

NORMAN
HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed
Flooring.
sep 11-tf

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence,

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce Street, New York

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK ..... PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

PIONEER BREWERY
INDEPENDENCE
BEER ICE COLD.
The Bar is supplied with the Best of all kinds of Liquors and Cigars.
The Coolest Hall in the town. Call in, see what comfort you can have this hot weather.
PHILIP GENRIG, PROPRIETOR

CROCKERS' HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee.
sept tf

J. W. Murphy.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

S. H. BIGLAND,
—DEALER IN—
Owens Valley Lands
39 SUTTER STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
1-26

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16 1891

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 105¼
Lead, 4 50
Copper, 14.60
Tin, 20.20
Sugar, .06½
Coffee, 19 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach on Sunday at the Fort at 10 o'clock, at Independence at 11 a.m., at Georges Creek at 2:30, and Lone at 7 p.m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

WEDNESDAY, January 14th.

A. A. Diaz et als. vs. N. Rhine—Complaint filed. Summons issued.

DIED.

MULLANE—At Big Pine, January 11, John Mullane, aged about 48 years.

Mr. J. Tracey was down from Big Pine last Monday.

Mr. John Baxter has been very sick for the past two weeks, but he is now much better.

Hon. Trenmore Coffin of Carson is very ill. At last reports his death was expected at any time.

The quartz mill at Belleville has been shut down. It has been running steadily for a long time.

Ohio was shaken by an earthquake last Friday; it was worse shaken on the 5th of November last.

Mr. J. R. Eldred came down from Big Pine yesterday to install the officers of the Odd Fellows Lodge.

Mr. John C. Eddy has been moved from Darwin to Lone Pine. He is under the care of Doctor Middleton.

Mr. J. E. Reynolds came in from Lookout on Sunday. He will return at the beginning of the week.

Mr. N. Rhine left town yesterday for San Francisco. It is his intention to remain for several months.

The Central Pacific road carries hay from Lovelock and Reno to San Francisco for three dollars per ton.

Surveyor McKnight has been occupied for some days past running branch canal lines under the Eastside canal.

Miles Goodman, an old timer on the Comstock, died at Virginia City last Saturday. He was aged about 71 years.

Arthur Noble came down from Candelaria last Monday. He says about three hundred men are employed and the camp is very lively.

It was a necessary form but only a form for the Legislature to re-elect Senator Stanford to succeed himself. The result was determined long ago.

Governor Waterman, just before his going out of office appointed Mr. A. R. Conklin Superior Judge of Kern County. The appointment will continue till the next election in 1892.

Up in Mono county they have some chilly weather. The *Chronicle Union* says that on Friday morning the thermometer marked 20 degrees below zero and the next day 16 degrees below zero.

Mr. John Mullane is reported to have died at Big Pine last Sunday. The deceased was afflicted with asthma and the malady was greatly increased by the trip to Bakersfield. He was aged about 48 years.

On Wednesday a messenger was sent from Lone Pine to Independence asking Doctor Woodin to go and see John C. Eddy who was reported to be in a critical condition. The Doctor started as soon as possible. Mr Eddy is reported to be improving since yesterday.

Mr. I. Merriam was at Independence a few days this week. He is a citizen of Iowa and being aged beyond the three score years and ten, feels the need of escaping from the rigorous winters of Iowa. Professor Dickson of the academy at Bishop is nephew to Mr. Merriam.

Another week of fine weather has passed away. It is very pleasant to have the winter go by so pleasantly, but there is very little snow on the mountains and the season is far advanced. So far everything indicates a dry year and a short supply of water.

The water main that supplies Modock froze up last week, and Mr. Fitzgerald had to suspend operations for a time. The interruption will be of short continuance. The pipe runs for a considerable distance over rocky ground and is not protected by any covering.

The Alta mine at Virginia City has been shut down, all the men have been discharged and it is said there is no intention of ever again resuming work upon the mine. It is reasonably certain that prospecting on an extensive scale on the Comstock will before long be abandoned, and no mining done beyond taking out the ore that is in sight.

Mr. L. C. Brooks, engineer in charge of the surveys for the proposed canal to Salt Wells Valley, has returned from San Francisco to Lone Pine, accompanied by his family. It is proposed to begin work immediately enlarging the Stevens canal and continue it southward as a part of the canal to Salt Wells. The parties connected with this work are very earnest in their assertions that it will go on and be pushed to a completion as rapidly as possible.

Plenty of Water.

Men who are very familiar with the Sierra Nevada mountains say there is enough snow stored in the canyons from last winter to supply an abundance of water for Owens Valley for two or three years to come, if there should be that many winters of light snow fall in succession. It is asserted very confidently that all the streams flowing into the Valley will be quite as high as last summer. For many years past Owens river and its tributaries have not been so high at this season as they are now and have been for months past.

Bogus "Indian Outrages."

The *Examiner* of last Sunday has a tale of cruelty and outrage perpetrated by Indians in Inyo county. A long article tells how the Piutes started from Walker Lake, went into Esmeralda county, Nevada, plundering as they went, and then "at sunrise the hostiles moved onward into California, where just over the boundary lay the Sylvania mine. The Superintendent of this mine is named Starrett, and for some time the Piutes have quarrelled with him over the question of certain blue checks that he offered them in payment for their services. These checks, it seems, have to come to San Francisco where they are cashed by Messrs. Turner & Sanborn, the mine agents in this city. Among the Shoshones were two individuals, Ross Edwards, a "squaw man," and Longstreet, a half-breed Apache. These elegant cut-throats had for some time taken decided exception to the method of business pursued by Mr. Starrett. They resented his not having silver dollars on tap whenever they called and resolved to teach him a lesson in finance. A committee was formed, led by Messrs. Edwards and Longstreet, to administer Indian justice to Superintendent Starrett. The committee stole up to his cabin, which lies within the California border, and abducted him. They cut rods and beat his naked body unmercifully, compelling him at last to go to his cabin and sign checks for an extravagant amount. Then borrowing all the whiskey he had they joined their comrades and held a ghost dance." So far as Indians are concerned this is all fiction. R. D. Elwards is a white man who worked at Sylvania. He claimed that $135 was due him, and compelled Mr. Starrett to make and sign a check for that amount. Mr. Starrett came to Independence, presented a complaint against Elwards, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. The constable made return that Elwards was out of the State. No Indians molested Mr. Starrett; he was not abducted nor beaten with rods or anything else by them.

Wished He Had Missed.

One of our vaqueros is very expert with a lasso and correspondingly proud of his skill. On a late occasion he was riding about two miles from home; he came suddenly upon a a wild cat, and the ready lasso was out and swinging in an instant. The loop was thrown with unerring skill and dropped over the head of the cat. The well trained horse, in his way as skillful as his rider, bounded forward, the rope fell, and the cat was caught. He stayed caught. The instant the rope tightened the cat made a spring for the horse, and caught on behind the rider. Then the fur began to fly. The vaquero leaned as far forward as he could. No need to put spurs to the horse—the cat was doing that. With a wild rush man, horse and cat dashed into the farm yard, the vaquero threw himself to the ground, and the men who had run into the yard on seeing the rush of the wild huntsman, killed the cat. That vaquero will never again lasso a wild cat.

A Bakersfield Tragedy.

Last Sunday morning a man and woman arrived at Swearingen's hotel, Bakersfield, and registered as Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, El Paso, Texas. They walked about the town during the day and after supper went to their room. Very soon after two pistol shots were heard in the room and when some persons entered there they found that the man and woman had both been shot in the head. The woman died immediately and the man lingered in life for some time, but his brains were oozing out and it was seen that his death was certain. No clue had been found to their identity at last reports.

Seeing Is Believing.

An exchange is asked by the Big Pine *Courier*. It is gladly granted. The *Courier* is issued by an enterprising merchant, Mr. A. K. Eagley, who will be glad to welcome all visitors to his publication office. If he should not show much in the way of a printing plant, he will show a large and well selected stock of goods among which every one will be sure to find something they need or that will interest them.

Installation.

Last evening the officers of the Odd Fellows Lodge at Independence were installed by District Deputy J. R. Eldred, as follows: Walter James Jr., N. G.; George H. Lewis, V. G.; J. D. Blair, Sec.; A. Stecker, Treas.; John Alexander, Conductor; J. E. Shepherd, R. S. N. G.; J. W. Murphy, L. G.

OFFICIAL.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of ditch, near Independence, Inyo county.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the the following described stock, on account of assessment No. 6, levied on the 29th day of Nov., 1890, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. Cert.	No. Sh's.	Am't
W. H. Huff.....	1	12	$ 2 40
" "	7	3	60
F. E. Russell.....	2	32	6 40
" "	19	110	22 00
John Reynolds.....	3	40	8 00
L. Baxter	5	10	2 00
H. J. Robinson.....	10	250	50 00
J. V. Skinner.....	21	50	10 00
" "	22	50	10 00
" "	23	50	10 00
" "	24	50	10 00
" "	25	50	10 00
" "	28	50	10 00
" "	29	50	10 10
W. H. Jenkins	30	100	20 00
" "	31	100	20 00
" "	33	100	20 00
" "	36	64	12 80
John Davies	40	60	12 00
W. S. Bros.....	47	100	20 00
" "	48	400	80 00
W. J. Jenkins.....	55	100	20 00
" "	56	100	20 00
" "	57	100	20 00
E. Robinson.....	58	75	15 00
" "	59	125	25 00
Maggie J. Skinner	62	50	10 00
" " "	63	50	10 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 29th day of Nov., 1890, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Stevens Ditch Company, Independence, California, on Saturday, the 7th day of February, 1891, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE
Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE STEWART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,

WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

Notice of Forfeiture.

TO H. P. LIVINGSTON, OR WHOEVER at present may represent his interest in the Caldera Mine, and Peter Meyer: You are hereby notified that I have expended One hundred [$100] dollars in labor and improvements upon the Caldera Lode, situated in Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county, California, as will appear by certificate filed in the office of the Recorder of said district for the year 1890, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2,324, Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31, 1890, and if within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under the provisions of said Section 2,324.

O. G. FUENTES.

Dated Cerro Gordo, January 2, 1890.

ORDINANCE No. 32

THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF THE County of Inyo, State of California, do ordain as follows:

SECTION 1. The regular meetings of the Board of Supervisors of Inyo County, State of California, must and shall be held at the Town of Independence, in the County and State aforesaid, being the County Seat of said County on the first Monday of February, May, August and November of each year, and must continue from time to time until all the business before the said Board is disposed of. Such other meetings must be held as are otherwise provided by law.

SECTION 2. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force on and after fifteen (15) days from its passage, and Ordinance No. 31 of said Board of Supervisors together with all ordinances or parts of ordinances in conflict herewith, are each and all of them hereby repealed.

SECTION 3. This ordinance shall be published in the INYO INDEPENDENT, a newspaper published in said Inyo County, at least two weeks, said publication to be made for said time and before the expiration of said fifteen days.

This ordinance was passed by the Board of Supervisors of said Inyo County, state aforesaid, at a regular meeting of said Board, held on January 5th, 1891, by the following vote: AYES—J. J. Stewart, Seth G. Sneden, R. Love and J. B. Steward.

Supervisor Eddy not being present.

(SEAL) Attest: JOHN N. YANDELL, Clerk of said Board of Supervisors.

By ALEXANDER CLARK Deputy Clerk.

J. J. STEWART,
Chairman.
SETH G. SNEDEN,
ROBERT LOVE,
J. B. STEWARD.

[ENDORSED.]

ORDINANCE NO. 32.

Filed and recorded January 5th, 1891, in Ordinance Book "B" on page 71 et seq.

JOHN N. YANDELL, Clerk.
by ALEXANDER CLARK, Deputy Clerk.

Proposals for Care of Indigent Sick of Inyo County.

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Inyo county, at the office of the County Clerk until 10 o'clock A.M. on Wednesday, Feb 4 1891 to contract for the care of said indigent sick for the term of one year from May 10th 1891 to May 10th, 1892, said bids to designate the amount for which parties contracting will care for said indigent sick on the basis of an average of four patients per day throughout the year, and to include all medicine, nursing, board, lodging and washing. Said bids to include the burial and funeral expenses of any indigent sick person or persons who may die while under such care.

Said contractor to care for all the indigent sick properly admitted to the contractor's care. And said bids to designate the price per head at which all excess of patients over the average of four each day throughout the year will be cared for, said excess to be paid for by extra allowance on presentation of bills duly sworn to, at the regular meeting of said Board immediately after said contract has expired. The average four per day to be paid for at the regular meetings of the Board on presentation of bills duly verified. All payments to be made by warrants drawn upon the Hospital Fund of said county.

The person or persons to whom said contract shall be awarded shall give a good and sufficient bond in double the sum of the contract price, for the faithful performance of said contract.

The care and management of said indigent sick by such contractor shall be at all times subject to the inspection of said Board of Supervisors, or any member thereof, or any person appointed by the Board for such purpose.

Said proposals must be endorsed, "Proposals for Care of Indigent Sick," and the same will be opened between the hours of ten o'clock and twelve o'clock A. M., on the 4th day of Feb. 1891, and the Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. JOHN N. YANDELL, Clerk.

LONE PINE
Blacksmith Shop.

R. C. Spear, Prop'r

—ALL WORK ON—
MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS
—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—
HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING

All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

IRWINS' SALOON
Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept12 tf

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

One of the BEST Tailoring establishments in the world, has sent us a fine assortment of goods, unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE, to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to our concern make sure of the chance. All we have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and the ones around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

about the fifth part of its bulk. It is a grand, dead to rights concern, and pleasant to deal with. We will show you how you can make from $12 to $24 a day at least, from the start, without experience, before we call on you. We pay all expenses of charges. Address, T. HALLETT & CO., BOX 1820, PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best.

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
dependence, Cal.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

ED WARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAI

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

THE BEST VALUE
LEVI STRAUSS & CO'S
Celebrated Copper Riveted
OVERALLS AND SPRING BOTTOM PANTS
ENJOY A NATIONAL REPUTATION.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT OUR TRADE MARK.

BEST SEWING! BEST FINISH! BEST FIT!
BEST MATERIALS!

The only kind made by White Labor.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,

Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal.
P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

GIVEN & INGALLS.

—DEALERS IN—

FARM PRODUCE.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.
Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points

Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,
Watchmaker & Jeweler.
BISHOP, CAL.

Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.

I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.

Deputy County Clerk.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p. m.	5:10 p. m
Dayton	12.00 p. m.	5:40 p. m.
Wabuska	2.05 p. m.	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9 55 a. m.
Soda Springs.....	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7.20 a. m.
	No. 3.	No. 4.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Belleville.....	8 20 a. m	5:25 p m.
Benton	11.40 a. m.	1:35 a m.
Bishop Creek	2 00p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord.....	2 45 p. m.	10 00 a. m
Independence.....	4 20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar. 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (37 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOL
CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL,

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

There are some patent medicines that are more marvellous than a dozen doctors' prescriptions, but they're not those that profess to cure *everything*.

Everybody, now and then, feels "run down," "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of a patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten.

We put in our claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

We claim it to be an unequaled remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver. We claim it to be lasting in its effects, creating an appetite, purifying the blood, and preventing Bilious, Typhoid and Malarial fevers *if taken in time*. The time to take it is when you first feel the signs of *weariness* and *weakness*. The time to take it, on general principles, is NOW.

Women in the Case—He—That man yonder was once the wealthiest man in the Mormon Church. She—What broke him? He—Sudden change in the fashions.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours Truly,
L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

He (who has just been accepted)—Do you believe in long engagements? Chicago Widow—No, I prefer short ones, and—(thoughtfully)—plenty of them.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pains or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

"Hooray!" screamed the young turkey, "Thanksgiving day is gone and I'm still here." "Shut up," said the old gobler; "you evidently never heard of Christmas."

Beware of imitations of the genuine Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

THAT'S IT.

St. Jacobs Oil The Great Remedy CURES RHEUMATISM.

18 Hill Street, San Francisco, Cal., April 23, 1890.

"Having been sorely afflicted with rheumatism, my mother and daughter with sore throat, we have, by the use of St Jacobs Oil, been cured."
LOUIS IMHAUS.

—FOR—
PAIN,

CURES NEURALGIA.

Ellenville, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1890.

"I suffered with neuralgia, bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and soon recovered. I treated a sprained ankle with same results."
THOS. M. VAN GORDER.

CURES SCIATICA.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19, 1889.

I suffered a long time with sciatic pains in the hips; found no relief till I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured me.
CHAS. A. FULDA.

ALSO CURES
Promptly and Permanently
LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.
Send for illustrated Catalogue, free. A. J. Tower, Boston.

If you have a
COLD or COUGH,
acute or leading to
CONSUMPTION,
SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA
IS SURE CURE FOR IT.

This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the *Hypophosphites* and fine *Norwegian Cod Liver Oil*, Used by physicians all the world over. It is *as palatable as milk*. Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of *Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis,*
CONSUMPTION,
Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy. SMITH'S
BILE BEANS
Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.
KISSING at 7, 17, 70; Photo-gravure, panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).
J. F. SMITH & CO.,
Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.

USE NEW WELLINGTON COAL.

S. F. N. U. No. 443. New Series No. 50

THE IMMORTAL DAYS.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years;
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
Silent and veiled by the outer gate.
—Henry Barton.

ZATHOE.

It's a gay, spirited sort of a name, and suggests dancing black eyes, sun burnt cheeks, jetty curls, cherry lips and brown, unjeweled fingers.

Well, my old housekeeper's granddaughter, pretty Zathoe Lynn, possessed them all.

And she was 17 that summer, I 21. For two months and a single day I had been the envied possessor of "Hazelcroft." She had grown up with the other wild flowers on the place, herself the wildest flower of them all.

One remembered August morning she stole into the library with a glorious bunch of water lilies.

"They're for you, Mr. Rupert," she said, offering them slyly.

I patted the shapely brown hand extended.

"Thanks, little Zathoe. They are a pretty parting gift."

Her black eyes were fixed upon the carpet.

"You are going away, then?"

"Yes, to Europe."

"But you will come back?"

"Not for three long years, at least. I must see the world, Zathoe. And now, good-by! I shall not see you again before starting."

She looked up then, her eyes seeming two coals of living fire. I wondered why I had never noticed how beautiful they were.

"You'll be married and settled long before I return," I added, teasingly.

She gently laid the lilies down.

"Good-by, Mr. Rupert. I shall not forget you!"

And in another instant she had escaped from the room like a frightened bird.

My resolve to travel had been a sudden one, but by 11 o'clock I was ready to go. The day was perfect, so I decided to walk across the fields to Hazelcroft station. The distance was scarcely a mile. When just half way, and passing through a narrow lane, I suddenly heard a moan. Then came some unexpected, impassioned words.

"Oh, Mr. Rupert! My dear Mr. Rupert! I'll never see him again!"

I looked around, but there was no one in sight. Then I glanced over the low hedge. There, on the ground, with her head pillowed on a mossy stump, lay little Zathoe Lynn.

I was at her side in a moment, but so intense was her grief, she had not heard my approach.

Then I kneit down and spoke her name.

She sprang up in bewilderment, but I drew her to me.

"You are sorry that I am going, Zathoe?"

"Yes."

There was a world of sorrow in the outspoken word.

I took her tear stained face between my hands.

"Zathoe Lynn, look at me; it is true—can you care for me?"

She struggled from my grasp. "I hate myself! Oh, Mr. Rupert! I never meant that you should know!"

"But I am glad, very glad," I answered, kindly. "It is sweet to know that you will miss me when far away. I am, as you have heard, an orphan. All my life, until now, I have been unloved. I have never even had a sweetheart. You shall be my first and only one."

She crept back to my arms with the confidence of a child, and I smoothed her damp curls and kissed her red lips. How pretty and innocent she was!

"Zathoe," I whispered, "are you sure that you love me?"

She passionately flung her plump arms around my neck for answer. It was her first pure caress.

Then we sat down on a fallen log together, and I clasped her hot, brown fingers.

"How would you like to attend school during my absence?" I asked presently.

Her tear stained face brightened. "I love books, Mr. Rupert, and I would study hard."

"That is well. Now listen, Zathoe. Three years from this day, if you still love me, you shall be my wife. But the mistress of Hazelcroft must be cultured and refined. Promise that you will try to become all I could desire."

"I promise," she said simply.

"Remember," I added at parting, "you are still as free as the air you breathe. But you will think of me sometimes?"

"Always, Mr Rupert," she corrected.

"Then kiss me good by."

Her trembling lips just touched my cheek. I returned it threefold, and put her from me. Then I hurried away without once looking back. But my love for Zathoe Lynn began that day.

We did not meet again for four long years. But I often heard from my little protege. Her letters fill my desk today, a sweet record of the gradual unfolding of her heart and mind.

Old Mrs. Lynn died soon after my departure, and then, at my earnest request, Zathoe entered a neighboring seminary. Nobly did she keep her promise, graduating with honor at the completion of her three years' course. I would have returned to her then, but she would not permit it.

"Give me another year," she wrote. "I want to be perfect in your sight." And so I yielded.

But she sent me her portrait. Oh, what a face it was! Her dark, rich beauty had grown glorious.

The picture reached me while in London. I walked the streets all that night, for I was too restless to sleep. I wanted to go to her at once. But she said no.

During the last year of waiting I began to think that it was I who would prove the unworthy one. Zathoe would find me wanting. It was indeed a foreshadowing of the bitter truth.

But at length her last loving letter called me home.

I had begged that she would meet me at the Hazelcroft. So with Margaret Lynn, a widowed cousin, she went down and reopened the old house, which had once sheltered us both.

It was dark when I reached it. I half fancied she would be waiting for me at the gate. I forgot that she was no longer the passionate child I had left weeping by the hedge.

The low windows were all open, and I peered into the room. It had but one occupant, a tall, stately woman. She stood by the table, her gaze fixed upon a jar of water lilies.

It was Zathoe Lynn. I entered softly, and stood before her. I could frame but two words.

"My darling!"

She drew back, instinctively. But her lustrous eyes shone like stars.

"You are Rupert Hazelcroft."

I caught her white unjeweled hand. It lay cold and still in my grasp. I would have kissed her brow, her cheeks, her lips, but I dared not.

"Zathoe!" I cried passionately. "Have you no welcome for me?"

Her eyes were reading my face.

"You have changed," she said sadly. "I—was not—prepared for it. But I can say—welcome back to Hazelcroft."

Her courteous words lacked the true loving ring, but I went closer.

"Zathoe, do you remember our parting four years ago? You loved me then—today, I love you. We have both changed."

She trembled at my touch.

"You seem like a stranger!" she exclaimed bitterly.

Then, with something of her old impetuosity, she drew from her bosom a tiny locket. It was one I had sent her soon after leaving Hazelcroft, and it held my picture.

"Look," she continued, a great sob in her voice. "This is the face I have loved so long—that I shall love until I die. Rupert Hazelcroft, you have not brought it back to me!"

"That was an impossibility, Zathoe," I answered, gravely. "I was a boy then; today I am a man. And you're face is changed also, yet I love you the more for it. Zathoe, accept me as I am. But tell me—is my former self my only rival?"

"Yes," she breathed, rather than spoke.

"Then I will win you over again," I said, resolutely. "Zathoe Lynn, you shall yet be my wife. Until then you are free as you have ever been."

She laid her hand in mine, impulsively. It was burning hot. "Rupert Hazelcroft," she cried, "I will not accept the freedom you offer. Your generosity has made me all that I am today. I belong to you alone. I cannot love you now, but that, too, may come in time."

I took from its velvet case a costly diamond ring. "This was to have been the token of our betrothal," I said. "Zathoe, will you wear it for my sake? For the sake of the world hardened man, who would gladly be a boy again if he could."

She looked up tearfully as I placed it on her finger. "I shall wear it always in remembrance of this hour," she murmured.

For moments I restlessly paced the old familiar room. The ocean no longer rolled between, but time had parted us quite effectually. I glanced at Zathoe. How lovely and lovable she seemed. And she was mine—she had said it. The thought was reassuring.

"Sing to me," I begged at last.

Without a word she glided to the open piano, and soon a tender love song filled the room. Her whole soul was in it. She went on from one to another unconsciously. She seemed to have forgotten my presence. The glory of her voice kept me spell bound. When she had finished at last her head drooped upon her hands. I bent over her and reverently kissed her forehead.

She sprang to her feet.

"Forgive me. Music is my meat and drink. I love it next to heaven."

"Then I can only hope for a third place in your affections," I said pointedly.

She did not reply, and we passed out to the veranda, her hand just touching my arm.

The silvery moonlight was over every thing, and Zathoe glanced about her appreciatively. "Hazelcroft is a beautiful place," she said at last. "I have loved it from childhood."

"Then why not become its mistress to-morrow?" I asked eagerly.

But she shook her head. "To-morrow I am going away with Cousin Margaret. Her home is in Boston."

"I will follow you there," I continued boldly. "You shall not escape, Zathoe Lynn. I love you more than life itself! Promise that you will try to love me a little in return?"

"I have begun to try already," she answered, naively.

"Then, at our next meeting, I can hope for a different welcome?"

"Yes."

I drew her beautiful face to mine, and covered it with passionate kisses.

* * * * * * * *

We were married the following winter. For ten happy years Zathoe has been my cherished wife, and I have every reason to believe that she has long loved me, far better than she ever did the boyish face in the locket.—Norristown Herald.

Washing Among the Ainu.

Washing of person and clothing for the sake of cleanliness never seems to be considered of the slightest importance to them. In warm weather the younger people are tempted to cool off a bit by bathing and swimming in the rivers or salt water estuaries near the villages, but during all my experience (and this is fully confirmed by the statements of others who have had longer knowledge of them), I never once saw a man or a woman performing any thing like ablutions in an Ainu village. When brought under civilizing influences, they adapt themselves to their environment, and make very good servants.

An old custom of the people forbids an Ainu woman exposing her person in any way. Some go so far as to say that they must not be unclothed even in private. Consequently the girls whom I saw in bathing wore their cotton gowns cut in the shape of a shift, while the boys were without clothing of any kind, though some of them wore amulets (of Japanese origin) tied around their necks.

I was particularly struck by the shapeliness of the Ainu limbs and extremities. Some of the women had small hands and feet, attached to well turned wrists and ankles, whose symmetry and delicacy of shape dirt could not hide. The color of the skin seems to be darker than that of the Japanese, but just how much of this is due to exposure, and how much to their antipathy to water and utter ignorance of soap, it is impossible to even guess.—J. K. Goodrich in Popular Science Monthly.

Girls and Boys in Persia.

Boys and girls never play together. Even at home the inferiority of the girls is insisted on, just as much by the mother as by the father. The little girls have to invite playmates of their own, but their games are not lively ones. The little girls prefer to sit by themselves, under the shade of mulberry or pomegranate trees in the garden (which generally is laid out in the courtyard surrounded on all sides by houses or high walls), and listen to fairy tales which their mothers and nurses can tell very interestingly indeed. While thus there is not much companionship or love between brothers and sisters, there is no quarreling and no fighting either, between them and the boys, while thinking themselves above the girls, show them many little kindnesses.—Wolf von Schierbrand in Cosmopolitan.

A Dog's Sense of Guilt.

The raid which Larkins' dog made upon our camp was amusing rather than annoying. He was a very friendly and intelligent shepherd dog, probably a collie. Hardly had we sat down to our first lunch in camp before he called on us. But as he was disposed to be too friendly, and to claim too large a share of the lunch, we rather gave him the cold shoulder. He did not come again, but a few evenings afterward, as we sauntered over to the house on some trifling errand, the dog suddenly conceived a bright little project. He seemed to say to himself, on seeing us: "There come both of them now, just as I have been hoping they would; now while they are away I will run quickly over and know what they have got that a dog can eat."

My companion saw the dog get up on our arrival, and go quickly in the direction of our camp, and he said that something in the cur's manner suggested to him the object of his hurried departure. He called my attention to the fact and we hastened back. On cautiously nearing camp the dog was seen amidst the pails in the shallow water of the creek, investigating them. He had uncovered the butter and was about to taste it when we shouted, and he made quick steps for home, with a very "kill sheep" look. When we again met him at the house next day he could not look us in the face, but sneaked off, utterly crestfallen. This was a clear case of reasoning on the part of the dog, and afterward a clear case of the sense of guilt from wrong doing. The dog will probably be a man before any other animal is.—John Burroughs in The Century.

A VAST MILITARY CAMP.

Russia's Standing Army the Largest in Europe—The Reserves.

Russia is a vast military camp, and has been since the war with Turkey; 1,800,000 able bodied men compose the standing army, the largest in Europe, supported at a cost of nearly $300,000,000 a year, while the work in the wheat fields and the gardens is done by women and girls. I saw women carrying hods, digging sewers, ditches, and doing all sorts of manual labor, which in other countries is done only by the strongest men, and when I asked why it was so, was told that all the men were in the army. A few days after I took a trip to Krasnoe Selo, about forty miles from Petersburg, and saw 90,000 idle men in camp.

Until the late war with Turkey, it was the custom to recruit the army in the agricultural district, and in the cities, resorting to conscription only whenever the ranks needed to be filled; but the late czar reorganized the military establishment, and issued a ukase requiring every mail citizen of the empire to serve as a soldier for fifteen years, five years to be spent in actual service, and ten as a member of the militia or imperial reserves. At the age of 18 every young man, therefore must enter the service or furnish a substitute who can be obtained, usually, by the payment of a small bounty to some professional soldier who has served his own time. But whoever offers a substitute must serve in the militia reserves, and is liable to be called into the field at any time. The substitute is merely a hostage, and does not relieve his principal from service if the czar needs his arms. After five years of active service, the young men, well drilled and having a knowledge of military duty, are sent home to serve in the reserves till they are 33 years of age, being called upon each year to spend a few weeks in camp, so as to keep their hands in.—W. E. Curtis.

The Delights of Listening.

A listener and observer! How the import of this attitude comes out in the biographies of the literary men who have been most skillful in making their characters talk naturally, and who were themselves, on fit occasions, fine talkers! What prodigious powers of sitting silent, and simply absorbing, had such delineators of human life as Addison and Moliere. Their own personality was sunk out of sight, as they sat watching, and contemplatively taking in the ideas, humors, follies, virtues of those about them. The whole scene was a school of instruction. They did not want to air themselves, did not want to drive every other man's ideas out of his head and substitute their own. No wonder, then, that so often, at the end of an evening during which they had scarcely opened their mouths, they were pronounced the most agreeable and delightful of men. They were such.

The man or woman is always delightful who is a sympathetic listener. Exchange between mind and mind is not by word of mouth only. A nod, a smile, a spontaneous interjection goes farther than many a set speech. In fact, how can the man who is ever on the stretch to thrust in his own ear fail to destroy all capacity of passive reception in his nature. He inevitably ceases to feel others, ceases—to use an old word—to "sense" others, their ideas, humors, enthusiasms, and becomes not only an egotist and a nuisance, but—what, if he only knew it, would trouble him far more—a man of too blunt perceptions of external objects and personalities ever to make an effective, discriminative, sympathetic talker.—Boston Herald.

Judging a Man's Drinking Habits.

What mother for her daughter's sake, or what maiden for her own sake, would not be glad to know how to judge of a young man's drinking habits at a glance? A barber at the Astor house has developed a skill in phrenology. But this is not all. He has a plan for telling just what sort of liquid refreshment a man is partial to by the fashion in which he wears his hair and whiskers. If a man is clean shaven and his hair rather short in the back, this tonsorial expert declares he is either a very light whisky drinker or does not take any alcoholic stimulant. Those with side whiskers and mustache invariably prefer mixed drinks containing either brandy or whisky. A mustache alone is indicative of a whisky consumer, who takes absinthe in the morning. A man with a full beard, he says, is likely to drink beer, as a rule, and he with chin whiskers generally calls for ale and pepper in the cold weather. Bald headed men are apt to be more temperate than those with a heavy head of hair. He adds, also, that among the professions doctors are more temperate than lawyers, but he declined to venture an opinion as to clergyman or editors. One point, however, he was willing to stake his reputation upon—that the young men of to day consume quite as much "hard liquor" as their elders. Mothers and wives should stick a pin in all this wisdom.—New York Sun.

Tricks of Young Doctors.

"Some of the devices resorted to by young disciples of Æsculapius to give the public a high estimation of the volume and respectability of their practice, are very amusing to those persons who are aware of the real number of calls they have to make." This remark was made by a gentleman who is a close observer and has frequent reason to call at the offices of numerous physicians.

"Tell me some of them."

"Well there is one that is particularly noticeable, and when I tell it to you keep your eyes open and see if I am not correct. Most all physicians have a slate. One of the first things a young physician does is to get a slate. He persuades himself he cannot get along without one so he gets one, and generally a large one. Some of them grow discouraged at the paucity of messages, and fill their own slate, which generally hangs at the front door, with imaginary calls for the 'doctor' to please come in a hurry to see one of his imaginary patients. Others will not go thus far, but will allow every call placed on the slate to remain there until the slate is finally pretty well filled with genuine calls, but some of them very ancient.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tigers in Calcutta's "Zoo."

At the lower end of the esplanade is the zoological garden. It is well kept up and has the finest collection of tigers I ever saw. Two captive man eaters are noble specimens, as far surpassing the beasts of the menagerie as a big tomcat does a sick kitten. One, not long since captured, is said to have eaten 200 natives. He is as perfect in his glossy skin as is possible. I shook my stick at him; he sprang toward me with a roar which caused my heart to pulsate painfully for nearly an hour after. I had often felt desirous of participating in a tiger hunt, but this fierce animal has made me contented with what I may read of such things hereafter. Lord Dufferin told me yesterday that he would give me an open letter which might be useful to us in our tour through the country, provided I would not ask for elephants for a tiger hunt, which was the grand aim of globe trotters. I laughed, and told him of my scare, and that I would not hunt tigers if the elephants were twice as high.—Carter Harrison in Chicago Mail.

His Offense.

West Point Cadet (to young lady)—I am surprised to hear that Corp. Callow has been punished. Did you learn what his offense was, Miss Smith?

Young Lady—I believe, Lieut. Shoulderstrap, that it was conduct unbecoming either an officer or a gentleman, but I have forgotten which.—New York Sun.

How to Keep Cool.

"How cool and comfortable you look, dear," said a mother to her daughter. "Have you been taking a bath?"

"No, mamma," was the reply; "I have been reading a love scene from Howells."—New

DIAMOND PALACE.

We have been informed by Colonel A. Andrews, who has just returned from the East, that his Diamond Palace will be open every evening until further notice. We have examined his magnificent stock of diamonds, watches and jewelry, and must confess that we never saw its equal in any city.

It will certainly pay intending purchasers of goods in his line to go a few blocks out of their way and examine his choice stock before purchasing elsewhere, as they can save at least from 20 to 25 per cent. In the line of diamonds and watches, he has the largest stock of any house in the State, and his prices defy competition. Parties in the interior will do well to send their orders direct to Colonel Andrews, stating the article wanted and the price, and leave the selection to his good taste, judgment and honor, and they may be assured of being justly dealt with. If the goods do not suit, they can be exchanged, or the money refunded. Goods forwarded C. O. D.

The Diamond Palace is situated at 221 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, under the Russ House.

The Exception—She—I love poets. He—I'm delighted to hear that, for I am a poet. She—I didn't know that, but anyway, you will do to prove the rule.

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John I. Wood, of Stratford, Ont., was cured of cramps in the legs by wearing ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Mr. Wood says:

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"But why do you want to marry her?" "Because I love her." "My dear fellow, that's an excuse, not a reason."

SOMETHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The world renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 60 hands in that department. They are running about 11 months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1891 will be more than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, &c., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1891 can be obtained free of cost, from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

"I vote aye with a big E!" exclaimed a rural member of the Ohio Assembly, as he promptly responded to the roll call.

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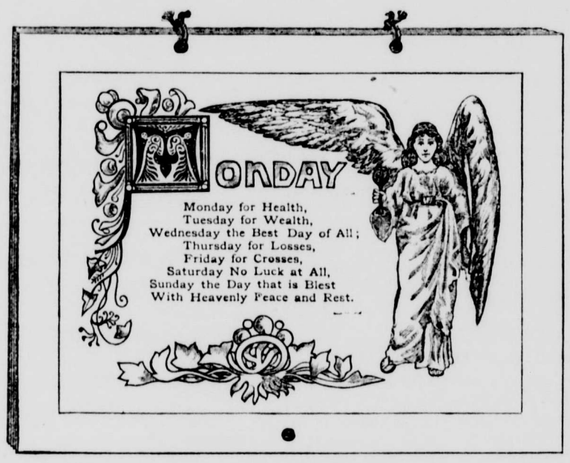
For 1891.



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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

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RIDING ON SNOW SHOES.

Sliding Down a Mountain Pursued by Wolves.

THRILLING ESCAPE OF A HUNTER.

Chased by Wild Beasts he Trusts Himself to the Mountain Side.

Perhaps not many people east of the Rocky mountains have ever traveled on snow shoes. The Norwegian snow shoes or skees, are the ones mostly used here. Going down a decline one goes at such a terrific rate of speed that one has to use a brake—that is, "ride the pole," which is generally a stick some eight feet long, which is held in front in the hands and then sat upon so it will plow in the snow, thus lessening the speed.

On the 17th of February I started from my cabin at the foot of Storm mountain to make a trip to the top to see if the fur bearing animals were still out. It is only about ten miles to the top, and I reckoned that I could easily make there and back in a day. Packing a slight lunch I tied it to my belt and started.

When I had reached the top and looked over I was surprised to find the sun just going down. Darkness falls very sudden in this country after sundown and I concluded to await the rising of the moon, which I knew would rise soon after dark, as it would be dangerous snowshoeing down the mountain side in the dark, for one could not keep the trail and would be liable to rush headlong against a tree or go plunging over a precipice.

Darkness fell as I have never seen it before. Everything was obliterated. I sat on my snow shoes at the head of the trail waiting for the light of the moon. The silence was oppressive. All around me I could see the dim outlines of the snow capped peaks, dark and somber, rearing their heads toward the sky. I must have fallen asleep, but I awoke with a start at the cry of a panther coming from a path of green timber a short distance to the left. This was followed by the cry of a timber wolf, which was answered by another and another, until the hills resounded with their weird howls. Soon gaunt shadows flitted from tree to tree all around me. Then the awful thought burst upon me that I was surrounded by wolves, which at this season of the year are very hungry and fierce.

If I could keep them at bay until the moon rose I was safe, as I could easily keep away from them. As one came close I did a very foolish thing. Pulling my revolver, I shot him through the body. With a fearful yell he started to run, the blood pouring from the wound in a stream. He was pounced upon in a second and torn to pieces by his companions. Crazed by a taste of blood the whole yelping pack charged upon me. It was growing light in the east where the moon would soon rise, but was still too dark to travel with safety; but I tarried not.

Hastily slipping my feet in the leathers of my snow shoes I started down the steep incline as if shot from a catapult. Down, down, down into the darkness I rushed at a headlong rate. A gaunt brute crouching near a tree sprang at my throat, but he had not calculated on my rate of speed and passed harmlessly through the air ten feet behind me. On came the pack, but their cries became fainter and fainter, and I soon began to ride my pole and slacken my rate of speed, as I was passing close to the brink of a precipice and soon had a turn to make, which one cannot easily do with snow shoes twelve feet long. I stopped at the turn to await the rising of the moon, which soon came up, making it as light as day.

I believed that the wolves had left to hunt some slower game, but that delusion soon suffered a rude shock. Soon the yelps commenced with redoubled fury as they scented me, and came closer and closer. I got on my shoes and waited, nothing loath to showing them again how easy it was to give them the slip. On they came, and as they got close I started out once more, but was horrified to find that at this place the decline was not great enough for the shoes to run themselves. I had forgotten until this time about this place. There was a bench about 500 yards long, and from there the trail veered to the right and for half a mile descended very nearly at an angle of 45 degs.; then the angle was not quite so much, but still very steep, down a trail as straight as a string to my cabin, seven miles below.

On came the howling pack, and knowing it was life or death to get to the steep decline before my pursuers I bent every energy to reach it. As I reached the turn I could hear their yelps right behind me, and could even hear their heavy breathing. While I was turning my shoes one big brute in advance of the rest reached me, and with a fearful snarl sprang at my head. I stooped, and as he went over me I straightened myself on my shoes and started down the steep hill. I plunged down with a speed that no steam could give. Trees flew like spectres; looking down the narrow path it seemed like a plunge to destruction.

My pole snapped like a pipe stem under the heavy strain, and I bounded forward with increased speed. The world swam before my eyes; trees reeled back from my course with a horrible nightmare weirdness. I don't exactly remember what the next sensation was, but I tried to peep out from under the brim of my hat, and it was all a blur—trees, rocks, landscape were all blended together in an undistinguishable mass. It seemed an age, but it was in fact but a very few moments until my speed began to decrease. The momentum was speeding me out onto the "mesa" (Indian for valley). I saw my cabin close by, but having no pole I could not stop, so I disengaged my feet from my snowshoes and rolled off into a drift, and let the shoes go on. I found them next day nearly a mile from there.—Steamboat Springs (Colo.) Cor. Inter Ocean.

RURAL REALITIES

As Guy Carleton Found Them too Near New York.

It is now the golden time when the thoughtful man says unto himself, lo, it is hotter than beeswax in town, and I will arise and flee as a bird to the mountains; I will lay me down, languid with a midsummer night's dream, by the bank of the laughing waters, under the trees beloved by the slow stirring wind; I will view the coming of the chariot of day through the gates of pearl garlanded with roses; I will listen to the choir of happy birds, the drone of the wandering bee, the pipe of the nestlings under the eaves, the fiddle of the locust and the deep throated

boom of the bullfrog in his seigy lair; I will watch the storm king build his towers and walls and battlements on high, hurling cloud against cloud and thunderbolt against thunderbolt till his wrath is appeased, and then to me shall be blown the sweetness and the coolness of wet fields, and through the long and languorous purple hour shall come twilight and the peace of him who liveth well; and under the solemn dome of dusk, under the young eyes of the stars, under the broad sheen of the rising moon shall I float down the river of rest to an infinite calm.

This is the city man's dream of a country heaven, but I have not found it.

I found the trees beloved by the slow stirring wind, but I found, too, that a large colony of painful ants had got there before me and was disposed to quarrel with intruders. I have watched the coming of the chariot of day through the gates of pearl, and I noticed the thermometer throw one leg over the eightieth rung, and then reach up and pull himself up to the ninetieth before the chariot had got fairly going. I have learned to love the drone of the wandering bee at immense distances, having discovered that that pampered insect considers it quite a joke to poniard a slumbering stranger without provocation.

I have seen an abundance of fresh vegetables in rural districts and miles of orchard bending under the wealth of pippin and cherry, but the frugal and far seeing farmer had mortgaged the entire lot, and the stranger had to content himself with a snuffle for yellow peas just picked from a Baltimore can.

These things have made me sad. It seems to me the honest granger should have nobler aspirations than to paint his house yellow, his barn blue and his well box green, insert a four line advertisement in the Sunday papers and steer unsuspecting citizens against his corned beef and malaria in the guise of health and economy. It seems to me somewhat unreasonable for a man to seek so far and fare so badly when he could just as well enjoy his flies and skimmed milk, his insomnia and profanity without leaving the city.

But the fact is every man bred in a city considers himself swindled unless he has two weeks of summer on a farm, just as the farmer thinks life not worth living without an annual tour through the joys of the Bowery in winter. It is an outbreak of inward cussedness, like the hives, and every man gets it. The whole pharmacopœia can furnish no remedy, and the only relief is to go and pursue the wayward fancy and come home full of sunburn, colic and repentance.

Go to the country, you toilers seeking for rest, but let it be country indeed, with no mingling of town. Seek your balm from sky and field, from sea and hill, from leaf and blossom and bird, and you will get it for the asking. Let the sun brown the cheek and hands of your daughters. Let your boys scurry through the tangle of woods, wild as the chipmunk they chase. Get as far as steam can carry you from the city and its worry, from the crowd and its tiresome agency; be a child of nature, a worshiper of laziness and sunshine—there is the sovereign healing you seek, and you will seek it in the gatherings of fashion in vain.—N. Y. World.

Very Sociable.

"The people of New York are not very sociable, are they?" said a western man, addressing an acquaintance who lived in the east.

"Well, I don't know but they are, although they may be a little peculiar in that respect. For several years I had my office in a very large building on Broadway. One day a fellow came in and asked if my name was J. W. McFiddleton. I told him it was, and then, after a few moments' silence, he said: 'My office is just across the hall, and ever since I saw your sign several years ago I have been intending to drop in and see you. I am your brother, you know, and—well, how are you getting along, anyway?' Yes," continued the eastern man, "they are a trifle peculiar, but after you get in with them you find them very sociable."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Goodby, Goosy.

"Little do you know how we bartenders are imposed upon. Woe is our lot. Today a six footer entered our saloon and called for brandy. He imbibed a large quaff.

"'Has Goosy been in?' he asked.

"'Who-o Goosy?' said I.

"'Goosy walks like this.'

"The six-footer drooped on his haunches, spread his legs apart like a painfully bandy-legged being and waddled towards the door. Suddenly straightening himself out, he howled at me 'Goodby, Goosy,' and fled a mile up the street before I found time to run from behind the bar."—Philadelphia News.

Dangers of Education.

Hotel Guest—I don't believe in this modern custom of tipping. I want you to understand that.

Waiter—I's been to school, sah, an' I happen to know there ain't nothin' modern about it, sah. The custom is as old as civilization, sah.

"Oh, come now."

"Fac', sah. I learned in history, sah, that one time a rich man like you named Caligula went somewhere to supper an' it cost him $400,000 before he got through, sah. By the way, sah, all the things you ordered is out, sah."—Omaha World.

In Need of a Prefix.

"Hello, old boy! Heard you're going to be married—and a fine girl, too, eh?"

"Well, yes, she has a very comely figure."

"Oh, but that's aside from the question. How about the incomely figure?"—Detroit Free Press.

Signs of Summer Flights.

First Beer Garden Waiter—Mrs. De Goode is off for the summer again.

Second Waiter—How do you know anything about that fine lady's movements?

"Mr. De Goode has just come in."—Omaha World.

GROWTH OF CREMATION.

Efforts Made to Render it Easy and Practical.

OVERCROWDED CEMETERIES OF PARIS.

Attempted Solution of an Unexpected Problem—Where it Rests.

Cremation in France is attended with difficulties. Technical questions have arisen and the laws regulating freedom of burial have caused unpleasant delays. Still, the crowded condition of the Paris cemeteries, where the dead are crammed into narrow mausolea and piled in an indiscriminate way on top of one another renders a solution of some kind imperative. When the cemeteries of Pere la Chaise and Montmartre were established they were on hillsides that were at some distance in the country. Now, though they are not in the heart of the city, they are far within the city limits and have a dense population on all sides of them. No city in the world feels more imperatively the need of regulating the important question of burials in a manner that, while it shall respect the prejudices in favor of the dead, shall at the same time sufficiently protect the interests of the living. The establishment of a new cemetery on a grander scale at Mery sur Oise, a few miles from Paris, has been in contemplation since 1879, and as the project approaches solution the question of cremation is again being earnestly discussed.

In 1879 and again 1880 cremation was by city ordinance made optional for the friends of the deceased, but the keeper of the seals found legal objections in the civil and penal code. Pending the settlement of the doubtful points involved a society to promote the cremation was formed, of which Gambetta was a profoundly convinced and exceedingly active member. A new law regulating freedom of burial was passed, and a crematory, or crematory chapel, was erected in the least used part of Pere la Chaise, which is a conspicuous object in the scenery if nothing else. The law has not accomplished all that its projectors desired, and various unexpected difficulties have arisen, which have strengthened the hands of the enemies of cremation.

At Milan, Lodi, Cremona and other cities in the north of Italy, at Zurich and in Germany, cremation is effected in two hours. This is of itself considered a sufficient objection in Paris, since the long waiting, even in a room set apart for the purpose, would be too painful for relatives and their friends. To make it practical in a populous city, where, if cremation became fashionable, time would be precious, the process should be accomplished in half an hour. It is this shortening of the time that the experts are studying at present. After having made a personal examination of the crematories at Zurich and Milan they concluded that the desired result could only be obtained by raising the temperatures, and that wood should be replaced by illuminating gas mingled with a current of air. Wood only gives a temperature ranging from 900 to 1,000 degs. centigrade, while gas gives from 1,800 to 2,000 degs.

Experiments have been made on the carcasses of sheep at one of the gas manufactories of Paris which, though they have not been entirely satisfactory, have shown that they were tending in the right direction. For instance, it was remarked that when the high temperatures effected incineration in the desired time, it rendered the pulverization of bones more difficult. A curious chemical process takes place. The bones, composed principally of carbonate of lime, acquire almost the hardness of porcelain when brought to a temperature of 1,800 to 2,000 degs. centigrade.

What was to be done in a case like this? The cremator could not evidently give to the weeping relatives a petrified skeleton maintaining approximately the original proportions of the defunct, and incapable of being put into any cinerary urn, instead of the handful of ashes which they wished to be put into a china vase on the parlor mantelpiece. So he set himself to solve this unexpected problem and discovered that if at a given moment, that is after the tissues were perfectly reduced to ashes, the remains were suddenly plunged into water, by a mechanical device easy of fabrication, the petrified bones would at once resolve themselves into fragments of the desired minuteness. The process can be taken with glass which, when heated to a high temperature and plunged suddenly into water, is reduced to a condition of impalpable powder.

This is where the question rests. The experiments have been made under the direction of the Paris municipal authorities, who expect in any arrangements for cremation they may hereafter effect to respect implicity religious prejudices. They desire that the time of the ceremonial shall be as brief as possible. The body brought to them for incineration will not be removed from the coffin, but reduced to dust with the wood, clothing, ornaments and jewels, all of which will be returned in a condition of fine powder. This will be done when, as expected, the crematory at Pere la Chaise is in working order. There are four "ovens," as they are technically called by the French, and, as the demands for cremation are numerous, it is expected that they will all be kept busy when physical and legal difficulties are removed, which it is hoped will be soon. It is not only the good French who will be cremated, but foreigners who may wish to give their burial ceremonial a sort of eclat. A Belgian some time ago sent money to pay for his cremation at Pere la Chaise. In due time he died, and the crematory not being in working order, he was buried at Brussels with the understanding that his remains will be taken to Paris for cremation as soon as everything is ready.

The efforts of the French to render cremation easy and practical naturally interest those Americans who have sought to introduce this method of burial. Where not a dozen persons are cremated in a year in a population of 60,000,000, the time occupied is of comparatively little consequence. But should cremation become fashionable art and science will have to be called on to render the process not only inoffensive to the finest sensibility, but even æsthetic.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Will you smile if I say that I believe the study of science will help make a child truthful? The habit of lying usually begins in an unchecked course of exaggeration—the result of an over vivid imagination. In science there is legitimate use for even the boldest imagination, but always, at every step, the most careful distinction between fact and fancy, and a niceness of discrimination in shades of meaning entirely unknown in the other fields of study.—Frances Fisher Wood.

The Musical Sense in Animals.

The higher animals can also enjoy themselves, as my house cat shows, when she comes at the playing of the piano to sit by the player, and sometimes jumps into her lap or on the key board of the instrument. I know of a dog, too, in a family in Berlin, which comes in in like manner when there is music, often from distant rooms, opening the door with his paw. I knew of another dog, usually thoroughly domestic, which occasionally played the vagabond for love of music. Whenever the semi-annual mass was celebrated in the city he could not be kept at the house. As soon as the so called Bergknappen, who were accustomed to play at this time in the streets, appeared he would run away and follow them from morning till evening.

Evidently neither cats nor dogs, nor other animals that listen to human music, were constituted for the appreciation of it, for it is not of the slightest use to them in the struggle for existence. Moreover, they and their organs of hearing were much older than man and his music. Their power of appreciating music is therefore an uncontemplated side faculty of a hearing apparatus which has become on other grounds what we find it to be. So it is, I believe, with man. He has not acquired his musical hearing as such, but has received a highly developed organ of hearing by a process of selection, because it was necessary to him in the selective process, and this organ of hearing happens also to be adapted to listening to music.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Cat Flirtation.

We see a cat come stealthily rubbing up against a chair leg, the head inclined coquettishly over one shoulder, regarding us with a furtively coaxing smile. With a flirt like that, whether maid or matron, there is no occasion for ceremony. You snatch her up and on your knee; she pretends to be offended and to struggle to escape. But she curls herself up with a sensuous purr when you begin tickling the fur that lies just behind the ear, and thenceforth it is all plain sailing. It is very different with a corpulent and sturdy Tom, who, though he may have luxuriated in comfortable quarters all his life, has, nevertheless, had his sad experiences, and seen something of the worst side of human nature.

Mischievous boys have heaved half bricks at him, ill bred and unsympathetic servants have resented his patrician manners, expelling him with ignominy from the lower regions, and sometimes punching his head. Even his master, who is the reverse of a passo maniac, may never have appreciated him according to his merits. No wonder that a cat of that stamp should be slightly misanthropic and suspicious. Naturally he mistrusts a stranger's advances, but, nevertheless, there is something in your voice which sends a quiver through his ears and makes him visibly relax the rigidity of his tail.—Saturday Review.

The Sense of Smell.

Smell is the most acute by far of the five human senses. Take an ounce of musk—most powerful of scents—and leave it where the atmosphere is still, open on a table, for a year. At the end of that time, having for full twelve months rendered odorous the whole air in its neighborhood, the most delicate scales cannot detect that it has lost a particle in weight. Yet the smell has been infinitely distributed, microscopic portions of the musk floating off and exciting impressions upon the nerve papillæ under the delicate lining of the nasal passages; for this is what smell means. The sense has grown almost rudimentary in human beings through want of necessity for its use under civilized conditions, but it is highly probable that the cave men had it quite as well developed as the sharpest nosed beasts.—New York Telegram.

The Price of His Handwriting.

One of the wittiest and most popular of American writers tells of his elation in the budding days of his authorship when he saw his name in a long list of "Autographs of distinguished men for sale" displayed in a shop window. Entering with an air of indifference, he asked, "How do you sell Blank's autographs?" naming himself.

"Two for three cents, sir," was the prompt reply.

"I left the shop," he says, "a sadder and wiser man. If they had said 'a cent apiece' I could have borne it. But 'two for three,' like a rotten banana! From that hour I adjured popular applause.'—Youth's Companion.

New York "Groceresses."

The groceresses of New York, to coin a feminine term, number 320. Nearly all are widows. Mrs. Catherine Egbert, of No. 647 Washington street, the wife of a skilled mechanic, preferring to be independent, conducts a retail grocery business by herself, and is proud and happy in the success she is making of it. More sweet things are done by this pretty, gray eyed, raven haired merchant than the world will ever know. Her ledger is black with bills that she has no expectation of collecting, but that does not harden her in the least, and no woman or child is ever denied the credit asked at her counter.—New York World.

Descendants of Great Men.

It is a singular fact that great men seldom leave direct descendants. Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, all prove this rule. Shakespeare left only two daughters, whose children died without issue. Probably the nearest relative to the great poet now living is one Thomas Hart, a resident of Australia, who is said to be the eighth in descent from Shakespeare's sister Joan. Walter Scott's line ended with the second or third generation.

A Negro's Monster Head.

Abner Dorsett, a negro living in Hickory Mountain Township, North Carolina, has the largest head of any person in the United States so far as heard from. It is thirty-two inches in diameter, and gives Abner a decided "top heavy" appearance.—St. Louis Republic.

HOME EDUCATION.

Play Should be a Part of the Household System.

DAMAGE DONE IN THE SCHOOL ROOM.

Hereafter Education Will Mean Culture of the Whole Body.

Children should not be compelled to take to the streets for sport. It should be a part of the household system to afford play, and to do it as surely and systematically as books and food. We have a good deal yet to learn about play. We should have our hours for sport and relaxation when the whole household join in games. As home education increases, and it must increase, these hours will be doubly necessary. I would not allow a child to study or read over an hour consecutively. Then let him play and exercise his body one hour. At what age should we cease to play? If fools, we may stop early in life. Only wise people never cease to love and enjoy games.

But the play room is not all. This is the age of manual culture. The grandest of innovations has occurred. Hereafter education will mean the culture of the whole body—handcraft as well as headcraft. It follows that each house that is intended for a home should have its provision for the education of the hand—a workshop, a tool room for every member of the family to find his chosen occupation. If necessary, a separate building should adjoin the house. Where there are five children there may be five separate occupations chosen. One of mine prefers carpenters' tools and engineering, another printers', and a third cares mainly for horticulture.

OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM FAULTY.

I am now advocating such household appurtenances purely on the score of health. Our school system is a blunder. No child should study from 9 till 12, and especially in rooms where they must sit. A child at study should, much of his time, be on his feet, or reclining if he chooses, and changing about. When you add the books taken home for evening study, you have shown up our common method, whereby, to perfection, we destroy the health, vigor, beauty and character of our children. Every one is damaged, and the majority are spoiled. I insist upon play as a duty, as a part of life, as in fact itself a part of study. A teacher of play would be far more sensible than the piano at $2 to $4 a lesson.

How about dancing? As a matter of health it is generally of no advantage whatever. It is no sooner acquired than night is turned into day, and then the play is carried to such extremes as to be disastrous. I have watched this matter from a physician's standpoint, and object totally to three or four hours and especially to six or eight, devoted to hilarious dancing, and those hours the ones that nature devotes to sleep. There is another point I cannot overlook. It is the close contact of bodies in round dances—a contact unwholesome, purely from a physical point of view. The moral effect others may discuss, but I object to any delicate person being borne so closely into the atmosphere of grosser, coarser ones. The physical effect is not likely to be understood, but it is seriously evil. I do not, therefore, care for dancing, unless conducted as a part of home sport, as it is not likely to be.

A GOOD MORAL ATMOSPHERE.

It is, however, folly to talk of a healthy home that is not charged with a good moral atmosphere. I assure you the moral atmosphere is as real and tangible and efficient as the physical, and those who refuse or neglect to consider it will suffer accordingly. It is impossible for us to have about us, in close intimacy, those of gross temperament and physical sensuality, and not feel the effect on our bodies as well as on our minds. This holds good, of course, of our own relation to ourselves. If we do not sustain a spirit of self-control and manly aspiration in our souls, our bodies are diseased as a consequence. One-half of all disease is the result of unsanitary mental conditions. Uniform honor, good faith, manhood, temperate desire, kindness, will have a powerful effect in sustaining vigorous physical health.

I have a brother physician who insists that if all people would keep in the best of humor for one hour before eating, during meals and for one hour after, they would never be troubled with any disorders of digestion, or with headaches. He is a trifle crochety, but he is not far from right in his valuation of good temper as a foe to dyspepsia. At meal time it is peculiarly important that all should be decorous and kindly. The fashion of haste and fret at our meals is an indication of nervous irritation, and affects digestion directly. But in all other ways a house should be delivered from the destructive influence of immoral or unmoral habits. An habitual scold is not only a disagreeable termagant, but a destroyer of the physical health of her children. The effect on moral character is tallied by the effect on the features of the young. I have supposed some to be more sensitive to moral atmosphere than others, but on larger experience I am satisfied that all are influenced in this way, and to their serious detriment. The art of building a healthy home is dependent upon the art of being ourselves pure hearted and honorable, generous, just and adaptable.—M. Maurice, M. D., in Globe-Democrat.

An Observant Citizen's Calculation.

An observant citizen makes the following calculation, which is given for what it is worth. Out of every ten average American men, one will take the wrong side of the walk, two will stand in the door of a car if there is no seat, three will sport a toothpick in their mouths in public, four will expectorate in public places, five will carry an umbrella horizontally under their arm in the street, six will cross their legs in a car, seven will fail to remove their hats in a down town elevator when a lady enters, eight will forget to shut a car door when they go in or out, nine will risk their lives to catch a train when they could just as well wait for the next one, and the whole ten will growl all their lives at public nuisances without doing anything to abate them.—New York Tribune.

"Do you know what makes May such an unhealthy month in Atlanta?" asked a citizen. "Why it is all on account of these abominable ailanthus trees. In 1878 there was an ordinance to have them all cut down and allow no more to be planted, but still they flourish and bring sickness and death. May is their full blooming time, and consequently everybody is sick during that month. The flower is rank poison to children and adults having any kind of membranous trouble."—Atlanta Constitution.

Brain Workers and Rest.

Some brain workers toil on year after year, contenting themselves with the relaxation of a day or two now and then. They have no real vacations, and the brief intervals that they are away from their duties do them but little good, not being long enough for them to forget their work and vexations and get out of the groove they have been running in. There comes at last to these men a time when memory weakens, when it is hard for them to fix the mind upon one subject, and their work seems to grow more and more irksome, and in conversation there is a slight tendency to incoherence. It is rather difficult for them at times to express themselves clearly; the suitable words do not come to them as readily as they once did.

When conversing they start in well, but after a short time their ideas are somewhat confused, and they are obliged to make considerable effort to keep their attention fixed upon the subject they are discussing. In writing there is a hesitancy, especially on long words or sentences. They are obliged to stop and think, seeming to drop the thread that they have been holding. These are signs of mental failure, which must not be disregarded. In this condition of brain exhaustion, not only are the reasoning faculties sluggish, but unusual effort is required from the weakened will to keep the attention fixed. Good mental work is then accomplished only at the expense of the brain, which is still further weakened by every intense effort.

The time has now come when mental rest is imperative, and it should be as complete as possible. A long vacation should be taken; short rests are not likely to do any good. A sea voyage promises the greatest good to the weakening brain worker. On shipboard he seems to drop almost entirely out of his old life. His vacation should not be of less than a month's duration, and it ought to run on for several months. Failing to take the needed rest, insanity is very likely to be the penalty.—Boston Herald.

The Toad and the Duke of Wellington.

Short Cuts has unearthed a peculiarly delightful letter of the Duke of Wellington's, which runs as follows: "Strathfieldsaye, July 27, 1837.—Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington is happy to inform William Harries that his toad is alive and well." During one of his country walks the duke found a little boy lying on the ground bending his head over a tame toad and crying as if his heart would break. On being asked what was the matter the child explained that he was crying "for his poor toad." He brought it something to eat every morning, but he was now to be sent away to school a long distance off, and he was afraid that nobody else would give it anything to eat and that it would die.

The duke, however, consoled him by saying that he would himself see the toad well fed, and by further promising to let the boy hear as to its welfare. During the time the boy was away at school he received no less than five autograph letters similar to that given above, and when he returned for the Christmas holidays the toad was still alive to gladden his heart. The story is even more delightful than that of the duke's indignation when he found that a party of children at Strathfieldsaye—among whom, we believe, was the present prime minister—were having their tea without jam. The incident roused him to immediate action, and he at once rang the bell and issued a general order that "children's tea" was never to be served in his house with such "maimed rights."—Spectator.

A Shoe Blacking Syndicate.

The syndicate shoe blacking on the Pennsylvania ferryboats is not a success. The company receives $2,000 for the privilege from the padrone who employs the boys who nominally polish passengers' boots. The padrone is a regular slave driver, and the boys in order to satisfy his demands try to polish three pairs of boots on one passage. They are not able, in the time occupied by the ferryboat in crossing, to give more than a few daubs of blacking and a hurried brushing, and by the time the passenger gets to Broadway his boots are dull and dirty.

The boys are also very persistent, filling the cabins with their calls until they have become a regular nuisance. It was a sorry day for the railroad's reputation when it sold this privilege to the Italians. Meanwhile the padrone is clearing about $3 a day out of every boy. He gives them $1 a week and keeps two on each boat. It is estimated that the padrone makes $10,000 per annum on the Pennsylvania boats alone, besides large sums on the Staten Island boats and the other North river ferryboats.—New York Gor. Philadelphia Bulletin.

Reveling in Fiction.

"I am literally wallowing in fiction just now," said a young Chestnut street merchant. "My family are out of town and I am taking advantage of the opportunity to read up the standards. Let me see what I have on hand at present, for the tables, chairs and even the floor of my sitting room are absolutely flooded with the works of the great novelists. I have all Dickens' novels, all Sir Walter Scott's, all Charles Reade's, all Thackeray's, some of Lever's, some of Cooper's, some of Clark Russell's, all of Rider Haggard's, and—well, others too numerous to mention. All my copies are, however, what are known as 'cheap libraries', and I picked them up still cheaper at second hand. I don't think the whole lot cost me quite $5, so I shall get my acquaintance with the standards at a wonderful bargain. There's no excuse for a live American not being well up in the great romancers, believe me!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Too Matter of Fact.

Mrs. Malaprop—What's the matter with your husband?

Mrs. Brown—I guess he got out on the wrong side of the bed this morning.

Mrs. Malaprop—Why don't you stop that by putting the bed against the wall?—Epoch.

FREAKS OF INSANITY.

More Prevalent Among Men Than Women.

WHERE INSANITY IS ALMOST UNKNOWN.

Insane People not Deceived by the Delusions of Their Fellow Patients.

Insanity is a peculiar disease, more prevalent among men than women. As a rule, insane men either die or are cured in the course of a few years, and of the former probably 90 per cent die of general paralysis. It is the result either of overwork or bodily excesses, and generally attacks a man between the ages of 30 and 40. An interesting fact in connection with the insane is the great age to which so many female lunatics live. A madwoman is really a first class insurance risk. In almost every lunatic asylum the women greatly outnumber the men, not only because they are so long lived, but also because they are so seldom cured.

It commonly surprises visitors to a lunatic asylum to find that insane people are not for a moment deceived by the delusions of their fellow patients. Each will think himself perfectly sane and healthy, while knowing that all the others are hopelessly mad. Although a lunatic's mental freedom may be destroyed, it does not follow that his consciousness is abolished. A minister who was called upon once to preach to a congregation of lunatics treated them to a sermon he had written for children. Much to his surprise, he received an indignant letter from one of his listeners afterward reminding him that while they might be insane, they were not idiots, and that many of them were fully his equals in education and intelligence.

It is a novel experience to attend a religious service at an insane asylum. Imagine a congregation of lunatics and imbeciles, men on one side, women on the other, in all stages of physical decay and all degrees of madness. Helpless, old, gray haired fellows, with staring sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, mumbling and groaning to themselves, in utter unconsciousness of their surroundings. Gaunt looking, wild eyed women, with nothing human about them but their vanity. Wellington and Napoleon, Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, Catherine de Medicis and Diana of Poitiers, in full costume, facing each other, God and the devil, side by side, restless girls, who make their handkerchiefs into dolls and rabbits and talk baby talk to them, occasionally beating them and tossing them in the air.

Interspersed throughout this motley crowd are bright, keen, young faces, with no apparent trace of their terrible curse to any but an expert observer, refined and cultivated women, who in their lucid intervals are as pure and spiritual minded as angels, and yet are like the devil incarnate when the mania seizes them, fine, manly looking gentlemen, devout, dignified and scholarly today, to morrow like the herd of swine into whom the evil spirit enters. On either side of the chapel sit the keepers, alert and watchful in case of an emergency. Facing them is the chaplain, a stupid listless looking man, relegated to this depressing field by his own lazy inefficiency.

All writers on disorders of the mind have found it difficult to define insanity. In medical jurisprudence, illusions, delusions, hallucinations, incoherence and delirium are all phases of insanity. The "Christian Science" people say that all sin and all sickness are insanity. Insane people frequently reason correctly, but from erroneous premises. A delusion is nothing but a false premise—the conclusions drawn from it may be entirely logical. There is no reason why a man who thinks he has legs of glass, and in other respects is in possession of all his faculties, should not be capable of making contracts, and responsible for legal acts which have no connection with the subject of his madness. Such a species of insanity seldom prevents a man from managing his own affairs or undertaking any legal relations for others.

Most people are prone to delusions or illusions of some form or other. Many people never see things exactly as they are. If delusions and hallucinations are a test of insanity half the world would be in lunatic asylums.

It is an interesting fact, recorded by Pritchard and others, that among savage nations mental diseases are almost unknown. They come forward with the dawning of civilization, and keep pace with the advancement of mental culture. The restraints imposed by social order, the diversity of interests, the pressure of universal competition, overwork, griefs, anxieties and disappointed hopes, the artificial life of cities, are among the causes most influential among civilized people in the development of insanity. Among weak minded and half educated people emotional religious revivals also operate to a great extent. In France, however, the opposite extreme is found, for while indifference to religion saves the people from religious insanity, great numbers lose their reason through the vices for which their low moral standard is responsible.

It is a curious fact that raving maniacs are never attacked by any contagious disease. Even consumptive disorders, dropsies and other chronic maladies have disappeared on the accession of violent insanity.—New York Post.

Inventor of the Dynamite Gun.

"There is an untold story connected with the invention of the dynamite gun, which is worthy a place in the story books alongside the accounts of Robert Fulton's tea pot, Isaac Newton's falling apple and Galileo's swaying chandelier." Thus said a Michigan congressman who was among those watching the recent launching of the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius. "The dynamite gun, which is now thought to be such a wonder," he continued, "grew from a piece of gas pipe mounted on a saw buck. Some five or six years ago a school teacher at Detroit conceived the idea of using a dynamite projectile thrown from an air gun. He got a long piece of ordinary three quarter inch gas pipe, about twelve feet in length, and made a rough air gun to put his idea into practice. This was mounted on a saw buck, and those who saw the odd thing laughed at it as the product of some crank's brain. It was taken to Fort Wayne, below Detroit, where the officers tried it out of charity to the supposed crank. It threw a small dynamite shell a short distance. Several wealthy Detroiters were impressed with the value of the gun, and a company was soon organized to take hold of its manufacture. The perfected dynamite gun came from this obscure beginning of a gas pipe mounted on a saw buck."

At this point some one asked what became of the schoolmaster.

"Oh, he has been lost sight of," concluded the congressman, "the same as most other inventors."—Washington Cor.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
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County Official Paper.

It is proposed to make very large additions to the White House, at Washington, as it is alleged to be entirely too small to accommodate the President and his family, and all the clerks and office room required. When the house shall be enlarged it would also be a very great improvement if a provision could be made that no no small men shall be sent to occupy it.

It is a very significant fact that in an interview with General Miles the Brule Indians said they were quite willing to go back upon their reservation if an army officer should be sent with them as agent. Most of the trouble with Indians has been caused by thieving agents who robbed them without mercy, and it is highly creditable to the army that the Indians find they can trust the soldiers.

In a speech made at a public dinner recently the German Emperor expressed strongly against silver coiuage. He said the trading nations of the world would soon agree upon the universal adoption of the single gold standard for coinage. The Emperor is very eager to keep up the immense army he now has. This forces his government to borrow enormous sums, and so he is at the mercy of the money lenders and must support whatever financial policy suits them.

In the death of George Bancroft the United States has lost a citizen whose life and works will reflect the highest honor upon his country through all the coming ages. When living millionaires are forgotten, or remembered only as Croesus and A. T. Stewart are remembered, the great mind and pure life of George Bancroft will be held in highest honor. His name is forever linked with the history of California. As Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of President Polk, he issued the order for the navy to take possession of the territory that is now our own State.

A bill has been introdused iu the Legislature to limit the rate that may be charged by corporations for water supplied for irrigation. The rent charged for the use of water must be fixed so low that the profit shall not exceed one per cent on the investment. This bill should be entitled "An Act to Prevent The Further Developement of Irrigation." It is an unwise proposition. There is no direction in which greater encouragement should be given to the investment of capital than in irrigation works. The bill will never become a law in its present shape.

Irrigation creates wealth almost with the suddenness of enchantment. In the counties of Los Angeles, Orange, San Bernardino, San Diego, Fresno and Tulare, in ten years the total wealth has increased one hundred and forty-one millions of dollars. Before irrigation was extended all of the land was worthless desert. On the Alessandro irrigation district property has increased from $10 to $120 an acre in six months, and a tract of 8400 acres of land that one year ago was of little value has since been sold in small lots for $560,000.

Wealth or prominent position are not always the result of superior ability, learning or diligence. Many men have wealth acquired by every form of knavery that can be practiced without being punished as a crime, and not a few gain prominent position by the use of all the despicable arts that cunning without conscience can suggest. The man without honor and insensible to shame will often gain money or influence because he will, without hesitation or scruple, do or say what an honorable man would never think of doing or saying. Impudence is not seldom mistaken for real ability, and the scoundrels often succeed better than men of solid merit who have regard for truth and manhood. Knavery triumphs even over death, and the costly monument inscribed with lying praises rises over the rotten carcass of the thief who stolethe money that paid for it. While all that is mortal of the man who loved virtue more than lucre is consigned to earth without anything to mark the spot where he is laid. But coin and consequence, dishonorably gained, are not the most enduring good.

"The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that."

And knavery or sham can never be so entirely concealed that they escape discovery and contempt.

A BARRIER BETWEEN THEM.

Hostile Neighbors in Africa Who Have Established a No Man's Land.

A little British expedition recently steamed far up the Benue branch of the Niger river in a small steam launch, and finally entered a tributary of the Benue and explored a region which no white man has ever visited before. The most interesting thing about their journey was the curious experience they had with the natives.

They had been passing for a good while through a region that was inhabited by Moslem blacks, fruits of the rather severe methods of conversion employed by the Arab invaders of the Soudan. The country was very fertile, and the people were numerous; but all of a sudden, though the country still wore its usual aspect, and the soil was apparently rich, population entirely ceased. For a stretch of over twenty miles not a hut was to be seen, nor was a single sign of human life anywhere observed. The expedition wondered at this remarkable state of affairs, for the country was certainly inviting, and they could not imagine why it had no inhabitants.

All at once, however, as they rounded a bend in the river they saw big crowds of natives running down the slopes of the hill to the bank. They brandished their spears at the white men on the little boat, and told them to go back, for they wanted no Moslems in their country. There was an interpreter on the vessel, who succeeded in convincing the natives that the visitors were not Moslems, and thereupon the people became quite friendly.

Then the reason for this cursous lack of population was ascertained. When the tribes who had been converted to Islam found the natives near them were just as strong as they were, the spread of their religion in that direction abruptly ceased, but these heathen people and the Moslem converts near them could not live at peace with one another. It was finally decided that as they could not be good neighbors, a stretch of country should be placed between them where no one should live, and in that way they expected to get along with less bloodshed.

So all the people who inhabited this fertile region, about twenty miles wide, packed up their little belongings and moved away, and the stretch of country thus came to be without a single inhabitant. Today it is a No Man's Land, and the only reason is that the people who are neighbors there cannot live on friendly terms, and, having tired of fighting, have put this barrier between them.—Boston Herald.

Freak of a Somnambulist.

A young man who is well known in this city had an unpleasant experience a short time ago. He is a somnambulist and often does peculiar things in his sleep. He went to visit some friends in Waterbury, and as he was not in the habit of retiring as early as the members of the family he was visiting, he remained up and took his shoes off before ascending the stairs.

A few nights after his return to his home he lay down on a lounge and fell asleep. After sleeping soundly a half hour he arose, walked to the foot of the stairs, took off his shoes, and not being content with doing that, he drew off his stockings also. He then clambered upstairs to his room. Taking a match from his pocket he brought one of his feet up so that he could reach the bottom of it, and then deliberately scratched the match on the flat surface.

The match did not light immediately, but he kept on scratching. Finally the match did light. The holder was unconscious of the fact and kept on scratching. Suddenly he awoke in great pain from the burn. He limped about for several days, and since that time questions about the proper mode of lighting a match have been distasteful to him.—New Haven Palladium.

Honors to a Dead Dog.

I saw a queer corpse in the undertaking establishment of Lewis Jones, on LaGrange street, a few days ago, queer even in that grim receptacle. On the embalming board lay the body of a pretty brown spaniel and near by a handsomely constructed hardwood box, elegantly lined, which was to be doggie's chamber when planted in the cold, cold ground. The animal was the pet of a rich lady, who, when he one day became ill, sent him to the dog hospital, and when he died had his body cared for with as much tenderness as though he were a human being. Doggie was shipped from here to the lady's former home in Maine, where the animal was interred with full honors.—Boston Record.

A Poor Sportsman.

We have all encountered him in the field, the man who howls like a maniac at his dog. It is not because the dog is deaf, for even if he were there would be no need of the howling and shrieking, but it is that the howler knows not a bit better. He has the notion that a hunting dog must be worked like a sledge dog amid Arctic ice fields, and so he makes an Esquimau of himself every time he goes shooting. And none of us ever yet saw a dog that worked any better for the racket than he might work, or might at least have been trained to work, without it.—Forest and Stream.

Well Preserved Blankets.

Hon. Moses Tenney, of Georgetown, state treasurer, and receiver general from 1856 to 1861, sleeps between blankets woven by his wife's mother 100 years ago. The blankets have been in use the greater part of the time since they were made, and are in a remarkable state of preservation. Mr. Tenney is nearing four score years, and is remarkably active for one so old.—Haverhill Bulletin.

Old Enough.

Mrs. Grubbs—And so your daughter's wedding is set? Don't you think she is too young to marry?

Mrs. Dubbs—No, indeed. She has ruled the whole family for three years.—Good News.

Cremation at Milan.

The Italian clergy, unlike the clergy of France—and for the most part of England—have never made any objection to cremation, and at Milan, where nearly 2,000 bodies have been cremated during the last thirteen years, and where at the present rate of increase cremations will soon reach an average of one a day, the same funeral service is performed, whether the corpse be destined for slow corruption under the earth, or for rapid incineration above ground. Two systems of cremation are followed at Milan.—Westminster Review.

Knee Breeches and Silk Stockings.

And so knee breeches and silk stockings are to be the fashion for full dress occasions in England this winter. And why not in America as well? Long have gentlemen in society struggled to be allowed to make some distinction between their own dress and that of the waiters. But fashion or custom is inexorable. A year or two ago a very sensible society lady in New York gave a ball, at which the gentlemen were requested to appear in variously colored garments. The result was charming, a revival of the days of Louis and of the Charleses. But the fashion thus set, or attempted to be set, did not continue. Why not no one can tell.

After this one ball was over the crimson and blues and purples were laid aside and appeared no more, and their owners reappeared in their somber "claw hammers." To resume the garb of our forefathers for ordinary wear would be an absurdity, but to revive these graceful and elegant garments for dress occasions would certainly be good taste and could not be unfavorably received by the ladies. The revival of the silk stockings and breeches in English society is perhaps a forerunner of some such revolution. Already we of this country are growing sensible in the matter of summer attire; why should we not grow sensible as well in our garments for social occasions?—Boston Advertiser.

Naming Colts.

Naming colts as they are brought into the world on a big stock raising farm might seem to be a simple operation; but, just as when the parents of a dozen children find themselves short of names and have to resort to a Biblical or classical terminology, so do the owners of a lot of horses kept for the purpose of raising horses for the turf find themselves running short of names. Who has failed to notice the odd nomenclature of the race course? The proprietor of a farm and a big lot of thoroughbreds in Pennsylvania has made a rule for himself. To all the colts born in the first year, under this rule, he gave names beginning with A, in the second year B, and so on. He put the idea into practice nine years ago, and has reached the letter I. Sometimes there are queer combinations of names. For instance, a colt was named Harmony, and the next year his brother had tacked to him the name Impudence. As the breeder has fifteen colts this year to be named with names beginning with the letter I, he confesses himself puzzled to originate attractive and orotund names enough to go around.—New York Sun.

Punished for Being Honest.

John Brannon, a man bearing a good character, found a check at the Edinburgh exhibition. He could not read, and the friends to whom he showed the check advised him to keep it and look out for a reward. This he did, buying the Edinburgh papers for a month, at the end of which time he handed over the check to the police. He then got his reward.

He was prosecuted for not giving up the check within the prescribed time after finding it, and was brought before Bailie Walcot, who, although "he did not think there was any intention of theft," imposed a fine of £1, or two days' imprisonment, "it being too serious an affair for his lordship to pass by." The bailie therefore expressly finds that the man was not a thief. Why, then, the sentence? Evidently as a punishment for honesty, since if the man had destroyed the check instead of delivering it to the police he would never have got into trouble.—London Truth.

A Cool Thief.

A thief went through the Mount Vernon, O., Sanitarium the other day. He drove up to the door of the building in a buggy, hitched his horse, and went in. Soon after a lady patient entered her room and found a man there with a two foot rule measuring a window. Turning to her he said: "There seems to be only one slat broken out of that blind, and I've only found four so far in the house." He then went out and went through the other rooms, and, having completed his researches, got into his buggy and drove away. Soon after the lady who saw him in her room found that her purse, with $17, was missing, and an investigation proved that the thief had ransacked all the rooms right before the eyes of the manager and all of his assistants.—Cleveland Leader.

Suggestions to Secretary Tracy.

Secretary Tracy is selecting names for cruisers, and we suggest for his consideration Raleigh, North Carolina, or Bell, in honor of Admiral Henry Bell, of Orange county, who lost his life in Japanese waters in 1867. Admiral Bell was in Perry's expedition that opened up Japan to the commerce of the world and was engaged in the fight with the Pei-Ho forts. As we have had a Roanoke, perhaps he might like the Swannanoa.—Raleigh (N. C.) News.

The Holy Carpet in Quarantine.

"The holy carpet," which is now being brought back to Cairo, where it will have to submit to the indignity of quarantine for fifteen days, is one of those which are periodically taken to Mecca, there to be sanctified, and is made of a thick sort of silk, embroidered with letters of gold, each letter being two feet in length and two inches broad. It covers what is known as the Beat-Allah or inner sanctuary of the temple.—Paris Galignani.

Blondin Still Active.

Thirty-one years ago M. Blondin made his famous journey across Niagara falls on the high rope. It may surprise many of our readers to learn that the veteran gymnast is not only still living, but that he was a few days since, although now in his 67th year, again astonishing large crowds in the neighborhood of London in the old style and with the old agility and daring. The occasion was a two days' fete at Brockwell park, Herne hill, prior to the handing over of the beautifully wooded estate to the public, and Blondin gave his high rope (seventy feet) performance twice each day. The hempen track was not only high, but unusually long, and upon it he went through a varied entertainment of more than an hour's duration.

Appearing in glittering brazen armor, he rang and skipped along the cord blindfolded (by means of a sack pulled over his head) as well as free, and subsequently carried his son upon his back, stood upon his head, and rode a bicycle with grooved wheels. His piece de resistance, however, as in the olden times, was his appearance with an oil stove strapped to his back, which stove he balanced (as well as himself) on the center of the rope while he prepared, cooked and "tossed" a savory omelette.—Belfast News.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 15th day of December, 1890, an assessment (No. 11) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 30th day of January 1891 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 20th day of February 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE Secretary.

Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

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COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
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P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
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Independence, Cal.
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JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
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Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday	January 24th
"	February 21st
"	March 21st
"	April 18th
"	May 23rd
"	June 20th
"	July 18th
"	August 15th
"	September 12th
"	October 17th
"	November 14th
"	December 12th

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23 1891

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 105⅛
Lead, 4.60
Copper, 14.60
Tin, 20.20
Sugar, .06¼
Coffee, 19 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence at 7 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

MONDAY, January 19th.

Frank E. Densmore filed bonds as Notary public.

A. A. Diaz et als. vs. N. Rhine—Filed demurrer to complaint.

TUESDAY, January 20.

Estate of William Walker, deceased—W. H. Walker, Administrator, filed bond.

Estate of J. W. Harvey, deceased—Entered judgment.

WEDNESDAY, January 21st.

Estate of E. Mallory, deceased—Order of Court setting apart personal property for use of family and making family allowance.

THURSDAY, January 22d.

Estate of John Mullane, deceased—Petition filed of Richard Hessian for probate of will.

Mr. S. G. Gregg was in town last Monday.

Mr. Al McGee was down from Fish Spring yesterday.

Mr. S. P. Roberts was down from Big Pine on Monday.

Mr. J. A. McKenzie was in from Darwin at the beginning of the week.

Mr. J. Peregrine of Bishop was in town during the week on business.

Judge Hakes, late of Mono County, has gone to Arizona to make his home there.

Mr. A. Plumley came down from Bishop on Wednesday and was in town a day or two.

Mr. Frank Densmore has been appointed a Notary Public and is now ready to attend to all duties in that line.

Mr. D. Levy came down from Bishop on Wednesday and remained in town a few days. His wife accompanies him.

The Legislature of Nevada met on Monday of this week. California congratulates her neighbor—misery loves company.

The Indians held a fandango at Black Rock at the beginning of the week. It was but such a social gathering as is common to them.

At Independence rose bushes and other plants are leaving out and the weather continues warm and everything indicates that spring is at hand.

Jewett Adams, Ex-Governor of Nevada, has been in the valley during the week. He came to Independence yesterday and goes north tomorrow.

The Supervisors of Kern county have instructed the District Attorney to begin suit against the Railroad Company for taxes now delinquent.

Mr. A. O. Collins came down from Warm Spring on Wednesday and is yet in town. Mr. Collins is Inspector for the Masonic District that includes Inyo County and is attending to official duties in that connection.

A Sate Citrus Fair will begin at Los Angeles on March 3rd. An extensive and liberal premium list is offered for exhibits. The Fair at Los Angeles last year was a great success, and no effort is spared in preparation to make the coming Fair still more successful.

A movement has been started at Bakersfield for the purpose of keeping business houses closed on Sunday. The *Democrat* strongly supports the project. If the business men of Bakersfield will observe how business is done in Los Angeles, San Francisco and other large cities, they will not hesitate to close up on Sunday.

On January 31st of last year the INYO INDEPENDENT contained the following: "No trains have passed over the southern division of the C. & C. Road in nine days Snow drifted on the track where it crosses the spur of mountains south of Belleville." Up to date there has not been one stormy day this winter.

It will be time well spent for the Supervisors at their next meeting to examine some of the expense bills connected with the last trial of Elliott at Bakersfield. The bill of the shorthand reporter is said to be nearly eight hundred dollars and several tax-payers of Inyo county would like to see an itemized statement of that bill.

Last week a defective stove pipe caused a fire in the residence of Mrs. Schuman at Bridgeport. The *Chronicle-Union* says that for a time it looked as if the building must certainly be destroyed, but by hard work and a good deal of daring it was saved. The townspeople gathered around with buckets, men climbed upon the roof, and all worked till the building was saved.

On Monday James M. Eubanks was hanged at San Jose for the murder of his own daughter at Los Gatos. Eubanks was a worthless brute; his daughter was earning an honest living by working as a domestic servant. On December 22nd. 1889, he went to the place where she was employed and fired the contents of a shot gun into her, killing her instantly. The rope nearly tore his head off; if he had fifty necks they should all have been broken.

The Annual Report of the State Mineralogist is the best issued since the office was created. It is a large volume filled with carefully collected and well arranged information about the mining interests of the State. Several well prepared maps of different mining districts accompany the Report. Mr. Irelan, the State Mineralogist, has done good service since he has been in office, and not the least is the preparation of this Report.

Preliminary Examination.

On Monday morning Manuel Leon was brought into Court at Independence for examination on charge of murder. On Sunday, December 21st, the body of an Indian woman named Maggie was found at Independence with the throat cut. Leon is accused of the crime. The examination occupied three days. Most of the witnesses were Indians, and taking their testimony was very tedious. Mr. William Birchim of Round Valley was interpreter. He speaks the Piute language as one of the Indians and was very patient and careful. It was very difficult to get most of the witnesses to give direct answers to the questions, long dialogues being frequent between the interpreter and the witness on the stand, each talking rapidly in strange gutteral tones, and Mr. Birchim putting the question in different forms so as to make it possible to get answers. The Indians do not know anything about the names of months, nor could they fix time by dates, and this added to the difficulty of getting the testimony in legal form. One witness spoke the Spanish language, and Under-Sheriff Holland was interpreter. The whole made a strange mixture of tongues—English, Spanish and Indian—and the Indians, with their blankets wrapped about them in colors of bright red, yellow and blue made an equally strange spectacle in a Court-room. No testimony was offered to show that the defendant had been in company with the deceased or had met her on the day of her death or at any other time. No witnesses had seen him at or near where the body was found, on that day. It was not tried to prove at what hour the murder was committed. C. W. Robinson testified that on the Saturday evening before the body was found about 7 o'clock he saw the defendant in the lane at the place where Doctor Woodin lives; there was some moonlight. Defendant was under the shadow of trees and appeared to be wiping his hands. Witness could not tell on what he was wiping them. The place described is about a quarter of a mile from where the body was found. This is the only direct evidence offered connecting the defendant with the crime. An Indian testified that he had traced and examined foot-tracks leading from the body toward a brook and that the tracks corresponded with shoes he had seen the defendant wear on the day before the body was found. A small tin box was offered as evidence. A witness testified that the box had belonged to the deceased and that defendant had given it to an Indian woman on the day the body of the murdered woman was found. There was a stain or splatch upon the lid of the box that might have been blood, but no evidence was offered that it *was* blood. On Wednesday Sheriff Gorman testified that the stains on the box were not so clear at that time as when it was sent into the Court on Tuesday. Under-Sheriff Holland testified to the same effect. W. P. Yaney testified that he had traced foot prints from the body of deceased to the verge of a stream. He did not testify who made the tracks. The examining Magistrate could not find that any evidence had been offered fixing the crime of murder, or any other crime upon the defendant, and was convinced that if sent to trial evidence could not be had to secure his conviction. The Magistrate therefore ordered that the defendant be discharged from custody. The District Attorney did his whole duty in trying to get all the evidence possible in the case to fix the guilt of the crime where it belonged. There is a strong belief in many minds that Leon committed the crime, but when it is clear that evidence cannot be had to secure conviction it would be useless to go to the expense and trouble of a trial. John W. P. Laird and P. H. Mack, Attorneys at Law, were counsel for the defendant, and subjected most of the witnesses to a close examination. C. Matholland, Justice of Peace, presided.

Apportionment.

The County Auditor has made the following apportionment:

State Fund	$6745 53
Salary Fund	9413 11
Bond Fund	3361 75
Gen. Expense Fund	3361 75
Building	2958 47
School Fund	2689 46
Co. Road Fund	2689 46
Bridge Fund	1344 73

The County Road Fund is apportioned as follows:

Gen. Road Fund	$672 36
Road Dist. No. 1 Fund	176 82
" " " 2 "	310 54
" " " 3 "	370 61
" " " 4 "	230 29
" " " 5 "	454 09
" " " 6 "	325 89
" " " 7 "	148 76

Please Tell Us.

John Sherman never misses an opportunity for expressing his opposition to silver coinage. John is a millionaire. He began life poor, has never inherited wealth, has never gained wealth in any professional calling, in commerce or in manufactures. He has always been an office holder with no visible means of earning money beyond his official salary, and on all sides it is alleged that the salary of such offices as he held is entirely too small. If Mr. Sherman would kindly tell the poor men who mine silver, or the millions who are glad to have it to use as money, how millions of money can be secured without sweat or toil on his part, doubtless they would care as little for silver coinage as he does.

Brothers Indeed.

Last Sunday in Chicago 132 Knights Templor each submitted to have a piece of skin cut from an arm or leg, to be transplanted upon a brother Sir Knight, who had a large portion of his thigh cut out because of a cancer. When it was found that so large a quantity of live human skin was necessary to secure the recovery of the sick Knight, every member of the Commandery to which he belonged promptly volunteered to supply a portion from his own body. Several of the Knights fainted under the operation but not one of them flinched from the sacrifice. At last reports the operation promised to be successful.

Profitable Investments.

The principal engineer of works for the irrigation of 60,000 acres of land in Kern County informs the *Californian* that the total cost of the works has been about $900,000. This is an average of $15 per acre; for one third of that expense per acre at least 300,000 acres of land could be irrigated in Owens Valley. But the investment in Kern County has been enormously profitable. Every acre of the irrigated land is now worth at least sixty dollars and much of it is worth a great deal more. There is no safer nor more profitable investment for capital than in irrigation works.

The Canal Project.

The managers of the proposed canal to Salt Wells Valley say that a few riparian owners along Owens river have not yet granted to the projectors a relinquishment of riparian rights, and that till this is done work upon the canal will not be begun. It may be that the riparian owners are holding back till sufficient security shall be given them that work will be completed within a reasonable time after relinquishment of their rights, and that they will be supplied with water as needed.

OFFICIAL.

PROBATE NOTICE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of John Mullane, deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for proving will, etc.

Notice is hereby given that Monday, the 9th day of February A. D. 1891, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court-Room of said Court, at the town of Independence, in the County of Inyo, State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John Mullane, deceased and for hearing the application of Richard Hessian Sr. for the issuance to him of letters testamentary thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.

P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated January 22d, 1891.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of ditch, near Independence, Inyo county.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the the following described stock, on account of assessment No. 6, levied on the 29th day of Nov., 1890, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. Cert.	No. Sh's.	Am't
W. H. Huff	1	12	$ 2 40
" "	7	3	60
F. E. Russell	2	32	6 40
" "	19	110	22 00
John Reynolds	3	40	8 00
L. Baxter	5	10	2 00
H. J. Robinson	10	250	50 00
J. V. Skinner	21	50	10 00
" "	22	50	10 00
" "	23	50	10 00
" "	24	50	10 00
" "	25	50	10 00
" "	26	50	10 00
" "	29	50	10 10
W. H. Jenkins	30	100	20 00
" "	31	100	20 00
" "	33	100	20 00
" "	36	64	12 80
John Davis	46	60	12 00
W. S. Enos	47	100	20 00
" "	48	400	80 00
W. J. Jenkins	55	100	20 00
" "	56	100	20 00
" "	57	100	20 00
E. Robinson	58	75	15 00
" "	59	125	25 00
Maggie J. Skinner	62	50	10 00
" " "	63	50	10 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 29th day of Nov., 1890, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Stevens Ditch Company, Independence, California, on Saturday, the 7th day of February, 1890, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

P. H MACK, Secretary.

Notice of Forfeiture.

TO H. P. LIVINGSTON, OR WHOEVER at present may represent his interest in the Caldera Mine, and Peter Meyer: You are hereby notified that I have expended One hundred [$100] dollars in labor and improvements upon the Caldera Lode, situated in Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county, California, as will appear by certificate filed in the office of the Recorder of said district for the year 1890, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2,324, Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31, 1890, and if within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under the provisions of said Section 2,324.

O. G. FUENTES.

Dated Cerro Gordo, January 2, 1890.

ORDINANCE No. 32

THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF THE County of Inyo, State of California, do ordain as follows:

SECTION 1. The regular meetings of the Board of Supervisors of Inyo County, State of California, must and shall be held at the Town of Independence, in the County and State aforesaid, being the County Seat of said County on the first Monday of February, May, August and November of each year, and must continue from time to time until all the business before the said Board is disposed of. Such other meetings must be held as are otherwise provided by law.

SECTION 2. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force on and after fifteen (15) days from its passage, and Ordinance No. 31 of said Board of Supervisors together with all ordinances or parts of ordinances in conflict herewith, are each and all of them hereby repealed.

SECTION 3. This ordinance shall be published in the INYO INDEPENDENT, a newspaper published in said Inyo County, at least two weeks, said publication to be made for said time and before the expiration of said fifteen days.

This ordinance was passed by the Board of Supervisors of said Inyo County, State aforesaid, at a regular meeting of said Board, held on January 5th, 1891, by the following vote: AYES—J. J. Stewart, Seth G. Sneden, R. Love and J. B. Steward.

Supervisor Eddy not being present.

Attest: JOHN N. YANDELL, Clerk of said Board of Supervisors. (SEAL)

By ALEXANDER CLARK, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. STEWART, Chairman.
SETH G. SNEDEN,
ROBERT LOVE,
J. B. STEWARD.

[ENDORSED.]

ORDINANCE NO. 32.

Filed and recorded January 5th, 1891, in Ordinance Book "B" on page 71 et seq.

JOHN N. YANDELL, Clerk.
by ALEXANDER CLARK, Deputy Clerk.

Proposals for Care of Indigent Sick of Inyo County.

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Inyo county, at the office of the County Clerk until 10 o'clock A.M. on Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1891, to contract for the care of said indigent sick for the term of one year from May 10th 1891 to May 10th, 1892, said bids to designate the amount for which parties contracting will care for said indigent sick on the basis of an average of four patients per day throughout the year, and to include all medicine, nursing, board, lodging and washing. Said bids to include the burial and funeral expenses of any indigent sick person or persons who may die while under such care.

Said contractor to care for all the indigent sick properly admitted to the contractor's care. And said bids to designate the price per head at which all excess of patients over the average of four each day throughout the year will be cared for, said excess to be paid for by extra allowance on presentation of bills duly sworn to, at the regular meeting of said Board immediately after said contract has expired. The average four per day to be paid for at the regular meetings of the Board on presentation of bills duly verified. All payments to be made by warrants drawn upon the Hospital Fund of said county.

The person or persons to whom said contract shall be awarded shall give a good and sufficient bond in double the sum of the contract price, for the faithful performance of said contract.

The care and management of said indigent sick by such contractor shall be at all times subject to the inspection of said Board of Supervisors, or any member thereof, or any person appointed by the Board for such purpose.

Said proposals must be endorsed, "Proposals for Care of Indigent Sick," and the same will be opened between the hours of ten o'clock and twelve o'clock A. M., on the 4th day of Feb. 1891, and the Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. JOHN N. YANDELL, Clerk.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

IRWINS SALOON

On Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence, Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt an furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS, & CIGARS

☞ The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

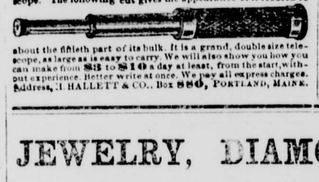
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to



about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double sized telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $8 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, J. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best.

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAI

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

☞ Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and pric before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1864.
n476tf

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

THE BEST VALUE

LEVI STRAUSS & CO'S

Celebrated Copper Riveted

OVERALLS AND SPRING BOTTOM PANTS

ENJOY A NATIONAL REPUTATION.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT OUR TRADE MARK.

BEST SEWING! BEST FINISH! BEST FIT!

BEST MATERIALS!

The only kind made by White Labor.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.

Real Estate Agents,

Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

GIVEN & INGALLS.

—DEALERS IN—

FARM PRODUCE.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK

BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO., Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜

☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,

Watchmaker & Jeweler.

BISHOP, CAL.

Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.

I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY . . . CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

Deputy County Clerk.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House		11:30 p. m.	5:50 p. m
Dayton		12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska		2:05 p. m.	2:50 p. m
Hawthorne		5:50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning		7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs		8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville		9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar.	10:00 p. m	Lv. 7:25a. m
	No. 3. Leave—		No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville		8:20 a. m	5:25 p m.
Benton		11:50 a. m.	1:25 a m.
Bisnop Creek		2:00p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord		2:45 p. m	10:00 a. m
Independence		4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine		5:10p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar	5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (36 miles); Bodie (27 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies'
Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOL

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

THOMAS & HILL,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL,

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

A signal service to weak womankind is the finding of lost health—the building-up of "a run-down" system. Nothing does it so surely as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures all the derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to the sex. It's the most perfect of strength-givers, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. For overworked, debilitated teachers, milliners, seamstresses, "shop-girls," nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, it is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

"Favorite Prescription" gives satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it is promptly refunded. That's the way it's sold; that's the way its makers prove their faith in it. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; a legitimate *medicine*, not a *beverage*. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Propr's, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

When birthday's hour has come again,
When Yule tide's time we see,
I trust, O brave to have men,
That you' I remember me.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., JAN. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours truly,
L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

He (who has just been accepted)—Do you believe in long engagements? Chicago Widow—No, I prefer short ones, and—(thoughtfully)—plenty of them.

You can't ask a conceited man a question so hard that it will not be easier for him to answer than to say, "I don't know."

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pains or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

We look in vain in works on ornithology for information about the stool pigeon.

The good reputation of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" for the relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases has given them a favorable notoriety.

It is not so much the present dance of the Indians that interests the country as what will be their next step.

Beware of imitations of the genuine Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

Try Germea for Breakfast

DIAMOND VERA-CURA

—FOR—

Dyspepsia and all *Stomach Troubles*, INDIGESTION, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Giddiness, Heartburn, Constipation, Fullness, Food Rising, Disagreeable Taste, Nervousness.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (3 boxes $1.00). In stamps, sample sent free on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

St. JACOBS OIL FOR Stablemen and Stockmen.

CURES

Cuts, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Galls, Strains, Lameness, Stiffness, Cracked Heels, Scratches, Contractions, Flesh Wounds, Stringhalt, Sore Throat, Distemper, Colic, Whitlow, Poll Evil, Fistula, Tumors, Splints, Ringbones and Spavin in their early Stages. Directions with each bottle.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy. SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70; Photo-gravure, panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).

J. F. SMITH & CO.,
Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.

A Handsome $2.50 Barometer and Thermometer (9½ by 2½ inches) telling the correct temperature and when the weather will be—*fine, changeable, hard or fog, rain or snow*, sent to any address for **40c.** in stamps; large, showy and practical; no such value ever offered; live agents wanted. COOKE & COOKE, **529** Clay street, San Francisco, Cal.

BEST TREE WASH.
Greenbank Insecticide, powdered Caustic Soda, etc.
BEST SHEEP WASH.
Calvert's Carbolic. Prices reduced. T. W. JACKSON & CO., Sole Agents, 101 Market St., S. F.

CALIFORNIA POSITIVE & NEGATIVE ELECTRIC LINIMENT CURES CATARRH

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Corns, HEADACHE, and ALL PAIN.
The California Positive and Negative
ELECTRIC COUGH CURE
CURES COLDS, CROUP, CONSUMPTION.
Sold by all Druggists. Each 25c, 50c & $1.
Cressinger & Co., Prop's, Los Angeles, Cal.

USE **NEW WELLINGTON** COAL.

NOVEL DEATH FIGHTS.

Some Western Methods of Settling Disputes.

A DUEL IN THE COMSTOCK MINE.

Wrestling in a Gulch Filled with Rattlesnakes—Lariat Throwing.

The riata duel is not a new thing on the Mexican frontier. Indeed, there is hardly a big cattle range anywhere that has not its stories of hard fights with the lasso. Such duels are bound to be fierce.

But so skillful and quick do these rope throwers become that such a duel not unfrequently lasts for hours.

Probably the best remembered fight of this sort was that between a Texan, known as Kid Long, and a little Mexican who was only spoken of as "Gabilan"—hawk—on the great Lievre range. They circled around each other, dodging the rapid throws from 10 in the morning until after sunset. When the horses had almost given out the Texan threw at his adversary, who threw back so that his noose passed right over the other man's lasso and hand and caught him fair around the neck and under the armpit. In almost no time Kid was out of his saddle and being dragged over the ground at a rate that knocked the life out of him before he had gone a hundred yards.

The west, during its wild and woolly days, and the Mexican frontier have had many remarkable duels.

KING OF THE CAMP.

That between "Farmer" Peel and a soldier, near one of the forts in Utah, is among the classics of the field of honor—or what has answered for that in the cow towns and mining camp. The weapons were rifles, revolvers and bowie knives. The men principals were placed on opposite sides of a hillock, around which ran a road, and started to meet. The curve of the hill prevented their seeing one another until they were within a hundred yards. As soon as they saw one another both fired. Though part of the rim of Peel's hat was cut off, and the soldier's sleeve was pierced, neither was hurt. Then they pulled their pistols and advanced, firing. Both dropped badly wounded when less than twenty yards separated them. They lay there squirming and shooting until both had emptied their weapons. Peel was desperately hurt and his adversary had one ball through the stomach and several others distributed all over his anatomy. When they could shoot no more they lay for a short time swearing. Then Peel, who was so badly hurt that he could not advance even on his hands and knees, began to wriggle toward the fallen soldier. He pulled himself along with his elbows, and with his one uninjured hand finished the soldier with his bowie knife.

Farmer Peel already had the biggest private graveyard of any man in the vicinity. This encounter spread his fame all over the coast, and when he went over to Nevada he received everywhere the homage of lesser lights.

They have lots of deadly encounters up there on the Comstock. There was one a number of years ago fought over half a mile under ground. According to the evidence given at the inquest by the survivor, the two miners were working alone in a drift. They were rivals over the affections of a woman, and in a quarrel one made a drive at the other with his candlestick. A miner's candlestick consists of a metal socket attached to a sharp steel spike, so that it can be stuck in the face of the drift anywhere. The second miner defended himself with his candlestick, and there, thousands of feet under the ground, they wrestled and stabbed until one's life was gone. As they did not come up when they should have gone off shift others went down in search of them. They found one dead and the other unconscious through loss of blood. The jury, of course, had to take the survivor's story of the affair, and he was acquitted.

A strange duel was fought in a sparsely settled part of Sonora, Mexico, about fifteen years ago. Capt. Villenueva and a lieutenant of a battery of light artillery belonging to one of the posts had some trouble about who was the best shot with the mountain howitzers. They quarreled and agreed to settle it with the howitzers at 500 yards. They took neither seconds nor assistant gunners, but from the top of small hillocks they fired explosive shells at one another. The captain was wounded by a fragment of a shell, but they fired ten shots before either was disabled, though each was covered with dust. Finally the captain landed a shell fairly under his adversary's gun and the explosion so mangled the lieutenant that he died before they could remove him to the post.

A little blind canyon in the Sierra Madre used to furnish the Apaches with the means of formally settling their disputes. This gulch is fairly alive with rattlesnakes. When two bucks had a quarrel that they did not wish to settle off hand they repaired to this gulley, and while the remainder of the tribe stood around and watched from the hills on either side the combatants went together to where the serpents were thickest. There stark naked and weaponless they would wrestle. This would wake up every rattler in the glen. The aim of each was to force the other on to the angry snakes. It was not unusual for both to be bitten while they struggled and rolled around among the rocks. Each was bound to remain and wrestle as long as his adversary had life or strength enough to struggle with him.

A most remarkable duel was fought at Las Carnitas, N. M., many years ago. An under sized stranger came to the town and picked a quarrel with "Handsome Harry," a gambler renowned as a dead shot. They got out into the road and both fell mortally wounded. It was discovered that the stranger was a woman, and though she never spoke after she fell the story became known that she was a sister of a girl whom "Handsome Harry" had wronged years before.—San Francisco Examiner.

His Curiosity Satisfied.

That the daughters of Eve do not possess a monopoly of curiosity is pretty well sustained by a circumstance which recently occurred in this locality. Some boys were playing with a turtle, one of the snapping species, when one young lad thrust out his tongue to see whether it would bite. The turtle promptly carried out its part of the programme, it being found necessary to forcibly remove its hold from the lad's tongue, which was quite severely bitten.—Cor. Brockton Enterprise.

Not Half Warm Enough for Him.

"Warm?" he said, putting on a heavy pair of gloves and buttoning his light overcoat, "you don't call this warm weather, do you?"

"Do I call it warm?" said the other, mopping his brow and trying to fan himself at the same time, while his face grew redder and redder. "I call it gridiron heat."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear fellow; the mercury isn't above ninety-two."

"Ninety-two!"

"And it hasn't been above a hundred more than once this year."

"Shades of all the Icelanders!" cried the red, fat man, "what would you like to have it—135 in the shade? Would you like to boil eggs in the public fountains? Do you want foundries to run their furnaces without fire? One hundred! Do you want to sizzle and vanish in steam? One hundred!" he screamed in shrill, agonized tones, and he danced around madly in his wrath until his face was of flaming scarlet. "One hundred! Why, man, haven't you got any blood in your veins?"

"Oh, yes," said the other, shivering as a warm breeze touched him, "but I have 40,000 tons of ice cornered."

And then the little stout man fell in a swoon, and an ambulance carried him to the hospital, where he was recorded as suffering from prostration by heat, while the ice king went home to order the servants to put more coal on the fire.—New York Tribune.

Telegraphing in Africa.

That the conduct of a cable station is not always monotonous is shown by a letter recently received from an officer of the West African Telegraph company. This gentleman is in charge of the Kotonou station, in the territory of the notorious King of Dahomey. The king, it seems, had for some time been spoiling for a fight, and had at last become so ugly and aggressive that it was deemed advisable to arm the station, and have some soldiers handy. "Early one morning the station was surrounded by the natives," the superintendent writes, "and we were under the painful necessity of sending a few of them across the Styx. The station was for a time in imminent danger; Orsini and I fired more than 250 rounds each, and the thirty-five Senegalese sharpshooters who helped in the defense fired some 120 rounds apiece. An artillery sergeant who worked our two guns was killed, and the white gunners were so hard pressed that they had to club their rifles. This racket began at 4 in the morning.

"At 9 a. m. we left the soldiers still firing and went to the instruments, and you may imagine what a dance the mirror led us. By 10 o'clock, however, all was quiet in our neighborhood and the messages had all been sent through. I must not forget to tell you that we had to do with the famous Amazons. They were very fine creatures, fought like wild beasts, and were worth ten men."—New York Sun.

A Self Inflating Life Saving Belt.

In nautical circles a newly patented life saving belt is attracting much attention. This new apparatus clasps around the body at the waist line, and in its empty condition is easily carried. To this girdle is attached a little iron flask, which contains carbonic acid or carburetted hydrogen gas, the former mixed with from 10 to 20 per cent. of pure alcohol in order to prevent the chilling of the gases when filling the flask. The hollow space in the belt has a capacity of a little less than 100 English quarts. Two hundred grains of fluid carbonic acid gas and twenty grains of alcohol are required to fill it. When the belt is to be used a conveniently placed valve is opened and fills at once with light gases. According to scientific principles 100 liters of gas will displace the same amount of water; that is to say, will support in the water a weight corresponding to 100 quarts, or, in other words, about 200 pounds. Any human being equipped with the girdle has every prospect of success in a combat with the waves.—New York Journal.

Of Course She Regretted It.

On one of our suburban streets resides a lady who has a passionate fondness for plants and flowers, and many of these can be seen in the windows, which almost overhang the sidewalk. Sunday evening I happened to be strolling along the street in question, and noticed that the gentleman preceding me wore an almost supernaturally brilliant tile. As he passed Mrs. F——'s house one of the windows happened to be up and a present plant was dislodged. The flower pot was attracted by the shiny tile, and lit on it with a resounding thump, that sounds so funny when it's some other fellow's hat and so sad when it's your own. The gentleman under the crushed stovepipe ejaculated some words certainly not from the book under his arm, and passed on. Soon Mrs. F—— rushed out and said: "It's too bad—the only double geranium I had."—Bangor News.

Poison In Eels.

Eels contain as much poison as vipers, according to one studious Italian scientist. After careful investigation he finds that an eel weighing four pounds possesses enough venom to kill ten men. When the fish is cooked, however, the poison loses its power.—Chatter.

Not Her Size.

Customer from Seedville—Do you keep the best make of shoes here?

City Dealer—Yaas; our shoes are all A No. 1.

Customer from Seedville—Then you can't suit me. I take B No. 5.—Argosy.

Of Malleable Glass.

A writer in The St. Louis Globe is looking hopefully forward to the time when the walls, ceilings and floors of our dwellings will be of malleable glass as a period when approximate cleanliness will be possible.

Kaiser Frederick said in accepting honorary membership in the Academy of Legal Sciences at Madrid, "The first task of the legislator is to procure equal rights for all."

George Macdonald is and looks like a poet prophet of the old type translated into modern life.

SCENES IN CHINATOWN.

Youngsters Who are Fond of Slumming.

AN INTERESTING SCENE IN MOTT STREET

Cleanliness of the Orientals—Meals at a Restaurant.

There has grown up a fancy among the young people who are rather suffering for amusement to explore Chinatown, and they find much that is amusing beside the yellow skinned beauties. Sunday evening is the time chosen for this sort of slumming, as then the pigtailers congregate from far and near to buy supplies of Chinese food, which last them all the week in their Jersey City and Hoboken laundries. At that time Mott street and its vicinity present a pretty fair imitation of Hong Kong, despite the fact that trains are thundering by through the elevated network at Chatham square. The streets are almost impassable with the chattering crowds of Chinamen, each with a parcel under his arm, containing salt turnips, dried shrimp, tea and rice, which they have come to purchase for their seven days' supply. These Chinese eat comparatively little American food, and the Chinese groceries, of which there are thirty or forty, do a thriving trade, drawn from all the cities within easy distance, many of the grocers being worth anywhere from fifty to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

You will find their stock is nearly all imported; they keep very few American products, and you will wander among these jostling crowds for hours without hearing one word of English or suspecting that such a tongue was known were it not for the patent medicine advertisements, which carry the language everywhere, and are seen here in profusion, setting forth their merits in both tongues, and reaping, it is said, great store of shekels from the pigtailers, who dote on stuff of the sort and pay fortunes to their own nostrum sellers for the style of medicines which were in vogue in Europe in the middle ages. In every grocery hangs three or four pairs of antlers in the velvet, and the powder obtained by pounding a fragment of them in a mortar with a sliver of Chinese ginseng root makes a dose which would go on a silver quarter, costs anywhere from $40 to $75, and is taken once a year by any one who can afford it with the firm conviction that it has power to not only cure but ward off possible disease during the coming year.

The method of getting prescriptions is simple but somewhat haphazard. A Chinaman who feels that something is seriously wrong inside goes to the joss house, sets up two incense sticks in the incense burner, takes a small jar full of narrow bamboo slips in his hand, bows three times and begins to slowly shake the jar from side to side. In the course of a minute or two one of the slips works its way out from the others and falls on the floor. It has a number on it, and that number corresponds to a prescription to be found in a tattered and dingy "oracle book" hanging on the wall. The patient secures that prescription from his chemist, and takes it with full faith in the Joss' diagnosis and remedy. Nearly every man Jack of these Chinamen that the society people go down to gaze at curiously as they clatter through the narrow streets among the stands where salted peanuts and Chinese cabbage and cucumbers are sold, is a washerman.

There are 2,000 laundries in New York alone, 900 in your city and 200 in Jersey City, which is called in the Confucius "musquito land." Each laundry has from two to five men working in it, and most of them make money, for the Chinese exclusion bill keeps away competition and gives them a sort of laundry trust of it. One young woman, who has lately been on an expedition of this sort, when she acquired this piece of information saw in it the explanation of a fact that had greatly puzzled her—which was that every Chinaman she saw was clean. She had gone into little rooms crowded to the doors with Orientals, where the windows were shut and the gas burning, and yet there was not the smallest hint of unpleasant odor. She had explored opium dens and found every smoker with the snowiest stockings on his unslippered feet, and she came home much amazed having had some previous experience among the lower classes of other nations. Possibly the laundry profession being so widely diffused explains their cleanliness. They not only wash themselves, however, but the Melican man can go into their barber shops any evening and see the barber brush out and braid up their long queues, shave away all the hair around the face and neck, remove all traces of beard and manicure their nails, his customers coming out from his hands as fresh and clean as a yellow rose.

Of all the places in Chinatown the most interesting are the restaurants, of which there are eight. The Delmonico's is Hong Ping Lo's, where one can order a "spread" of forty courses, which it takes two days to eat and which can be had for the sum of $50, and provides enough for a party of six. Here's a meal for three at the Chinese Delmonico's and the prices. We had tea samsu (rice brandy), two kinds of wine, dish of chow chop suey, which is a pungent and palatable conception of chicken livers and gizzards, fungi, bamboo buds, bean sprouts, water chestnuts and all manner of savory spices stewed together; a dish of cuttlefish, one of ducks' breasts, chickens' wings, pigeons' wings, a bowl of rice and a mooncake by way of sweets, and for this, with all the attendant dishes of sauces and condiments, one pays $1.25. A full, square meal, deliciously cooked, dainty and delicate, for about forty cents apiece or less, because there was enough on the dishes to have fed three or four more people. This fact is becoming known, and over five hundred Americans are regular customers at the Celestial eating house. They do not want them there, either, because they are too cheap. They study matters closely, and manage to get their meals for about ten cents, while the Chinese, who are all high livers, spend their money freely.—New York Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

Under the lottery law framed by Congress and the instructions given by the Postmaster General to his subordinates throughout the country, there is a serious danger of encroachments on the liberty of the press that should be rebuked and opposed by the newspapers of the country without regard to party lines.

These postmasters are instructed to act as censors and inspect all second-class matter, and whenever the postmaster finds, what he considers unlawful matter, or even suspects that articles are of that character, he is authorized to suppress the publication and refuse it passage through the mails.

This dangerous innovation is claimed under the specious pretext of suppressing lottery advertisements, and so far the public seems to acquiesce without a protest against this new assumption of power. If this step meets with popular favor then the next move will be to examine first-class matter, breaking the seals of letters in search of contraband publications or writings. If that be accomplised then we will rapidly forget the Louisiana State Lottery in the multitude of grounds upon which these postmasters can act as censors of press and people.—*Lexington* (Ky.) *Press*, Nov. 5.

A $2.50 PAPER FOR $1.75.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION gives so much for the small amount that it costs it is no wonder it is taken already in nearly Half a Million Families. With its fine paper and beautiful illustrations, its Weekly Illustrated Supplements, and its Double Holiday Numbers, it seems as if the publishers could not do enough to please. By sending $1.75 now you may obtain it free to January, and for a full year from that date to January, 1892. Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

After one girl has given you the sack and another the mitten, it is time to give up trying to gain your suit on the installment plan.

SOMETHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The world renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 60 hands in that department. They are running about 11 months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1891 will be more than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1891 can be obtained free of cost, from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

He Went for Him—Did you go for the doctor? Stupid Servant (very muscular)—You bet I did, and sure he's a distressin' sight to behold.

PILES CAN BE CURED.

Richard Bennett, Westfield, N. Y., writes: "For thirty-two years I suffered from piles, both internal and external, with all their attendant agonies, and like many others suffered from hemorrhoids. All those thirty-two years I had to cramp myself to pay doctors and druggists for stuff that was doing me little or no good. Finally I was urged by one who had had the same complaint, but had been cured by BRANDRETH'S PILLS, to try his cure. I did so, and began to improve, and for the past two years I have had no inconvenience from that terrible ailment."

The most grateful man is the one for whom you have done the least.

Pure soap is white. Brown soaps are adulterated with rosin. Perfume is only put in to hide the presence of *put id fot*. Dobbins' Electric soap is *pure*, white, and unscented. Has been sold since 1843. Try it *now*.

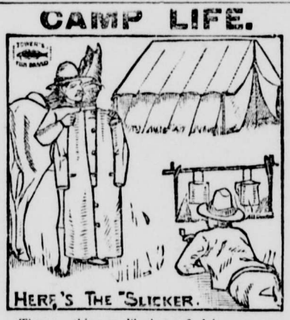
Head and Tale—Spacer—What head did you put on your tick? Lever—None. It is a tie.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

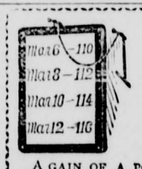
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

CAMP LIFE.



The one thing you'll always find in every cowboy's outfit when he goes on the spring round-up is a "Fish Brand" Pommel Slicker. They make the only perfect saddle coat, and come either black or yellow. They protect the whole front of the rider's body, being made to fit round the outside of the saddle entire. When used as a walking coat, the extension pieces neatly overlap each other, making a regular overcoat with a double storm-proof front. When riding, the saddle is dry as a bone, from pommel to cantle, and the rider is entirely protected in every part of his body. These "Slickers," being of extra width, make fine blankets for camp. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.



GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS AND IMITATIONS.

MONEY Can be made easy by raising Chickens. A large 32-page Illustrated Catalogue describing Incubators, Brooders, Brooding Houses, How and What to Feed, How long to keep them in the Brooder, Drinking Fountains, Diseases and their Cure, in fact more Information than is given in many 25-cent books. Sent to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp. Wire Netting, Bone Mills, Bone Meal and all kinds of Poultry Supplies. Address,

Petaluma Incubator Co., Petaluma, Cal

STEINWAY, Gabler and Pease Pianos Meaning the BEST PIANO MADE, and the favorite cheaper Pianos; all Musical Instruments; Band-Supplies; large stock of Sheet Music. STEINWAY HALL, 206 & 208 Post Street; MATTHIAS GRAY CO. Call and see 62 new rooms and new stock.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted .....

Sold by druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

"But why do you want to marry her?" "Because I love her." "My dear fellow, that's an excuse, not a reason."

It was one of the Springvale High School pupils who being asked to compare just, replied promptly, "just, justice, justincation!"

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully,

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Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard. Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome. No other baking powder does such work.

FREE LESSONS for 2 months at Burgess' Actual Business College, 401 Geary st., S.F. Students graduate in 3 to 4 months. $99 and 3 months time saved. Write for circular.

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS, Dice, etc. A sure thing, sent free to anyone on receipt of 4c. stamp to pay postage. Address or call in person, BEL. SUYDAM, 22 Union Square, New York.

BIG G Cures in 1 to 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to stricture. A popular and acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. I recommend it to my patients. A. J. STONER, M.D., Decatur, Ill. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00. Manufactured by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Trade Mark.

FOR MEN ONLY! VIGOR OF MANHOOD RESTORED. For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely including TOKE TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FAY'S PATENT Manillo-Leather Roofing. The cheapest thing in the market for Houses, Barns, Ice Houses and Outbuildings. Write for catalogue and samples. PACIFIC ROLL PAPER CO., Pacific Coast Agts. 30 & 32 First St., San Francisco, Cal.

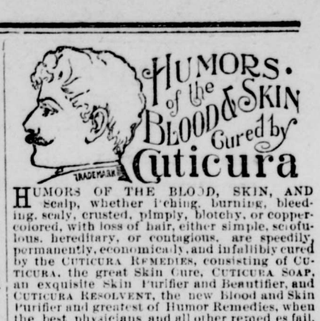
VASELINE.

FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:

One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline	10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle Vaseline Pomade	15 "
One Jar of Vaseline Cold Cream	15 "
One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice	10 "
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented	10 "
One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented	25 "
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline	25 "
	—$1.10

Or for stamps any single article at the price named. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASELINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents.

Chesebrough M'f'g. Co., 24 State St., New York.



HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN, AND scalp, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Blood and Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Backache, kidney pains, weakness, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

POISON IN A PIPE.

Few smokers fully realize the danger of smoking new or improperly cured Tobacco. The medical staff of the German army discovered this was a fruitful source of throat disease.

The subsistence department of the U. S. Army have adopted Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut as the Standard Smoking Tobacco for the army.

Beware of Imitations. The genuine "Seal of North Carolina" costs you no more than poisonous imitations.

PATENTS. INVENTORS' GUIDE —FOR— How to Obtain a Patent, sent free. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C.

POULTRY AND EGGS.

If you want big prices and prompt returns in Cash for them, send to **Smith's Cash Store, 118 Front Street, S. F., Cal.** Ask for the *Home Circle*; it contains directions for shipping, and a list of wholesale and retail prices of many thousand articles for family use. Do not send poultry to arrive later than Friday mornings. Some special bargains just now in Boots and Shoes of the best quality. Woolen and leather Mitts and Gloves for everybody, and many other articles which you will see quoted in the list. (Sample copy sent free.)

SEEDS OUR CATALOGUE OF NORTHERN GROWN TESTED SEEDS FOR 1891 Contains over 150 illustrations and 2 colored plates. The only one published illustrating EVERYTHING in SEEDS, BULBS and PLANTS TRUE TO NATURE, FREE on application. Low Freight Rates to the West. Northrup, Braslan & Goodwin Co. Seed Growers, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. SEEDS

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To Prove its Wonderful Power and Superiority, A $1 Bottle will be given or Sent Free on application, personally or by letter.

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THE REASON THOUSANDS CANNOT GET CURED of Chronic, Private, Special Complaints, Nervous Debility, Unnatural Waste, Loss of Memory and Manhood, Liver, Lung, Bladder, Kidney and Stomach Troubles, Impurities of the Blood, Pimples, Sores and other Skin Diseases, is owing to a complication call it Prostatorrhœa with Hyperesthesia, which requires special treatment.

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DR. LIEBIG & CO. for nearly a quarter of a century have made a specialty of Diseases of Men. Disease, however induced, speedily, thoroughly cured; recent cases in a few days; inveterate cases skillfully treated; charges moderate.

Consultation Free. Call or address, 200 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal. Private entrance, 105 Mason Street.

CAUTION. Avoid packages of poisonous nostrums, whose makers are as unreliable and unskillful as they are unscrupulous, guaranteeing cures for $, or offering to refund. Don't be deceived—get DR. LIEBIG'S INVIGORATOR.

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S. F. N. U. No.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1891.

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A SINGULAR SOCIETY.

The "Shut Ins" Who Never see Each Other.

A UNIQUE SOCIETY OF INVALIDS.

They Exchange Letters and Photographs.

New York city is the headquarters of a society whose members and associates 1,800 in number are scattered over the five great divisions of the world It is an association scarcely known beyond the circle of its own members and their individual friends and acquaintances It is never mentioned in the newspapers It is governed by no laws or rules Yet there is nothing secret in its origin, aim or organization for it is organized It is not a charitable society though it does not despise donations and its members are willing to help each other to their full extent Its name will not be found in the directory list of organized associations in this city or in fact in any list whatsoever Its members never meet together never see each other never exchange handshakes or other greeting in propria persona It has no club house no rooms for social gatherings There is no annual dinner there are no periodic festivities or celebrations as with most societies The organization alluded to is an altogether unique affair

This remarkable sisterhood and brotherhood for it includes persons of both sexes as well as of all ages—is called the Shut In society Its members consist of men women and children who are 'shut in' by disease from the outside world of invalids who seldom or never leave their rooms or perhaps even their beds and who in some cases have remained for more than a generation in one never changing spot catching sight of life and nature only through the window

ORIGIN OF THE NAME

The name of the society was suggested by the words "And the Lord shut him in," from Genesis xvii 16, where reference is made to the Creator's inclosure of Noah inside the ark In a polyglot Bible the marginal texts imply that these words may be taken in an emblematic as well as a practical sense, and that when the former meaning is bestowed they signify a kindly and protective Providence It is in this sense in which the term "shut in" has been appropriated by the society The name was bestowed by Mrs J M D Conklin of Convent, N J, and the society itself originated in 1877 among the contributors to The Advocate of Guardian, the organ of the American Female Guardian society and Home for the Friendless in this city Some of these contributors secluded by sickness exchanged letters of sympathy and this formed the basis of an ever widening communion which existed for eight years in an unorganized condition The society was finally incorporated in August 1887 Its objects are mainly to relieve the weariness of the sick room by sending and receiving letters and tokens of remembrance and to testify to the consolation and help derived from religion To be a sufferer shut in from the outside world constitutes one a proper candidate for membership There are about 500 associate members who are not themselves invalids but who being in deep sympathy with chronic sufferers devote a considerable portion of time to their relief There is an advisory board of fifteen persons chosen from the society and selected from different parts of the country their duty being to confer personally or by letter concerning the interests of the association

THE SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Mrs Mary L. Dickinson is the editor of The Open Window the organ of the association a neat twenty page monthly magazine As a rule the reading matter betrays only an average order of intellect while at the same time it remains true that some of the members of this remarkable federation have minds that are as cultivated as their sensibilities are acute The vast majority are women The reason for this is that there are more chronic invalids among women than among men and that the gentler natures of women thus afflicted lead them to this sympathetic intercommunion whereby they form cherished ties with fellow sufferers whom they have never seen and never will see

Many of the shut ins are poor and support themselves One of them possessed of some literary ability has secured entrance into not less than twenty seven magazines and newspapers more than can be said of many talented professional writers in the enjoyment of health and strength Another who is compelled to be constantly on her back has executed some exquisite lace work but so slowly and with such difficulty that it is scarcely an exaggeration to claim that every stitch took an hour One member is an agent for magazines and journals a good many get up devotional and birthday boxes scrap books crazy quilts paper flowers paper boxes dolls clothes etc, occupy the time of some Interchange of photographs and letters is popular among invalids who read about each other in The Open Window It is stated that the existence of the Shut In society has a tonic effect upon its members They constitute a unique phalanx bound together by the tie of suffering the bondage of a room, yet sparsely spread all over the world From Sweden to the Sandwich Islands from the Netherlands to Syria in India, Burmah China and Japan the 'shut ins' are to be found as well as in the towns and cities of Great Britain and the United States

Invalid children who wish to join the association may do so In fact especial attention has recently been given to juvenile 'shut ins' between the ages of 5 and 12 a lady in Plainfield and one in Boston having them in particular charge A missionary society has likewise been started called the Invalids Bienlhary.—New York Herald.

The Amende Honorable.

"What! Hittie going to marry that old man Jones just for his money! What will poor Ted do, after having squandered his salary in taking her driving all summer?"

"Oh, that's all right, the livery man hasn't been paid yet, and Jones promised Ted last night to settle the bill himself."—Harper's Bazar.

India's Marriage Customs.

Marriage customs in India are to be reformed. The bride and groom hereafter must have attained the ages of 14 and 19 respectively. The families will not spend so much on festivities.—Chicago Globe.

The only way for a young man to get married comfortably on $500 a year is to throw himself on the generosity of his father-in-law.

Not Half Warm Enough for Him.

"Warm?" he said, putting on a heavy pair of gloves and buttoning his light overcoat, "you don't call this warm weather, do you?"

"Do I call it warm?" said the other, mopping his brow and trying to fan himself at the same time, while his face grew redder and redder. "I call it gridiron heat."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear fellow; the mercury isn't above ninety-two."

"Ninety-two!"

"And it hasn't been above a hundred more than once this year."

"Shades of all the Icelanders!" cried the red, fat man, "what would you like to have it—135 in the shade? Would you like to boil eggs in the public fountains? Do you want foundries to run their furnaces without fire? One hundred! Do you want to sizzle and vanish in steam? One hundred!" he screamed in shrill, agonized tones, and he danced around madly in his wrath until his face was of flaming scarlet. "One hundred! Why, man, haven't you got any blood in your veins?"

"Oh, yes," said the other, shivering as a warm breeze touched him, "but I have 40,000 tons of ice cornered."

And then the little stout man fell in a swoon, and an ambulance carried him to the hospital, where he was recorded as suffering from prostration by heat, while the ice king went home to order the servants to put more coal on the fire.—New York Tribune.

No Market for Cough Drops.

He hurried across the City Hall park and flew into the counting room of a morning newspaper in Park row. He was an old man, with long white hair and a snowy beard, and he wore a pair of huge arctics. Wandering up to a bookkeeper's window he extracted a small box from his pocket, and began in a high tenor voice:

"I have here, my dear sir, probably the greatest invention of the age. It is a cough drop. The only effective and useful cough drop ever placed before the American public. Upon feeling the well known first symptoms of a cold, you open the mouth, place a drop carefully upon the tongue and permit it to dissolve slowly. The cold then disappears."

"No more consumption is now possible sir," continued the venerable high tenor. "If you find yourself with a hectic flush and a hacking cough, place two of these drops upon the tongue, and immediate cure"——

"Are they good for anything else?" inquired the bookkeeper, peering through his window at the cough drop advocate.

"Well I should say so," said the latter, greatly encouraged. "It bowls over headache, sore throat and dyspepsia, and I am selling hundreds of boxes as Christmas"——

"See here, old man," interrupted the bookkeeper, "for your sake I deep y regret that I have not the preliminary symptoms of a cold. Moreover, consumption is unheard of in my family. My father died of curiosity and a buzz saw, and my mother still lingers at the age of 92. As for dyspepsia I could digest a carpet tack, and I don't know what Christmas means. You see old man, we don't seem to connect, so put up your pellets and amble along."

The cough drop dealer gathered up his boxes, settled his beaver firmly on his venerable brow, and said sadly, "Very sorry to disturb you sir; I didn't mean to hit the circulation liar."—New York Tribune.

Sometimes the Big Bill Dodge Fails.

The other day, as one of the conductors on a Worcester street car was taking his fares, a man sitting in one corner of the car complacently handed out a $20 bill. It was an old game; one that is often tried. The conductors are usually ready for such things, but this time change was short and the man of the patent register had just rung in a fare on himself when a drummer, standing on the rear platform, said: "I guess I can break that $20 for you." The face of the big bill man fell in a moment as the drummer handed over a lot of small bills to the conductor. His meanness was useless. He had to pay his fare.

"That's a slim game," said the drummer to another passenger, shortly afterward. "I never see it tried but I want to break it up, if possible. A short time ago I was riding on the cars, near Bridgeport, Conn., when I saw the conductor come up to a man who sat in front of me for his fare. The fellow handed him a $100 bill. His fare was thirty-six cents. The conductor was an old friend of mine. He came along to me and said: 'I guess I'm stuck, Frank.' 'Perhaps I can help you out,' I answered. I happened to have with me 131 silver dollars, and I counted out 100. If you ever saw a pleased man it was that conductor. He went back to the sharper, gave him sixty-four cents change, and then gave him ninety-nine cartwheels. The fellow swore and threatened, argued and pleaded; it was no use. The conductor had his fare and he had his change. It's a mean trick, and nothing pleases me better than to see it foiled."—Boston Herald.

Appointing a Time.

Creditor—When shall I call for the amount of my bill, Mr. Smith?

Debtor—Oh, at any time. What day will best suit your convenience?

Creditor—Well, I have less to do on Thursdays than any other day of the week.

Debtor—Very well. Then you may call for the amount every Thursday.—New York Sun.

A Little Rusty on Oxides.

Professor Flogg—I called, Mr. Grubb, to inquire about your son James. I haven't seen him at the academy lately. I hope you have not decided to keep him out of school.

Farmer Grubb—Well, I dunno. I've set Jimmie to blasting out stumps for awhile till he gets his bearings again I guess we can save him, but he was purty badly out o' plumb. Came home t'other night and commenced to talk to me about iron ox hides.—Chicago Times.

DANISH FARMERS.

Peasantry Divided Into Four Classes.

FEEDING AND LODGING THE LABORERS

The Law of Inheritance.—Keeping Poultry.

The peasantry of Demark are divided into four distinct classes, namely, the "Gaardmand" (pronounced Gorman), or yeoman farmer who either owns or rents from thirty to eighty five acres (English), secondly the "Parcelist," who owns or rents from eight to thirty acres, thirdly the "Husmand," or cottager, with from one to eight acres, and lastly the "Insidder" who generally rents his cottage and garden plot, and from this last class it is that the laboring men are principally drawn

Until marriage the laboring men are fed and lodged upon the farm where they work and in one of the buildings just referred to are the dormitories for the "Karle," o which upon such a farm there would be about twelve beside the foreman there too, is the roomy kitchen and the refectory where these stalwart hungry youths are fed and particularly well fed too, partaking of no less than five good meals a day At 6 in the morning their breakfast is served consisting of huge slices of bread and butter—cut by a machine—with coffee and a small glass of "snaps" or corn brandy on the island of Zealand this early meal is a kind of thick soup made of rye bread and beer with which a salt herring is eaten At noon dinner which is soup or porridge followed by meat, or codfish or pork with vegetables and beer at 4 p m bread and butter cheese beer and more snaps, and finally a supper of porridge with milk

The farm hands are hired by the half year and the whole system has hitherto worked to the mutual satisfaction of both laborer and employer This, however, is greatly due to the fact that there exists a code of hiring laws which provides an easy settlement of all disputes between master and man Every servant farm or domestic is under these laws compelled to keep a book which is officially registered and wherein are written all his or her certificates of character each one of which is necessarily countersigned by the magistrate of the district wherein the master or mistress resides

The Gaardmand's homestead is substantial, square and thatched, the barns stables, etc, are joined to it, forming together a quadrangular farm yard with the entrance gate facing the dwelling At the back is a garden, usually of about three quarters of an acre, devoted to fruit vegetables and hops, with a few roses and gilly flowers near the house door A farmer working from sixty to eighty acres will have upon his farm two "karles," a boy and two girls for the dairy, all of whom are helped in their work by their master and his family Generally such a farmer keeps upon his land fifteen or more cows four sheep four horses and two goats for every farmer is a horse breeder more or less The poultry is his wife's care and perquisite and forms a highly important item in her yearly budget These farms when owned by the yeoman are, generally speaking mortgaged for half their value a fact to be attributed in most instances to the repeal of the law of primogeniture

At present the parent is permitted, if he pleases to leave one third of his property to his eldest son a clause in the law of inheritance much appreciated and in general use As the valuation for probate is extremely low the eldest son generally raises a loan with which to buy out his brothers and sisters with their consent and the race being a practical one, endowed with generous instincts this modified form of "partage force does not appear as yet to produce the jealous feuds of to work the evil it is known to do in other countries though as indeed the system has not been long in force, it is perhaps rash to predict that it may effect no change for the worse during the lapse of a century In cases where a loan is impossible owing to a previous mortgage subdivision steps in and in some instances has been repeated until the minimum area has been reached under the new law already referred to Necessarily if the family be numerous and all elect to retain their share in the land they sink to the position of Husmand, and have to resort to a trade to eke out their livelihood Should however a younger member of the family have had the good luck to have married the child of a wealthy Gaardmand with a good dowry then the newly married pair proceed to buy a small farm of about twenty five acres, and become Parcelists

Class distinctions are clearly marked and rigidly adhered to among the peasantry Not so very long ago it was argued from certain political platforms in the Midlands that the farm laborer who possessed "three acres and a cow" would no longer have the need to touch his hat to the squire Judging from the Danish peasantry however, a race fully as sturdy and independent as our own, it would appear that an increase in the number of owners of land does but augment the number of those who demand a respectful salutation from the laborer, whether he possesses a cow or not

When the marriage of a Gaardmand's son with a Husmand's daughter occurs, all the peasant society of the district is put in a flutter and the match is considered a grave mesalliance not at all to be encouraged The younger sons of Gaardmand who have neither the prospect of a good inheritance nor of a good "match" usually learn a village trade, such as that of wheelwright or blacksmith those with a better education and more enlightened may become village schoolmasters and village "vets" and sometimes if they have a preference for horseflesh, they may take the post of coachman at the Herremand's though it is rare for the yeoman class to enter domestic service Those who do so like those who take to a trade lose caste and may freely choose their wives from the Husmand's daughters but not so the veterinary or schoolmaster for whom it would be unpardonable

Fowls are kept invariably They help to pay the rent and often more besides Upon the highway one meets the tiny child of 4 or 5 fair haired and blue eyed her mother in miniature as regards dress from the close fitting cap and large apron to the little sabots peeping out from under the long full petticoats She is armed with a switch and is there alone to guard the flock of poultry searching for a meal by the wayside, and which ever living on terms of close intimacy with the family are well conducted birds easily amenable to discipline In winter they are stowed away in all sorts of places, in the loft, or more often in hutches.—Fortnightly Review.

STORIES OF MEN.

Dr. Bryant's Joke Upon a Teller of Old Stories.

Dr. Bryant, who accompanied President Cleveland on his recent tour through the west and south, is a serious man, who never jokes and never uses slang. One day the doctor was walking through the woods on the Belle-Meade farm, near Nashville, with Gen. "Bill" Jackson, who is known far and wide as a very successful racconteur. The general was in particularly high spirits that day, and stories ran out of him like sap out of a sugar maple.

At the end of one especially good story the doctor, who did not seem to be much pricked by the point of it, continued to look up at the trees, which he had been some time examining, and said:

"General, you raise a good many chestnuts here, don't you?"

All the rest of the day the doctor wondered why Gen. Jackson told no more stories.—Chicago News.

Elihu Washburne, Sr. and Jr.

Elihu B. Washburne, Jr., who was called home by the death of his distinguished father from the college he had been attending at Kingston, N. Y., told this anecdote of him to a friend at the Coleman house, New York: The ex-minister was entirely lacking in appreciation of American humor. From the time he was rocked in the old oak cradle at Livermore he saw the sterner side of life, and failed with the most favorable surroundings to appreciate Yankee fun. Last summer Elihu, Jr., spent some weeks with his father at the old homestead in Maine. During the collegiate year the young man had not failed to draw on his father for funds. As the old gentleman was sitting and reading and meditating perhaps on the promeness of youth to make money fly upward, like the sparks, Elihu, Jr., passed by in the hall singing in a fine baritone:

The fifteen dollars
In my inside pocket,

whereat the elder lost no time in answering, in the same strain, but with a slightly sarcastic intonation:

Since when, Elihu,
Since when?

—Chicago Herald.

M. Quad Gets Into Trouble.

EUFAULA, Ala., Nov. 7.—While Mr. C. B. Lewis (M. Quad), of The Detroit Free Press, who has been on a visit for a week to this city, was sitting in front of the St. Julien hotel in conversation with a local newspaper man, they were approached by a stranger from the country, who asked:

"Which is M. Quad?"

"This is," Mr. Lewis answered, pointing with a smile to the local newspaper man.

"All right," said the stranger, addressing the Eufaulan, "I heerd you wuz in town, and I've walked fourteen miles ter day jist ter get er chance to lick yer."

It appears that the countryman had once written a communication to M. Quad, the plans and specifications of which the humorist criticised or made fun of, and so won the countryman's lasting enmity. After the affair the two scribes rescued their tall hats from the sand, and arm in arm they went up the street, while the countryman was recovered and detained long enough to be fined $4 and costs for assaut and battery. Mr. Lewis left this afternoon for Troy, Ala.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Another Lincoln Anecdote.

Seymour Curtis is one of the characters of Stratford. He went to the war as 'lieut, and since has been what may be called an ardent, working Republican. He comes to Bridgeport nearly every day, and on his last visit told the following anecdote never before printed:

"During the presidential campaign of 1856, when John C. Fremont was the Republican nominee, Mr. Curtis, in company with James Booth, came to this city to hear Lincoln speak. As Lincoln stepped upon the platform to begin his speech Booth said to Curtis, 'What a homely man! He's the homeliest man I ever saw.' But as Lincoln talked and waxed eloquent, Booth brought his clenched fist down on Curtis's knee (and the latter said he hit hard) and said, 'Seymour Curtis, he is not so bad looking after all! He grows handsomer all the time.' At last, with a sledge hammer blow of his fist on Curtis's knee, Booth exclaimed, 'Curtis, he's the handsomest man I ever saw.'"—New York Tribune.

Why Bennett Came Home.

Tom Ochiltree's "latest" is at the expense of James Gordon Bennett. When told that the editor of The Herald had returned from Europe he evinced no surprise whatever, and murmured, "of course, of course," in the most matter of fact tone. "But why 'of course?'" demanded his informant, impatiently. "What do you know about it, anyhow?" "Nothing," was the witty Texan's rejoinder, "only—of course he's coming home to edit that new paper of his in Paris."—Chicago Herald.

Bishop Potter's Poser.

Bishop Potter is credited with the following joke: A young clergyman, not far from Harlem, being on the eve of marriage, and not wishing to trouble any of his clerical brethren, wrote to the bishop inquiring if, as he had already published the bans from his own pulpit, he could marry himself. The bishop at once capped the query with another: "Could you bury yourself?" That settled it.—New York Ledger.

Funnier Than It Seems.

The Princess Bismarck, speaking to a friend shortly after a man in Posen had left her husband about $500, said: "I'm so glad Bismarck got the money just at this time, when he needs a good, steady horse to ride. He always refused to buy one on the ground that he couldn't afford it. It comes in handy, doesn't it?" The prince, it will be remembered, has an income of $125,000 a year.

Dickens' Characteristic Reply.

An enterprising phrenologist once wrote a note to the late Charles Dickens, asking permission to make an examination of his cranium. Dickens replied: "Dear sir: At this time I require the use of my skull, but as soon as it shall be at leisure I will willingly place it at your disposal."—Manchester Guardian.

Tabor to the Rescue.

"It is a shame," said a patriotic Colorado man to Senator Tabor, "that we have no monuments to any of our great men in this state."

"So it is. I'll have my measure taken for one immediately," was the reply.—Chicago News.

A Career of Wealth Cut Short.

A Long Island man ate seventy-five clams at one sitting and won $100 by the feat. After defraying his funeral expenses there was $20 left. Twenty dollars a day, clear profit, is pretty good wages, and if the Long Island man had continued in the business ten years he might have been able to buy a couple of Patti tickets annually, besides having a couple of hundred dollars for inclement weather. His sudden death, just as he had entered upon a money making career, was rather unfortunate.—Drake's Travelers' Magazine.

ABOUT RATTLESNAKES.

By a Woodman Who Lives Among Them.

MARKET FOR SNAKE SKINS AND RATTLES.

Consumption Cured—A Popular Superstition.

"The splitting of a live chicken and applying the warm flesh to a rattlesnake bite, said a backwoods resident who lives almost within gunshot of a rattlesnake den on the Upper Shohola creek "is believed by nine out of ten of the old time dwellers among the mountains of northeastern Pennsylvania to be a never failing extractor of the venom of that reptile I have never known personally of a case of fatal poisoning by rattlesnake bites in human beings In fact, I cannot remember of a single person ever having been bitten within my knowledge and I live within ten minutes walk of a place where over 200 rattlesnakes were captured by one man in the spring of 1886, and where I can go any day and gather as many rattlers as a customer may desire Within the past five years there has arisen a craze among city people who spend the summer in the Pike county and other North Pennsylvania mountains for specimens of rattlesnake skins and rattles, and I have myself driven a profitable business in supplying hides and buttons for that purpose for three summers I know one summer boarding house keeper who buys these things on speculation to sell to his boarders I furnished him more than fifty big skins and as many sets of rattles last summer and have now a contract for 100 of the same this season I have known as much as $2 50 to be paid for one rattlesnake skin Some fanciers have the skins stuffed and mounted, and others have belts pocketbooks, card cases, cigar cases and even slippers made from the skins, after a careful process of tanning, by which the colors and luster of the skin are preserved as they are when the snake is alive and ready to sink his fangs in his aesthetic antlizer

"The person who caught the 200 rattlesnakes two years ago was Elijah Pelton, a big double listed woodman He kept them all alive without removing a fang and was the only person I ever really knew to handle live, fang whole rattlesnakes with impunity He did this daily nearly all summer at Shohola Glen before hundreds of New York people who visited that place, and I always thought the performance a singular one to be made an attraction of a summer sojourning place, especially as Pelton did not conceal the fact that the snakes were captured within an hour's journey of the resort He had the snakes in a large cage, which he entered and handled there at will, to the accompaniment of an almost deafening chorus of rattling from his vicious looking pets as they darted here and there about the cage or coiled themselves in the position they always assume when about to strike Pelton asserts that he was bitten time and time again but that he simply sucked out the poison, and did not stint himself as to whisky

"There was once another rattlesnake king in Pike county named Sam Helms He supplied himself with snakes from the same den that Pelton got his from and was never known to be without his bosom and pockets filled with them He died some years ago of consumption and his death from that disease shook the faith of the old mountaineers in the efficacy of the rattlesnake as a curative power

"The high value that is set on rattlesnake oil wherever that snake is found is widely known I have known as much as $5 to be paid for an ounce of rattlesnake oil, so great was the purchaser's faith in it as a cure for rheumatism and many believe that the oil is infallible as an internal remedy in all kinds of fever and in some places it is regarded as a never failing cure for fits It is on record that many years ago over in Sullivan county the settlers on the east branch of the Delaware got together one fall and killed over 1,200 rattlesnakes at their dens for the purpose of trying out the oil for bottling

"But the uses of the live rattlesnake as a medicinal agent are not so well known The father of one of my present neighbors suffered some years ago from an ulcer on his leg He did not seem to receive any benefit from rattlesnake oil, so he took the advice of an old resident, now dead and carried a live rattlesnake to bed with him and kept it there three days The old gentleman always insisted that he was bitten by the snake, and that the poison simply counteracted the poison of the disease that was in his blood and drove it out How true that may be I do not know but it is certain that the man's ulcer disappeared and he got well and lived for several years I don't know whether the snake died or not, but very likely it did

"Then there was and to some extent is yet a belief that if a consumptive should bite deep into the neck of a live rattlesnake at certain times the disease would be cured When it was found that Sam Helms had the consumption the live rattlesnake treatment was tried on him From all accounts he must have bitten the necks of a whole den of live rattlesnakes but consumption's hand was not stayed and Sam was gathered to his non snake biting fathers

"Another popular superstition among the old residenters and one that some of their descendants believe in yet, was to carry a set of rattles in their hats to prevent or cure headache and render sunstroke impossible It was also once believed that if a person bitten by a rattlesnake should swallow a few drops of the poison itself the former would have no effect Not a few woodsmen I have known always had a little vial of the poison which they extracted from the sacs at the base of the fangs of rattlesnakes they killed for their oil, to be used internally in case they should have the misfortune to be inoculated by a snake bite in their tramps through the woods But I never knew of any of them having occasion to use the alleged antidote, although if some of them are to be believed they have taken pints of the venom during their lives

"There used to be a man named Geer who lived near Long Eddy Sullivan county and who claimed to have an infallible cure for rattlesnake bites that his grandfather obtained from the Indians The composition of the cure was a secret but Geer would go any distance to doctor persons who were snake bitten He claimed to have saved the lives of many people suffering from rattlesnake poison Geer died a year or two ago, but the secret of the rattlesnake cure is still in his family It is a singular fact that none of the alleged antidotes for rattlesnake bites is effectual in case of poisoning by the copperhead or pilot.—Hawley (Pa.) Cor. New York Sun.

Visitors of Hospital Patients.

One of the very amusing though at the same time considerably annoying occurrences incident to charity hospital experiences is the daily arrival of all manner of indigestible food for the patients which is either sent in or brought to the hospital by interested friends and relatives The first thing a woman does when she comes to visit her husband son or lover" said a hospital surgeon on a recent occasion, "is to give him a bath

"A bath?"

"Yes a bath of tears She cries all over him don't you understand? And then she talks a lot of stuff regular mush you know and when she has him all stirred up pulse way up fever rising and everything in a fine condition she tries to make a finish of him by feeding him a lot of pie, cake, crullers or something of that kind We usually watch them and take the stuff away down to the office, but very often a woman conceals it under her apron and we find under the man's pillow after her departure an apple pie, a lot of custard cake fruit tobacco and even whisky Why a man was brought in here insensible the other day from a blow on the head dealt by the gentle hand of the new aqueduct elevator We had him propped up in bed with his head in an ice pack all tied up in a rubber bag, and his feet in a vapor bath Presently his wife, children sister brother in law and most of the rest of his relatives gathered in a line outside the doorway His wife insisted on going up stairs, of course and came flying down and said she was going right home to get him some breakfast that he hadn't had a mouthful to eat since early in the morning and she knew she could cook him something that would bring him round all right No wonder he was faint lying there all day with nothing to eat or drink."—New York Sun

Crickets in Algeria.

Accounts are published of the devastation caused by crickets in Algeria The insects resemble but are not identical with either locusts or grasshoppers Last year swarms of grasshoppers ravaged the colony This year the crickets have taken their place They spring like grasshoppers but have a more rapid and sustained flight They form clouds which shut out the light of the sun When they alight on the ground they destroy every trace of vegetation They sometimes fall exhausted on the ground in such numbers as to cover it with a layer of dead bodies from which pestilential exhalations arise The correspondent of a Paris newspaper in a letter from Algeria says that the railway trains have been stopped by the insects between Constantine and Batna

The method still employed to check the evil in the African possessions of France is the old and expensive one of digging long trenches at a right angle to the advancing swarms and placing on the most distant side a sort of fence formed by a web of cloth The advancing insects strike against the cloth, fall into the pit and are there covered with lime or mold The Algerian authorities have spent 700,000 francs in destroying them, and now contemplate a further expenditure of 1,000,000 francs to complete the work.—London Times

A Corset for the Fat Lady.

A clever little corsetiere on Seventeenth street says "The most difficult customer I have to fit is Barnum's fat lady She measures fifty inches round the waist, but laces down to forty four Her size is her stock in trade to be sure Yet, woman like, she will pull herself in For common wear I make her a plain article of strong jean at $25, for best, a satin embroidered corset at $75 You see I have to use about three times as much material and about three times as much whalebone, and the latter is costly as I do for an ordinary customer

"Yes, I have a customer in private life who is nearly as large She is a very rich and fashionable lady who lives on Fifth avenue, near Bryant Park She tells me that as a girl her belt measure was the same as that of the Empress of Austria and the Empress Eugenie just eighteen inches Now she is over 40, and cannot well make herself less, as one attempt at that for a charity ball brought on an attack of apoplexy No, I do not like to make corsets for overstout people They always want to squeeze themselves and be comfortable at the same time."—New York Press "Everyday Talk"

The Cost of Various Wars.

The following statistics are of French origin, and pointed Under Napoleon III the Crimean war cost France 200,000 men and 2 milliards of money England 23,000 men and 5 milliards of money Piedmont, 2,000 men and 175,000,000 francs of money, Russia 6,000,000 men and 4 milliards of money Turkey 35,000 men and 400,000,000 In 1858 the Italian war cost France 80,000 men and 1 milliard of money Italy 60,000 men and 150,000,000 Austria 120,000 men and 875,000,000 In the Mexican war France spent 500,000,000 money and 70,000 men The Syrian expedition cost 15,000 men and 125,000,000 money In the Franco German war France lost 225,000 men and 9,288,000,000 money And now France is bristling with Boulangism and will be compelled to go in with Russia ere long in a struggle more terrible than all before it The estimate is that France and Russia together can put in the field 9,500,000 of men, while Germany Austria and Italy can meet them with as many more Think of 20,000,000 men eager for each others' lives on European battle plains—and what has been the gain of it all.—Globe-Democrat.

A Difference in Dress.

It isn't always that a woman can afford to forego the quality of distinction in dress They are telling of a man who died lately and left as a widow a young woman who had formerly been his cook that he succumbed to her in consequence of her appreciation of this principle She was a good looking and intelligent girl, but he paid no attention to her so long as he saw her only in kitchen attire But she saved up two or three months wages invested the money in the handsome and becoming costume of a lady carefully arrayed herself in it for an ostensible trip to the city from the suburban home and then managed to show herself in that improved garb to her employer She was no longer a mere servant in calico She was transformed into a fine handsome lady in finery They were married within a month, and now she is a widow with a fortune.—New York Sun

I am myself so deaf that common conversation is inaudible to me when in a room where there is no other noise but when there is singing or instruments playing I can hear as well as any one and when on board of railroad cars in motion I have frequently heard conversation from the seat behind me that those on the seat with me could not hear I have known a number of people similarly affected I am 70 years of age, and have been deaf for more than fifty years

OLD TIME TUNES.

Old Songs and Their Local Associations.

THE ORIGIN OF "THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET"

"Life on the Ocean Wave" and Other Familiar Verses.

In a small and old fashioned but cozy chop house, way down town, two veritable Bohemians sat the other afternoon, and over their pipes exchanged recollections Their talk after a while touched upon old familiar songs, many of which possess peculiarly interesting local associations

"Now there's 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' said one of the Bohemians "that song had its birth up here in Duane street in 1817 Samuel Woodworth, a gifted but erratic printer, was living there at the time One hot summer's day he went into his house and drank a glass of water, remarking, 'that taste's good, but now I wish that I could drink just at this minute from the old oaken bucket on my father's farm' Woodworth's wife remarked sympathetically, 'What a poem could be written on that thought!' The printer pondered for a minute, and sitting down at the nearest table began to write Soon the touching verses beginning 'How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood' were written Soon afterward the words were coupled with a melody composed by Kiallmark for 'Araby's Daughter,' and were sung far and wide."

"'Woodman, Spare That Tree,' is another famous song, based on a local incident," said the second Bohemian. "The words were written by George P. Morris, who lived in New York almost all his life and died here in 1864. When he was a boy his home was on a farm not far from Bloomingdale. He was wont to play there under an old tree planted by his grandfather.

"Many years after he had left the farm and the property had passed out of the hands of his family he happened in that neighborhood one day, and saw a man about to cut down the old familiar tree. He begged the man to desist, and received the gruff response that the tree would bring $10 for firewood He gave the man the money and took a bond for the safe protection of the tree Soon afterward he wrote the noted song, which was set to music by Henry Russell."

"You have heard how 'A Life on the Ocean Wave' came to be written, I suppose?" queried the first speaker, as he moistened his lips. "No? Well, it was this way Epes Sargent was walking along the edge of the Battery one bright morning when the numerous craft, dancing on the glistening water, brought to his mind a suggestion made to him some time before by his friend, Henry Russell, that he write a marine song He wrote the words of 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' and showed them to George P Morris, who remarked that they made a nice little poem, but they would not do for a song

Soon afterward Russell met Sargent and asked him for the verses. Taking them to a music store at Broadway and Park Place, Russell went into a little back room, seated himself at a piano and in a few minutes composed the air of the famous song. Sargent never received a cent for it, although the sales of the song were large.

"'Ben Bolt,' you remember, was a noted song along about 1850," continued the first Bohemian. "The original words of that song were written in 1842 by Dr. Thomas Dunn English, of Philadelphia, while on a visit to New York, and sent as a gratuitous contribution to a magazine edited by his friend N P Willis. Some years afteward the verses were repeated from memory to Nelson Kneass, a New York Bohemian, who set them to music, adapting an old German song. The instantaneous success of 'Ben Bolt' made it a source of great profit to its publishers, but Kneass died in poverty, complaining that he only received a trifle for his work So far as is known the writer of the original verses got nothing."

"But few writers of popular songs ever made any money out of them," oracularly remarked the second Bohemian. "There's the familiar case of John Howard Payne, a New York boy, who wrote 'Home, Sweet Home' while starving in an attic in Paris The song was to be sung in his opera, 'Clari, the Maid of Milan. Payne never got anything for it, and later in his life he wrote to a friend in this city: 'How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London or some other city, and have heard persons singing or hand organs playing 'Home, Sweet Home' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head.'"

"True, Payne's case was a pathetic one," assented Bohemian No. 1, "but there have been instances where song writers made a great deal of money and did not know how to keep it. Take the experience of Stephen Collins Foster, for example. He produced 'Old Kentucky Home,' 'Old Dog Tray,' 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Old Uncle Ned and scores of other popular songs for which he received large sums of money. It is a matter of record that more than 125,000 copies of 'Old Dog Tray' were sold in eighteen months Foster was a reckless, happy-go-lucky fellow Some of his most famous songs were written on brown wrapping paper in the back part of a downtown grocery in this city. He was taken sick here and was conveyed to a hospital, where he died penniless Jan. 18, 1864.

"Another man who received large sums of money for his songs was Henry C. Work, of this city, the author of 'Wake Nicodemus,' 'Marching Through Georgia and 'Grandfather's Clock.' The sales of the last mentioned song were enormous, and Work received $75,000 in royalties on that alone."—New York Times

Freddie—Let us break this cup.

Little Johnnie—No; it doesn't belong to a set.—Epoch.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30..... 1891

County Official Paper.

An exchange say sthe number 13 is not unlucky if you put a mark before it, S. Brother Price would be of another mind if the words "please remit" were put after the mark.

Since W. M. Evarts is to be succeeded in ahe Senate by a Democrat, it is well that his successor is an able man. Political opponents of Governor Hill must in candor admit that he is the ablest man of the Democratic party in New York. His election to the Senate need not interfere with his candidacy for President, and he will be a much stronger candidate than Mr. Cleveland. No democratic newspaper will ever brand Mr. Hill as "a stuffed prophet."

Senator Stewart of Nevada has in charge a bill to reimburse the states of Oregon, California and Nevada for money expended in aid of the supression of the War of the Rebellion. The Senator has lately been acting with the Democrats in opposition to Republican measures, and now the Republicn Senators are very angry with him and threaten to defeat his bill. This they can easily do by uniting with the Democrats, who will always oppose any measure for the payment of claims for putting down the Rebellion. The loss to California by the defeat of the bill would be nearly two and a half millions of dollars.

It would have been a happy event for the State and an honor for the members if the Legislature had adjourned after the form was gone through of electing Senator Stanford. Since then the proceedings have been little else than a continual wrangle between two men to determine which shall be "leader" of the Republican party. "The evil that men do lives after them." Buckley showed how politics could be made to pay as well as levying assessments on mining stock or running a lottery, and now every small politician wants to be a Buckley and our Legislature is occupied with very little besides the struggles of two aspirants, each of whom thinks that he should be by merit raised to that bad eminence.

In the new states of Washington and South Dakota there appears to be a lack of competent politicians. In the Legislatures of both states members declare that they have been offered large bribes to vote for certain candidates for the United States Senate. Any of the older states could furnish politicians who would quickly teach the aspirants for Senatorial honors in Dakota and Washington how to offer bribes so deftly that members of the Legislature would not be put to the awkward necessity of publically declaring that attempts had been made upon their virtue. But a little practice will enable the young states to do that business as quietly and as often as their older sisters.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONE PINE

Blacksmith Shop.

R. C. Spear, Prop'r

—ALL WORK ON—

MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS
—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—

HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
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DELINQUENT Tax List. A. D. 1890.

INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

A

Arnold, Robert—W hf of Sw qr, W hf of Nw qr, section 32, tp 16 S, R 36 E, 162 acres. Personal property 12 89

Anger, L A—W hf of Sw qr, Se qr of Sw qr sec 23, Nw qr of Nw qr s c 26 Tp 12 S R 34 E, 160 acres 8 90

B

Bogole, Chas. D—E hf of Sw qr, W hf of Se qr section 2, Twp 15 S, R 36 E, 160 acres. Undivided one-half of 15¼ acres in Ne qr of Nw qr section 28, Tp 15 S, R 36 E, 7 acres. Lots in town of Lone Pine, Lot 2 3, and fractional hf of lot 6, block 13. Lots in town of Lone Pine, Lots 2, 3 and 7 in block 26. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 6 and 7 in block 25. Lots in town of Lone Pine, all of block 27. Lots in town of Lone Pine, all of block 28. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 5 and 8 in block 23. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 1 and 4 in block 6. Personal property, 1 Poll and Hospital tax 20 65

Bulpitt, J H—T C Se qr sec 13 Tp 6 S, R 32 E D S hf of Ne qr, W hf of se qr, S qr of Ne qr sec 9, N qr of Ne qr sec 20, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 20 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 440 acres, schl tax 16 71

Bourland, G P—Sw qr sec 9 Tp 8 S R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Brown, Jas H—W hf of Se qr, W hf of Sw qr sec 22 tp 6 S R 32 E, 160 acres; personal property 15 36

Boland, Thos—Jiggerville. W hf of Sw qr sec 10; Fctnl Ne qr of Se qr; fctnl S qr of Ne qr, Ne qr of Ne qr sec 9 tp 17 S R 37 E. T C W hf of S qr, Sw qr of Ne qr, N qr of Se qr sec 32 Tp 19 S R 37 E, 509 acres tax 11 50

Bulpitt, Fred H.—Ne qr of Se qr section 14, Nw qr of Sw qr section 13, Tp 7 S, R 32 E, 80 acres. Schl tax 3 76

Burton, Wm A—W hf of lot No 1, W hf of lot No 2 in Sw qr sec 19 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 83 acr schl tax 3 88

Bell, Mrs. Sallie—S hf of Nw qr, Ne qr of Ne qr sec 29 Tp 9 S R 33 E, E hf of Ne qr sec 5 Tp 9 S R 34 E, Nw qr of Se qr, Se qr of Sw qr sec 24 tp 9 S R 33 E, 280 acres, personal property, Schl tax, 1 P and H tax 97 99

Blake, E H—E hf of Ne qr, E hf of Se qr, section 33, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 159 acres. Schl tax 6 17

Bunney, W T—Lots in Academy Addition in town of Bishop Creek Nos 1, 2, 3 and 4 in blk K; schl tax personal property 9 59

Brown, Ed M—Improvements on homestead E hf of Nw qr sec 30 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Personal property 8 46

Bamber, John S—All sec 15 Tp 13 S R 38 E, 640 acres 34 10

Bartlett, Jacob W—S E hf sec 16 Tp 22 S R 42 E, 320 acres 17 30

Bridge, W H—All sec 16 Tp 19 S R 39 E, 640 acres 34 10

Blake, R H—T C—E hf of Ne qr, W hf of Se qr sec 21 Tp 9 S R 34 E, 160 acres. School tax 6 17

C

Collins, A O—E hf sec 19, W hf sec 20 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 640 acres; Sw qr sec 6, W hf of Nw qr, Ne qr of Nw qr sec 7 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 280 acres. 3 Hospital and Road tax. School tax 118 22

Clark, Mary A—W hf of Sw qr sec 27, N hf of Nw qr sec 34 Tp 13 S R 35 E, 160 acres. schl tax 24 86

Canadas, M J—S hf of Se qr sec 7 Tp 15 S R 35 E, 80 acres 7 56

Carberry, Harry—Lot and house on Main St. town of Panamint, known as Mountain Harry's house 2 31

Curran, John—Lot and house in town of Panamint known as Jack Curran's residence, Main St 2 84

Clark, Andrew—Se qr, N hf of Sw qr, S qr Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr sec 20, W hf of Ne qr, N hf of Se qr sec 29, N hf of Sw qr, S qr of Nw qr sec 28, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 21 Township 8 S, R 32 E, 640 acres. School tax 26 54

Collins, W W—S hf of Se qr sec 7, E hf, Se qr of Nw qr, E hf of sw qr sec 18, W hf of Sw qr Sw qr of Nw qr sec 17 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 640 acres; persnl propty schl tax 55 48

Clinton, P—Lot and house north side of Main street in town of Corro Gordo. Personal property 5 01

Canny, D—Nw qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 160 acres 5 75

D

Dierkson, Peter—Lot in town of Lone Pine. Lot 2, Blk 12 ..... 4 94

Densmore, S A—Sw qr sec 2 Tp 13 S R 35 E, 160 acres 5 75

E

Ebrod, John—Nw qr of Nw qr sec 9 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Schl tax 6 86

F

Farmer, Richard J.—N hf of Ne qr section 24, Se qr of Se qr section 13, Tp 13 S, R 35 E, Sw qr of Sw qr section 18, Tp 13 S, R 36 E, 160 acres. School tax. 1 Poll and Hospital tax 18 75

Follett, Wallace—W hf of S qr sec 13, W hf of Ne qr section 24, Tp 7 S, R 32 E, 120 acres. Schl tax 5 39

Fernbach, Joseph—Lots in town of Independence Nos 7, 9 and 11 in blk 21; S hf lot 10 in blk 21; fctnl lots 3 and 1 in blk 28; lots 2 4 and 6 in blk 23; personal property, schl tax 64 03

G

Gheen, William—E hf of N E qr, N hf of S qr, sec 2, Tsp 8 S R 33 E, 160 acres; pers. prpty, schl tax, 1 P & H 46 16

Gheen, William—W hf of lot 2, W hf of lot 1 in Ne qr sec 2 Tp 8 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax 3 13

Gorevin, John—W hf of S qr sec 18 Tp 14 S R 36 E, 80 acres; schl tax 3 77

Goodridge, A—(T C) W hf of Se qr, E hf of Sw qr sec 8 Tp 6 S R 31 E, 160 acres 5 75

Gibson, W F—(S) All sec 36 Tp 19 S R 39 E, 640 acres 34 10

Graham, Wm H.—Sw qr of Se qr section 12, Township No. 13 S. Range 35 East. 40 acres 1 81

Grant, Wm T—Se qr sec 12 Tp 19 S R 36 E, 160 acres 5 75

Gilbert, A. D., and Robinson, J. W.—S qr of Sw qr, Sw qr of S qr sec 10 Tp 12 S R 34 E 80 acres 3 13

Geiger, D M—E hf sec 36 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 320 acres; schl tax 19 79

Gilliam, George—Se qr section 3, Tp 10 S, R 31 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 6 17

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H

Herod, James—E hf of Nw qr, Ne qr sec 3, N hf sec 2, W hf of Nw qr sec 21 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 643 acres. Sch ol tax. 1 Poll and Hospital tax 31 05

Hardy, Geo. H—Ne qr of Nw qr, N hf of Ne qr, section 27, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 120 acres. Sw qr of Ne qr section 22 Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 40 acres. Personal property 19 75

Howard, Paul—Lot in town of Lone Pine, lot 1 and 4 block 3 ..... 4 94

Hall George—W hf of Se qr section 9, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 80 acres. Schl tax 3 34

Hipton, J M—Sw qr of Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr Ne qr of Sw qr, Ne qr of S qr sec 18 Tp 7 S R 35 E, 160 acres. Persnl property; schl tax, 1 P. and H. tax 79 25

Huckaby, Geo—Sw qr of Sw qr s c 21 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 40 acres. S qr of Ne qr, S hf of Se qr, S qr of S qr, section 29, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 13 37

Hillyer, James—S W qr S c 15, Twp 13, R 35 E, 160 acres; improvements on Gov't l'd schl tax 8 69

Haskell, H. L—W hf of S qr, Ne qr of S qr, W hf of Ne qr section 15, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 acres 8 90

Hearne, Henry—(H) W hf of N hf sec 10 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 160 acres 5 75

Hessian, Dennis J.—W hf of lot 2 in Nw qr section 12, W hf of S qr, Ne qr of S qr, section 1, Tp 9 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. Persl prpty, schl tax 16 71

I

Ingram, James—Building on C. & C. land at Citrus, Independence Station, known as Pioneer Saloon. School tax 3 71

J

Jones, James—W hf of SW qr section 13, Twp 8 S, R 33 E, 80 acres. School tax 8 84

Johnson, Jim (Indian)—Se qr of Ne qr section 13, Twp 9 S, R 33 E, 40 acres. School tax. 1 92

Jones, A., and Jones, J D.—Lot 100 by 100 ft and building in town of Bishop known as Dr. Middleton's residence. Lot and building on Main and Line streets in the town of Bishop known as Jones' saloon. Personal property, school tax. Poll and Hospital tax 111 08

Jones, Thos E—S hf of Ne qr, Ne qr of S qr sec 22, Nw qr of Sw qr, sec 23 Tp 6 S R 31 E, 160 acres; personal property 5 68

James, Walter Sr—Lot in town of Independence, Lot 11 block 9. Personal property. School tax 6 33

K

Keller, Jacob—Improvements on lots 5 and 6 in Nw qr section 4, Tp 13 S, R 35 E. Persl property. Schl tax 20 25

L

Lichens, Josephine—W hf sec 36 Tp 21 S, R 39 E, 320 acres 17 30

Laird, Peter—S hf of Nw qr, N hf of Sw qr sec 10 Tp 22 S R 37 E, 160 acres 5 75

Loete, B M—W hf of Nw qr sec 22, Sw qr of Sw qr sec 15 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 120 acres, schl tax 4 91

Le Baron, D. A.—Personal property 4 18

Lane, James—W hf of Sw qr, S hf of Nw qr sec 11 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 160 acres. Personal property 25 57

Linscott, J. A.—Ne qr of section 16, Twp 7 S R 33 E, 160 acres. Personal property, schl tax 45 02

M

Meades, A M—Improvements on E hf of Nw qr, W hf of Ne qr, section 9, Twp 7 S, R 33 E. Persnl prpty and schl tax 23 47

Meades, A M—E hf of Nw qr, W hf of Ne qr section 9, Twp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 7 01

Matlack, Mrs E F—N hf of Se qr, S hf of Se qr section 25 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Methodist Episcopal Church—Tract of land in town of Bishop known as M E Church lot and parsonage, 1 acre. Schl tax 21 76

Meyers, Peter—E hf of Sw qr, W hf of Se qr section 26 Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 160 acres; schl tax 7 03

Murry, William H—Nw qr, N hf of Ne qr, Sw qr Ne qr, Ne qr Sw qr, sec 1 Tp 8 S, R 33 E, 320 acres. Schl tax 19 79

Malone, Mrs Mary—S hf of Se qr sec 2, W hf of Sw qr sec 1 Tp 8 S R 33 E 160 acres; schl tax 10 05

Melone, Granville—Possessory right in Nw qr of Nw qr section 1 Twp 12 S, R 33 E, 40 acres 1 81

Morton, W S—S hf of Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr, Ne qr of Sw qr, section 2 Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Persnl propty 44 08

Miller, James H—W hf of Nw qr, W hf of Se qr section 4, Tp 8 S, R 33 E 160 acres. E hf of Sw qr Sw qr of Se qr, Se qr of Sw qr section 13 Tp 8 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. W hf of Nw qr section 13 Tp 8 S, R 33 E. Se qr of Ne qr section 14, Twp 8 S, R 33 E, 120 acres. Persnl prpty and schl tax 51 71

MC

McCarty, Mrs M—E hf of Sw qr, S qr of Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr section 22, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 160 acres 7 56

McAfee, Mrs A G—Nw qr of Nw qr sec 24 Tp 9 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Schl tax 1 92

McMurry, J S—S hf of Se qr, section 29, Sw qr of Nw qr, Nw qr of Sw qr section 29 Tp 9 S R 34 E, 160 acres. Schl tax, 1 Poll and Hospital tax 38 08

McBride John J—Undivided one-half interest in Sw qr of Nw qr, E hf of Sw qr, Se qr of Nw qr, 160 acres, and 80 acres. Personal property. Two Poll taxes and two Hospital taxes 133 13

McKellips, A—Interest in possessory claim to unsurveyed land situated East side Owens river at Crysopolis mill; property known as McKellips' ranch, 160 acres 5 75

McDonough, Thomas—W hf of Ne qr section 11 Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 80 acres 3 13

McClure, J. N.—N hf of Se qr section 15 S hf of Ne qr section 22, Twp 7 S R 33 E, 160 A. Personal property, school tax, 1 Poll and 1 Hospital tax 25 48

McGahn, Peter—S hf of S qr section 26; N hf of Ne qr section 35, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 A. W hf of Se qr section 26, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 80 acres 8 88

McGahn, Bridget—Se qr of Se qr section 35, Tp 12 S, R 34 E; W hf of lot 6 in Ne qr section 1, E hf of lot 6 in Nw qr section 1, Tp 13 S, R 34 E, 117 acres 4 35

O

Orr, I P—S E qr of S E qr sec 9, S W qr of S W qr sec 10, Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres. Personal property; schl tax 15 44

Osborne, J. B.—Interest in town of Los Angeles Mining Company, a Corporation. Gunsight mine in Resting Springs Mining District. North Extension of Gunsight mine in Resting Springs Mining District. Quartz mill machinery and buildings 61 88

P

Parker, J E and M S—Lots in town of Independence, Frac 9 and 11 block 20; personal property school tax 11 74

Powers, Jas H—(S) W hf of Sw qr, Sw qr of Nw qr, Ne qr of Sw qr sec 36 Tp 24 S R 37 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 11 16

Porteous, Alex—(D) Ne qr sec 14, S hf of S qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E (T C) W hf of Se qr, S hf of Ne qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 400 acres; schl tax 17 28

Porteous, Alex—S hf of Se qr, Nw qr of Se qr section 3, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 120 acres; schl tax 8 31

Producers Union of Owens Valley—Lots in town of Lone, lots 2 and 3 block 3; interest of Messrs Bourland, Hall and Keough in same 16 75

Plumley, A—N hf of Ne qr sec 32, S hf of Se qr sec 29 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 160 acres 8 78

OFFICIAL.

R

Reddy, Mrs M—Lot and house in the town of Darwin, west side Main st near Market. Persnl prpty 4 13

Roberts, S. P—W hf of Nw qr, N hf of Sw qr section 21, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Possessory claim in land on Pine Mountain, 40 acres. Persnl prpty 9 44

Robinson, J W—(D) Sw qr of Sw qr sec 15, Nw qr, E hf, N hf of Sw qr, Se qr of Sw qr sec 22, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 640 acres 21 50

Richards, Thos J—Ne qr of S qr sec 22 Tp 7 S R 33 E. 40 acres; schl tax 6 43

Robinson, E—Lots N os 1 and 2 in Nw qr, So qr sec 2 Tp 11 S, W hf of Se qr sec 35 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 400 acres 13 03

Russell, F. E.—W hf of Nw qr section 2, Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 80 acres. S hf of S hf section 26, N hf of Nw qr, E hf of Se qr, Ne qr section 35, Twp 13 S R 35 E, 400 acres. S hf of Nw qr, W hf of Se qr, E hf of Sw qr section 35, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 240 acres. N hf of Sw qr, S hf of Sw qr, section 26, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. N hf of Ne qr, Se qr of Ne qr, section 34, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 120 acres. Ne qr section 27, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. E hf of Sw qr section 27, Tp 13 S, R 35 E, 80 acres. Se qr section 27, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. Personal property. School tax. Trust property of J. D. Ziglar and trust property of W. S. Enos 380 12

S

Storey, Geo—Sw qr of Nw qr sec 14 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 40 acres; schl tax 2 12

Steward, Charles—S hf of Ne qr, W hf of Se qr section 23, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. School tax 6 17

Silva, Frank—Lot and house in town of Darwin W side of Marset St N of Main. Personal property. 1 P and H tax 13 18

Shipley, Jasper—W hf of Ne qr section 17, Tp 6 S, R 31 E, 80 acres 3 13

Sprance, Stanley—Lot 50x100 ft in town of Laws. Lot 16 block K 4 94

Sherman, Val—Sw qr of Sw qr section 15, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 40 acres; schl tax 2 13

Sais, Angelo—Lots in town of Bishop; Lots Nos 1, 2, 3 and 4 in blk C P & H tax, prsl prpty; schl tax 32 71

T

Tibbetts, W. R—Fractional lot in town of Independence. Lots 7, 9 and 11 block 24; S hf of Se qr, S qr of Sw qr section 18, Ne qr of Nw qr section 19, Tp 9 S, R 34 E; prsl prpty, schl tax 76 54

Turner, F M—Possessory known as Turner's Ranch in sec 23 Tp 9 S R 33 E. 20 acres. Persnl prpty, schl and P & H tax 20 47

Mancey, Thomas—Mortgage interest in property of J W Tracey, viz. Ne qr of Sw qr, S hf of Nw qr, Nw qr of Nw qr section 18, Twp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres; school tax 18 01

Twaddle, Thomas—Quartz mill and building situated at Cook Springs in Death Valley, formerly known as Ibex Company's property 5 acres 40 38

Thelan, Benj H—W hf of Sw qr sec 35 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 80 acres; prsnl prpty 14 52

U

Unknown Owner—Ten stamp quartz mill and machinery formerly known as Emigrant Mill, situated in Lee Mining District 81 56

Unknown Owner—W hf of Nw qr sec 27 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres, schl tax 5 52

W

Wallace, Jim (Indian)—W hf of lot 2 in Ne qr sec 1 Tp 13 T R 34 E, 40 acres 1 81

Watterson, Geo—N hf of N hf sec 21 Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Walters, C A—S qr qr sec 6 Tp 12 S, R 35 E, 160 acres 5 75

Wesson, Abbey C—All of sec 16 tp 24 S, R 40 E, 640 acres 34 10

Wells, W H—E hf of Sw qr, Sw qr of Sw qr, Ne qr of Se qr sec 20, Tp 7 S, R 31 E, 160 acres 5 75

Welch, E H—E hf of Ne qr sec 8, Sw qr of Ne qr sec 9, Tp 7 S R 32 E, 120 acres; school tax 12 40

Walter, Chas—N hf of S hf sec 22 Tp 11 S R 34 E, 160 acres 5 75

White, J R—S hf of Sw qr, S hf of Se qr section 22, Twp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; personal prpty; schl tax 24 69

White, John—S qr of Nw qr, S hf of Ne qr sec 24 Tp 13 S R 35 E, S qr of Nw qr sec 19 Township 13 S R 35 E, 160 acres, school tax 14 47

Y

Yorington, H M—Bonanza mine, Sherman Mining District, 20 acres; Atalia mine Sherman Mining District, 20 acres; North Star Mine, in Sherman Mining District, twenty acres 9 38

Yandell, W W and Mrs Martha Yandell—E hf of S qr sec 21 Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 80 acres. W hf of N qr, E hf of Nw qr s c 28, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. E hf of Nw qr sec 28 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax 13 55

Z

Zaun, S—Lots in Lone Pine, lot 1 block 20, S hf of lot 4 in block 17. Personal property 11 55

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that unless the foregoing taxes and costs are paid I will on

TUESDAY, The 24th Day of February, 1891,

Between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., to wit, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., commence to sell the foregoing described real property at public auction in front of the Court House, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, State of California, and that I will continue such sale from day to day, according to adjournments, until the whole real property described in the foregoing, or so much thereof as may be necessary, shall be sold, and that I will sell the smallest quantity of each assessment of said property that will be taken by any person for the amount of said taxes and costs, in gold or silver coin of the United States.

Dated this 30th day of January, A. D. 1891.

J. S. GORMAN,
Tax Collector of Inyo county, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo county, Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 16th day of December, 1890, an assessment (No. 11) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 30th day of January 1891 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 20th day of February 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.
Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

NATHAN RHINE.

NATHAN RHINE,
(Successor to Harris & Rhine.)
MERCHANT,
INDEPENDENCE
Inyo Co. Cal.

Wholesale & Retail
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise

MY STOCK
CONSISTING OF
Almost every needed article is well calculated to satisfy the wants of everybody; and, as in the past, it will be our aim in the future to retain the extensive patronage enjoyed heretofore.

NATHAN RHINE.

NATHAN RHINE
BANKER
Independence, Cal.

SELL EXCHANGE
—ON—
SAN FRANCISCO
Draw Direct
—ON—
NEW YORK,
LONDON, England.
BERLIN, FRANKFORT-on-the-Main, GERMANY.

I AM PREPARED TO TRANSACT ALL KINDS,
—OF—
GENERAL
BANKING
&
EXCHANGE.
BUSINESS.

Wechsel in beliebigen Summen auf Berlin und Frankfurt am der Main, Deutsche Vollmachten gefertigt. Geldsendungen von und nach Deutschland besorgt.

AGENT FOR
WELLS FARGO & CO'S.
EXPRESS

MUTUAL
Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK
CAPITAL - - - - $5,000,000

LIVERPOOL
AND LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Capital - - - - - $21,000,000

NATHAN RHINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
☞Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.☜
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
☞NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.☜
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
☞Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
☞All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURCKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed Flooring.
sep 11-tf

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence,

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2.00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

PIONEER BREWERY
INDEPENDENCE
BEER ICE COLD.
The Bar is supplied with the Best of all kinds of Liquors and Cigars.
The Coolest Hall in the town. Call in see what comfort you can have this hot weather.
PHILIP GEHRIG, PROPRIETOR

CROCKERS' HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates
☞Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee.
sep1-tf

J. W. Murphy
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for Cash
Shop on Edwards St., one block from Court House, Independence.

S. H. BIGLAND,
—DEALER IN—
Owens Valley Land
39 SUTTER STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO
1-26

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30 1891

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 105¼
Lead, 4.60
Copper, 14.60
Tin, 20.20
Sugar, .06¼
Coffee, 19 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence at 7 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

Mr. T. J. Goodale was in town some days this week.

An interesting continued story will be found on the second page.

Walter Ober got back to Independence on Tuesday after an absence of several months.

John Anton and B. F. Grey came up from Keeler yesterday and stayed in town till this afternoon.

Doctor Bishop has tendered his resignation as Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane of Nevada.

John Kelley, the well known mine superintendent of Bodie, is reported to be dying of consumption at San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fitzgerald are in from Modock. They spent several days at Independence at the beginning of the week.

Last Friday the County Clerk issued a marriage license to Mr. Samuel C. Brown and Miss Clara Chamberlain, both of Bishop.

Robert Russell walloped a man named Burns at Bishop, and on Tuesday he was taken before a Justice of Peace and taxed $15 for the job.

At Tuscorora, Nevada, a large number of miners have been discharged. It is thought that most of the mines will employ greater forces in the spring.

Mr. Bolton, an attorney from San Francisco, has been at Independence during the week. He is attending to legal matters for the Sylvania Mining Company.

The Los Angeles *Herald* is cracking its cheeks whistling for rain, like sailors in a dead calm whistling for a breeze. This season so far is the dryest in many years.

At the soda works at Keeler nothing is doing at present beyond shipping the last crop of soda. The weather has been too windy the past week or two for work at the ponds.

Mrs. Partington took up a news paper yesterday and said, "Dear me, isn't that too bad! The death of Prince Badun causes great constipation of Belgium", and the old lady sighed deeply.

Remember the concert at the M. E. Church on Monday evening, Feb. 2nd., The following have kindly consented to help us: Mrs. Webb, Misses Mulholland, Craig, Stuarts, James and Mr. F. Densmore.

It is announced that Parnell has retired for a time from the leadership of the Irish party in Parliament. It would have been much better for his country and for his own honor if he had at once retired when the late scandals began.

The Lyon County *Times* says that the Piutes at Hawthorne, Nevada, were growing impudent and the Governor sent arms to the citizens there, so that if the Red Man becomes too demonstrative he can be effectually sat down upon.

Good reports come from Cerro Gordo. It is said that there are better prospects now than at any time since the present management took charge of the mines. One six horse team is kept busy hauling ore down from the hill to Keeler.

The authorities of Merced County have retained Hon. P. Reddy to prosecute August Olsen, accused of the murder of John Ivett. The murder was committed on the 9th of last November. Olsen is the brother of the wife of the murdered man.

Representatives of the Stevens Ditch Company and of the Salt Wells Valley Ditch company met at Independence Wednesday. Certain propositions were submitted by the former to the latter, but nothing definite was done. The propositions were sent for consideration to the Directors of the Salt Wells Valley Company at San Francisco.

The State of Nevada has seven hundred thousand dollars in the school fund. This is invested at a very low rate of interest. Francis G. Newlands suggests that this money should be loaned for the construction of irrigation works and argues that it would be amply secured and the benefit to the State would be immense. The people of Nevada will be very slow about letting the school fund be subjected to any risk.

Geooge Thorpe came down from the White Hill on Sunday. He says Pat Keys has a good vein of ore in sight and is adding to the pile in the dump every day, The ore is of the average good quality common to the Hill ledges. Wells Barnes is working on one of his claims. There is no ore body in sight, but the prospect is good for a speedy strike.

The Kern County *Californian* says that the trial of Elliott has been set for February 24th. The Superior Judge of Kern County was engaged in the prosecution of Elliott at two of the three trials already had, and consequently would not be competent to act as Judge at another trial of the same case. If another trial is had, some other Judge will have to try the case. Unless a request for a dismissal of the case should be made from Inyo County the trial would go on. Surely it ought now be clear enough that another trial would be useless.

The Rock Point mill near Dayton has not crusned any ore for a month past., the reason being that the Savage mine does not furnish ore enough to keep that and the Mexican mill running. The Lyon County *Times* says as soon as the mill stopped running the sulphurets and slimes were cleaned up in a hurry. Stockholders in the mine allege that fraud is and for a long time has been practiced by letting a large proportion of the gold and silver contained in the ore escape in the tailings. When it suits the mill men the tailings are worked over and the gold and silver are recovered and kept by them.

Death To The Fairs.

At this session of the Legislature it is proposed to make no appropriation for the District Fairs of the State, but to use the funds hitherto given from the state treasury for their support, in aid of the California exhibit at the big fair at Chicago. In every Assembly district in the state there is a fair district, and it would endanger the scalp of any Assemblyman to vote against the appropriation for his district. In every one of these fair districts there are "influential" citizens who have a keen interest in the appropriation, and no Assemblyman will want to incur the hostility of an "influential" citizen. Therefore they will vote against any proposition of the kind stated. But such a proposition should not be entertained anyway. These district fairs have done much good in the way of stimulating farmers and stock raisers to strive after improvements in every branch of their business. The money is distributed widely in small sums and to people who deserve it. Not one in many thousands of those who attend district fairs will see the big fair at Chicago, and whatever benefit comes to the state from that exhibit, those who are most interested in district fairs will be the last to profit by it. The first and greatest gainers will be the holders of great tracts of land, and there are enough of these in the state to subscribe among themselves every dollar of the sum required to make a grand exhibit at Chicago. To take the money that should go to the district fairs and give it to the Chicago exhibit would be robbing the poor for the benefit of the rich. This offers the strongest chance of the scheme being accomplished, however.

Wide Awake Bishop.

More solid improvement is being made in the neighborhood of Bishop than in all the rest of the county. Irrigating ditches are being extended in all directions, land is being fenced and brought under cultivation, and new buildings in various directions show that settlers are making homes there. In the south end of Owens Valley much is said about what *will* be done, but there no settlers are locating and very little improvement is going on. Very little has been said or published about Bishop, and not till a visit is made there and one travels about the country can one realize what improvements have been made recently. A great deal of good land, an abundance of water that can be cheaply conducted upon it, easy access to railroad, and last but not least, excellent schools,—these are the advantages that attract settlers. The country about Bishop has got a big start ahead of all other parts of the county and bids fair to keep it for many a day.

An Error.

On several occasions the Bridgeport *Chronicle-Union* has stated that the INYO INDEPENDENT was an advocate of the scheme for the annexation of California east of the Sierra Nevada mountains to the State of Nevada. Perhaps the Mono County paper has been honestly, even if stupidly, in error in making these statements, but a repitition now would be a lie outright. The INYO INDEPENDENT has never discussed the subject at all, well knowing that to do so would be a mere waste of words. There is not a citizen of this part of California who would vote in favor of annexation to Nevada, unless he were paid his price for doing so, and we believe there are few who would be so degraded as to sell themselves to the scheme for any price.

Here's Richness!

Archie McCormick, a prospector, came to Independence Wednesday with some very extraordinary gold ore. In fact, to call it ore does not fairly describe it. The stuff is about the size of walnuts, each piece being irregular in form and having many small cavities. These spaces appear to have been filled with iron rust or matter that resembles it. The rust or dust can be easily shaken out, and all the remainder of the mass is pure gold. Mr. McCormick sold about $500 worth of his gold at Bishop to get money for his immediate wants and came on to Independence with the balance. He refuses to tell where he found it but says it was outside Inyo County. He says there is a large vein of quartz in his mine with a seam about two inches wide containing this rich ore. It is highly improbable that a large body of ore of such amazing richness exists, but even a small pocket of such stuff would be a valuable find.

School Apportionment.

The County School Superintendent has made the following apportionment:

Bishop	$570 00
Big Pine	209 64
Fish Springs	190 00
Irving	190 00
Independence	199 82
Lone Pine	380 00
Milton	190 00
Round Valley	190 00
Station	190 00
Union	190 00
Warm Springs	190 00
	$2,689 46

Big Pine and Independence get extra on census over 70.

School Report.

Following is the report of the Independence public school for the fifth month, beginning December 22nd 1890 and ending January 23rd, 1891.

Whole number of days attendance, 636; whole number of days absence, 47; number of tardinesses 36. Total number of pupils enrolled, 46; average daily attendance, 34.526; percentage of attendance, 95 888.

The following named pupils were successful in passing their regular monthly examination, held January 23rd 1891.

Elsie Gill	92	Frank Sherrer	90
Lavina Partridge	96	Cora Craig	77
Effie Roeper	84	Arthur Robinson	77
Charles Rose	76	Lester Laird	77

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

OFFICIAL.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, state of California, made on the 29th day of January, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, the undersigned, the Administrator of the said Estate, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on Saturday the 21st day of February, 1891, at 12 o'clock m., at the late residence of the said deceased, in the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Charles D. Begole at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest which the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than, or in addition to, that of the said Charles D. Begole at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate situate, lying and being in the said County of Inyo, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Lots in the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, state of California: Lots Nos. one and four in Block no. six. North half of No. 6, No. 2 and 3 in Block No. thirteen. Lots Nos. two, three and seven in Block No. twenty-six. Lots Nos. six and seven in Block No. twenty-five. Lots Nos. five and eight in Block No. twenty-three. Fractional part of lot No. one, fractional part of lot No. seven and fractional part of lot No. eight in Block No. one. Block No. twenty-seven. Block No. twenty-eight. Block No. three. Block No. eight. Lots Nos. five in Block No. three and lot No. six in Block No. eight.

Also the following described real estate situate in the County of Inyo, State of California.

The East half of the South-west quarter and the West half of the South-east quarter of Section No. twenty-one, in Township No. fifteen, South, of Range No. thirty six, East, M. D. M. Also an undivided one-half interest in and to the following described lands, beginning at a point twenty chains East of the North-west Section corner of Section No. twent-eight, in Township No. fifteen, South, of Range No. thirty-six, East, M. D. M., (mag. va. fifteen degrees and fifteen minutes East), thence south thirteen and ninety-one one-hundredths chains to North-west corner of J. G. Dodge's land; thence North, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, twenty two and thirty-one one-hundredths chains to Brewery street in the town of Lone Pine; thence North, twenty-one degrees and forty minutes West, twenty-one one hundredths chains; thence south, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes West, eight and ten one-hundredths chains; thence North eight and forty-eight one-hundredths chains to North line of Section No. twenty-eight; thence West thirteen and twenty-one one-hundredths chains following the line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing fifteen and one-half acres.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States, ten percent. of the purchase money to be paid to the Auctioneer on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

THOMAS PARKER.
Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased.
Independence, Cal., January 29th, 1891.

REGULAR MEETING OF BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The Regular semi-annual meeting of the Inyo County Board of Education will be held in Independence on Tuesday, Februrary 17th, 1891 at 10 a. m. Examinations to commence on Wednesday, the 18th, at 9 a. m. All applications for examination or certificate must be in the day prior to the day of the meeting.

J. H. SHANNON
Sect. Board of Education.

PROBATE NOTICE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of John Mullane, deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for proving will, etc.

Notice is hereby given that Monday, the 9th day of February A. D. 1891, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court Room of said Court, at the town of Independence, in the County of Inyo, State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John Mullane, deceased and for hearing the application of Richard Hessian Sr. for the issuance to him of letters testamentary thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated January 22d, 1891.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of ditch, near Independence, Inyo county.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the the following described stock, on account of assessment No. 6, levied on the 29th day of Nov., 1890, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. Cert.	No. Sh's.	Am't
W. H. Huff	1	12	$ 2 40
" "	7	3	60
F. E. Russell	2	32	6 40
" "	19	110	22 00
John Reynolds	3	40	8 00
L. Baxter	5	10	2 00
H. J. Robinson	10	250	50 00
J. V Skinner	21	50	10 00
" "	22	50	10 00
" "	23	50	10 00
" "	24	50	10 00
" "	25	50	10 00
" "	28	50	10 00
" "	29	50	10 10
W. H. Jenkins	30	100	20 00
" "	31	100	20 00
" "	33	100	20 00
" "	36	64	12 80
John Davies	46	60	12 00
W. S. Enos	47	100	20 00
" "	48	400	80 00
W. J. Jenkins	55	100	20 00
" "	56	100	20 00
" "	57	100	20 00
E. Robinson	58	75	15 00
" "	59	125	25 00
Maggie J. Skinner	62	50	10 00
" " "	63	50	10 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 29th day of Nov., 1890, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Stevens Ditch Company, Independence, California, on Saturday, the 7th day of February, 1890, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

P. H MACK, Secretary.

Notice of Forfeiture.

TO H. P. LIVINGSTON, OR WHOEVER at present may represent his interest in the Caldera Mine, and Peter Meyer: You are hereby notified that I have expended One hundred [$100] dollars in labor and improvements upon the Caldera Lode, situated in Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county, California, as will appear by certificate filed in the office of the Recorder of said district for the year 1890, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2,324 Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31, 1890, and if within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under the provisions of said Section 2,324.

O. G. FUENTES.
Dated Cerro Gordo, January 2, 1890.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

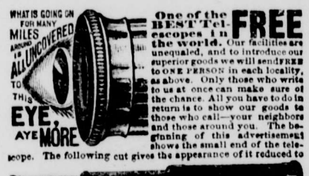
MISCELLANEOUS.

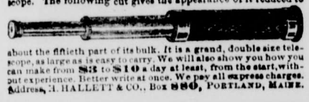
ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel
BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS
All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

IRWINS SALOON
On Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence . Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.
THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER. Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS
The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE
Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Boggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.



One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. FREE. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double axe telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $5 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully
Equal to the Best.
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDIS
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.
The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.
PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Address orders and packages to
HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

THE BEST VALUE
LEVI STRAUSS & CO'S
Celebrated Copper Riveted
OVERALLS AND SPRING BOTTOM PANTS
ENJOY A NATIONAL REPUTATION.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT OUR TRADE MARK.
BEST SEWING! BEST FINISH! BEST FIT!
BEST MATERIALS!
The only kind made by White Labor.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address,
P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal.
P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.
FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.
Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.
Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St
In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable.
S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
Customers supplied on all points
Of the C. & C. Railroad.
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,
Watchmaker & Jeweler.
BISHOP, CAL.
Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.
Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.
I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE STEWART HOUSE.
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
Deputy County Clerk.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.
CARSON & COLORADO R R
TAKING EFFECT,
Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrive—
Mound House	11:30 p. m	6. 0 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.	3:50 p. m.
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7.05 p. m.	9 25 a. m
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.	8:40 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:35 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7 [illegible] a. m
	No. 3.	No. 4.
	Leave—	Arrive—
Belleville	8 20 a. m	5:25 p. m
Benton	11:50 a. m	1:25 p. m.
Basaep Creek	2:00p. m.	11:0 a. m
Alvord	2.45 p. m	10:0 a. m
Independence	4.20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10p. m.	7:40 a. m.
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (75 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leave Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downieville, Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D A BENDER
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc.
AT
L. WOOL
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.
CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods.
THOMAS & HILL.

COPYRIGHT 1870

"Well! Well!"

That's the way you feel after one or two of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have done their work. You feel well, instead of bilious and constipated; your sick headache, dizziness and indigestion are gone. It's done mildly and easily, too. You don't have to feel worse before you feel better. That is the trouble with the huge, old-fashioned pill. These are small, sugar-coated, easiest to take. One little Pellet's a laxative, three to four are cathartic. They regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels—quickly, but thoroughly. They're the *cheapest* pill, sold by druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get. They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, every time, or your money is returned. That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on.

Can you ask more?

GOOD NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism and Catarrh.

Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Pardee Medicine Co.

GENTLEMEN:—About one year ago I chilled my blood and was under the Doctor's care for about six months when I had a counsel of eight *physicians* and was given up to die. Soon after, a lady friend came to see me and told me about *your great Remedy*. She said she had been cured by it after having the rheumatism *seven years*, and that her rheumatism was first brought on by a cold. At this time I was suffering severe pain all through my body and near my heart. The doctors called it only "frozen blood." Through the persuasion of my friend I procured a bottle. I found some relief. Seeing this I procured more and was entirely cured by its use; and what was my surprise and pleasure at finding that I was not only cured of my rheumatism, but the catarrh, which had been troubling me for years and had become very offensive, had entirely left me.

Wishing your remedy every success, and thanking you very much for my double cure, I remain,

Truly yours,
MRS. LUCY BRONSON.

Reduced to a Skeleton by disease, and Restored to Health with Dr. Pardee's Remedy.

Wilson, Niagara Co., N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—In April, 1883, I was prostrated by a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism and was confined to my bed four months. I was attended by the best medical skill, but rapidly grew *worse* until I was reduced to a *mere* skeleton.

The disease had gone to my lungs and to the region of my heart and I was finally given up by the physicians, who said I could live but a few hours at most and that all they could do was to make me as easy as possible by killing the pain by frequent injections of morphine. I was finally advised by a friend to take Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy. Upon being asked as to giving it to me, the physician said "I have no faith in patent medicines, but give it to him; it will not hurt him."

I was then so near dead that my limbs were cold below the knees, and a numb sensation began to creep over my body, and I suffered with great pain in my chest and about my heart. After I had taken the first few doses I experienced more pain than before, for it seemed to drive the pain from the vital parts toward the extremities. I continued to take it according to directions. Four days after the physician who gave me up called to see me, and said I was much better. In about four weeks I could sit up; I then gained very fast and became as well as ever. CHAS. O. BARNUM.

Brother of D. C. Barnum, Attorney, 126 Powers' Block, Rochester, to whom persons can refer.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Pardee's Remedy and take no other. Price, $1 per bottle; six bottles, $5.

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Rochester, N. Y.

GENTS:—I was confined to my bed with Inflammatory Rheumatism for over a week; was very badly afflicted, suffering from severe pains in my chest, it was going to my heart. On Thursday the 15th I commenced using Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy at 9 o'clock, P. M., and on Saturday the 17th, was able to walk all over the house, and have since continued to improve, and take pleasure in recommending it to all who are afflicted with the terrible disease.

EDW. B. WILKINS.

St. Jacobs Oil

A SURE CURE — A PROMPT CURE

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism
Sciatica
Back-Aches
all Aches
Neuralgia

IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT IS THE BEST.

THE JEWS OF MOROCCO.

A Most Interesting Race of People.

DESPISED AND DEGRADED BY THE MOOR

The Terrible Punishment Inflicted on the Hebrews.

The Jews of Morocco are to my mind at once the most interesting and the most trying race of people I ever met. Subject to restrictions in their life and business which would exterminate an ordinary race of people in two generations they have grown prospered and in many places are masters of their masters.

No one knows just where the Moorish Jews came from but of course they have been connected with the lost tribes and all that. The main facts are they are in Morocco without knowing themselves just how they got there. Among the anomalies connected with them is that they are hated and despised by the Moors subject to every insult and degradation that can be imagined yet they are recognized as such necessary members of society that there is a law which is actively enforced forbidding Jews to leave the country under any circumstances. The Jews outside of one or two coast towns are treated worse than the meanest and lowest animals and, whether in the way of retaliation or the means which in the first place secured them this brutal treatment I am not competent to say they in return treat the Moors with fairly devilish cruelty when they get them in their power, as they often do through money transactions, for as in other lands, the superior cunning of the Jews makes them the bankers of the country and with a debtors law which allows the imprisonment of a man until his debt is discharged there are ample opportunities for the Jews to act as fiends incarnate.

KILLING A JEW.

In return for this a Moor thinks no more of killing a Jew if he can do it quietly than of killing a rat, and as for dishonoring the family of a Jew it is looked upon as the natural course of events and truth compels me to say that the husband and father looks on the transaction with a fair degree of complacency provided always it helps along some end he has in view. The Jews are not allowed to carry arms of any kind, nor to ride upon a horse, mule, donkey or bullock but must make all journeys on foot neither are they allowed to wear any foot covering outside of their own quarter where they are herded together like animals, their dress being regulated and restricted so they may always be known from the believers at a glance and they are forbidden to build any places of worship or to hold religious services of any kind which command is religiously disregarded services being held regularly in their houses, with in some cities, a guard posted to inform of the approach of strangers. If there is any nasty work to be done, as for instance the embalming of the heads of executed rebels so that they may hang the longer at the traitor's gate the Jews are pressed into the service. If the sultan or one of his officers wishes a few thousand dollars to meet a sudden demand some wealthy Jew who has paid the least for protection is seized without notice and thrown into a dungeon until he has been squeezed out of a proper sum.

If a Jew meets a Moor no matter how low the position of the latter he is obliged to step barefooted into the filth of the middle of the street so as not to touch the garments of a follower of the prophet and he is not allowed under any circumstances to enter the street upon which a mosque is situated. The punishment for the disregard of any of these laws is simply terrific, ranging from burning to death to bastinadoing.

THE BATH UNKNOWN.

The use of the bath either for the face or the body is totally unknown among the Jews, except the hand bath before eating at other times the face being simply rubbed with a dry cloth when it becomes unpresentable. The Jews of Morocco look upon themselves as a persecuted race but from my own observations I think I had rather be a Jew than a Moor as far as persecution is concerned, for his deadly hatred of the Moor, coupled with his own superior cunning gives him in the course of his lifetime a chance to return oppression for oppression and to my certain knowledge the dungeons of Morocco are filled with Moors rotting to death in payment of debts owed to this same persecuted race.

Of the Jews' quarter in Alcazar much cannot be said, except that it is something dirtier than the rest of the city and the inhabitants decidedly hospitable. For some reason all white skinned people are looked upon by the Jews as their friends, consequently there is no limit to a Jew's hospitality, or to his requests for political favors after you have received it. As the most interesting event that could be shown, it was at once suggested that I attend a Jewish wedding then taking place, and while I feared to offend the proprieties by coming into the presence of the timid bride in top boots and a flannel shirt, Jacob insisted that she would not mind if I had no boots at all on, or wore them around my neck. I was a little afraid we would arrive late until I learned that it was the playful custom of the Jews to keep the poor bridegroom in suspense by stringing the ceremony out for a week, and that this wedding had already reached its third day.—Morocco Cor Boston Transcript.

Forks a Modern Invention.

It is difficult to realize what a modern invention the table fork is. Queen Elizabeth never heard of one. She had it is true a few dainty forks, perchance with crystal handles, for eating preserved fruit at dessert. But long after her time dinner forks were unknown in England. The very earliest now to be found belong to the same nobleman whose hour glass salt has been already spoken of, and these are not older than the middle of the reign of Charles II. The few early forks of the reign of George I are three pronged, but few of our neighbors can show us four pronged forks much before the reign of George III, from which time their fashion has remained unaltered to the present day except for their handles, which have followed the fashions of spoons finishing up with the familiar "fiddle pattern" of Nineteenth century use.

Before the days of forks the ewer and basin, which have now generally disappeared were much in request after every course whereas now the basin alone, with a little rose water, makes its appearance at civic feasts after dinner, as a matter of fashion rather than necessity. Four out of five fine old basins have no doubt been melted up to supply the very forks whose invention rendered the washing of the fingers superfluous.—Mrs. Merry's

Charity of the Jews.

Every Jewish association, whether a club, or debating society, a musical party, a mutual insurance fraternity, a business league, or what not else, is by those concerned in it deemed incomplete if it does not do something for charity. At every wedding merrymaking festival and memorial celebration public or private and even in the house of death, the box for voluntary offerings to some charity is conspicuous. And when public calls are made in the synagogues for contributions in aid of a charity, the responses are such as are evoked nowhere else.—New York Sun.

The Interest in Athletics.

The universal interest in all these trials of strength and dexterity and quickness is a feature of the time. The derided baseball crank finds himself numbered by thousands. In spite of all the mockery leveled at him, in spite of hippodroming and possible unfairness in results, in spite of the fact that players are but somebody's "hired men" and local enthusiasm a farce the grand stand and the bleaching boards scarcely contain the multitudes who gather to see the fun. Lawn tennis, an importation of comparatively few years ago, is now in national repute. Lacrosse holds its own and cricket is overcoming the objection to it as a strictly English pastime which refuses to be naturalized elsewhere. Our great races are few and our prize winners have no "grand prix" to fight for. But our breeds of running and trotting horses are improving steadily and a larger constituency looks day after day with keen interest, for the record of the judges. Every form of outdoor sport has come into distinctly greater favor and although some of this enthusiasm will undoubtedly effervesce, it will leave permanent traces upon our life and modes of thought and habit of enjoyment.

The result of the progress of what, for want of a better term, we designate interest in athletics, will prove, we doubt not, highly beneficial. All these things have their flood tide and their ebb. The history of intercollegiate contests epitomizes theirs. The first college contests at bat and oar were simple and friendly rivalries. With the awakening of youthful ambition and determination to win they were carried beyond the point of wisdom or safety. Too much of value was subordinated to their requirements, and college authorities felt themselves obliged to interfere with the single devotion to athletics that threatened physical as well as mental injury. Restrained within reasonable limits, the intercollegiate games and races will continue to play a part scarcely inferior in their way to the discipline of ordinary college work. So the furore over general sports and amusements which now possesses the public will pass away, as it ought.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Superstition of an Author.

Howard Seely, the Texan writer who has been attracting attention for several years past by his clever sketches and stories of frontier life, and whose recent novel, "A Nymph of the West," received favorable comment, has some curious superstitions about literary composition and is unique in his methods of work. The most unique feature of his study is a human skull and femora surmounting a bookcase. The thigh bones are those of a man, but the skull is a woman's, said to have formerly appertained to a Mexican senorita of great beauty. There is some mystery about this relic, for the author is reticent about talking of it.

The brain cavity is lined with black velvet, and the top of the skull opens with a hinge, for this ghastly box is a receptacle for pens and the names of his heroines inscribed upon bits of ivory. It is his custom when the name of a heroine has been selected, and her character and physical attractions are in process of development, to put this title in the head of the skull and let it remain there until the story is finished. The eyes of the skull are provided with silver fonts to contain ink—the left red and the right black. When in the throes of composition this skull is used, and his fiction may, therefore, be said to emanate from the left eye, and consequently from the right hemisphere of the skull of the Mexican senorita.—New York Graphic.

Beauty of the Coffee Plant.

Nothing can be more beautiful and interesting than studies of the annual blooming budding growth and ripening of coffee and its gathering and preparation for the market. The leaves which are ovate in form are about four inches long. They set opposite each other in pairs and are dark green in color. Similar in texture to the mammee leaf they have the waxen surface of the Indian laurel. The foliage is perennial. Shooting out from the axes of these pairs of leaves, after the manner of our cherry blooms are seen the coffee blossoms almost precisely like a diminutive tuberose in clusters of three to six, snow white and with an indescribably delicate subtle and delicious odor. For two months in spring time a coffee plantation is simply one vast plain of white, a region of intoxicating odor, with the blue sky half shut from sight by myriads of honey seeking butterflies, humming birds and brilliant winged songsters fluttering and circling in apparent ecstacy of revelry and delight. For nearly six months new blossoms come as the old ones disappear. Blossom and ripening berries are continuous. As the breezes snow the dying blossoms upon the ground, tiny green buttons take their place. They change to a pale pink then to a bright cherry, finally to a reddish purple. Then they are ripe and ready for gathering.—Edgar L. Wakeman's Cuba Letter.

Reconstructing the Bastile.

The Parisians have just been treated to the spectacle of the restoration of a whole quarter of the old Paris of a century ago—the quarter out of which the revolution and the new ideas which govern modern France sprang, the quarter of the Faubourg St. Antoine and that sombre fortress and last stronghold of French absolute monarchy—the Bastile. This is part of an elaborate series of reconstructions which will be one of the features of the great exhibition of 1889, it being proposed to construct on both sides of the Seine from a point nearly opposite the Palais de l'Industrie and extending all the way down to the Champs de Mars and the Trocadero, sections of old Paris as well as specimens of the architecture, palatial and private, of different nations. The main entrance to the exhibition is expected to be on the Champs Elysees through the great doors of the Palais de l'Industrie—a joyful announcement to the foreigners with memories of previous exhibitions, waiting for cabs and horse cars. The present exhibition of the Bastile and the Faubourg St. Antoine was doubtless suggested by the success which attended the great London exhibition at Kensington during the two exhibitions of last year and the previous year.—New York Evening Post.

The Tender First Locomotive.

The abolishment of the tender first locomotive is needed. Neither man nor beast has half a chance for life when hit by the perpendicular wall of the "tender." The victim is simply struck down where he stands and ground by the cruel wheels. Struck by the sloping bars of the "pilot" he may get off with a broken leg or arm or fractured ribs—but at least he is thrown out of the way of the modern Juggernaut, and does not have to be gathered up in buckets and shovels.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Coast Trading in South America.

A system of "deck trading" is carried on by the people of the country all along the west coast. Men and women come on board the steamer with fruits, market produce and other articles, which are strewn about the deck and sold to people who visit the vessel at each port. These traders are charged passage money and freight by the steamship companies and are a nuisance to the other passengers. Each female trader brings a mattress to sleep upon, a chair to use during the day, her own cooking and chamber utensils, and spends a great part of her life sailing from one port to another.—William Eleroy Curtis in American Magazine.

CHINESE FOOD AT SEA.

Cost of Feeding Celestials on a Steamer.

A QUARRELSOME SET OF PASSENGERS.

A Crowd of Pagans Leaving for Cathay.

The Oceanic Steamship company's office was crowded the other forenoon by Chinamen anxious to avail themselves of the reduced rate of passage by the Canadian Pacific steamship Abyssinia. Twenty-five and forty took passage by her and sailed about 12 o'clock. Many held off to the last minute in the hope that better terms might be made, but the agents were inexorable.

"Don't you fumigate the office after the China steamer leaves?" asked a Hawaiian dude who struggled to the counter through the jabbering crowd of Chinamen to secure a passage to Honolulu by the Australia.

"What ails you?" was the retort. "You should be familiar with the essence of Cathay as you come from Honolulu."

"Of course I am, but nothing so rank as this."

"Good money all the same. There are no deadheads in the Chinese passenger trade, no round trip complimentary tickets. Everything is on a basis of United States gold coin and no credit."

CHINESE SEA LAWYERS.

Happening along at lunch, the lead thus opened was followed. "See the Abyssinia lot of Chinese?" asked the dispenser of hospitality at a neighboring lunch bar. "Seem a queer lot. Give a great deal of trouble most likely. That kind always do. There are cripples and broken down men of all kinds among them."

"Have you had experience in that trade?"

"Yes, for years. I have been employed in the Chinese trade quite a long time but I have quit the sea. These fellows will have an armory with them. They are quarrelsome and dangerous, and they are always sea lawyers aboard to stir up trouble. They tell the ignorant coolies their rights, and if we were not prepared to fight at the drop of a hat it would be all up with us and the ship. We generally manage to keep them under."

"What is the rate of passage?" asked a reporter who happened to be present.

"Twenty-five dollars and whatever we can get for freight."

"Are you in for a freight war?"

"Can't tell. Know only what we are doing."

"Does $25 passage money pay the Canadian Pacific on a thirty day voyage when the old lines could barely manage to get along with a $50 rate?"

"I should smile. But you just skirmish around and find out."

"What does it cost to feed Chinese passengers?"

"I brought over 1,500 of them one trip at an average cost of four and three-eighths cents a day per man. Yes, it was a little pinched but they had enough. Up to 3.60 a fair average of the cost is ten cents per head daily, above that the average lowers. I think the Pacific Mail figures on twelve cents, but that depends on circumstances."

"What kind of food do they get?"

"Chiefly rice. We take twenty-six different kinds of chows. We take white beans, brown beans, black beans, red beans, green beans—every kind of beans, orange peel, sauces, dried shrimps, dried fish, dried abalone, although they get little of that. But the principal diet is rice. Five pounds of fresh beef will go as far with 100 Chinamen as with five whitemen. They take a big mess of rice and a small piece of fresh meat which they lift with a small morsel and return to the dish. Then they pitch into the rice with their chopsticks and sample the sauces. They are fond of salt pork and salt meat. Fresh meat goes further. They should never get salted meat or pork."

MUST EAT OR STARVE.

"Have you ever had trouble with Chinese passengers?"

"Often. I remember once in the Peking we had a thousand of them and they kicked about their food. I went down to find out what the trouble was, and then brought down the chief officer. The rice was not cooked to their liking.

"I will give you ten minutes to begin eating, said the chief officer, after that the rice will be thrown overboard.

"We could not move. We were surrounded. Time's up, said I calling my boys to clear away. Over she goes. The Chinamen looked sulky for a minute or so and then sat down and ate the rice, and that was the last of it.

"We never have any trouble coming this way until after we leave Yokohama. Up to that time the coolie is busy filling up, and by the time he reaches Yokohama he is all swollen out with rice, cutting a very ridiculous figure with his spindle legs and overhanging stomach. After leaving Japan he is in good condition and listens to the incendiary talk of the Chinese high binder. If we backed down or weakened in any way it would be all up with us. Chinamen are a hard crowd to handle on shipboard."

"You have only to give the Chinamen plenty to eat and you have no trouble, said an attentive listener. "I was in Hong Kong when the Abyssinia came in three trips ago and she had trouble about the food. She then sailed from Victoria. The other vessels seldom have any bother of that kind."

"You think that ten cents per day covers the cost of the food supplied on shipboard to each Chinese passenger?"

"Yes, I do. It costs less with care when the numbers are large than when there are few on board. There is very little waste. I assure you it is not a losing trade at $25 per head."—San Francisco Examiner.

Words One May Not Use.

The Americans are accused of a profusion of epithets, of an ill expressed approbation. No one should say of a picture that it is "perfectly sweet." Sweetness (in spite of Matthew Arnold) is a word meant to express a sensation of the palate. Still less should we say of anything we enjoy at table, "I love it," "I love melons," "I love peaches," "I love grapes," all these are schoolgirl mistakes, we love our friends and our country. Love is an emotion of the heart, and not a tickling of the palate, we may like and prefer melons, but we do not love them. All the senses have their appropriate language, some of them can be equally expressed by the same words. There are minor elegancies also to be observed in the words "take" and "eat." We do not say now "I take tea with Mrs. Montgomery, but "I drink tea." Beau Brummel once rebuked a lady for saying "Take a dish of tea." He said "Madam, a vulgar man can take liberties, but a gentleman drinks tea."

The English, however, who are very particular as to these minor rules, are very coarse in some of their expressions. They says such a persor is a "horrid, nasty little pet," and "you stupid old darling" is a familiar term of endearment. They use many terms which we need not adopt. The use of the word "nasty" as a term of endearment and praise is a very false fashion. When our English friends use the word "nasty" as describing their own climate we can quite agree with them but when they pervert it they outrage decency.—Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood.

A newspaper at Newcastle, England, commemorated its centenary by republishing its first issue. During the day a country couple called at the office to answer an advertisement for help on a farm. They were informed they were 100 years late.

Red-tape is said to abound in the system of government in France. A village in the Department of Drome applied two years ago to the Sub-Prefect for leave to bring a water supply into the village. The permission was given only a few days ago, after correspondence formal and voluminous.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS MF'G CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.

Now is the time when lots of people feel it incumbent on them to go into training for swearing off on New Year's day.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Acquitted of Inconsistency—Harry—Was Jungle Joe who wrote "What is so rare as a day in June?" Edith—Oh, no; Longfellow wrote "The Day Is Done."

SOMETHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The world renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is largely more wonderful than fiction would seem to be the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision employing 60 hands in that department. The demand for about 11 months in the year on this book, and the issue of same for 1887 will be more than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch, Bohemian and Spanish languages, and a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading to one and all, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness, the Almanac for 1887 can be had free of cost, from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

There is a suspicion that Uncle Sam has been serving tough beefs oak and strong butter at his Indian boarding houses.

Coughs, Colds, and Sore Throat quickly relieved by "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" 25 cts. a box.

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Sold by druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

An inquirer wishes to know what will cure a felon. The Penitentiary or death.

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

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FREMONT'S LENIENCY.

The Pioneer's Clemency to a Prisoner.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

The Old Soldier Moved by the Tears of Children.

Just before the capture of San Luis Obispo the men under Fremont had been subjected to great exposure and to privation and hardships of all kinds, and their hatred of the Mexicans had reached its height. In fact, it was pretty clearly understood that if any of the enemy was unfortunate enough to fall into their hands they would spend but little time or sentiment in disposing of him.

On Dec. 15, two days after the taking of the town, the pickets captured Don Jose de Jesu Pico, who was called Totci. He was tried by court martial on the charge of breaking his parole, was found guilty and was sentenced to be shot. The fact that Pico was a leader rendered him still more an object of hatred and distrust, and on every side were heard murmurs of approval when it was decided that he should pay the penalty of his treachery with his life.

The execution was ordered for half past 10 o'clock in the morning, and at 10 o'clock the whole battalion was ordered to parade on the plaza, where the execution was to take place. The prisoner was confined in a room in the Mission. Fremont, with two or three of his officers, was present, awaiting the coming of the prisoner's family to take their last farewell of the beloved husband and father. The prisoner, with bowed head, was seated on one side, and opposite stood Fremont with folded arms and face unmoved from its usual stern demeanor.

The officers in grim silence were grouped about when the wife, with her eight or nine young children, entered dressed in the deepest mourning. The wife was a beautiful woman of stately bearing, and the children of delicate and refined appearance. No word was uttered to break the silence, which had grown oppressive. Then the children fell upon their knees, and with tearful eyes and outstretched hands mutely begged for the life so dear to them.

Among the officers present was that stern soldier, Capt. Richard Owens, who had never feared a living foe, but whose eyes were then dimmed with tears at the pathetic sight before him. Suddenly, for he could no longer control himself, he uttered the one word, "Colonel!" Fremont's face relaxed its determined expression, and he exclaimed, "Yes, Dick, I know we had rather meet a thousand of them in the field to-morrow than take this one life." Turning to the prisoner he said, "You are pardoned; you are free."

The prisoner fell upon his knees at Fremont's feet and pressed the hem of his cloak to his lips, exclaiming brokenly in Spanish: "My life was forfeit. You have given it back, and henceforth it shall be devoted to you." Instantly Pico ordered that his horse be saddled, and from that day on there was no more devoted follower of Fremont through danger of every kind than the man whose life he had given back to him.—San Francisco Examiner.

The [illegible] of Cape Town.

Of all the desolate unkempt looking places in the world the suburb of Cape Town we passed through under the shadow of the mountain is the most unkempt and desolate. It is not an acceptable side of the town and no one lives here who can possibly avoid it, for here the celebrated southeaster round the "Cape Doctor," as the Anglo Indians called it, blows the strongest, and the "Cape Doctor's" strongest is no joke.

Where it comes from no one quite knows, for it is a purely local wind and it always seems possible to get behind it by going a few miles to the windward. Some people aver that it is brewed on top of the mountain and comes down just upon Cape Town itself and nowhere else. There are all sorts of queer things going on on top of this mountain, witness, for instance, the celebrated white tablecloth that hangs over it whenever a southwester is at work. But wherever it comes from it is an unmistakable reality, as you soon learn, for it whirls barrow loads of gravel in your face, or spins you around like a teetotum at the street corners.—Foreign Letter.

Conkling and the Reporters.

Roscoe Conkling had an exceedingly genial way in dealing with reporters who were known to him. He was always happy and pleasant in his manners, frankly told them what they wanted to know, but invariably wound up the interview by resting his white hand on the reporter's shoulder and saying: "You will please to remember, my friend, that I have not said anything for publication." Then he would explain how publicity might hamper him in his legal cases. His confidence was always respected. Since he established himself in New York he was frequently called out of bed long after midnight in response to a reporter's call. Even at that hour he was genial, witty and obliging as far as he could be. A short time ago a reporter told him that he would like at eve all things to print some of the interesting confidential chats he had had with him. The reporter dilated on the avidity with which newspaper readers would read such matter. The senator only smiled and said: "Wait till after my death, my friend, wait till I am dead."—Chicago Herald.

Cause of Color Blindness.

An article in The Medical Press advances the idea that the particular defect which gives rise to color blindness lies not in the eye itself but in the brain. Certain persons cannot distinguish between two musical tones yet as they hear both the defect is not deafness or any fault of hearing. Professor Ramsay, the advocate of the idea, therefore argues that in people who have no musical "ear," the brain is at fault, and assumes that it may be equally true that the inability to perceive certain colors is not due to any defect of sight, but to the mental lack of power in interpreting the impressions conveyed to the brain by the optic nerve. If this be true the question of color blindness ceases to be a physical problem and may be classed among cases for the mental physiologist to deal with.—Demorest's Monthly.

An Umpire's Peril.

The lot of the umpire in an amateur baseball game is usually a very unhappy and likewise a dangerous one. In a contest recently played in a town not many miles from Buffalo between the home team and a visiting club the umpire was compelled to decide several close decisions against the local nine, and though the crowd became greatly excited no harm befel the autocrat of the diamond up to the last half of the ninth inning. The score at that juncture was 9 to 8 in favor of the visitors, with the home team at bat. The first man up got a base on balls, the second singled and a sacrifice advanced each a base.

A repetition of the four ball act filled the bags. The next two batters fanned out, to the chagrin of the crowd, who began to think that the umpire intended to rob the home club of the game. The climax was reached when the third man had two strikes and three balls called on him. The excitement was at fever heat, for the next ball pitched meant defeat or victory. Straight as an arrow came the sphere toward the plate, but as the umpire tremblingly prepared to call "Third strike; side out!" the batsman swung around with his club and knocked the ball over the fence. The sensation of joy experienced by that umpire was of a very joyous kind, as he comprehended how near he had come to death's door. He never tires of telling the story, but avers that he will never umpire another ball game.—Buffalo Courier.

The Jews as Farmers.

The Jew was a great farmer in the times of the Scriptures. You see everywhere in traveling through Palestine the evidences of scientific farming. The hills of old Judea were all terraced, and wall after wall of vines rose in steps from the valleys to the summit of the mountains. The remains of these terraces are now to be seen, though the rains of eighteen centuries have almost denuded the limestone rocks of their earth, and the mountains now are only used for grazing.

Palestine was formerly a well wooded country, and it will probably become fertile again if trees are planted. It produces the finest fruit in the world, and the oranges of Jaffa are equal to those of the Indian river in Florida. When the million Russians get to Palestine they will probably recultivate the hills, and an increased rainfall will make the country again a "land flowing with milk and honey."

One of the Jewish farms is near Jaffa. It has 700 pupils, and it contains something like 28,000 acres. There is one on the plains of Sharon, which, by the way, are as rich today as when the Philistines grew fat on them in the time of Goliah, and it has tens of thousands of vines and olive trees. The Jews are continually acquiring more property in the Holy Land, and while I was in Jerusalem the Rothschilds bought another tract of land to add to their school.—Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

Adam of St. Victor.

Adam de St. Victor, who died in or near the year 1150, was the most fertile and one of the greatest of all the Latin hymn writers of the Middle Ages. Dr. J. M. Neale and Archbishop Trench each greatly admired his poetry; and Trench's collection of hymns contains some excellent examples of Adam's work. He was one of the Victorines, or monks of the Augustinian monastery of St. Victor, near Paris. This monastery was, in the Twelfth century, the headquarters of that pietistic mysticism which arose as a protest against the dialectical and dry scholastic divinity of the time.

It had a wide influence in promoting popular devotion throughout western Europe. The other principal Victorine writers were the eminent Hugh de St. Victor (1096-1141—whose writings greatly influenced St. Bonaventura—1221-74—Pierre d'Ailly and John Gerson). Richard of St. Victor and Walter de St. Victor. Hugh was a Fleming or Walloon, and was the founder of the "Summists," a set of theologians so named from his "Summa Sententiarum." Richard (died 1173) was the prior of his abbey, and a Scotchman by birth. Walter was distinguished by the hatred and contempt he exhibited for the dialecticians and "Summists" alike, the principal of the Summists of his time being the celebrated Peter Lombard, called "the master of sentences."—American Notes and Queries.

The Audio Telephone.

A new telephone has been brought out in England, the characteristic point of which is the mouthpiece. The particular advantage claimed by the inventors of this mouthpiece is that it intensifies the sound waves, and thus renders it possible to carry on conversation in an ordinary tone of voice. The mouthpiece is simply a truncated cone, which is clamped on to the telephone. By using an india rubber ring between the mouthpiece and the telephone any escape of sound is entirely prevented. The cone is double, the outer cone being perforated with holes, the idea being that the vibrations caused by the sound waves on the interior cone have full freedom and are entirely protected from contact with external substances.—New York Telegram.

Why It Is Foolscap.

It is often asked why a certain kind of paper is known by the name of "foolscap." When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I, he caused a stamp representing the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II he had occasion to use some paper for dispatches, when some of this paper was brought to him. On observing the stamp he asked its meaning, and on being informed he said: "Take it away; I will have nothing to do with a fool's cap!"

Displacing the Old Masters.

Instructor (looking over his pupil's work, copying an old master in the Museum of Art)—Now that's uncommonly clever. I wonder what they'll do with the old one when this is finished.—Chatter.

BATHING IN MEXICO.

Sea Baths as a Remedy for Hydrophobia.

RIVER BATHING UNPOPULAR IN MEXICO.

Customs at the Capital.—Apparent Lack of Dignity.

It may be stated as a general rule that on the coast of Mexico bathing is more frequent than in lakes and rivers, owing to the curative properties of sea water, and in some instances on account of climatic conditions. In Vera Cruz, for instance, during the heated term, sea baths are of almost universal use, notwithstanding that sharks are so numerous in the waters thereabouts that bathing places have to be palisaded in, guarded by boats filled with men to beat the water, and otherwise protected against the inroads of the sanguinary monsters. At the castle of San Juan de Ulua, just outside this port, there is a large, excellently arranged bath house for the use of the officers at the castle and their families, and the present writer remembers no similar experience more pleasant than a plunge therein, enjoyed after a morning's tramp around the island fortress, climbs to the top of the lighthouse and signal towers, and other such gentle exercise scarcely in keeping with the scorching heat of summer days there.

On the coast of Barlovento, particularly about Misantla, where rabid dogs are frightfully numerous, sea baths are regarded as a sovereign remedy for hydrophobia. When a mad dog runs amuck there the parties bitten are bundled off to the shore as speedily as possible, and put through a course of a fortnight's systematic bathing. The oldest inhabitants declare that hydrophobia has never been known to develop in a patient who has undergone this treatment. Domestic animals with the trouble are subjected to the same process, and it is said the results are equally efficacious, save in the case of mules, with which it is utterly futile.

FEVER AND AGUE.

On the other hand, although this section is blessed with an abounding number of beautiful streams and rivers, bathing therein is extremely unpopular, the inhabitants declaring that river bathing is sure to produce calenturas (fever and ague), especially if one walk at all in the sun—a performance hardly to be avoided unless one condemns oneself to a prison like seclusion. During a considerable stay in Misantla the writer, accustomed to a cold bath every morning, used to rise at dawn, ride the mile or so to a particularly fine bathing place at the river, take a glorious plunge, tramp about all day in the tropical sun in quest of butterflies, coleopters and "kich like" specimens of natural history, and toward evening again wend to the river, entering the water hot and debilitated, yet never a shake of calenturas appeared. One rides past the little ranchos or villages in that section and sees the people panting like lizards from the heat, inert, languid and useless. Before their doors runs abundance of clear, cool water, and yet they swelter in their hot and dirty misery. In the state of Morelos, particularly in the Cuernavaca and Cacahuamilpa district, baths, whether cool or otherwise, are said to produce calenturas if taken in the evening, while in the morning they may be indulged in with impunity.

In the same way all over the republic there are queer ideas as to the pernicious effects of bathing at certain times or under certain conditions. Few things call the attention of Mexicans more strongly than the eagerness with which Anglo Saxons seek the bath on coming off a journey; the people here prefer to retain the dust of the road and other discomforts attendant on travel for some days at least after debarking, firmly convinced that the other course would result in a bad cold, at least. To bathe, having a cold, would be to sign the death warrant; and one often sees people under these conditions who have not so much as touched the tips of their fingers to water for a fortnight. This is a peculiarly awkward stumbling block for those who desire the practice of cleanliness by their servants. In Chihuahua, for instance, it is almost impossible to induce the servant class to keep themselves tidy to the degree of their presence near one being endurable. In other cities also the writer remembers to have suffered a species of martyrdom from the proximity of the people serving at table, yet their masters seemed to perceive nothing unpleasant, notwithstanding they were people of the highest rank, and themselves of exquisite personal habits.

BATHS AT THE CAPITAL.

In the City of Mexico the inhabitants of the better order, as a general rule, bathe freely, and they laugh to scorn the provincial prejudices on this point, seeing in frequent baths one of the best preventives of rheumatism, typhoid, pneumonia and other ills that flesh is here heir to, owing to the dampness and bad drainage. "I have a bad cold coming on, I must go and take a shower bath," is a remark very often heard here. One is always recommended to walk for exercise after bathing in this city, as one is apt to be chilled if one enters immediately the houses, as a rule rather damp and gloomy. "I am going to take a bath, will it please you to accompany me?" is a very common speech with the Mexicans, who have the habit of inviting one to partake of whatever they indulge in at the moment, be it coffee, a drink, dinner, a ride, a drive, or whatnot, including a bath, as aforesaid.

Mexican men of good standing, lawyers, merchants, etc., may be met going to the baths guiltless of linen, the coat put on directly over the undershirt, sometimes with a handkerchief or scarf about the neck, at others showing the bare throat, and if they chance to meet ladies of their acquaintance they see no reason why that garb is not as appropriate for conversation as any other. The ladies, on the other hand, promenade home through the most crowded streets with their hair streaming, as often as not with a towel hanging down the back beneath it, and no one is ashamed to carry his bathing toggeries, wet and frankly confessed, in a shawl strap, or a great Turkish bath towel or robe on the arm or shoulder, and this is about the only thing which Mexicans may carry for themselves without loss of caste or dignity in the eyes of their neighbors.—Y. H. Addis in San Francisco Chronicle.

From Cedar Wood Pulp.

One of the new applications of a waste product to a useful purpose is the manufacture of paper out of cedar wood pulp, for underlaying carpets, wrapping of wool, furs, etc. The paper makers procure the cedar chips of pencil manufacturers, and the paper made of this material will, it is claimed, preserve articles wrapped in it from the moths.—Scientific American.

It Took Him a Long Time to Decide.

"Just watch this crank," said a man in a restaurant. "He comes in here every day, and goes through a whole act before he gets up courage enough to ask for fried onions. He always finishes by ordering them, but he never avows his real purpose until he has beaten around the bush for ten minutes. The waiters know him well and humor him."

The lover of onions seated himself, and looked over the dinner card with a languid, bored air.

"How are the soft shelled crabs devilled?" he asked.

"They are very nice, sir."

"It's a little late for crabs, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is a little late, sir."

"H'm. Let's see. How is your canvasback?"

"That's very nice, sir."

"But come to think of it I don't care for any duck," and he knitted his brows and carefully scanned the menu card.

"There doesn't seem to be anything here that I care for."

"How would you like a nice piece of roast lamb?"

"No, that doesn't strike my fancy."

"A chop?"

"No. Perhaps you would better bring me a bottle of St. Julien and a slice of cold roast beef. I have no appetite today."

"Very well, sir," and the waiter started off slowly.

"Oh, Gaspard."

"Yes, sir."

"I have an idea."

"Yes, sir."

"I might be able to eat a good steak with a few fried onions."

"They would be very nice, sir."

"Only a few onions, but have the steak good."

"Yes, sir."

"That will be all. You needn't mind the claret."

"Yes, sir." But the lover of onions leaned back in his chair, as innocent appearing as a child.—New York Tribune.

Swimming Devices.

A Spaniard has patented an invention relating to the manufacture of gloves, having webs between the fingers, like those on the feet of water fowl, so that on spreading out the fingers during the propelling stroke in swimming a comparatively large surface will be presented to the water, and consequently the propelling action will be greatly increased. Apparatus heretofore devised as aids to swimming have been in most cases of a cumbrous, heavy character, fatiguing to use and subject to become defective. The inventor claims that his apparatus is exceedingly simple, besides being portable and reliable and easy to use, affording a firm and sure hold on the water, and enabling the swimmer not only to keep himself above the water, but also to perform rapid evolutions with facility.

Another method of facilitating swimming is reported from England in the shape of an invention of a swimming boot. The boot consists of canvas tops and wooden soles, attached to which are two blades of mahogany (some are made of steel), which close with the forward motion of the legs and open with the backward strokes. The surface measurement of the two blades on each shoe is about 144 square inches, while the total weight of a single complete shoe is about thirty-one pounds, it being loaded with lead to prevent too much buoyancy. A public competition of swimmers provided with this device and those without it is said to have resulted much in favor of the former.—Chicago Tribune.

Locusts Easily Digested.

The people of Zanzibar should stand high for the comprehensive character of their cuisine. Among other delicacies are small monkey and fruit eating bats. Locusts are relished by the Bedouin of Mesopotamia and some other eastern tribes. They are placed on strings and eaten on journeys with bitter and unleavened bread. The Hebrews, who were prohibited eating many kinds of food which our larger experience teaches us are palatable and wholesome, as well as some that we do not venture to touch, were permitted to have their fill of locusts.

The locust is an article of diet to this day, but only of the very poor; it is thrown into boiling water and eaten with salt. To live on locusts and wild honey conveys a more accurate picture of extreme poverty and frugality to a traveler in the east than to any one else. Locusts, however, are not always cooked, sometimes they are eaten fresh. They are said to have a strong vegetable taste, the flavor largely depending, as might be expected, on the plants on which they have been feeding. Dr. Livingstone, who showed his common sense by not being fastidious, considered them palatable when roasted.—Scottish Review.

A Democratic Duke.

The late Duke of Manchester, when on his first visit to Australia, in 1879, was entertained by the colonists in a princely fashion. In Queensland the weather was intensely hot, and the duke left his party and rode ahead in his shirt sleeves (with his coat strapped before him) and wearing a soft felt hat. On his arrival at the bush public house he found a crowd awaiting him. One bushman, stepping up to him, said:

"Halloa, have you seen the duke? Will he soon be here?"

The peer replied:

"I am the Duke of Manchester."

The bushman surveyed his visitor, walked around the horse, and after a critical inspection said before the crowd:

"You're no blooming duke!" Tableau.—London Tit Bits.

A curious phenomenon is reported by the United States consul at Maracaibo, in Venezuela. Near the Rio de Orro, at the base of the Sierra of the Colombian frontier, there is a horizontal cavern, which from time to time ejects huge globules of bitumen, that explode like bombshells with considerable noise, and the pitch, forming a black glacier, runs into a kind of pool or lake near the river bank.

RICH MEN'S SONS.

Facts as to the Probabilities of Success.

STATISTICS OF A MANUFACTURING TOWN.

Lack of Correct Training.—The Circuit of Fortune.

Hon. J. H. Walker, of Worcester, has published some remarkable facts as to the probabilities of success in a New England manufacturing town. He states that in 1840 there were thirty persons engaged in the eight leading manufacturing industries in that city, of whom twenty eight began as journeymen, that fourteen failed, and that of the rest fourteen retired or died with property, while of the sons of the thirty only three now have any property or died having any. In 1850 there were seventy five persons engaged in substantially the same industries, of whom sixty eight began as journeymen. Of these forty one failed and thirty retired or died with property, though only six of the sons of the seventy five now have any property or died leaving any. In 1860 there were 107 persons engaged in these industries, of whom 101 were journeymen. Of these forty three failed, and out of the 107 only eight now have property or died leaving any. In 1878 there were 175 engaged in the ten leading manufacturing interests, of whom 162 began as journeymen. Out of these only fifteen were the sons of manufacturers. It is yet too early to know what their sons will amount to. These statistics are the fruit of Mr. Walker's personal knowledge of individuals and their history. They indicate what is probably true of other cities where industrial pursuits take the lead.

The statement is correct enough, perhaps, to generalize upon, or at least to demand an explanation. Men look to their sons to succeed them in business. There is no sign more common today than the one which indicates that the sons of a famous man are still carrying on the business or industry which he established. It keeps the firm name in honor, and is a source of family pride. There is in the mind of every self made man a certain consciousness of family that is not to be put aside. If he does not belong to an aristocracy by birth, he likes to feel that by his own industry and exertion he has raised his name above the mass of names, and that he is sure in the next two or three generations to have a good family standing in the community. Half the comfort of living with many people is the fact that some of their ancestors were distinguished people. But, if Mr. Walker's statistics can be depended upon, very few except the traditional old lines in New England have any chance of building up the family name, or of preserving their integrity beyond one generation. He presents the sons of our wealthiest manufacturers in a very humiliating light.

There is a saying in the United States that it takes three generations to make the circuit of the fortunes of life. It is first industrious and successful father, then rich son, then poor devil. Mr. Walker's facts bear out this statement. Where property is not entailed, where the risks are taken which all business men are obliged to take, where so much depends as depends here upon the amount of personal will each one is able to put into a business whose conditions are constantly changing, there is no certainty that a manufacturing industry can be transferred from father to son, or that any mercantile house can maintain itself under its founder's sons, unless they are trained as severely as he was trained to follow today the same, and yet not the same, conditions of success which he followed in order to gain the advantage of others in the race of life. The difficulty is easily explained by the usual proverb about rich men's sons, but one is not willing to admit that this almost universal failure of these sons to hold their own in life is due to idle habits and fast living.

There is something fundamentally rotten in American society when such a story as is here outlined can be told of a community as respectable, industrious and high minded as Worcester is known to be. Why should not the powers of acquisition which are possessed by the parent be transferred to the son? Where is your principle of heredity? You look into the home conditions of our great men to find how far the parents were responsible for communicating the spark of genius, and why must we find the generation of manufacturers' sons turning out so badly that there is nothing good to be said for them? It is contrary to the law of succession to sanction this state of things. It is a familiar principle that the exactions of the city grind human energy out of men and use up their vital force, so that the country constantly replenishes the town, but what are we coming to as an industrial commonwealth if there is to be no succession of property in leading families, if the only outcome of our civilization is to elevate one of the honest poor men of today to a position where his grandson is almost sure to turn out a poor devil? This is a plain question, and if there is such dry rot in our system of things that the bottom is constantly falling out of what we call good society, what are we coming to as a democratic people? If it is but three generations from poor man to poor devil in the city of Worcester, what will it be in Springfield or Lowell or Fall River, and what are the actions of rich families in Boston coming to?

To be serious, there is something fundamentally wrong in the education which successful manufacturers give their sons. It is too often the case that the son begins, not where his father began, in the simple and honest training of a country home, but in a luxury which his successful father is fond of flaunting in the eyes of his fellow men. The son does not earn the dollar that he spends, he does not know how to work, because he is not compelled to earn his own living, he has few or none of the plain virtues which are the precious possession of poor boys who drive cows to pasture, or sell newspapers, or do chores for such loose change as they can earn in this way. The virtue is taken out of such a youth at the start. His father thinks that he will not have him climb the ladder as he did, and does not require him to do anything that is hard. The discipline over his morals is apt to be as lenient as that which is exercised over his studies or his habits of usefulness. The result is that the devil takes charge of the youth and makes him his child forever.—Boston Herald.

The Dear Girls.

Ethel—Do you think he'll commit suicide if I reject him?

Maud (sweetly)—Oh, no! He didn't when I rejected him.

Ethel—Ah, but you must remember the two cases are different.—Munsey's Weekly.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A Dreary Day.

Bobby (Sunday afternoon)—What a dreffel long, dreary day Sunday is, mother.

Mother—Why do you find it dreary, Bobby?

Bobby (after some thought)—I s'pose it's because pa stays home all day.—Texas Siftings.

Revision.

Mr. Robert Johnson, who lives on the Fisher farm, has a little boy, Dave, who is just old enough to be taught to say his prayers. The other evening his mother was teaching him the Lord's Prayer, and got along very well until they reached the line, "Give us this day our daily bread."

The mother repeated it twice, but the child made no attempt to follow her.

"Why don't you say it?" urged his mother.

"'Cause I don't want bread," said the boy; "I want pie."—Oil City Derrick.

A Fresh Solution.

Little Mollie was caught by her mother stealing apples from the tree and severely rebuked. Her mother told her she must not touch those apples, as she was going to make preserves of them.

On the following Sunday little Mollie's school teacher, while walking home with her from Sunday school, asked her why God forbade Adam and Eve to eat of the tree in the midst of the garden.

"Because he wanted to make preserves of the apples," was the childish reply.—Texas Siftings.

Not Altogether Friendless.

The small child is to the front again. He had been naughty. The naughtiness of youth and the naughtiness of age are widely different.

"If you do that nobody will love you," the tender mother told him.

"Tain't so. I know one who'll like me," he answered.

"Who?"

"Satan. He likes the bad ones."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Case of Choke.

Jessie's teacher gave her pupils a party, to which "little brother" was invited. He ate heartily of ice cream and cake, and was found reposing on the bench in the porch, while the other children were at play in the yard. When asked why he didn't join them, he exclaimed:

"Oh, I can't play, my pants choke me so!"—Youth's Companion.

A Hidden Sting.

A little 3-year-old Rocklander went into a market last week, and, helping herself to a green pepper, tried to eat it. After she had failed the marketman asked her what the matter was with the fruit, and she replied, between sobs, "Vere was a bumble bee in it."—Middleboro News.

A Profound Reflection.

"Grandpa," inquired Johnny Bliss, "must everybody die?"

"Yes, my child. Every one in this world must die when his time comes."

"Well"—long pause—"what I'd like to know is, who'll bury the last man?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Pointed Composition.

A Burlington teacher told one of her boys that the next time he wrote a composition there must be some point to it. The subject of his next disquisition was "Needles."—Burlington Free Press.

Two Stories With a Shave.

"We always want what we haven't got," remarked a philosophic barber, as he rubbed some Croton water on the reporter's head and charged him for bay rum. "Twenty years ago one of my customers was complaining that his mustache wouldn't grow, and now when he has a mustache he is kicking that his hair won't grow. When a man gets as bad as that he either becomes a Socialist or else makes a hermit of himself and ponders over the problem as to whether life is worth living.

"A man came in this morning and asked me if I could cut his hair without blowing in his face. He said he had been trying to get his hair cut for a whole week. The first barber he went to blew away the clippings at each movement of the shears, and his breath denoted that whisky was his chief article of diet. It was bad whisky, and it smelt worse at second hand. So the man skipped out of the chair with one side of his head cropped. This one didn't drink whisky. He ate garlic. The man hurried out of the place with his neck half shaved. This was the condition I found him in, but I soon had him presentable. When he was going out he asked me why I never blew the hair off a customer. 'Because I can't,' said I. 'Don't you see I have the asthma?'"—New York Evening Sun.

Poor St. Louis.

Chicago Man (to a fellow passenger)—Have you ever been in St. Louis, sir?

Fellow Passenger (proudly)—Well I should say so! Why, I live in St. Louis, stranger.

Chicago Man—Oh, I am glad to know that. I want to stop off at St. Louis, and I'll be much obliged to you if you'll tell me when we get there. I wouldn't like to be carried by.—The Epoch.

At the German.

(Figure—in which the leader claps his hands and each man takes a girl, one man being left out.)

Miss D—Really, Mr. C., this is quite an unexpected pleasure.

Mr. C.—Ah, yes. Well, you see, the leader told me to take what I could get.—Life.

LONG EARED PESTS.

Attempt to Exterminate Rabbits in Australia.

THE VARIOUS EXPERIMENTS TRIED.

Many Farms Abandoned Through their Depredations.

It is morally certain that Australia and New Zealand those rabbit ridden countries will be quick to adopt the "drive" idea and probably the farmers of those distant islands will find the method more effective in the matter of allaying the rabbit nuisance than all the theories of inoculation.

A reporter met a gentleman recently who had been largely identified with pastoral interests both in Australia and New Zealand and from him some interesting facts were ascertained in connection with the efforts of antipodean agriculturists to combat the plague of the long eared pests.

"The drive idea," said the gentleman, "is not entirely new to Australians. They have for years employed a somewhat similar method of ridding pastoral lands of the destructive kangaroo."

From kangaroos the conversation drifted back to the rabbit question and the gentleman from the antipodes related his experience in the matter together with the efforts of colonial governments to subdue the pests.

First of all I suppose you have heard that valuable pastoral holdings both in New Zealand and Australia have had to be abandoned through the depredations of rabbits and I assure you that the losses these harmless looking creatures have entailed have been very much underestimated. The rabbits in the colonies are burrowers, and this makes them harder to get at. A few years ago a system of fencing with wire netting was introduced there, but it only proved effective on uniformly level land. Rabbits do not as a rule burrow on flat places but where the fence ran over the slightest knoll or hill bunny would get his deadly work in by riddling the mound with holes and opening up an avenue to the inner pastures.

"On small holdings the owners obviated the difficulty by sinking narrow trenches and inserting the wire netting below ground, but the cost this system would entail in making a large run rabbit proof would constitute total abandonment of the place a profitable alternative. It is only on these large runs that the depredations are felt severely as around farms and tillage lands the constant presence of plowmen and other laborers scares away the colonial rabbit, which is as shy as it is destructive. I have often read of grasshopper plagues in this and other countries, but I don't think there can be a more desolate sight than that of a run which has been abandoned to rabbits. I believe that out that way the furry destroyers breed four or five times a year.

"The methods experimented with in order to exterminate them have been as varied as they were effective. Poisoned grain was tried, but a short experience illustrated the fact that valuable sheep and cattle dogs were killed through eating poisoned rabbits, while sheep were occasionally poisoned by eating the grain. Then an enterprising German came along and announced to the long suffering colonial stockmen that he had an infallible remedy for the curse. His plan was to inject some poisonous acids into the burrows, but as far as appeared on the surface the rabbits devoured his patent medicine and asked for more. Then we began to introduce ferrets and kindred small but vindictive animals, which it was expected would glide noiselessly into the burrows, and in time wipe the rabbits off our section of the globe. The ferrets however, after a while tired of an exclusive rabbit diet and turned their attention to poultry. They have also been known to attack children, there being one case in particular where a child at Damara, New Zealand, had its eyes nearly eaten out before assistance arrived. I have not heard anything anent the ferret question lately, but I should not wonder if the colonists are not in pursuance of the chain of destruction they have organized looking around for some antidote to ferrets. The only method that has been in any manner effective in keeping the rabbits down in the colonies has been the employment of men known as rabbiters. They are as a rule, clever with the fowling piece, and the run holders supply them with ammunition and tucker (Anglice provisions). They wage a steady and merciless war on the pests, and as rabbit skins properly cured find a ready sale, rabbiting is a fairly lucrative calling. The introduction of this method of meeting the difficulty on the New Zealand side has been brought about by the establishment of a rabbit department, the maintenance of which costs the government $100,000 a year.—San Francisco Examiner.

Not So Bilious as He Was.

Ben Tuthill tells a good story on himself thus:

"I have a notion that beer gives any one a tendency to biliousness, and so thinking I have acquired the habit of looking at my tongue whenever I am in front of a mirror. The other day in New York I stood chatting with a party of friends near the Fourteenth Street theatre. We were just in front of a little cigar store with a very bright clear plate glass show window, and as we chatted I caught my reflection on the polished surface and just as a matter of habit stepped up to it and put out my tongue so for a look. It was all right and I turned back to my friends and went on chatting. In about a minute a man seven feet long came out of the door of the cigar store and came straight up to me with his fists doubled up. Says he:

"'You young cub, I'll teach you to run out your tongue and make faces at me.'

"I believe he would have pounded me into a jelly if the party had not interfered. I haven't been bilious since."—Minneapolis Journal.

A Bean in His Nose.

We know a child who has a morbid propensity to force buttons, beans, etc., into his nostrils. He keeps his whole family in a state bordering upon terror, for they never know at what precise moment they may be called upon to perform an operation upon Master Harry's nasal appendage. Pressure against the empty nostril and quick, strong breathing into the open mouth will dislodge the foreign substance and send the suffering youngster upon his way rejoicing.—Good Housekeeping.

In the Dressing Room.

Swellman (before the glass)—Well, if I am undersized nature has been good to me in one respect. I have a small, narrow foot.

Tallboy—So you have. But, then, nature has done just the same for the donkey.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 6 ..... 1891.

Kansas can make the proud boast that she has elected a man to the United States Senate who is above suspicion of having bought the place. The farmers elected their candidate honestly.

If Governor Markham would proclaim a day of prayer throughout the State thas the life of Senator Hearst might be prolonged beyond the present session of the Legisture, many citizens who are not church members would join it. Mr. M. H. De Young wants to succeed Mr. Hearst in the Senate.

An appropriation of $100,000 is asked for the State Mining Bureau. If any miner in Inyo County knows where and how that Bureau has ever benefited him in mining operations to the value of the one hundred thousanth part of one dollar, please send along the information for publication. Perhaps other Counties have fared better than Inyo.

With his last breath Secretary Windom declared his hostility to silver coinage. Other men as wise as he are firmly convinced that silver coinage is not only an act of justice, but one of the most pressing needs of the country. The deceased was a Wall street broker, and all his financial opinions were influenced by the gold interests of Wall street. No matter how honest by intention any man may be, great interests will influence his judgement.

"For Och! mankind are unco weak,
And little to be trusted,
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted."

The Virginia "Chronicle" hopes Tom Fitch will be a candidate for the United States Senate two years hence. It is reported that Tom has made a rich strike in a mine and has been offered $2,000,000 for it and the "Chronicle" says if he will chuck half a million or so into the pool he can get away with the fight. As seats in the Senate go nowadays, the most potent, grave and reverend seignors of that august body must be tempted to laugh at each others faces when they meet like Roman Augurs when they pretended to foretell future events by examining the guts of birds.

Governor Markham has called the attention of the Legislature to one evil that should be remedied. Tons of rubbish are sent out from the State printing office, and no human being ever reads a page of it. Reports of all kinds must be printed, no matter how voluminous and worthless they may be, and the expense to the State is very great. The Governor recommends that all such Reports be referred to some person or persons appointed and authorized to condense them and prepare them for publication. If this were done the Reports might be made of some practical use, and there would be a great saving by stopping the printing of useless trash.

The Legislature is asked to give $300,000 in aid of the display to be made at the Chicago fair. One of the commisioners, Mr. M. H. De Young, went before a Committee of the Legislature a few days ago and said that one third of the whole appropriation would be needed for the expenses of the commisioners. There are seven members of that commission, and what a glorious time they can have if each one shall be allowed $14,285 to splurge with. Holy Moses, how they could "go it"! The demand for such an extravagant sum to be spent by the commissioners casts suspicion upon the whole matter. There should be liberal provision made for the State exhibit, but it is not by splendid apartments at the most expensive hotels where the commisioners shall revel in luxury and wild extravagance that the State will be benefited. It is by showing what we can produce, not by proving how recklessly we can squander, that the big fair will do us any good.

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigaas.

OFFICIAL.

DELINQUENT Tax List. A. D. 1890.

INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

A

Arnold, Robert—W hf of Sw qr, W hf of Nw qr, section 32, tp 16 S, R 36 E, 162 acres. Personal property 12 89

Anger, L A—W hf of Sw qr, Se qr of Sw qr sec 23, Nw qr of Nw qr sec 26 Tp 12 S R 34 E, 160 acres 8 99

B

Bagole, Chas, D—E hf of Sw qr, W hf of Se qr section 2, Twp 15 S, R 36 E, 160 acres. Undivided one half of 15½ acres in Ne qr of Nw qr section 28, Tp 15 S, R 36 E, 7 acres. Lots in town of Lone Pine, Lot 2, 3, and fractional hf of lot 6, block 13. Lots in town of Done Pine, Lots 2, 3 and 7 in block 26. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 6 and 7 in block 25. Lots in town of Lone Pine, all of block 27. Lots in town of Lone Pine, all of block 28. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 5 and 8 in block 23. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 1 and 4 in block 6. Personal property, 1 Poll and Hospital tax 20 65

Balpitt, J H—T C Se qr sec 13 Tp 6 S, R 32 E D S hf of Ne qr, W hf of Se qr, S qr of Ne qr sec 9, Ne qr of Ne qr sec 30, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 20 Tp 7 S R 34 E, 440 acres; schl tax 16 71

Bourland, G P—Sw qr sec 9 Tp 8 S R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Brown, Jas H—W hf of Se qr, W hf of Sw qr sec 22 Tp 6 S R 32 E, 160 acres; personal property 15 36

Boland, Thos—Jiggerville. W hf of Sw qr sec 10; Fctnl Ne qr of Se qr; fctnl S½ qr of Ne qr, Ne qr of Ne qr sec 9 Tp 17 S R 37 E. T C. W hf of Se qr, Sw qr of Ne qr, Ne qr of Se qr sec 32 Tp 19 S R 37 E, 309 acres tax 11 50

Balpitt, Fred H.—Ne qr of Se qr section 14, Nw qr of Sw qr section 13, Tp 7 S, R 32 E, 80 acres. Schl tax 3 76

Burton, Wm A—W hf of lot No 1, W hf of lot No 2 in Sw qr sec 19 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 83 acr schl tax 3 88

Bell, Mrs. Sallie—S hf of Nw qr, Ne qr of Ne qr sec 29 Tp 9 S R 33 E, E hf of Ne qr sec 9 Tp 9 S R 34 E, Sw qr of Se qr, Se qr of Sw qr sec 24 Tp 9 S R 33 E, 280 acres; personal property, Schl tax, 1 P and H tax 97 99

Blake, E. H—E hf of Ne qr, E hf of Se qr, section 33, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 6 17

Bunney, W T—Lots in Academy Addition in town of Bishop Creek Nos 1, 2, 3 and 4 in blk K; schl tax personal property 9 59

Brown, Ed M—Improvements on homestead E hf of Nw qr sec 20 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Personal property 8 46

Bamber, John S—All sec 16 Tp 13 S R 38 E, 640 acres 31 10

Bartett, Jacob W—S E hf sec 16 Tp 22 S R 42 E, 320 acres 17 30

Bridge, W H—All sec 16 Tp 19 S R 39 E, 640 acres 31 10

Blake, R H—T C—E hf of Ne qr, W hf of Se qr sec 21 Tp 9 S R 34 E, 160 acres. School tax 6 17

C

Collins, A O—E hf sec 19, W hf sec 20 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 640 acres; Sw qr sec 6, W hf of Nw qr, Ne qr of Nw qr sec 7 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 280 acres. 3 Hospital and Road tax—8 School tax 118 22

Clark, Mary A—W hf of Sw qr sec 27, N hf of Nw qr sec 34 Tp 13 S R 35 E, 160 acres. schl tax 24 86

Canadas, M J—S hf of Se qr sec 7 Tp 15 S R 35 E, 80 acres 7 56

Carberry, Harry—Lot and house on Main St. town of Panamint, known as Mountain Harry's house 2 31

Curran, John—Lot and house in town of Panamint known as Jack Curran's residence, Main St 2 84

Clark, Andrew—Se qr, N hf of Sw qr, Se qr Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr sec 20, W hf of Ne qr, N hf of Se qr sec 29, N hf of Sw qr, S½ qr of Nw qr sec 28, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 21 Township 8 S, R 32 E, 640 acres. Sec schl tax 26 51

Collins, W W—S hf of Se qr sec 7, E hf, Se qr of Nw qr, E hf of Sw qr sec 18, W hf of Sw qr Sw qr of Nw qr sec 17 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 640 acres; persnl propty schl tax 55 48

Clinton, P—Lot and house north side of Main street in town of Cerro Gordo. Personal property 5 01

Canny, D—Nw qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 160 acres 5 75

D

Dierkson, Peter—Lot in town of Lone Pine. Lot 2, Blk 12 ..... 4 94

Densmore, S A—Sw qr sec 2 Tp 13 S R 35 E, 160 acres 5 75

E

Eldred, John—Nw qr of Nw qr sec 9 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Schl tax 6 86

F

Farmer, Richard J.—N hf of Ne qr section 24, Se qr of Se qr section 13, Tp 13 S, R 35 E, Sw qr of Sw qr section 19, Tp 13 S, R 36 E, 160 acres. School tax. 1 Poll and Hospital tax 18 75

Follett, Wallace—W hf of S½ qr sec 13, W hf of Ne qr section 24, Tp 7 S, R 32 E, 120 acres. Schl tax 5 39

Fernbach, Joseph—Lots in town of Independence Nos 7, 9 and 11 in blk 21; S hf lot 10 in blk 21; fctnl lots 3 and 4 in blk 28; lots 2 4 and 6 in blk 23; personal property, schl tax 64 03

G

Gheen, William—E hf of N E qr, N hf of S½ qr, sec 2, Tp 8 S R 33 E, 160 acres; pers. prpty, schl tax, 1 P & H 46 16

Gheen, William—W hf of lot 2, W hf of lot 1 in Ne qr sec 2 Tp 8 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax 3 13

Gorevin, John—W hf of S½ qr sec 18 Tp 14 S R 35 E, 80 acres; schl tax 3 77

Goodridge, A—(P C) W hf of S½ qr, E hf of Sw qr sec 8 Tp 6 S R 31 E, 160 acres 5 75

Gibson, W F—(S) All sec 36 Tp 19 S R 39 E, 640 acres 34 10

Graham, Wm H.—Sw qr of Se qr section 12, Township No. 13 S, Range 35 East. 40 acres 1 81

Grant, Wm T—Ne qr sec 12 Tp 19 S R 36 E, 160 acres 5 75

Gilbert, A. D., and Robinson, J. W—S½ qr of Sw qr, Sw qr of S½ qr sec 10 tp 12 S R 34 E 80 acres 3 13

Geiger, D M—E hf sec 36 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 320 acres; schl tax 19 79

Gillim, George—S½ qr section 3, Tp 10 S R 34 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 6 17

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H

Herod, James—E hf of Nw qr, Ne qr sec 3, N hf sec 2, W hf of Nw qr sec 11 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 643 acres. School tax. 1 Poll and Hospital tax 31 05

Hardy, Geo. H—Ne qr of Nw qr, N hf of Ne qr, section 27, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 120 acres. Sw qr of Ne qr section 22 Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 40 acres. Personal property 19 75

Houard, Paul—Lot in town of Lone Pine, lot 1 and 4 block 3 ..... 4 94

Hall, George—W hf of Se qr section 9, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 80 acres. Schl tax 3 34

Hopton, J M—Sw qr of Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr Ne qr of Sw qr, Ne qr of S½ qr sec 18 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 160 acres. Persnl property; schl tax, 1 P. and H. tax 79 25

Huckaby, Geo—Sw qr of Sw qr sec 21 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Se qr of Ne qr, S hf of Se qr, Sw qr of S½ qr, section 20, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 13 37

Hillyer, James—S W qr Sec 15, Twp 13, R 35 E, 160 acres; improvements on Gov't l'd schl tax 8 69

Haskell, H. L—W hf of S½ qr, Ne qr of S½ qr, W hf of N½ qr section 15, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 acres 8 90

Hearne, Henry—(H) W hf of N hf sec 10 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 180 acres 5 75

Hessian, Dennis J.—W hf of lot 2 in Nw qr section 12; W hf of S½ qr, Ne qr of S½ qr, section 1, Tp 9 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. Persl prpty, schl tax 16 71

I

Ingram, James—Building on C. & C. land at Citrus, Independence Station, known as Pioneer Saloon. School tax 3 71

J

Jones, James—W hf of SW qr section 13, Twp 8 S, R 33 E, 80 acres. School tax 8 84

Johnson, Jim (Indian)—Se qr of Ne qr section 13, Twp 9 S, R 33 E, 40 acres. School tax. 1 92

Jones, A., and Jones, J D.—Lot 100 by 100 ft and building in town of Bishop known as Dr. Middleton's residence. Lot and building on Main and Line streets in the town of Bishop known as Jones' saloon. Personal property. School tax. Poll and Hospital tax 111 08

Jones, Thos E—S hf of Ne qr, Ne qr of S½ qr sec 22, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 23 Tp 6 S R 31 E, 160 acres; personal property 55 68

James, Walter Sr—Lot in town of Independence, Lot 11 block 9. Personal property. School tax 6 33

K

Keller, Jacob—Improvements on lots 5 and 6 in Nw qr section 4, Tp 13 S, R 35 E. Persl property. Schl tax 20 25

L

Lichens, Josephine—W hf sec 36 Tp 21 S, R 39 E, 320 acres 17 30

Laird, Peter—S hf of Nw qr, N hf of Sw qr sec 10 Tp 22 S R 37 E, 160 acr s 5 75

Leete, B M—W hf of Nw qr sec 22, Sw qr of Sw qr sec 15 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 120 acres, schl tax 4 91

Le Baron, D. A.—Personal property 4 18

Lane, James—W hf of Sw qr, S hf of Nw qr sec 11 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 160 acres. Personal property 25 57

Linscott, J. A.—Ne qr of section 16, Twp 7 S R 33 E, 160 acres. Personal property, schl tax 45 02

M

Meades, A M—Improvements on E hf of Nw qr, W hf of Ne qr, section 9, Twp 7 S, R 33 E. Persnl prpty and schl tax 23 47

Meades, A M—E hf of Nw qr, W hf of Ne qr section 9, Twp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 7 01

Matlack, Mrs E F—N hf of Se qr, S hf of Se qr section 25 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Methodist Episcopal Church—Tract of land in town of Bishop known as the Church lot and parsonage, 1 acre. Schl tax 24 76

Mayers, Peter—E hf of Sw qr, W hf of Se qr section 26 Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 160 acres; schl tax 7 03

Murry, William H—Nw qr, N hf of Ne qr, Sw qr Ne qr, Ne qr Sw qr, sec 1 Tp 8 S, R 33 E, 320 acres. Schl tax 19 79

Malone, Mrs Mary—S hf of Se qr sec 2, W hf of sw qr sec 1 Tp 8 S R 35 E 160 acres, schl tax 10 05

Malone, Granville—Possessory right in Nw qr of Nw qr section 1 Twp 12 S, R 33 E, 40 acres 1 81

Morton, W S—S hf of Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr, Ne qr of Sw qr, section 2 Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Persnl propty 41 08

Muller, James H—W hf of Nw qr, W hf of Se qr section 4, To 8 S, R 33 E 160 acres. E hf of Sw qr sw qr of se qr, Se qr of Sw qr section 13 Tp 8 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. W hf of Ne qr section 14 Tp 8 S, R 33 E. Se qr of Ne qr section 14, Twp 8 S, R 33 E 160 acres. Persnl prpty and schl tax 51 71

Mc

McCarty, Mrs M—E hf of Sw qr, S½ qr of Nw qr Sw qr of Ne qr section 22, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 160 acres 7 56

McAfee, Mrs A G—Nw qr of Nw qr sec 24 Tp 9 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Schl tax 1 92

McMurry, J S—S hf of Se qr, section 29, Sw qr of Nw qr, Nw qr of Sw qr section 29 Tp 9 S R 34 E 160 acres. Schl tax, 1 Poll and Hospital tax 38 08

McBride John J—Undivided one-half interest in Sw qr of Nw qr, E hf of Sw qr, Se qr of Nw qr, 160 acres, and 80 acres. Personal property. Two Poll taxes and two Hospital taxes 133 13

McKellips, A—Interest in possessory claim to unsurveyed land situated East side Owens river at Cryscopolis mill; property known as McKellips' ranch, 160 acres 5 75

McDonough, Thomas—W hf of Ne qr section 11 Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 80 acres 3 13

McClure, J. N.—N hf of Se qr section 15 S hf of Ne qr section 22 Twp 7 S R 33 E, 160 A Personal property, school tax, 1 Poll and 1 Hospital tax 25 48

McGahn, Peter—S hf of S½ qr section 26; N hf of Ne qr section 35, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 A W hf of S½ qr section 26, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 80 acres 8 83

McGahn, Bridget—Se qr of Se qr section 35, Tp 12 S, R 34 E; W hf of lot 6 in Ne qr section 1, E hf of lot 6 in Nw qr section 1, Tp 13 S, R 34 E, 117 acres 4 35

O

Orr, L P—S E qr of S E qr sec 9, S W qr of S W qr sec 10, Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres. Personal property; schl tax 15 44

Osborne, J. B.—Interest in town of Los Angelos Mining Company, a Corporation Gansight mine in Resting Springs Mining District North extension of Gansight mine in Resting springs Mining District Quartz mill machinery and buildings 61 88

P

Parker, J E and M S—Lots in town of Independence, Frac 9 and 11 block 20; personal property school tax 11 74

Powers, Jas H—(S) W hf of Sw qr, Sw qr of Nw qr, Ne qr of Sw qr sec 36 Tp 24 S R 37 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 11 16

Porteous, Alex—(D) Ne qr sec 14, S hf of S½ qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E (P C) W hf of Se qr, S hf of Ne qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 400 acres; schl tax 17 28

Porteous, Alex—S hf of S½ qr, Nw qr of Se qr section 3, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 120 acres; schl tax 8 31

Producers Union of Owens Valley—Lots in town of Laws, lots 2 and 3 block J; interest of Messrs. Bourland, Hall and Keough in same 16 75

Plumley, A—N hf of Ne qr sec 32, S hf of Se qr sec 29 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 160 acres 5 75

OFFICIAL.

R

Reddy, Mrs M—Lot and house in the town of Darwin, west side Main st near Market. Persnl prpty 4 13

Roberts, S. P—W hf of Nw qr, N hf of Sw qr section 21, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Possessory claim in land on Pine Mountain, 40 acres. Persnl prpty 9 44

Robinson, J W—(D) Sw qr of Sw qr sec 15, Nw qr, E hf, N hf of Sw qr Se qr of Sw qr sec 22, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 640 acres 21 50

Richards, Thos J—Ne qr of S½ qr sec 22 Tp 1 S R 33 E. 40 acres; schl tax 6 43

Robinson, E—Lots Nos 1 and 2 in Nw qr, Se qr sec 2 Tp 11 S, W hf of Se qr sec 35 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 400 acres 13 63

Russell, F. E.—W hf of Nw qr section 2, Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 80 acres. S hf of S hf section 26, N hf of N w qr, E hf of Se qr, Ne qr section 35, Twp 13 S R 35 E, 400 acres. S hf of Nw qr, W hf of Se qr, E hf of Sw qr section 35, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 240 acres. N hf of Sw qr, S hf of Sw qr, section 26, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. N hf of Ne qr, Se qr of Ne qr, section 34, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 120 acres. Ne qr section 27, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. E hf of Sw qr section 27, Tp 13 S, R 35 E, 80 acres. Se qr section 27, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. Personal property. School tax. Trust property of J. D. Ziglar and trust property of W. S. Enos 380 12

S

Storey, Geo—Sw qr of Nw qr sec 14 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 40 acres; schl tax 2 12

Steward, Charles—S hf of Ne qr, W hf of Se qr section 28, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. School tax 6 17

Silva, Frank—Lot and house in town of Darwin W side of Market St N of Main. Personal property. 1 P and H tax 13 18

Shirley, Jasper—W hf of Ne qr section 17, Tp 6 S, R 31 E 80 acres 3 13

Sprance, Stanley—Lot 50x100 ft in Town of Laws. Lot 16 block K 4 94

Sherman, Val—Sw qr of Sw qr section 15, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 40 acres; schl tax 2 13

Sais, Angela—Lots in town of Bishop Lots Nos 1, 2, 3 and 4 blk C P H tax, persl prpty; schl tax 32 71

T

Tibbetts, W. R—Fractional lot in town of Independence. Lots 7, 9 and 11 block 24; S hf of Se qr, S½ qr of Sw qr section 18. Ne qr of Nw qr section 19, tp 9 S, R 34 E, persl prpty, schl tax 76 56

Turner, F M—Possessory known as Turner's Ranch in sec 23 Tp 9 S R 33 E 20 acres. Persnl prpty, schl and P & H tax 20 47

Mancey, Thomas—Mortgage interest in property of J & T Ancey, viz N½ qr of Sw qr, S hf of Nw qr, Nw qr of Nw qr section 13, Twp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres; school tax 18 01

Twaddle, Thomas—Quartz mill and building situated at Cook Springs in Death Valley, formerly known as Ibex Company's property 5 acres 40 38

Thomas, Benj H—W hf of Sw qr sec 35 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 80 acres; prsnl prpty 14 52

U

Unknown Owner—Ten stamp quartz mill and machinery formerly known as Emigrant Mill, situated in Lone Mining District 81 56

Unknown Owner—W hf of Sw qr sec 27 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax 5 52

W

Wallace, Jim (Indian)—W hf of lot 2 in Ne qr sec 1 Tp 13 S R 34 E, 40 acres 1 81

Watterson, G—N hf of N hf sec 21 Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Walters, C A—S½ qr sec 6 Tp 12 S, R 35 E, 160 acres 5 75

Wesson, Abbey C—All of sec 16 tp 24 S, R 40 E, 640 acres 34 10

Wells, W H—S hf of S½ qr, Sw qr of Nw qr, Ne qr of Se qr sec 20, Tp 7 S, R 31 E, 160 acres 5 75

Welch, E H—E hf of Ne qr sec 8, Sw qr of Ne qr sec 9, Tp 7 S R 33 E, 120 acres; school tax 12 40

Walter, Chas—N hf of S hf sec 22 Tp 11 S R 34 E, 160 acres 5 75

White, J R—S hf of S½ qr, S hf of Se qr section 24, Twp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; personal property; schl tax 24 69

White, John—S½ qr of Nw qr, S hf of Ne qr sec 24 Tp 15 S R 35 E, S½ qr of Nw qr sec 19 Township 15 S R 35 E 160 acres; school tax 14 47

Y

Yerington, H M—Benezia mine, Sherman Mining District, 20 acres; Atlantic mine Sherman Mining District 20 acres; North Star Mine in Sherman Mining District, twenty acres 9 38

Yandell, W W and Mrs Martha Yandell—E hf of S½ of sec 21 To 8 S, R 33 E 80 acres. W hf of N½ qr, E hf of Nw qr sec 28 Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; E hf of Nw qr sec 28 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax 13 55

Z

Zaun, S—Lots in Lone Pine, lot 1 block 29, S hf of lot 4 in block 17. Personal property 11 55

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that unless the foregoing taxes and costs are paid I will on

TUESDAY,
The 24th Day of February, 1891,

Between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., to wit, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., commence to sell the foregoing described real property at public auction in front of the Court House, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, State of California, and that I will continue such sale from day to day, according to adjournments, until the whole real property described in the foregoing, or so much thereof as may be necessary, shall be sold, and that I will sell the smallest quantity of each assessment of said property that will be taken by any person for the amount of said taxes and costs, in gold or silver coin of the United States.

Dated this 30th day of January, A. D. 1891.

J. S. GORMAN,
Tax Collector of Inyo county, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo county, Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 16th day of December, 1890, an assessment (No. 11) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 30th day of January 1891 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 20th day of February 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

NATHAN RHINE.

NATHAN RHINE,
(Successor to Harris & Rhine.)
MERCHANT,
INDEPENDENCE
Inyo Co. Cal.

Wholesale & Retail
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise

MY STOCK
CONSISTING OF
Almost every needed article is well calculated to satisfy the wants of everybody; and, as in the past, it will be our aim in the future to retain the extensive patronage enjoyed heretofore.

NATHAN RHINE.

NATHAN RHINE
BANKER
Independence, Cal.

SELL EXCHANGE
—ON—
SAN FRANCISCO
Draw Direct
—ON—
NEW YORK,
LONDON, England.
BERLIN, FRANKFORT-on-the Main, } GERMANY

I AM PREPARED TO TRANSACT ALL KINDS
—OF—
GENERAL
BANKING
&
EXCHANGE
BUSINESS.

Wechsel in beliebigen Summen auf Berlin und Frankfurt am der Main, Deutsche Vollmachten geben Rat. Geldsendungen von und nach Deutschland besorgt.

AGENT FOR
WELLS FARGO & CO'S.
EXPRESS

MUTUAL
Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK
CAPITAL - - - 55,000,000

LIVERPOOL
AND LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Capital - - - - $21,000,000

NATHAN RHINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence one mile Andrew Clark's.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r.

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. L. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed
Flooring.
sep 11-tf

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence,

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce Street, New York

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK ..... PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

PIONEER BREWERY
INDEPENDENCE
BEER ICE COLD.
The Bar is supplied with the Best of all kinds of Liquors and Cigars.
The Coolest Hall in the town. Call in, see what comfort you can have this hot weather.
PHILIP GEHRIG, PROPRIETOR

CROCKERS' HOTEL
BIG PINE - CAL
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near hotel, it is a veritable paradise for tourist pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of guests.
W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee
sept 13

J. W. Murphy
BLACKSMITH
—AND—
General Iron Work
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 per Set
Shop on Edwards St., opposite Court House, Independence.

S. H. BIGLAND,
—DEALER IN—
Owens Valley Land
39 SUTTER STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO
1-26

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6 ....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 103¼
Lead, 4.35
Copper, 14.60
Tin, 20.20
Sugar, .06¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence at 7 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

DIED.

GOODALE.—At Independence, February 4th 1891, Ezra M. Goodale, aged about 64 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Beaudry have been in town all the week.

A. R. Jones and J. D. Jones came down from Bishop yesterday and are in town.

Mr. J. H. Bulpit and Mr. C. Wonacott came down from Bishop on Monday. They left town for home yesterday morning.

P. H. Mack, Attorney at Law, has opened a law office at Independence. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt and careful attention. See his card.

It is understood that Ezra Goodale left a will by which the children of his brother, Mr Thomas J. Goodale, will inherit nearly all of the property the deceased owned.

S. G. Sneden has been appointed Postmaster at Bishop to succeed A. M. Given. W. M. Richards has been appointed Postmaster at Citrus to succeed Finlay McIver.

Rumors are current that the lower levels of the Comstock mine will be pumped out and deep mining resumed with all the vigor of former years. McKay, Fair, Hayward and other big mine operators are said to be backing the project.

A meeting of tax payers was held at Reno, Nevada, last Saturday evening to discuss matters of interest. One of the speakers was Hon H. H. Beck and the *Gazette* reports him as saying among other things, "No community on the inhabited globe are laboring under such a burden of taxation as the people of Nevada." The people of Inyo County will judge for themselves what reasons move anyone who advocates annexation to the State of Nevada.

Estray Notice.

On or about the 27th day of December, 1890, there came to my place, at Camp Independence, one red bull; ear mark, half over-crop on left ear, half under-crop on right ear; brand undistinguishable; aged about 4 years. The owner of the animal is hereby notified to pay costs and remove the same or it will be sold on Saturday, March 7th, 1890. J. W. LACEY.

Death of a Pioneer.

Another old settler of Owens Valley passed away on Wednesday morning. Ezra Goodale, about the end of last week, came from his home at Black Rock, and was staying at Mairs' hotel. He was ailing when he came to town and though medical attendance and good care were given him, he failed rapidly till death ended his suffering. Dr. J. D. Blair says the cause of death was pneumonia. Mr. T. J. Goodale, brother of deceased, was with him till the end. Deceased had no family, and it is not yet known what disposition will be made of the property he left. The remains were buried in the Odd Fellows Cemetry at Independence yesterday afternoon. Many of the townspeople and others from Black Rock attended the funeral.

Entitled To The Cake.

Austin, Texas, is entitled to take the cake for check. The *Commercial* Club of that city offers to furnish this paper weekly with a large amount of matter about "agricultural, industrial, commercial, financial, educational, social and religious matters etc, all concerning Austin in particular and Texas incidentally. The "Club" magnanimously offers to let us do this advertising without paying anything for the privilege, but on condition that the paper shall be regularly mailed to the address of the "Club". This reminds us of the man who went from New Jersey to Texas and afterward returned to the former State. Some of his neighbors asked him how he liked Texas, and he replied, "If I owned Texas and hell I would sell Texas and live in the the other place."

A Very Important Matter.

An important petition was presented to the Supervisors this week by J. H. Bulpit of Bishop. By an act passed by the Legislature and approved March 7th, 1889, Boards of Supervisors "may by ordinance declare all or any portion of any river or stream lying within the county, which has not been declared by law to be navigable, which is not in fact navigable for commercial purposes, to be a public highway for the floating and transportation of logs, timber and lumber and the same shall thereupon become and be a public highway for such purpose etc." The act confers powers upon Boards of Supervisors to lease right of way on such streams, such lease to enclude right for the holder to "collect tolls for the rafting, floating and booming of logs." Under this act Mr. Bulpit asks the Supervisors to declare that portion of Owens River within Inyo County from the Mono County line to a point one mile south of the bridge near Laws station, a highway, and grant him a lease of the same for twenty years. Should his petition be granted he will at once begin work to remove obstructions from the river and make it capable of floating logs and timber of all kinds. He would build a large saw mill below the Laws bridge and construct suitable booms on the river. There is a great body of fine timber about the head waters of Owens river within Mono County, but the only way it can be made valuable for use is by improving the river as proposed in the petition. If this highway shall be opened it will give to Owens Valley an inexhaustible supply of good lumber for all purposes, and also of fuel, and at prices at least one third less than are now charged. The river may afterward be declared a highway to Owens Lake, and thus give equal benefit to all parts of the valley. The improvement of the river would not cost the county one dollar, and on the expiration of the lease the tolls would be an important item of revenue. A similar petition was presented by other parties relating to Bishop Creek. Both petitions were laid over till the next regular meeting of the Board.

PROCEEDINGS OF BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

The Board of Supervisors of Inyo County, State of California, met in regular session at 6 o'clock, p. m.

Present Supervisors Sneden, Steward, Stewart and Love. Absent, Supervisor Eddy.

Minutes of meeting held January 5th, 1891, read and approved.

Supervisor Sneden presented the following petition, which was read and approved:

"Whereas, the trial of the action of The People of the State of California vs. W. T. C. Elliott, on a change of venue from the County of Inyo to Kern county is reset for February 24th, and the Board of Supervisors of the County of Inyo, in regular session, having given the matter due consideration, do hereby, in the interest and in behalf of the County of Inyo, respectfully ask of Alvin F. Fay Esq., District Attorney of the County of Kern, that he bring to the notice of the Superior Judge of Kern county, this our request, and move that said action be dismissed, for the reason of its having been tried twice in the Superior Court of Kern county and the jury failed to agree each time, and the great expense connected therewith, and we being convinced that under the circumstances no conviction can be had."

TUESDAY, February 3.

The Board met at 9 o'clock a. m., same members present.

A number of bills were examined and allowed. Bills presented by Dr. Allingham and F. E. Densmore rejected.

The Board adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m. at which hour it reassembled, the same members present.

A number of bills were examined and allowed.

On motion ordered that C. Mulholland be appointed Justice of Peace in Third Township and G. W. Drake Constable in First District. Petition to appoint R. Way Constable rejected.

Reports of various Road Oveeseers examined and bills allowed.

Report of viewers on road from Alvord to Laws accepted and same declared a public highway.

Petition presented asking that Owens River be declared a public highway laid over till next regular meeting.

Rebate of taxes allowed S. J. Newland and Mrs. Mates.

Whereupon the Board adjourned until 9 o'clock a. m. of Wednesday.

WEDNESDAY, February 4th.

Board met at 9 o'clock a. m., same members present.

Petition granted for a road from Bishop to a point on the C. & C. road.

Contract for care of Indigent Sick awarded Mrs. M. Lewis at $500 for an average of four patients and 85 cents per day for excess of said average.

Dr. J. D. Blair was appointed County Physician at a salary of $500 a year.

The names of forty grand jurors and one hundred trial jurors was drawn.

Petition of residents of Road District No. 6, asking for the formation of a new district to include the Georges Creek settlement granted and John Shepherd appointed Overseer.

Petition for the appointment of John Baxter as Justice of Peace granted.

The Clerk was ordered to procure a revolving book-case for the Superior Judge's office.

Ordered that $6,000 be transferred from the Building Fund to the General Expense Fund and $2,958 from the Building Fund to said fund.

Rebate allowed A. R. Jones from Bishop School Fund. Claim of further reduction laid over till next meeting.

THURSDAY, February 5th.

Board met at 9 o'clock a. m., same members present.

Ordered that the county printing be paid for at the rate of 75 cents per square for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

P. Clinton allowed rebate of taxes.

Bill of F. E. Densmore reconsidered and laid over till next regular meeting.

Claim of Jos. Seely for $166 allowed in sum of $116.

The Inyo *Index* was declared the county official paper.

Reports of Auditor and Treasurer accepted and approved.

Ordinances Nos. 29 and 30 were re-enacted.

An Ordinance was passed changing the meetings of the Board to the first Mondays in January, April, July and October of each year.

FRIDAY, February 6th.

Board met at 9 o'clock a. m., same members present.

On petition the Inyo Canal Company were ordered to build a bridge across said canal at Citrus.

Application of S. G. Sneden for an appropriation of $350 to build a bridge across Owens River laid over till next regular meeting.

Chas. Kanaday was allowed $12 a month on Hospital fund.

Ordinance No. 36 was adopted providing for the appointment of an officer to collect sheep license tax, to be paid ten per cent. of amount collected.

Meteorological Summary.

Following is the report of the Signal Service Station at Keeler for the month of January, 1891.

Mean barometer	30.136
Highest barometer	30.429
Lowest barometer	29.783
Mean temperature	41.3
Highest temperature, 19th	66.
Lowest temperature, 9th	23
Greatest daily range temp'ture, 12th, 27.	
Least daily range temperature, 28th, 14.	
Prevailing direction of wind, N.	
Total movemement of wind, 5986 miles.	
Extreme velocity of wind, direction and date, 43 miles on 27th.	
Total precipitation, 0.00 inches.	
Number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell, 0.	
Number of cloudless days	19
Partly cloudy days	8
Cloudy days	4

H. E. WILKINSON,
Sergt., Signal Corps, Observer.

A Chance For Office.

Two petitions from physicians at Bishop were presented to the Board of Supervisors, each asking to be appointed County Physician. Both petitions are rejected. But there is yet a chance for one of the applicants to get an office. By an Act of the Legislature, approved March 17th, 1889, the Boards of Supervisors in each county are compelled to appoint a Health Officer for each unincorporated town of five hundred inhabitants or more, and must fix the salary of such officer. The services of such officer is a charge against the county. Should the Supervisors fail to make such appointment it becomes the duty of the District Attorney to begin action against the Supervisors to compel them to do their duty. Office seekers are referred to page 43 of the Statutes and Amendments made by the last Legislature.

Selling Whiskey To An Indian.

Guadalupe Angulo was arrested this morning by Sheriff Gorman for selling whiskey to an Indian. When charged with the offense he at once pleaded "guilty". The man is very aged, professed sorrow for his act, and declared he would never again do so. He was let off with the very light fine of ten dollars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. H. MACK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

REGULAR MEETING OF BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The Regular semi-annual meeting of the Inyo County Board of Education will be held in Independence on Tuesday, February 17th 1891 at 10 a. m. Examinations to commence on Wednesday, the 18th, at 9 a. m. All applications for examination or certificates must be in the day prior to the day of the meeting.

J. H. SHANNON
Sect. Board of Education.

PROBATE NOTICE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of John Mullane, deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for proving will, etc.

Notice is hereby given that Monday, the 9th day of February A. D. 1891, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court Room of said Court, at the town of Independence, in the County of Inyo, State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John Mullane, deceased and for hearing the application of Richard Hessian Sr. for the issuance to him of letters testamentary thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated January 22d, 1891.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of ditch, near Independence, Inyo county.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the the following described stock, on account o assessment No. 6, levied on the 29th day o Nov., 1890, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. Cert.	No. Sh's.	Am't
W. H. Huff	1	12	$ 2 40
" "	7	3	6 00
F. E. Russell	2	32	6 40
" "	19	110	22 00
John Reynolds	3	40	8 00
L. Baxter	5	10	2 00
H. J. Robinson	10	250	50 00
J. Y. Skinner	21	50	10 00
" "	22	50	10 00
" "	23	50	10 00
" "	24	50	10 00
" "	25	50	10 00
" "	26	50	10 00
" "	29	50	10 10
W. H. Jenkins	30	100	20 00
" "	31	100	20 00
" "	33	100	20 00
" "	36	64	12 80
John Davies	46	60	12 00
W. S. Enos	47	100	20 00
" "	48	400	80 00
W. J. Jenkins	55	100	20 00
" "	56	100	20 00
" "	57	100	20 00
E. Robinson	58	75	15 00
" "	59	125	25 00
Maggie J. Skinner	62	50	10 00
" " "	63	50	10 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 29th day of Nov., 1890, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Stevens Ditch Company, Independence, California, on Saturday, the 7th day of February, 1890, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

POSTPONEMENT.

The above sale is hereby postponed until Saturday, February 21, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m.

P. H MACK, Secretary.

Notice of Forfeiture.

TO H. P. LIVINGSTON, OR WHOEVER at present may represent his interest in the Caldera Mine, and Peter Meyer: You are hereby notified that I have expended One hundred [$100] dollars in labor and improvements upon the Caldera Lode, situated in Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county, California, as will appear by certificate filed in the office of the Recorder of said district for the year 1890, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2,324 Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31, 1890, and if within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under the provisions of said Section 2,324.

O. G. FUENTES.
Dated Cerro Gordo, January 2, 1890.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel. Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,

WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

LONE PINE

Blacksmith Shop.

R. C. Spear, Prop'r

—ALL WORK ON—

MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS

—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—

HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING

All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

IRWINS SALOON

[illegible] wards and Market Streets,

[illegible] endence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt an furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept12 td

Pioneer

Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. FREE Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $5 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BELL'S

Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S.

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best.

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n47tf

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,

m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

THE BEST VALUE

LEVI STRAUSS & CO'S

Celebrated Copper Riveted

OVERALLS AND SPRING BOTTOM PANTS

ENJOY A NATIONAL REPUTATION.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT OUR TRADE MARK.

BEST SEWING! BEST FINISH! BEST FIT!

BEST MATERIALS!

The only kind made by White Labor.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.

Real Estate Agents,

Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE

BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St.

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK

BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points

Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,

Watchmaker & Jeweler.

BISHOP, CAL.

Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.

I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE STEWART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

Deputy County Clerk.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p m		5.0 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p m		2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5:20 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning	7.05 p. m.		9 55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8.05 p m.		9.15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.		7:55 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m		Lv. 7 2 5. m.
	No. 3.		No. 4.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Belleville	8 2[illegible] a. m		5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a m		1:35 a.m.
Bisaop Creek	2:00p. m.		11:00 a. m
Alvord	2 45 p. m		10:00 a. m
Independence	4 20 p. m.		8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:00 p. m.		7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar 5:55 p. m.		Lv. 7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie ([illegible] miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (12½ miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays); for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc.

AT

L. WOOL

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

THOMAS & HILL,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

Why does this man stare so? He is simply listening to the marvelous cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The following case illustrates:

February 14th, 1890.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—A remarkable case has occurred in our territory. J. N. Berry, a man about thirty years of age, was going down rapidly. He tried physician after physician, patent medicines, home receipts—in fact, everything. He went to a noted sanitarium and returned no better. We all thought he was dying with consumption, and only a few weeks of life were left for him.

He commenced "Golden Medical Discovery," and at the same time commenced to mend. He has used about two dozen bottles, and is still using it. He has gained in weight, color and strength, and is able to do light work. It is just such a case as we should have listened to rather suspiciously, but when we see it we must believe it.

It has trebled our sales of "Golden Medical Discovery."

JOHN HACKETT & SON,
Druggists, Roanoke, Ind.

In all bronchial, throat and lung affections, lingering coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs and kindred ailments, the "Discovery" effects the most marvelous cures.

'Twas the day after Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature felt hungry, not even a mouse.

RELIEF FROM INDIGESTION.

Frank W. Gillett, 221 Second Ave., New York, writes:

"I deem it my pleasure to testify to the phenomenal effects of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, upon myself, in eradicating from my system the most aggravated form of indigestion, the attacks of which were nearly as severe as spasms. After a costly treatment two boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS have put me in a better condition than I have been for years."

It is ten to one that you did not get what you expected or wanted when you explored your stocking Christmas morning.

Each year finds "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" in new localities, in various parts of the world. For relieving Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases, they have been proved reliable. *Sold only in boxes.*

Two Birds with One Stone—Red—What a lucky fellow he is! Not—I should say so. His business is already made for Christmas.

WHY!

WHEREFORE. The virtues or merits of a remedy for pain do not consist in its being as good for redness as other remedies, but in the fact that it is better, in being more prompt and sure, and therefore the best for the specific purpose. It is not an idle catchline that strikes the eye thus:

ST. JACOBS OIL
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN,
IS THE BEST.

It is the best cure for all aches and pains, and it holds

THE TRUE PROOF.

To this specific fact **Archbishops, Bishops, Clergymen, Lawyers, Doctors, Governors, Generals, Senators, Members of Congress and Legislatures, U.S. Consuls, Army and Navy Officers Mayors and Officials,** testify and unite in saying: "We suffered pain;

OTHER REMEDIES FAILED,

and St. Jacobs Oil cured promptly and permanently." For the same reason

THE POOR MAN

finds what he seeks and needs, is not deceived and will have it at any price.

A STAMPEDE.

Corralling a crove of horses gives you plenty of work for hours. You don't have time to think what the weather is. You let everything slide, till the work is over. But the cowboy is never unprepared. When this "picnic" happens, whatever the weather, he is not drenched and wet to the skin before it's over, because he is always provided with a "Fish Brand Pommel Slicker." With one of these saddle coats on, you can't get wet if you try. Your entire saddle will be inside the coat, and it will be dry, too. Did you ever try the Pommel Slicker? Just try one, they cost very little. Then no more colds, fevers, rheumatism, and other results to exposure of weather. Every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy. SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

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J. F. SMITH & CO.,
Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.

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The cheapest thing in the market for Houses, Barns, Ice-Houses and Outbuildings. Write for circulars and samples.

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Greenbank Insecticide, powdered Caustic Soda, etc.
BEST SHEEP WASH.
Calvert's Carb lic. Prices reduced. T. W. JACKSON & CO., Sole Agents, 104 Market St., S. F.

IN A COAL MINE.

Wandering Through Passages Underground.

DESCENT IN THE PASSENGER SHAFT.

Gloomy Passages and Narrow Tunnels. —The Blast.

The entrance to nearly all mines disappoints preconceived notions. One cannot say exactly what he expected, but he certainly expected something different from the reality. Here, for instance, there was no indication of the existence of the mine save in the presence of the breakers and the huge pile of culm. At a short distance from the breaker was a little shed about ten feet square, and yawning in this was the mouth of the passenger shaft. The other shaft, up which are hoisted the the cars loaded with coal, opens directly into the breaker.

As we gathered about the passenger shaft the car was hoisted several times, bringing up a number of miners and laborers, and all looked like imps from the infernal regions. Their bodies and clothing were black as jet from smoke and coal dust, and the only white one could see about them was the whites of their eyes. In their caps were extinguished torches, which still gave out a black and sullen smoke. Men we found them, talking freely of their lives and rather enjoying the curiosity they inspired. Their appearance, and the mouth of that black shaft leading down a sheer 300 feet into the bowels of the earth, led some of the party to conclude that they would enjoy a bird's eye view of Providence on the surface rather than tempt Providence under ground. So less than forty made the descent.

Each of us was given a little torch, and then we gathered about the shaft. The elevator is simply a platform like a freight elevator, with no railing at either side. Above it is a hood to keep off the water constantly dripping down the shaft from the seams in the rock. Ten at a time we crowded upon the elevator, the torches flaring up around us and filling our lungs with smoke.

Perhaps I reveal a woeful ignorance when I say that I expected to see as soon as I stepped from the car a vast rugged chamber, glittering with distant lights and alive with eager workers. I had read descriptions of mines and seen pictures of them, and yet this delusion clings to me. But in one instant vanished all these chimeras, and I beheld a narrow tunnel, so low that I involuntarily stooped my head, whether such a proceeding were necessary or not, and darker than mid night. On either side were walls of coal, glittering strangely as the rays of light fell upon them, and hewn into all sorts of irregular shapes and narrow recesses. But the roof or ceiling seemed as smooth and polished as marble. The vein of coal runs of almost uniform thickness, and the slate above and below forms a comparatively level floor and roof.

Along this narrow passage we wandered, the light from our flickering lamps making the darkness ahead the more impenetrable. At short intervals were chambers where the coal had been mined more extensively, but between all chambers pillars at least thirty feet in thickness were left to support the tremendous weight of the superincumbent rock. And in the chambers themselves were posts and beams of wood erected for the same purpose. One could scarcely realize that all these passageways and chambers were carefully laid out by engineers and surveyors, and that plans were drawn, marking all the turns and divergences as accurately as the map of a city.

But such was the case, and not a blow of the pickax is struck that is not foreseen, and so two passageways approach each other from opposite directions, and are finally united in one. At intervals are heavy, air tight doors of wood, which serve the purpose of breaking the currents of air, give a perfect circulation, and allow the steam fans to exhaust the fire damp that may have accumulated in any chamber, no matter how far distant. As these were closed behind us they gave a crash like thunder, every sound being magnified by the rocky walls. Finally, when we had gone hundreds of feet from the shaft, we began to see dim and twinkling lights in the distance, and to hear echoing cries, the crash of loaded cars rolling along the rail, and the clang of steel on the sullen rocks. Mules furnish the only motive power, and perhaps it is because of their well known stubbornness that they needed such vociferous direction that for minutes we would hear shouts and cries that were echoed until they seemed to come from a hundred lungs. Then we would range ourselves close along the walls and up would rumble and clatter and clash a loaded car, drawn by several straining mules and driven (or rather directed, for no reins were used), by a boy as black as the coal itself, his eyes glittering strangely in the light from the smoking lamp stuck in his hat band.

And finally we reached the miners themselves, for all the men we had previously seen were merely the laborers. Each miner had a chamber to himself, and into the walls he was viciously digging his drill. Of course his eyes get accustomed to the semi gloom, but to us it seemed as if he must work solely by the sense of feeling. The miner we surrounded told us that he was almost ready for a blast. While we waited a car rolled noisily up to a pile of broken coal, and a black and grimy laborer caught up a shovel and sent the lumps thundering into the car. Before it was filled the miner told us that his charge was ready and bade us go around the nearest corner. Fifty feet away we were halted, and then came an anxious pause, each one agitated somewhat, if the truth must be told. Then came a loud and reverberating roar, followed by the crash of tumbling rock. The earth shook beneath our feet, and from the slate roof, a foot above our heads, splinters of rock seemed to fall around us. Perhaps no one really expected the roof to fall and crush us, but there was a sigh of relief when the blast was over. We hurried back to the chamber with the smell of powder in our nostrils. A jagged hole was pierced in the coal, and as we looked through the smoke and dust, a blackened and demoniac face appeared at us from its depths. The blast had opened a passage directly through into the adjoining chamber, and the face was that of the good natured miner on the other side. The coal that the blast had loosened lay heaped in confusion by the opening. So shattered had it been by the explosion that it could easily be broken by a pickaxe into size convenient for handling. Nothing then remained but for the laborer to shovel it all, large and small lumps and even the dust, into a car, that was hoisted into the breaker.—"F. W. H." in Albany Argus.

It Happened in Chicago.

Mrs. Packer presents Mr. Northside to Mrs. Southside.

Mr. Northside—I have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Southside before, I believe.

Mrs. S.—Pardon me! I don't remember.

Mr. N.—Think a moment.

Mrs. S. (after a profound meditation)—Oh, I beg a thousand pardons! I recall the occasion now. You were my very first husband. I'm such a stupid little thing. So glad to see you. How is the present Mrs. Northside?—Washington Critic.

THE LADY AND THE BURGLAR.

How a Woman Kept Her Nerve and Helped to Capture a Burglar.

It was just after the war, and things were in a very chaotic state. We—my husband, my little one and I—were living in Richmond then. On the night of which I write I could see that John was worried about something. He seemed preoccupied all during supper, and after the things were cleared away he took his seat at the table, with a pile of medical books reaching above his head on the right, and an immense volume spread open before him.

He evidently had a puzzling case on hand, and was not in a humor to be talked to. I took out my crocheting and worked for a short time on little Anna's sacque. Then I yawned, crocheted a round or two, yawned again, and finally, in despair, folded up my work and went up stairs to my room. Little Anna had preceded me there, and lay tucked away in a corner of my bed in the rosiest slumber imaginable.

"I won't put her in the crib just yet," I thought, "she is sleeping so sweetly." I had got, in the process of disrobing, to the point of dressing wrapper and slippers, and was shaking out my hair preparatory to its arrangement for the night when the brush slipped from my hand and fell with a sharp ring upon the floor. As I stooped to pick it up a sight met my eyes the very recollection of which makes me grow hot and cold by turns. A negro was under my bed. He was drawn up as close as possible to the wall and lay there watching me. I am only an average woman, not particularly courageous or particularly anything that I know of. How I ever kept from shrieking or fainting will ever remain a mystery to me.

Supernatural strength must have come to my aid. I felt in a moment the importance of concealing from this man the fact that I was aware of his presence. I arose from my stooping posture, and began brushing my hair with the utmost coolness and deliberation, but a very white face looked back at me from the mirror before which I stood. I believe, if anything, I brushed my hair longer than usual that night; then, dividing it in two parts with great exactness, began plaiting it, turning over in my mind all the while what course of action I should adopt. Suddenly I remembered that I had forgotten to bring up the basket of silver which we always kept in our room at night.

"There," I exclaimed aloud, "I left the silver down stairs. I must ask John to bring it up with him."

"John! Oh, John!" I said, going out in the passage and calling down the steps, "bring the spoons and forks up with you when you come."

There was no answer. The dining room door was shut and John was deep in his book.

"How provoking!" I exclaimed. "I will have to go down for them myself."

Every detail of that night's adventure seems graven, as with an iron pen, upon my mind. The very sound of my slippers—loose at the heel—as I went down the bare steps is distinct in my memory.

"John," I said, as closing the dining room door behind me I crossed the room and placed my hand upon my husband's shoulder, "don't exclaim at what I'm going to tell you. There is a man under the bed in our room. He doesn't know that I have seen him. Slip quietly out at the back door and call for help before he makes his escape." I don't think ten minutes could have elapsed before my husband returned, accompanied by two policemen armed to the very teeth, but it seemed like hours to me as I stood there thinking of our little one sleeping so unconsciously on our bed, and of the villain lying beneath it.

He was a big, burly fellow, it was discovered, when at last he had been dragged from his hiding place and induced to assume the perpendicular. On his person, in addition to my diamond ring, gold watch and set of pearls, was found a bottle of chloroform, a big knife and a loaded revolver. The next day a very tremulous heroine was reading in the morning paper an account of a brave woman's adventure with a burglar. The brave woman—the account said she was myself, too.—Philadelphia Times.

Part of a Stove of Centuries Ago.

A farmer of Joanna, near Reading, in digging an excavation the other day unearthed a large iron plate three feet square, bearing date April 4, 1570. Two Indians are represented on one side of the plate, and a pair of anchors on the reverse side. The plate also bears this inscription in German: "Oh, hope yet for a better time, as all troubles will cease. Hope to see that blessed beam of peace, when hatred, wars and strife shall cease." Farmer Moore's barn was built on property secured from the original proprietaries, Thomas and Richard Penn, sons of old William Penn, then governors in chief of Pennsylvania. The old Quaker settlers in the county lived side by side with religious refugees from Holland and Germany, and had intimate business dealings together, and it is believed, therefore, that the iron plate just found was part of a stove made in Germany or Holland 320 years ago.—Philadelphia Times.

A Cow's Costly Meal.

Presley Brewer, of Greene county, while working in the woods pasture, hid his pocketbook containing $103 under the roots of a tree. A cow grazing near by came upon the treasure and devoured it before Mr. Brewer could rescue it.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Author's Compensation.

The usual royalty paid to the author of any book, provided the publisher takes the risk and bears the expense of publication, is 10 per cent. of the retail price on each copy sold. Frequently the publisher is exempted from paying royalty on the first 1,000 copies. Some publishers have blank forms for contracts with authors, but contracts for publishing different books vary so widely that a general form cannot easily be made.—Writer.

CHILDREN OF ISHMAEL.

Indiscriminate Almsgiving Encourages Vice.

THE UNWISDOM OF THE CHARITABLE.

A Chart Which Illustrates Social Degradation.—Prevention.

The children of Ishmael are still with us. They are not the roving Indians or reckless cowboys of the western plains, nor the desperate "moonshiners" of the Tennessee mountains. They live near us in New York, or wherever our homes may be. Their garments touch ours in the public places. Strangest of all, we may be responsible in one sense for the Ishmaelitish madness in their blood; and yet, if we recognized that responsibility, we would complacently count it to ourselves for righteousness. For we consider almsgiving a cardinal virtue, while we are too short sighted to estimate the effect of much indiscriminate almsgiving in encouraging moral flabbiness and mental and physical inertia, in increasing pauperism and crime, in multiplying the number of the children of Ishmael throughout our land.

This is one of the most suggestive topics treated at the national conference of charities and correction recently held in Buffalo, and elsewhere considered at some length. The speaker, Rev. Oscar C. McCulloch, of Indianapolis, illustrated his study in social degradation by a chart showing the social condition of thirty families through five generations. This meant some illustration of the life history of 1,692 individuals. Their history had been followed for fifty years. There had been several murderers in the group, and thieves without number. The majority lived by begging or petty thieving. The children died young. Licentiousness characterized all the men and women. From this came mental and physical weakness, general incapacity to work, and in certain cases, hopeless idiocy.

MORBID HEREDITARY TENDENCIES.

This study of hereditary morbid tendencies is most interesting, but it presents nothing absolutely new. Maudsley, of England, and Charcot, of Paris, have naturally included the subject in their study of mental pathology. In fact, in the present century—and especially since Galton developed the study of heredity into a science—hereditary influences of all kinds have received the most careful consideration, not only by medical students of pathological states of the mind and body, but also by novelists. We need recall but one instance, the Rougon-Macquart series of Zola, in which that uncompromising realist has essayed to do precisely what Mr. McCulloch did upon the chart—that is, trace the development and effects of morbid tendencies from generation to generation.

But Mr. McCulloch himself has used this study of heredity merely as an illustration of his striking declaration that the tendencies to mental weakness and general incapacity which he describes are met and encouraged by the benevolent public with unlimited public and private aid, which is practically an incentive to an idle and vicious life. He charged that our elaborate systems of public charities are in a large degree responsible for the perpetuation of this idle and vicious stock, and what public relief failed to accomplish private benevolence supplemented. "The so called charitable people who give to begging men and women and children have a large sin to answer for." The remedy indicated by the speaker was to close up official outdoor relief, check private indiscriminate charity, and get hold of the children. The last is an admirable suggestion. There is no practical way of restricting private almsgiving, save by educating people to the idea that unwise alms foster pauperism and the bringing of more paupers into the world. It would be impossible to do away with the great public charities of New York even if it were desirable. But the tendency of charitable work can be modified and turned toward prevention rather than cure. Children who are early taught a spirit of independence and self reliance will not become paupers. If public charities encourage this spirit and rigidly insist that nothing can be had without working for it, if work is possible, their evils will be reduced to a minimum.—Frank Leslie's.

How to Utilize Grasshoppers.

The grasshopper plague in Minnesota has assumed so serious a character that the farmers around St. Paul have decided to pay $1 a bushel for the insects in order to stimulate the efforts for their destruction. In Venezuela recently a prize of $4,000 was offered to anybody who would invent a means of profitably converting locusts into grease or any other useful article. We cannot claim originality for the idea, but why not adopt the Indian system? The aboriginal farmers of the plains, we have been told heretofore, do not regard the grasshopper as an unqualified evil. When their wheat crops grow undisturbed by these insects the Indians eat the wheat after it has been prepared in the usual way. When the grasshoppers come and eat the wheat, however, the Indians eat the grasshoppers. In this way they are always sure of a good crop of one kind or the other and are happy in any event.

There is authority for the statement that fried grasshoppers are not unpalatable, the testimony of white men who have dined on them being that they have a "rich, nutty taste," not unlike peanuts or something of that sort, and that the most squeamish person would enjoy them if they were served up in batter or under some other name. We do not care to press the subject too far, but why not give the frisky visitors a chance to redeem their reputation by transferring them from the field to the kitchen, from the furrow to the frying pan? The Indian holds the oyster and shrimp in scorn, and his, we know, is a blind and unreasonable prejudice. Why not learn from him at the same time that we teach him to esteem our delicacies? Let our friends in Minnesota, then, name the grasshopper the "prairie shrimp," for instance, and gather him in and make the most of him.

An Everlasting Chimney.

To build a chimney that will draw forever and not fill up with soot you must build it large enough, sixteen inches square; use good brick and clay instead of lime up to the comb; plaster it inside with clay mixed with salt; for chimney tops use the very best of brick wet them and lay them in cement mortar. The chimney should not be built tight to beams and rafters; there is where the cracks in your chimneys come, and where most of the fires originate, as the chimney sometimes gets red hot. A chimney built from the cellar up is better and less dangerous than one hung on the wall. Do not get your stove pipe hole too close to the ceiling, but about eighteen inches from it.—New York Journal.

Poisonous Wine Bottles.

A French chemist reports that wine is affected differently by bottles of different manufacture. Some bottles improve while others injure it. An undue admixture of lime and magnesia, which are often substituted for soda and potash in glass on account of their cheapness, acts injuriously upon the wine.—Chicago Herald.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pains or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

The Only Drawback—"I don't mind going to Sunday school," said Harry, "and rather enjoy comin' home from it. What I don't like is stayin' there."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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☞ Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Christmas is over, but not the Christmas season. Gifts and grace are still appropriate, to say nothing of those graces of spirit which have all seasons of their own.

IF YOU HAD A FRIEND

About to visit some section of country where malarial disease, either in the form of chills and fever or bilious remittent was particularly rife, what would be about the best advice you could give him? We will tell you—to carry along, or procure on arriving, that potent medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, known throughout malaria plagued regions, here and in other countries, as the surest means of disarming the miasmatic scourge, and robbing it of its fell destructive influence. Not only does it fortify the system by increasing its stamina, but overcomes irregularity of digestion, the liver and the bowels, and counteracts the unfavorable effects of overexertion, bodily and mental exposure in rough weather, or occupation too sedentary, or laborious, loss of appetite and excessive nervousness. The functional disorganization, bilious secretion and sleep have in it a most powerful and reliable auxiliary.

Yule is come, and Yule is gone,
And we have feasted well;
So Jack must to his flail again,
And Jenny to her wheel.

If *every woman* in this land knew for herself the actual quality of Dobbins' Electric Soap, *no other* washing soap could be sold. Millions *do* use it, but other millions have never tried it. Have *you?* Ask your grocer for it.

The children and the express companies wish Christmas came every week, but the simon-pure Santa Claus would be satisfied with one every five years.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

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become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. *Avoid substitutions offered.*

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N. W. PREMIER PEA.

Earliest and best pea ever offered. Finest flavored. **LUREHEAD CABBAGE.** Surest heading variety, excellent quality. W. Klune of Kokomo, Ind., says: Surehead exceeds anything I ever saw in the cabbage line. Out of some 60 plants not one failed to make a fine solid head. **GREEN AND GOLD WATERMELON.** Earliest large melon. Rich golden color and delicious flavor. **CARMINE RADISH.** A handsome extra early variety, often producing radishes in 20 days. **Test Northern Crown Seeds** and be convinced that they are superior to all others. We will send a large package each of the above named varieties and Our Finest Illustrated Catalogue ever published, on receipt of 20cts. **FLOWER SEED FREE.** Every Person sending silver, mentioning this paper and number of offer will receive extra one package each of the following seeds: **IPOMEA,** the most wonderful climber ever introduced, grows to a height of 20 or 30 feet, and produces hundreds of pure white blossoms. **ECKFORD SWEET PEAS,** introduced by Chas. Eckford of England, who has spent years perfecting this beautiful flower. **MAY'S CATALOGUE,** the most complete ever published, over 500 illustrations and colored plate of Madam Rosen. L. L. MAY & CO., Seedsmen and Florists, St. Paul, Minn.

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Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

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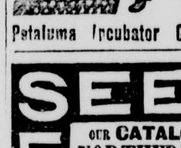

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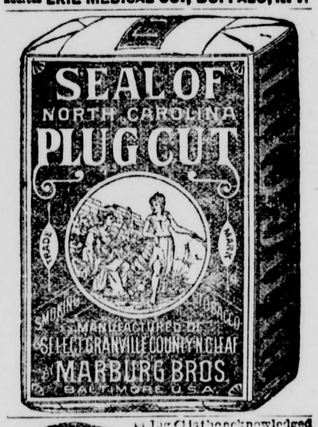

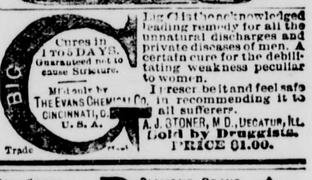

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1891.

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A CALIFORNIA CRAZE.

The Latest Fad Among Artistic People.

COLLECTIONS OF INDIAN BASKETS.

Beautiful Work of the Dusky Basket-Makers—Hunting for Specimens.

The latest fad or craze in California, especially in the southern portion, is to possess a collection of Indian baskets It is the correct thing, and some of the most artistic homes in the state have rooms decorated with them Who started the craze is not known, but some one discovered that the baskets possessed great artistic beauty, were rich in harmonious coloring and formed attractive ornaments for library and parlor, and the demand began It was the old story of new lamps for old, and dealers and others went around the country exchanging new modern baskets for the old ones of the Spanish and Mexican families

The baskets are exhausted, at least the old ones, being now in the hands of a few collectors and others who will not sell them The baskets cost from $1 50 to $3 usually, and bring from $10 to $50 apiece. Unless the reader has seen some of these works of barbaric art this price will seem excessive, but the graceful shape, the rich brown tints, the age and association, give them a value appreciated by those who have engaged in their collection The cheapest way to make a collection is to go to some collector and buy their baskets outright, but the most pleasurable method is to take a carriage and go about the country among the Indians and Mexicans and buy them one's self Many of the finest baskets come from the Indians north of San Francisco, and others have been collected in Los Angeles, San Diego and San Bernardino counties In the latter counties are the remnants of the Mission Indians, hidden away in the mountains at Pala, Pauma and at Pachanza

The experiences of the amateur basket collector are varied, and no better way in which to study the habits of the present Indians can be found The successful basket fiend must have what is popularly known as "cheek;" must walk into the bedrooms and private apartments, insist upon trunks being opened and contents shown This may seem a high handed proceeding, but it is necessary as even while the people wish to sell they, in the majority of cases, say at first that they have no baskets, and when they are produced do not wish to sell on account of the ancient aunt or grandparent who has handed them down If, however, the would be purchaser has the staying power the basket can be secured The sellers generally believe the Americans to be great fools for paying such prices A half breed informed the writer that the people were crazy and would give anything, and with a laugh, he said "They pay five times as much for the old ones as they do for the new" That a basket which they use to sift their flour in could serve as an ornament is beyond their conception; yet this is the end to which these old utensils are put They are tacked against the walls to show the figures or color, or hung over doors or in corners The large ones find a place near the fire to hold the wood, while others are distributed about the library for papers and magazines, indeed, their usefulness grows upon one The finest collections are photographed by their owners and make a fine and artistic showing

It is as an art that the work of these people commends itself, not alone in the form of the baskets, but in the marking and arrangement of colors, and that such artistic feeling should be found among people whose ideas of art, as we recognize it, are of the crudest description, is remarkable After so many years of association with white people it would not appear strange if some of their ideas of ornamentation were obtained from them, yet this is extremely rare All the ornamentation is unique, possessing an individuality that cannot be mistaken The lines are often graceful and of great geometrical beauty, radiating from the center A common design is a series of triangular or arrow shaped figures worked into radiating lines Some seem to represent flashes of lightning in the zigzag motion Human figures worked in, often extending completely around the basket, with clasped hands, are seen in some of the best baskets, while deer and other animals are sometimes introduced The colors are usually dull reds or browns, yellows and black, and in almost every case the blending is harmonious Where these people obtain their ideas is an interesting question, but probably from nature—the foliage, the bending grasses, etc., suggesting the lines of grace and beauty

It is not necessary to go far from the centers of civilization to see basket makets The Diggers produce beautiful baskets not far from San Francisco, while the Indians about Monterey, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and other localities still make coarse ones in the same primitive way

The basket work of the California Indians is valuable in several ways It is characteristic of the different tribes, and they can be traced by it Some baskets are beautifully ornamented with feathers, and this shows that they were made by the Indians north of San Francisco One for which a large sum was recently paid is ornamented with the red feathers of the woodpecker, while around the edge are the plumes of the plumed quail The feathers are woven in while the basket is being made Fineness and age are two important qualifications

The California Indians employ two general methods in basket making; the coil is either twined or whipped The Diggers, as before stated, produce fine baskets of great beauty, while the Klamath and McCloud Indians make twined baskets so fine that they can be used to hold water In the baskets from the Eel river tribe a double coil is used The Modoc women produce some beautiful shapes. We see cones, inverted truncated cones, shallow dishes, some like hats or half eggs, vases, long and narrow, others flat, with short necks Plaques are common, while some baskets are almost perfect spheres Many of these are made of willow slips and pine roots, stained in the southern county with nail rust The material used mostly by the California Indians is the plant known scientifically as "rhus aromatica," or squaw berry In the houses or ramadas of basketmakers the raw material is seen—twigs cut and scraped, eight or ten inches in length and tied together with a string They are dyed with plants and nail rust Young girls can be seen soaking the twigs and scraping off the bark ready for the old women to use The old baskets may be considered a lost art, and comparatively few modern ones are being made, not enough to meet the demand.—C. F Holden in San Francisco Chronicle.

LOBSTER AND COD CULTURE.

A New Departure in the Propagation of the Shellfish.

It is very probable that unless we have resort to artificial culture to replenish our lobster fisheries there will be a marked decline in Nova Scotia's output during the next few years. Already Newfoundland is ahead of us in this branch of fish culture, for under the management of Adolph Nielsen, a Norwegian expert, "the ancient colony" has taken a new departure in the propagation of cod and lobsters. In a recent article Rev. Moses Harvey writes that the fish hatchery on the shore of Trinity bay is the largest in the world for the propagation of codfish and lobsters, and capable of hatching 300,000,000 of cod and 200,000,000 lobsters in a single season.

A single mother lobster can stow away no less than 20,000 eggs, and she carries these about with her until they are ripened and hatched. The lobster trapper takes these mother fish and carries them to the factory, where they are thrown into boiling water, and of course the eggs are destroyed. The quantity of lobster ova that perish in this way is beyond all calculation, and is one great cause of depleted fisheries.

Mr. Harvey thus describes Mr. Nielsen's ingenious methods: He gets the female lobster at the factories before they are boiled, and with a sort of spoon constructed for the purpose he strips the eggs from the fibrils and returns the lobster uninjured. He takes the eggs, which are not nearly so delicate as those of the cod, and places them in the incubators, where the water is kept in constant motion.

After a time, longer or shorter according to the degree of ripeness they have reached before being removed from the mother, these ova are hatched. With some of them only two days are required; in the case of others less advanced a month or even two months may be needed to hatch them. Unlike the cod the young lobster must be fed, for it has no yolk sac to feed on when it breaks from the shell. Mussels chopped fine, with occasionally a few yolks of eggs, furnish food on which they grow rapidly, and in five or six days they have gone through their first shelling and are fit to be set free in the water to pick up their own living.

Mr. Nielsen has invented floating incubators to be placed in the water near the lobster factories which are scattered around the shores. In these incubators the eggs are placed and attended to by men properly instructed. He has 432 of these floating incubators distributed this year at thirteen different stations—thirty-six at each. They are reported to be working admirably. There would be no serious difficulty involved in making similar experiments upon our own coast, and we understand that the energetic minister of marine already has the project under consideration.—Halifax Herald.

Selling the Queen a Tombstone.

Mr. Andrews came pretty near selling the queen a sample of his marble—that would have been a great thing for him. He was telling me all about it the other day.

"O. R. Johnson, the vice consul," said he, "got me a card to the queen's drawing room in May, and I went to it attired in a court dress which I hired at a shop in Bond street. There was an awful crush, but I contrived to get pretty near the head of the procession by tipping a sixpence to the lord chancellor of the privy chamber. I bowed and kissed the queen's hand in great shape; told her I had always admired and sympathized with her—that I particularly revered her for her devotion to the memory of the departed. My words seemed to touch her deeply. She answered that it was her determination to keep that memory forever green. 'In that case,' said I, 'let me give you a pointer—buy a fifty foot slab of my verd-antique marble!'"

"What did she say to that?" I asked.

"She didn't say anything," replied Mr. Andrews, "but a rude fat man in gilt lace and a cocked hat told me to keep moving on around to the left. I'd have closed a sale if it hadn't been for him."—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

In the Cushing's Fire Room.

Very few of those who watched the torpedo boat Cushing as she took her spins around the harbor, or as she appeared in her cradle in the dry dock, realized how trying is service on board the little vessel, even in time of peace. When the Cushing is under way the temperature in the little engine room gets up to anywhere from 130 to 150 degs., and in the narrow quarters wherein the twenty-three officers and men are stowed the thermometer for hours at a time will register 100. But such things must be when you put 1,700 horse power machinery into a boat of only ninety tons displacement and the safety valves are set to blow off at 250. The fire room of the Cushing when she is making her highest speed, 31.4 miles an hour, must give the unfortunate men in it a vivid idea of how salamanders feel.—Boston Transcript.

Hide Tommy Sometimes.

Mr. Dashboard Poore the other evening invited a few friends to dinner. During the repast Howells, one of the guests, while roaring over one of Poore's bon mots, accidentally knocked one of those fashionable hock glasses off the table, and it smashed upon the floor. No one seemed to take notice of the incident except Tommy, the precocious pride of his mother's heart, who exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, it's one of those glasses we borrowed from Mr. Robinson, next door."—Jewelers' Circular.

Making Use of Wrecks.

In Chatham it will be noticed that there are on many barns and many outbuildings signs which, to the uninitiated, are, of themselves, meaningless. They have fantastic names carved upon them, such as "Flying Cloud," "Marguerite," etc. They are all that are left of once gallant ships that have been wrecked on the bars and shoals off Chatham. Many there are of these.—Provincetown Beacon.

ANOTHER POCAHONTAS.

A Tale That Beats the John Smith Romance.

THE LOVE OF A SIWASH MAIDEN.

Saving the Life of a Chineso Cook.—Mixing Three Languages.

Pocahontas has been outdone by an Alaskan maiden. John Smith was only in danger of having his brains spattered over the surrounding real estate when Pocahontas rescued him with her love. The John Smith of Alaska was not only in danger of being killed, but of being eaten, when the woman in whose eyes he found favor saved him.

The Alaskan John Smith was not a titled explorer when he fell into the hands of the savages, nor was his name John Smith. He was only a common, yellow skinned sea cook. His name is Ah Wing, and there is nothing attractive about him. He is about as homely a mixture of Chinaman and Malay pirate as could be found in a day's walk. His Pocahontas answers to the name of Julie just now, but nobody knows what her Indian name was. She is a long way of being Pocahontas' equal in beauty, and the Siwash features of generations were consolidated when her face was made. Still the romance is there.

Ah Wing and Julie, now Mrs. Ah Wing, arrived here on a codfish schooner several months since, but have not gone into society yet. They reside on Ross alley, in Chinatown, and submitted to an interview. They only submitted to it, they did not take part in it, and when it came to securing the story of their love the reporter was obliged to obtain his information from a third party, to whom Wing had confided it in explanation of his off color bride.

Ah Wing some nine years ago was a cook in the employ of the navy department, and was shipped north on the Jamestown. While on the Sitka station Wing's time expired or he deserted—just which is not quite plain—and shipped aboard a whaler. The whaler was wrecked and Wing was cast upon an inhospitable ice floe. Julie was the daughter of a chief of a tribe of Indians, and while hunting with her father discovered Ah Wing, who was as near dead from starvation, cold and exposure as it was possible for him to be and retain life. For days and days Julie nursed him, and he finally recovered to find himself the object of a great deal of attention on the part of the Indians. They could speak no Chinese or English, and Wing had no comprehension of their dialect. He was at a loss to understand the solicitude with which they fed him, and the interest they took in watching the accumulation of fat on his ribs. At last the horrid truth dawned upon him—at least so he says. They were going to barbecue and eat him.

He attempted to escape, but was captured and returned to the village and put under guard. The fatal day arrived. Wing was informed by pantomime that an incision would be made in his neck and his life fluid allowed to escape into a soapstone basin. He gave all up for lost, when he was inspired by the sight of Julie in tears. He made love to her. She comprehended and went to ask papa. The old chief was fond of his daughter and could refuse her nothing. He issued an edict against baking Wing. The remainder of the village protested, and the chief was obliged to state why he desired the stranger's life preserved. The objectors gave in, and Wing and Julie were married in Indian style.

Wing lived with the tribe for some time, but never became very popular. He was not much of a hunter, and preferred to lie around the house, sewing with the women, to chasing polar bears, walruses, seals and the like.

Finally he had a chance to escape. A boat's crew came in from a schooner to trade for skins. Their cook was dead, and Wing begged them to take him away with them. Wing's father-in-law gave him leave of absence for three months and sent Julie along with him to insure his return.

They sailed away, and after much marine wandering and transferring from one vessel to another, arrived in San Francisco. Wing had a taste for the needle and secured a job at tailoring. The faithful Julie proved an adept and shares Wing's labors. They still find some difficulty in conversing. Wing knows a few words of English and a few of Indian. Julie knows a few of English and a few of Chinese.

When their discussion becomes animated they resort to all three languages at once, and the talk is very exciting. There is a little Wing now, and he is learning all three languages.

Their home is on the top floor of a Ross alley tenement, where Julie is rapidly being converted into a Chinawoman by her fellow lodgers. She is quiet at all times, and is presumably mourning for the freedom of her native snow fields. She does not go out, because the noise and the bustle of the streets frightens her. Wing's leave of absence has long since expired, but in the confines of civilization he has become the master, and has no intention of returning to the land of his wife's people.

The story has been pretty well authenticated, with the exception of the intention of the Indians to eat Wing after killing him. His own countrymen do not believe this part of his story, but Wing adheres to it stoutly, and the strongest tie between him and his wife is his gratitude to her for saving him from such a fate.

Voyagers to the far north state that they have heard of cannibalism among the Indians, but it has always been attributed to isolated instances of starvation's necessity, and not habit.—San Francisco Examiner.

Judge J. P. Smith, of Fort Worth, Tex., whose wealth is now estimated at $1,000,000, once walked from Kentucky to Texas because he did not have money enough to pay his passage.

WEALTHY BUT INSANE.

Millionaire Lehman's Luxurious Apartments in Bloomingdale Asylum.

Descending to the first floor the locked doors on the right of the parlor open upon the private suite of apartments occupied by the insane Chicago millionaire E. J. Lehman. Mr. Lehman was and is still the proprietor of the biggest retail dry goods store in Chicago.

Mr. Lehman is suffering from a form of paresis, and although he is but 42 years old there is not the slightest hope of his recovery. He lives like a king in his apartments, and his family pay for the luxuries with royal liberality.

He has three apartments, which occupy all the right side of the house on the lower floor. For these rooms and board alone he pays $150 a week. Then he has three special attendants who keep with him night and day. These cost $42 a week additional.

He keeps his horses and carriages and rides out once a day. One of the attendants does the driving, while the other two sit on either side of him. For the many other luxuries he enjoys Mr. Lehman pays out in all $400 a week. He pays more than any other inmate of the asylum.

While at times he is quiet and pleasant Mr. Lehman is one of the wildest men in the asylum when an insane fit strikes him. It is because of this that it is necessary to keep three attendants watching him. He has smashed thousands of dollars' worth of furniture since his incarceration. He is a tall, athletically built man, and is possessed of enormous strength when he becomes wild. Although his three attendants are all trained athletes they have great difficulty in holding him at times.

While he sleeps in one of the small rooms an attendant sits at his bedside and watches all night, while the other two sleep in the large room a few feet distant.

In addition to the usual iron gratings on the windows several strong bars have been placed. Several times a week the Chicago millionaire tries to break out of the rooms. He has almost wrenched the iron gratings from their places, and on one occasion almost succeeded in climbing up the wall to the glass transom above the top of the door and breaking through. To guard against a repetition of this the glass has been removed and wooden boards have been nailed in its place.

About once a month Mr. Lehman's wife comes on from Chicago to see her husband. Sometimes she brings one of her four children with her. She is not permitted to speak to him or allow him to see her.

While she stands in one part of the grounds he is driven past her in his carriage, and in this way she is enabled to catch a brief glimpse of his face.

In his rational moments Mr. Lehman talks to his attendants about his wife and children. He says that he has the sweetest family in the world and that they all love him.

In his parlor Mr. Lehman has a handsomely carved organ. He is very fond of music and is a musician of no insignificant skill. He plays upon the organ at times half the day and completely enchants the other inmates of the house.—New York Journal.

A Fortune from Beans and Beef.

Oliver Hitchcock, the Park row beans and beef man, has made more money from the sale of the two articles of diet mentioned than any man in the world. His fortune is estimated to be $750,000. He is said to own considerable stock in the New York Central railroad and to have a large sum invested in bonds and mortgages. He is a remarkably sturdy man for his age—he being 74 years old. Every day finds him behind his counter, at the corner of Beekman street, slicing the juicy cornbeef or ladling out the Boston vegetable. He works only four hours a day now.

Mr. Hitchcock began selling beef and beans forty years ago, and he has been at it continuously ever since. Some of the most famous newspaper men of New York city have dined at his humble restaurant. Horace Greeley was one of Hitchcock's regular customers. Hitchcock cannot remember why he made a specialty of beef and beans, but he has tangible evidence that if these articles are properly cooked and decently served they will bring a handsome remuneration.—New York Journal.

Looking for Wealth.

The first question that an enterprising young immigrant asked at the barge office upon his arrival the other day was "Where is Gold street?"

"Silver street is a good deal nearer," answered a waggish officer.

But the young man had no interest in silver. He wanted gold. When he was asked why he inquired for Gold street he assumed a mysterious air and declined to answer. The officer told him where the street was, and he went away satisfied.

"Now, there's an instance of what they expect," observed the officer. "I suppose that young fellow thinks that all he has to do is to go to Gold street and fill his trunk with gold cobblestones."—New York Times.

Electric Lights in a Theatre.

An electrician who visited the Lyric theatre in London, where a very complete electrical installation has been put in for theatrical purposes, says that the arrangements on the stage are perfect, and he has never seen any theatre in which the light from the battens can be varied both in intensity and color to so great an extent and with such ease. No limelights are used, the necessary effects being produced by portable arc lamps. There is not a single gas jet anywhere on or near the stage, and the plant has run for twenty-one months without the slightest breakdown.—London Letter.

According to a recent writer saws have been discovered in Germany and Denmark which belong to the bronze age. The metal of which they were composed was cast into a thin shaft, and serrated by breaking the edge.

SCRAPS AND CLIPPINGS.

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THE REV. JOHN TODD'S "INDEX RERUM."

The Development of the "Reference Department" of a Library.

Every person who uses the Brooklyn library to any extent is cognizant of the fact that its "Reference Department" is a prominent feature of that institution. It is now proposed to supplement the reference library by the addition of a collection of carefully kept scrap books, and already a portion of this collection is ready for the public's use. The attention of a reporter was called to this addition to the library's usefulness not long since, and he called upon Acting Librarian Bardwell to obtain some further information in regard to it. Mr. Bardwell is quite an enthusiast upon the subject of keeping scraps, and when questioned upon it thus expressed his views:

"The Rev. John Todd, of Pittsfield, Mass," he said, "some years ago published an 'Index Rerum; or, Index of Subjects: intended as a manual to aid the Student and Professional Man in preparing himself for Usefulness.' This work, which passed through over twenty editions, was a blank book with an alphabet printed at the head of the pages and directions illustrating its utility and method of use, which consisted in jotting down important facts or striking passages met with in books, or in noting under the appropriate subject in the index the volume and page where the extract could be found when wanted. William Wirt says: 'There is not a fact within the whole circle of human observation, nor even a fugitive anecdote that you read in a newspaper or hear in conversation, that will not come in play some time or other; and occasions will arise when they will, involuntarily, present their dim shadows in the train of of your thinking and reasoning, as belonging to that train, and you will regret that you cannot recall them more distinctly.'

"Dr. Todd's index was for the purpose of noting where an article might be found, and served to some extent the same purpose as the numerous books of quotations and extracts that have been published in recent years.

"The department of scrap books now in process of development at the Brooklyn library bids fair to be an index rerum on a very extensive scale. It is a collection of clippings and extracts from newspapers, commenced many years ago by Mr Wilcox (H. K. W.), a war correspondent, who commenced clipping and filing away extracts for his own personal use. These, as time passed on and the collection became larger, he divided into subjects and kept in boxes labeled according to the contents of each box. At his death he left his collection, the accumulation of more than twenty years, to the Brooklyn library, where it is now being carefully collated and arranged under a classification similar to that of the library catalogue. The clippings are being pasted on sheets of manilla paper, which after being properly dried and pressed are arranged by single sheets (not bound together, as this would preclude the incorporation of any further material in its proper place under its subject heading, as additions are made from time to time). These sheets are kept in boxes that are labeled on the back so as to indicate the subject and the subdivision of subject contained in each box.

"The arrangement of the material thus kept being strictly by subjects and their various ramifications, and the whole being formed into one alphabet, no index is required to guide the searcher for information. All that is necessary is to look at the labels until the subject needed is reached in the line. Then take down the box that contains what is wanted and use it. As time passes and the library collection is developed it is expected it will be found of especial value to literary people as containing much valuable material which will be made easily available by its arrangement under subjects, bringing together items of information that would otherwise be so scattered as to be practically lost unless collected under some such plan as this."

"What do you think, Mr. Bardwell, of the value of a scrap collection in general?"

"As to the value of material thus collected a variety of opinions may exist, but so far as possible the source from which the information was obtained is mentioned, as well as the date of publication. The question suggests itself whether every literary person may not find it advantageous to keep a collection of scrap books. Items that appear from day to day may prove exceedingly valuable in the future, and the only time to secure these is while the eye is upon them, as almost any one who has tried to locate a paragraph he thinks he saw at an indefinite time, a few months or even a few days ago, can testify. If one has hunted through a file of papers for an extract he can appreciate the difficulty and will probably wish he had saved the scrap.

"One can make a collection of his specialty or can make a general collection of any material he thinks would be useful in the future. He can include his own productions under their own subject headings, or he can include them all in one volume marked 'Personal.' A literary man should bear in mind that he may one day become famous, in which case a collection of all the fugitive pieces he has ever had in print might prove valuable as well as interesting. While there is no limit to the subjects on which one may collect scraps, every one must be his own judge as to how large his collection should be, and what range of subjects he will require, but, in any case, a thorough arrangement of the material by subjects will obviate any necessity of an index. If thoroughly classified in this way, the collection will be its own index, and there is no other way, so far as can be seen at present, that would be so effective. There are other libraries beside the Brooklyn that have some scrap collections. Some college libraries have collections covering the history of their institution from the start."

Mount St. Elias promises to be the future mountain climbing center of this country. A traveler who has returned from there, after failing to ascend to the summit, reports that his party, after surmounting great difficulties, reached a height of 11,500 feet, and were then compelled to abandon the enterprise. The ascent was covered with ice mounds, strewn with bowlders. The party were at one time knee deep in snow, and at another were wading through icy waters fed by glaciers. He believes the mountain cannot be ascended without the assistance of trained Swiss mountaineers. The packers with the party could not climb.—Chicago Herald.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A Small Boy's Anxiety Not to Know Everything.

A gentleman once saw a boy peeling the bark from one of his choice trees with a hatchet. The gentleman tried to catch the boy, but the latter was too quick for him, so the farmer changed his tactics. "Come here, my little son," he said, in a soft, flute like voice with counterfeited friendliness, "come here to me a minute. I want to tell you something." "Not yet," replied the recipient, "little boys like me don't need to know everything."—Texas Siftings.

The Wiggles of Wakefulness.

Some expressions are all the more forcible for having sprung spontaneously into existence without the fostering aid of grammar. Lillian had an uncomfortable way of waking before light, and expecting the family to rise with her at what they considered an unbearably early hour.

"Lillian, you must lie still and try to sleep," said her mother one morning, when this early bird began to chirp.

"I'll try," said the child, and so she did, but it was to no purpose. In five minutes she was sitting up in bed playing with her little pink toes. This time her mother, growing impatient, as sleepy people have been known to do, summarily extinguished her under the bedclothes, saying, in despair: "Lillian, I told you to try once more to go to sleep?"

"I know it, mamma," said truthful Lillian, "and I did try, but the wake wiggles in me so I can't keep still!"—Youth's Companion.

Another Daniel Solution.

Willie is a little Scotch boy who lives in Glasgow. He is 5 years old, and has not yet learned to like "pease brose," which in his country is given to children to cool the blood.

"Go on, Willie, you must eat it," said his papa one day at breakfast.

"But I don't like it, dada," replied the boy.

"That doesn't matter; you must eat it. It will do you good and make you fat like Daniel, who lived on it when he was a boy."

"Did he? Was that the man who was in the den of lions?"

"Yes, that was the man."

"Well, then," replied the lad, scornfully, "I don't wonder the lions didn't eat him."

The smell of pease brose is not by any means pleasant.—Harper's Young People

Ways and Means.

A little boy, Gussie, where I live, has an aunt who goes away in summer and lives with him in winter. She was coming back, but the room she used to have I have now. One day he asked me if my husband would feel bad if I should die. I told him I thought he would. Then he asked me if I would feel bad if my husband died. I told him I would. He thought a few minutes. Then he said: "Well, if God would take the both of you Aunt Delia could have the room."—Boston Globe.

Fell Off the Train.

Railroad Man—Are you badly hurt, sir?

Victim—Hurt; naw! Do you suppose I've practiced tobogganing for nothing?—New York Sun.

The Way of the Wise.

"It is greatly to be regretted," was remarked in the hearing of an Illinois farmer, "that farmers' boys do not stick to the farm. It seems as if scarcely any of them do."

"Oh, I dunno," said the farmer. "I've raised eight boys and they're all farmers 'cept one."

"Is that so? Only one of them caught by the glitter of the city, eh?"

"Yes, that's all. Poor Bob would go, spite of all I could do—run away to the city when he was 12, and we ain't never seen him since, though it's been over twenty year. But I dunno but it's all right; he hadn't no likin' for farm work, nor wouldn't take no interest in it. He jes' naturally seemed to hate the farm and didn't know enough about farm work to drive ducks to water."

"Yes, I think it was better that he should leave the farm, as he evidently had no taste for it. Is he in the mercantile business?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind," replied the farmer; "no; for the last ten years Bob has been editor of an agricultural paper. He writes most all of the 'Hints to Farmers,' 'How to Do Farm Work,' 'Stick to the Farm, Boys,' and such things."—Fred Carruth in Chicago Tribune.

Every Man to His Taste.

Chicago Man (at a union depot)—So you are moving to Chicago, eh?

Philadelphia Man—Yes, I am tired being swindled, and have made up my mind to settle in Chicago, where I can get my Pennsylvania coal cheap.

Chicago Man—I am moving to Philadelphia. My health is not very good, and I want to live where I can get the best quality of western beef cheap.—Omaha World.

A Little Mixed.

A youth from the rural regions, with his pants at half mast, and evidently suffering from malaria, called at one of our village stores the past week for a box of queen-ann pills and a small bottle of pneumonia.—Connecticut Valley Advertiser.

Between the Kisses.

Miss McCusker (of Cincinnati)—I'm so glad to see you, dear. And just in time for the party, too.

Miss Hinckley (of New York)—I'm afraid I'm too tired to dissipate much.

Miss McCusker—That isn't dissipation chere amie. Papa's invited several people you'll like, to go over to the factory and see them pack pork to-morrow.—Tid Bits.

PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

The Effects of a Dry, Dusty Atmosphere.

PERTINACITY OF THE EGYPTIAN FLY.

Incessant Demand for Backshish.—A Bed Among the Fleas.

I am writing this at "Cook's Luxor hotel," as good a house as one could wish. A large, rambling building in a fine garden running down to the river It is embowered in noble palms and flowering trees and shrubs, and would be a charming retreat anywhere, but here surrounded by the hot mud hovels which make up an Egyptian village, with the burning sands and sterile mountains close by, it is simply delightful We are the only occupants, have the whole house, do what we please, and shall leave it with regret Invalids in search of health could spend a month or two here not only delightfully, but in this wondrously dry atmosphere most advantageously in many classes of complaints I need state only three facts to show the rapidity of evaporation in Upper Egypt Water too warm to drink is put into a porous jar and placed in the wind, though in the sun, in a half hour it is as cool as good spring water At night, exposed to a breeze, even when the breeze is rather warm, before morning it becomes almost ice cold. The night of my arrival here I took a pouring bath on a balcony The wind was balmy, but fresh The rapid evaporation so chilled me that I could not stay out long enough for my bath At the foot of the cataract we took a swim in the Nile We wore our underclothes for bathing suits We hung them up before our staterooms to dry In ten minutes they were dry enough to be worn We have all heard of the universal habit of all Africans to anoint themselves with oil, and travelers speak of it as a nasty habit. It is, however, necessary in very hot and very dry climates to prevent the cracking of the skin An English officer told me that during the hot winds on the Upper Nile his hands and face chapped worse than they ever did in a cold climate—chapped even to bleeding badly

I have found fresh white butter quite as pleasant on my hands as on my toast The boys have felt no inconvenience from the winds My hands are very sensitive to the effect of a dry, dusty atmosphere At Assouan we were in the sun during two days We did not use our umbrellas, our pith hats being quite comfortable, and yet we were just on the edge of the tropics It has been rather too chilly to lie down on the top of our little steamer for any considerable time at night. We have had no musquito curtains on our boat, and have needed none, the breeze on the water making them unnecessary It takes a hard blow, however, to keep flies away The pertinacity of an Egyptian fly is beyond that of any other living creature The natives never brush them away They deem it bad luck to do so Flies are never driven from a baby's face, and it does not seem annoyed by them. Its face is rarely washed, and is so dirty that it affords admirable forage ground for hundreds of the little brutes

I watched a child of about 2 1-2 years enjoying a crust of bread There was about it a swarm of flies, and I do not exaggerate when I say two or three dozens were on its face at one time in patches as big as a half dollar about the eyes and mouth It would screw up its eyes when they threatened to go in. I thought some must have gone into its mouth with the bread It did not seem at all annoyed I saw a sleeping child on the street whose face was almost black with the insects It smiled as if angels were whispering in its ears I have seen men talking pleasantly together while a dozen flies would be promenading about their faces, apparently unnoticed by the owners of the faces I asked a man how he could stand it. "Mashallah! They don't bother me," was his reply This has made the fly bold and he seems utterly unable to understand what a foreigner means when he tries to drive him off He has, too, remarkably prehensile claws, and keeps them keen and sharp when taking constitutional walks over European countenances It was probably the knowledge of this quality which made these people pronounce it bad luck to drive them away They found it best to educate the masses to bear the infliction and so get used to it.

By the way, travelers are shocked by the incessant demand for backshish (gifts) throughout the mighty east. The thing is not to be wondered at, for all the beggars the world over knew there are none equal to the gods of the east Their hands are everywhere represented extended for backshish Their favor was won by offerings—their anger averted by sacrifices Like the proboscis of a celebrated elephant, their hands could pick up a pin or carry off a cart load of potatoes They could make a lunch from a few grains of rice, the widow's mite, or they could devour a hecatomb of bullocks, the gifts of a prince The gods took gifts and demanded them The great and powerful, profiting by their example, took gifts and enforced the giving The poor took gifts and begged for them The well to do in the whole region of the early sun reach out the hand for commission. The poor clamor like hungry curs for crumbs and bones, and are not ashamed of their clamor.

I fear what I have said about Upper Egypt looks too much as if I was seeing it through rose glasses Thirty six years ago, when Bayard Taylor and I traveled in the east together, I suffered terribly from fleas The only pun I remember him to have made was anent the little tormentor He said Homer wrote the "Iliad," Virgil the "Æneid," that if I ever wrote an epic it would be the "Flead." I had hoped we were about to escape this Egyptian plague, but yesterday, after lunching in one of the old tombs of the kings, we lay down for a nap on the sands; but my donkey boy, desiring to please the old man, whom he flatters by calling his "father," spread the blanket and saddle for me to have a nice siesta Ah! moment of mad forgetfulness I slept an hour, but the Nemesis came This particular tomb is now called the "lunch tomb" Hundreds have lunched in it this season, though it is where no living thing is seen, and apparently nothing can live, yet the sanded floor was full of my mortal enemies, brought to it by the many donkey boys, who in its shade rest while their employers are wandering among the mighty caves of the dead I have passed a good part of my time since then as a hen with one chick does in an empty chicken yard—scratching I am like certain officials not far from the old court house in Chicago—only more so They have itching palms. I am all palm I itch all over and am raw in patches.—Ex-Mayor Carter H. Harrison's Thebes Letter in Chicago Times.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 13 ..... 1891.

The total number of Indians living in California, as found by the census is 15,283. The Indians of California are more self sustaining than those of any other State or Territory.

A good deal of time has been occupied by members of the Legislature in investigating the Mayor of Oakland and other parties for not bribing them. The matter was not stated in this form but that is what is meant.

Herod may have been a wise Statesman instead of a cruel tyrant. If a sure selection could be made it would be a blessing to the world to choke the life out of swarms of males who come into it and grow up to vicious villains, or hardly less dangerous and stupid blockheads.

"For evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

It appears that the German Emperor considers himself the best qualified successor to Von Moltke as Commander of the German army. When a certain Irishman was asked if he could play the fiddle he replied: "Begorra, I may be as good a fiddler as in the world for anything I know to the contrary, because, you see, I never tried." It is much the same with the Emperor as a general.

There is frequent mention of the name of Robert T. Lincoln as the next Republican candidate for President. Most nominations are the result of bargains and intrigues among politicians who care only for their own corrupt and selfish ends. But the nomination of Mr. Lincoln would have the hearty approval of all Republicans who are patriots more than partizans. Robert T. Lincoln has inherited the unerring good sense and the honesty of purpose that were the leading traits in the character of his immortal father.

Nevada appears to be going from bad to worse steadily. The Austin "Advocate" says: "The situation of affairs in Nevada is deplorable and if any hope is to be taken we fail to see from whence it is to come. The signs point to our present Legislature ignoring everything that might be of special benefit to our people. From time to time we hope for a better state of affairs to be brought about by those in authority, only to be doomed to disappointment. Nevada has become historic as the "rotten borough," and be it a shame! Nevertheless, is she not entitled to the name?" These are hard things for a paper to say of its own State.

It is proposed that the State shall employ a well paid agent to secure good berths for all criminals discharged from State prisons. The expense would be considerable, but it could be provided for by levying a special tax on every decent working man who prefers not to commit crime that would send him to State prison. Another proposition is to use part of one of the State Asylums for the Insane as a home for drunkards. Philanthropy runs mad when it proposes to nurse and caudle vice and crime at the expense of virtue and honest industry.

It would appear that the whole Pacific Coast might just as well have no representation in Congress for any good our Senators and Congressmen are doing us. It is well enough known the grand results that would follow if Congress would give even moderate assistance in the promotion of irrigation works; yet Congress gives eight hundred thousand dollars to pay Mr. Powell and his assistants for making topographical surveys, and refuses to give one dollar for irrigation. Expert testimony shows that Powell's work cannot be completed in ten years, but the appropriation will go on just the same. Doubtless the reports of these surveys will be very interesting to scientific men, but the generation now living will have passed away before they will be of any practical use. If topographical surveys had been waited for before building railroads, there would not yet be a mile of rails laid west of the Allegheny Mountains. Practical men built the railroads that have filled the continent with inhabitants from the Alleghenies to the Pacific. Irrigation works can be built quite as readily and the results would be as benificent.

A young lady in a far western state recently sent the following inquiry to some one in Washington: "Will you inform me where the navy of the United States is, and how many men do they keep there, and what else do they keep there, and what do they keep them for? Do the men-of-war stay there? How many guns, cannons and shells do they keep there, and what do they keep them for?"

OFFICIAL.

DELINQUENT Tax List. A. D. 1890.

INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

A

Arnold, Robert—W hf of Sw qr, W hf of Nw qr, section 32, tp 16 S, R 36 E, 162 acres. Personal property 12 89

Anger, L A—W hf of Sw qr, Se qr of Sw qr sec 23, Nw qr of Nw qr sec 26 Tp 12 S R 34 E, 160 acres 8 90

B

Bogole, Chas, D—E hf of Sw qr, W hf of Se qr section 2, twp 15 S, R 36 E, 160 acres. Undivided one-half of 13¾ acres in Ne qr of Nw qr section 28, Tp 15 S, R 36 E, 7 acres. Lots in town of Lone Pine, Lot 2, 3, and fractional hf of lot 6, block 13. Lots in town of Lone Pine, Lots 2, 3 and 7 in block 26. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 6 and 7 in block 29. Lots in town of Lone Pine, all of block 27. Lots in town of Lone Pine, all of block 28. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 5 and 8 in block 23. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 1 and 4 in block 6. Personal property, 1 Poll and Hospital tax 20 65

Balpitt, J H—T C Se qr sec 13 Tp 6 S, R 32 E D S hf of Ne qr, W hf of se qr, S qr of Ne qr sec 9, Ne qr of Ne qr sec 30, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 20 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 410 acres, schl tax 16 71

Bourland, G P—Sw qr sec 9 Tp 8 S R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Brown, Jas H—W hf of Se qr, W hf of Sw qr sec 22 tp 6 S R 32 E, 160 acres; personal property 15 36

Boland, Thos—Jiggerville W hf of Sw qr sec 10; fctnl Ne qr of se qr; fctnl Se qr of Ne qr, Ne qr of Ne qr sec 9 Tp 17 S R 37 E. T C W hf of Se qr, Sw qr of Ne qr, Nw qr of Se qr sec 32 Tp 19 S R 37 E, 309 acres tax 11 50

Balpitt, Fred H.—Ne qr of Se qr section 14, Nw qr of Sw qr section 13, Tp 7 S, R 32 E, 80 acres. Schl tax 3 76

Burton, Wm A—W hf of lot No 1, W hf of lot No 2 in Sw qr sec 19 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 83 acr schl tax 3 88

Bell, Mrs. Sallie—E hf of Nw qr, Ne qr of Ne qr sec 29 Tp 9 S R 33 E; E hf of Ne qr sec 9 Tp 9 S R 34 E, Nw qr of Se qr, Se qr of Sw qr sec 24 Tp 9 S R 35 E, 280 acres, personal property, Schl tax, 1 P and H tax 97 99

Blake, E. H—E hf of Ne qr, E hf of Se qr, section 33, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 6 17

Bunacy, W T—Lots in Academy Addition in town of Bishop Creek Nos 1, 2, 3 and 4 in blk K; schl tax personal property 9 59

Brown, Ed M—Improvements on homestead E hf of Nw qr sec 30 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Personal property 8 46

Bamber, John S—All sec 16 Tp 18 S R 38 E, 640 acres 34 10

Bartlett, Jacob W—S E hf sec 16 Tp 22 S R 42 E, 320 acres 17 30

Bridge, W H—All sec 16 Tp 19 S R 39 E, 640 acres 34 10

Blake, R H—T C—E hf of Ne qr, W hf of Se qr sec 21 Tp 9 S R 34 E, 160 acres. School tax 6 17

C

Collins, A O—E hf sec 19, W hf sec 20 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 640 acres; Sw qr sec 6, W hf of Nw qr, Ne qr of Nw qr sec 7 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 280 acres. 5 Hospital and Road tax. School tax 118 22

Clark, Mary A—W hf of Sw qr sec 27, N hf of Nw qr sec 34 Tp 13 S R 35 E, 160 acres, schl tax 24 86

Canadas, M J—S hf of Se qr sec 7 Tp 15 S R 35 E, 80 acres 7 56

Carberry, Harry—Lot and house on Main St. town of Pananint, known as Mountain Harry's house 2 31

Curran, John—Lot and house in town of Pananint known as Jack Curran's residence, Main St 2 84

Clark, Andrew—Se qr, N hf of Sw qr, S qr Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr sec 20, W hf of Ne qr, N hf of Se qr sec 29, N hf of Sw qr, S qr of Nw qr sec 28, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 21 Township 8 S, R 32 E, 640 acres. School tax 26 54

Collins, W W—S hf of Se qr sec 7, E hf, Se qr of Nw qr, E hf of Sw qr sec 18, W hf of Sw qr Sw qr of Nw qr sec 17 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 640 acres; personl propty schl tax 55 48

Clinton, P—Lot and house north side of Main street in town of Cerro Gordo. Personal property 5 01

Canny, D—Nw qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E. 160 acres 5 75

D

Dierkson, Peter—Lot in town of Lone Pine. Lot 2, Blk 12 ..... 4 94

Densmore, S A—Sw qr sec 2 Tp 13 S R 35 E, 160 acres 5 75

E

Eldred, John—Nw qr of Nw qr sec 9 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Schl tax 6 86

F

Farmer, Richard J.—N hf of Ne qr section 24, Se qr of Se qr section 13, Tp 13 S, R 35 E, Sw qr of Sw qr section 18, Tp 13 S, R 36 E, 160 acres. School tax. 1 Poll and Hospital tax 18 75

Follett, Wallace—W hf of Se qr sec 13, W hf of Ne qr section 24, Tp 7 S, R 32 E, 120 acres. Schl tax 5 39

Fernbach, Joseph—Lots in town of Independence Nos 7, 9 and 11 in blk 21; S hf lot 10 in blk 21; fctnl lots 3 and 1 in blk 28; lots 2 4 and 6 in blk 23; personal property, schl tax 64 03

G

Gheen, William—E hf of N E qr, N hf of Se qr, sec 2, Tp 8 S R 33 E, 160 acres; pers. prpty, schl tax, 1 P & H 46 16

Gheen, William—W hf of lot 2, W hf of lot 1 in Ne qr sec 2 Tp 8 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax 3 13

Gorevin, John—W hf of Se qr sec 18 Tp 14 S R 36 E, 80 acres; schl tax 3 77

Goodridge, A—(T C) W hf of Se qr, E hf of Sw qr sec 8 Tp 6 S R 31 E, 160 acres 5 75

Gibson, W F—(S) All sec 36 Tp 19 S R 39 E, 640 acres 34 10

Graham, Wm H—Sw qr of Se qr section 12, Township No. 13 S, Range 35 East. 40 acres 1 81

Grant, Wm T—Se qr sec 12 Tp 19 S R 36 E, 160 acres 5 75

Gilbert, A. D, and Robinson, J. W.—Se qr of Sw qr, Sw qr of Se qr sec 10 Tp 12 S R 34 E 80 acres 3 13

Geiger, D M—E hf sec 36 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 320 acres; schl tax 19 79

Gillim, George—Se qr section 3, Tp 10 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 6 17

H

Herod, James—E hf of Nw qr, Ne qr sec 3, N hf sec 2, W hf of Nw qr sec 11 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 643 acres. Schl tax. 1 Poll and Hospital tax 31 05

Hardy, Geo. H—Ne qr of Nw qr, N hf of Ne qr, section 27, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 120 acres. Sw qr of Ne qr section 22 Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 40 acres. Personal property 19 75

Howard, Paul—Lot in town of Lone Pine, lot 1 and 4 block 3 ..... 4 94

Hall, George—W hf of Se qr section 9, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 80 acres. Schl tax 3 34

Hopton, J M—Sw qr of Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr Ne qr of Sw qr, Ne qr of Se qr sec 18 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 160 acres. Persnl property, schl tax, 1 P. and H. tax 79 25

Huckaby, Geo—Sw qr of Sw qr sec 21 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Se qr of Ne qr, S hf of Se qr, Sw qr of Se qr, section 20, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. schl tax 13 37

Hillyer, James—S W qr Sec 15, Twp 13, R 35 E, 160 acres; improvements on Gov't l'd schl tax 8 69

Haskell, H. L—W hf of Se qr, Ne qr of Se qr, W hf of Ne qr section 15, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 acres 8 90

Hoarne, Henry—(H) W hf of N hf sec 10 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 160 acres 5 75

Hessian, Dennis J.—W hf of lot 2 in Nw qr section 12, W hf of Se qr, Ne qr of Se qr, section 1, To 9 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. Persl prpty, schl tax 16 71

I

Ingram, James—Building on C. & C. land at Citrus, Independence Station, known as Pioneer Saloon. School tax 3 71

J

Jones, James—W hf of SW qr section 13, Twp 8 S, R 33 E. 80 acres. School tax 8 84

Johnson, Jim (Indian)—Se qr of Ne qr section 13, Twp 9 S, R 33 E, 40 acres. School tax. 1 92

Jones, A, and Jones, J D.—Lot 100 by 100 ft and building in town of Bishop known as Dr. Middleton's residence. Lot and building on Main and Line streets in the town of Bishop known as Jones' saloon. Personal property. school tax. Poll and Hospital tax 111 08

Jones, Thos E—S hf of Ne qr, Ne qr of Se qr sec 22, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 23 Tp 6 S R 31 E, 160 acres; personal property 5 68

James, Walter Sr—Lot in town of Independence, Lot 11 block 9. Personal property. School tax 6 33

K

Keller, Jacob—Improvements on lots 5 and 6 in Nw qr section 4, Tp 13 S, R 35 E. Persl property. Schl tax 20 25

L

Lichens, Josephine—W hf sec 36 Tp 21 S, R 39 E, 320 acres 17 30

Laird, Peter—S hf of Nw qr, N hf of Sw qr sec 10 Tp 22 S R 37 E, 160 acres 5 75

Leete, B M—W hf of Nw qr sec 22, Sw qr of Sw qr sec 15 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 120 acres, schl tax 4 91

Le Baron, D. A.—Personal property 4 18

Lane, James—W hf of Sw qr, S hf of Nw qr sec 11 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 160 acres. Personal property 25 57

Linscott, J. A.—Ne qr of section 16, Twp 7 S R 33 E, 160 acres. Personal property, schl tax 45 02

M

Meades, A M—Improvements on E hf of Nw qr, W hf of Ne qr, section 9, Twp 7 S, R 33 E. Persnl prpty and schl tax 23 47

Meades, A M—E hf of Nw qr, W hf of Ne qr section 9, Twp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 7 01

Matlack, Mrs E F—N hf of Se qr, S hf of Se qr section 25 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Methodist Episcopal Church—Tract of land in town of Bishop known as M E Church lot and parsonage, 1 acre. Schl tax 24 76

Meyers, Peter—E hf of Sw qr, W hf of Se qr section 26 Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 160 acres, schl tax 7 03

Murry, William H—Nw qr, N hf of Ne qr, Sw qr Ne qr, Ne qr Sw qr sec 1 Tp 8 S, R 33 E, 320 acres. Schl tax 19 79

Malone, Mrs Mary—S hf of Se qr sec 2, W hf of Sw qr sec 1 Tp 8 S R 33 E 160 acres; schl tax 10 05

Malone, Granville—Possessory right in Nw qr of Nw qr section 1 Twp 12 S, R 33 E, 40 acres 1 81

Morton, W S—S hf of Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr, Ne qr of Sw qr, section 2 Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Persnl propty 44 08

Muller, James H—W hf of Nw qr, W hf of Se qr section 4, Tp 8 S, R 33 E 160 acres. E hf of Sw qr Sw qr of Se qr, Se qr of Sw qr section 13 Tp 8 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. W hf of Nw qr section 13 Tp 8 S, R 33 E. Se qr of Ne qr section 14, Twp 8 S, R 33 E, 120 acres. Persnl prpty and schl tax 51 71

MC

McCarty, Mrs M—E hf of Sw qr, Se qr of Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr section 22, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 160 acres 7 56

McAfee, Mrs A G—Nw qr of Nw qr sec 24 Tp 9 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Schl tax 1 92

McMurry, J S—S hf of Se qr, section 29, Sw qr of Nw qr, Nw qr of Sw qr section 29 Tp 9 S R 34 E, 160 acres. schl tax, 1 Poll and Hospital tax 38 08

McBride John J—Undivided one half interest in Sw qr of Nw qr, E hf of Sw qr, Se qr of Nw qr 160 acres, and 80 acres. Personal property. Two Poll taxes and two Hospital taxes 133 13

McKellips, A—Interest in possessory claim to unsurveyed land situated East side Owens river at Crysopolis mill; property known as McKellips' ranch, 160 acres 5 75

McDonough Thomas—W hf of Ne qr section 11 Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 80 acres 3 13

McClure, J. N.—N hf of Se qr section 15 S hf of Ne qr section 22 Twp 7 S R 33 E, 160 A. Personal property, school tax, 1 Poll and 1 Hospital tax 25 48

McGahn, Peter—S hf of S qr section 26; N hf of Ne qr section 35, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 A. W hf of S qr section 26, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 80 acres 8 88

McGahn Bridget—Se qr of Se qr section 35, Tp 12 S, R 34 E; W hf of lot 6 in Ne qr section 1, E hf of lot 6 in Nw qr section 1, Tp 13 S, R 34 E, 117 acres 4 35

O

Orr, I. P—S E qr of S E qr sec 9, S W qr of S W qr sec 10, Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres. Personal property; schl tax 15 44

Osborne, J. B.—Interest in town of Los Angeles Mining Company, a Corporation. Gunsight mine in Resting Springs Mining District. North extension of Gunsight mine in Resting Springs Mining District. Quartz mill machinery and buildings 61 88

P

Parker, J F and M S—Lots in town of Independence, Frac 9 and 11 block 20; personal property school tax 11 74

Powers, Jas H—(S) W hf of Sw qr, Sw qr of Nw qr, Ne qr of Sw qr sec 36 Tp 24 S R 37 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 11 16

Porteous, Alex—(D) Ne qr sec 14, S hf of Se qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E (T C) W hf of se qr, S hf of Ne qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 400 acres; schl tax 17 28

Porteous, Alex—S hf of Se qr, Nw qr of Se qr section 3, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 120 acres; schl tax 8 31

Producers Union of Owens Valley—Lots in town of Laws, lots 2 and 3 block J; interest of Messrs. Bourland, Hall and Keough in same 16 75

Plumley, A—N hf of Ne qr sec 32, S hf of Se qr sec 29 T, 6 S R 33 E. 160 acres 5 75

R

Reddy, Mrs M—Lot and house in the town of Darwin, west side Main st near Market. Persnl prpty 4 13

Roberts, S. P—W hf of Nw qr, N hf of Sw qr section 21, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Possessory claim in land on Pine Mountain, 40 acres. Persnl prpty 9 44

Robinson, J W—(D) Sw qr of Sw qr sec 15, Nw qr, E hf, N hf of Sw qr S qr of Sw qr sec 22, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 640 acres 21 50

Richards, Thos J—Ne qr of S qr sec 22 Tp 7 S R 33 E. 40 acres; schl tax 6 43

Robinson, E—Lots N se 1 an 1 2 in Nw qr, Se qr sec 2 Tp 11 S, W hf of Se qr sec 35 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 400 acres 13 63

Russell, F. E.—W hf of Nw qr section 2, Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 80 acres. S hf of S hf section 26, N hf of Nw qr, E hf of Se qr, Ne qr section 35, Twp 13 S R 35 E, 400 acres. S hf of Nw qr, W hf of Se qr, E hf of Sw qr section 35, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 240 acres. N hf of Sw qr, S hf of Sw qr, section 26, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. N hf of Ne qr, Se qr of Ne qr, section 34, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 120 acres. Ne qr section 27, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. E hf of Sw qr section 27, Tp 13 S, R 35 E, 80 acres. Se qr section 27, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. Personal property. School tax. Trust property of J. D. Ziglar and trust property of W. S. Enos 380 12

S

Storey, Geo—Sw qr of Nw qr sec 14 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 40 acres; schl tax 2 12

Steward, Charles—S hf of Ne qr, W hf of Se qr section 28, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. School tax 6 17

Silva, Frank—Lot and house in town of Darwin W side of Market St N of Main. Personal property. 1 P and H tax 13 18

Shipley, Jasper—W hf of Ne qr section 17, Tp 6 S, R 31 E, 80 acres 3 13

Sprance, Stanley—Lot 50x100 ft in t wn of Laws. Lot 16 block K 4 94

Sherman, Val—Sw qr of Sw qr section 15, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 40 acres; schl tax 2 13

Sais, Angelo—Lots in town of Bishop; Lots Nos 1, 2, 3 and 4 in blk C P & H tax, prsl prpty; schl tax 32 71

T

Tibbetts, W. R—Fractional lot in town of Independence. Lots 7, 9 and 11 block 24; S hf of Se qr, S qr of Sw qr section 18. Ne qr of Nw qr section 19, Tp 9 S, R 34 E; prsl prpty, schl tax 76 54

Turner, F M—Possessory known as Turner's Ranch in s c 23 Tp 9 S R 33 E 20 acres. Persnl prpty, schl and P & H tax 20 47

Maney, Thomas—Mortgage interest in property of J W Tracey, viz Ne qr of Sw qr, S hf of Nw qr, Nw qr of Nw qr section 18, Twp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres, school tax 18 01

Twaddle, Thomas—Quartz mill and building situated at Cook Springs in Death Valley, formerly known as Rock Company's property 5 acres 40 38

Theban, Benj H—W hf of Sw qr sec 35 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 80 acres; prsnl prpty 14 52

U

Unknown Owner—Ten stamp quartz mill and machinery formerly known as Emigrant Mill, situated in Lee Mining District 81 56

Unknown Owner—W hf of Nw qr sec 27 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax 5 52

W

Wallace, Jim (Indian)—W hf of lot 2 in Ne qr sec 1 Tp 13 S R 34 E, 40 acres 1 81

Watterson, Geo—N hf of N hf sec 21 Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Walters, C A—S qr sec 6 Tp 12 S, R 35 E, 160 acres 5 75

Wesson, Abbey C—All of sec 16 tp 24 S, R 40 E, 640 acres 34 10

Wells, W H—E hf of Sw qr, Sw qr of Sw qr, Ne qr of Se qr sec 20, Tp 7 S, R 31 E, 160 acres 5 75

Welch, F H—E hf of Ne qr sec 8, Sw qr of Ne qr sec 9, Tp 7 S R 33 E, 120 acres; school tax 12 40

Walter, Chas—N hf of S hf sec 22 Tp 11 S R 34 E, 160 acres 5 75

White, J R—S hf of Sw qr, S hf of Se qr section 22, tp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; personal prpty; schl tax 24 69

White, John—Se qr of Nw qr, S hf of Ne qr sec 21 Tp 13 S R 35 E, Se qr of Nw qr sec 19 Township 13 S R 35 E 160 acres; school tax 14 47

Y

Yerington, H M—Bonanza mine, Sherman Mining District, 20 acres; Atlantic mine Sherman Mining District, 20 acres; North Star Mine in Sherman Mining District, twenty acres 9 38

Yandell, W W and Mrs Martha Yandell—E hf of Se qr sec 21 Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 80 acres. W hf of N qr, E hf of Nw qr s c 28, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. S hf of N qr sec 28 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax 13 55

Z

Zaun, S—Lots in Lone Pine, lot 1 block 29, S hf of lot 4 in block 17. Personal property 11 55

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that unless the foregoing taxes and costs are paid I will on

TUESDAY,

The 24th Day of February, 1891,

Between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., to wit, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., commence to sell the foregoing described real property at public auction in front of the Court House, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, State of California, and that I will continue such sale from day to day, according to adjournments, until the whole real property described in the foregoing, or so much thereof as may be necessary, shall be sold, and that I will sell the smallest quantity of each assessment of said property that will be taken by any person for the amount of said taxes and costs, in gold or silver coin of the United States.

Dated this 20th day of January, A. D. 1891.

J. S. GORMAN,
Tax-Collector of Inyo county, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo county, Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 16th day of December, 1890, an assessment (No. 11) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 30 h day of January 1891 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 20th day of February 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

NATHAN RHINE.

NATHAN RHINE,
(Successor to Harris & Rhine.)
MERCHANT,
INDEPENDENCE
Inyo Co. Cal.
Wholesale & Retail
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise

MY STOCK
CONSISTING OF
Almost every needed article is well calculated to satisfy the wants of everybody; and, as in the past, it will be our aim in the future to retain the extensive patronage enjoyed heretofore.
— — —
NATHAN RHINE.

NATHAN RHINE
BANKER
Independence, Cal.
SELL EXCHANGE
—ON—
SAN FRANCISCO
Draw Direct
—ON—
NEW YORK,
LONDON, England.
BERLIN, FRANKFORT-on-the-Main, GERMANY.
I AM PREPARED TO TRANSACT ALL KINDS,
—OF—
GENERAL
BANKING
&
EXCHANGE.
BUSINESS.
Wechsel in beliebigen Summen auf Berlin und Frankfurt am der Main, Deutsche Vollmachten geben Rgt. Geldsendungen von und nach Deutschland besorgt.
AGENT FOR
WELLS FARGO & CO'S.
EXPRESS
MUTUAL
Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK
CAPITAL — — — $5,000,000
LIVERPOOL
AND LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Capital — — — — $21,000,000
NATHAN RHINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. F. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed Flooring.
sept 11-tf

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence,

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce street, New York

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK ..... PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

PIONEER BREWERY
INDEPENDENCE
BEER ICE COLD.
The Bar is supplied with the Best of all kinds of Liquors and Cigars.
The Coolest Hall in the town. Call in and see what comfort you can have this hot weather.
PHILIP GEHRIG, PROPRIETOR

CROCKERS' HOTEL
BIG PINE - CAL
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
Splendid hunting and fishing near by for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of guests.
W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee
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J. W. Murphy
BLACKSMITH
—AND—
General Iron Work
Wagons and Carriages Repaired
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 per set
Shop on Edwards St., opposite Court House, Independence.

S. H. BIGLANE
—DEALER IN—
Owens Valley Land
39 SUTTER STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
1-26

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 100¼
Lead, 4.40
Copper, 14.60
Tin, 20.20
Sugar, .06¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach on Sunday at the Fort at 10 o'clock, at Independence at 11 a.m., at Georges Creek at 2:30, and Lone at 7 p.m.

Rev. J. Smith will preach at Independence at 7 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach at Keeler on Wednesday evening, February 18th, at 7 o'clock, in the dining room of the Lake View Hotel.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

MONDAY, February 9th.

Stacker vs. Fife—Filed Summons.

Estate of Wm. Walker, deceased—Filed Inventory and Appraisement.

Estate of John Mullane, deceased—Filed will. Issued Letters Testamentary to Richard Hessian, Sr. Will admitted to probate and Appraisers appointed.

Estate of C. D. Begole, deceased—Order setting aside Inventory and Appraisement.

Diaz vs. Rhine—Filed Demurrer to amended Complaint.

Broder vs. Conklin—Filed three notices to strike out cost bill. Filed notice of motion to strike out and set aside Judgment.

Estate of John B. White vs. Jere Fitzgerald—Judgment entered.

Mr. A. K. Eugley was down from Big Pine last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Moffett were in town a few days this week.

Mrs. Lotta Brown of Olancha is suffering from an attack of pneumonia.

Catfish in large quantities are now being caught in the river up about Black Rock.

Mr. J. C. Eldy is recovering from his recent severe illness. He is now able to walk about a little.

Given and Ingalls have sold their stock of goods at Bishop to A. Cohn & Co., and have closed up their business.

County Treasurer Moore has received the State appropriation of school money for Inyo County. The amount is $5,112 10

Rev. G. De La Mayr and Mr. W. T. Bunney came down from Bishop on Thursday. They left town for home this afternoon.

Mr. Richard Hessian was down from Big Pine at the beginning of the week. He made probate on the will of the late John Mullane.

J. W. P. Laird and P. H. Mack went to Bishop on Wednesday to attend law business. Mr. Laird intends going on to Sacramento from Bishop.

Men are busy about Independence pruning fruit and shade trees and making preparation for the new life of spring which is becoming more vigorous every day.

Mining business is reported booming at Benton. A good deal of ore is being shipped to San Francisco, and arrangements are being made to work several new mines.

Neil McLean came to Independence at the beginning of the week with a ten horse team for grain to take to Darwin. He reports mining matters very quiet at present out that way.

There is reported to be very little probability of any work being done at present on the proposed canal to Salt Wells Valley. Everybody in Owens Valley would be very glad to see it carried to a successful termination.

A good deal of ore is being taken out of the old workings of the Union mine at Cerro Gordo. In the flush times this ore was cast aside as being of too little value to ship, but now that a railroad affords cheap transportation it pays very well to ship it to San Francisco.

Last week Sheriff Borgwardt searched the prisoners confined in jail at Bakersfield. He found keys partly made and files and other evidence that the prisoners were nearly ready for a desperate attempt at escape. Among the lot are three men accused of attempting to rob the Treasurer of Kern County.

The grade of the new road from Frisco, Utah, to Pioche, Nevada, is completed and it is expected that track laying will commence about March 1st. This is a branch of the Union Pacific and is certain to be extended into Inyo county and on to the ocean some time, but that time is not certain.

An epidemic of pneumonia is reported at Candelaria. On Tuesday twenty-two people were ill; several deaths have occurred, among others a young man named Tom McPherson, a former resident of Owens Valley. A special train was sent to Carson for more medical help. The long continued dry cold weather is perhaps the cause of trouble.

A long standing dispute between the Comstock mining companies and the Sutro Tunnel company has been settled. A reduction of the royalty paid to the Tunnel company has been agreed upon. On ore averaging $14 per ton the royalty will now be 56 cents instead of $1 per ton and on $10 ore the rate will now be 40 cents per ton. All other expenses are to be reduced so as to admit of working large bodies of low-grade ore.

Paul Bennett, an old time citizen of Independence, is now District Attorney of San Joaquin County. He is determined that there shall be no trifling with the county funds. In counting the money in the Treasury at the beginning of the present month he found a certificate of deposit on a Stockton bank for a quarter of a million dollars. Paul is of the opinion that the County Treasurer has no authority for letting anybody have the use of the county funds and refused to go on with the count till the coin should be put back where it belongs in the County Treasury.

What Business Men Say.

Business men in Inyo county say that they find money getting scarcer all the time. The chief export from the Valley is ore and the total shipments from the county during the past year is estimated not to exceed, at the utmost, equal to forty dollars per capita of population. Farm produce of any kind cannot be exported beyond one or two of the nearest mining camps in Nevada. A few horses have been sold out of the county during the past year, but these sources of income would not increase the net rate per capita to any material extent. The freight on general merchandise and farm implements and machinery is about sixty dollars per ton from San Francisco, and with such crushing odds against them the farmers cannot make their business pay. One of the best men in the county told the editor of this paper some time ago that he had found by experience that every dollar's worth he had sold from his land, whether farm produce or live stock, had cost him a dollar and a half to produce it, and he had quit trying to produce anything to sell. Till these conditions shall widely change there will be very little increase of population or of business.

Interrupted Festivities.

On Wednesday Pat Flynn had several of his countrymen taking dinner with him. The occasion was celebrating a national holiday. Before the dinner was served the whole company had indulged in a few drinks each, and when they sat down to eat all were in a lively mood. One young man, in particular, was very frisky and making considerable noise. Pat told him to be quiet or the neighbors would be making uncomplimentary remarks about the company. The young fellow swore by the queue of Confucius or some other oath equally terrible to Chinamen that he would make all the noise he pleased and would clean out the shebang besides. He whipped out a knife and was going to carve Pat at once, but was seized by some of the other Chinamen and disarmed. Sheriff Gorman arrested the disturber of the festivities and lodged him in jail. Next day he was fined for his bad conduct. Drink makes ferocious beasts of Chinamen.

An Indian School.

Some time ago the Department at Washington made a proposition to the people of Big Pine to buy the school house there for the purpose of starting an Indian school. Last Saturday the citizens of Big Pine held a meeting to consider the matter, and it was decided with but one dissenting vote to sell the school house. This makes it almost a certainty that the Government will start an Indian school at Big Pine. So far as known the Indians at Big Pine are the only people of their race who ever employed a teacher to conduct a school for their own children. Last summer they contributed enough from their own scanty earnings to pay Miss Turner for teaching four months. On this fact becoming known at Washington, steps were taken towards founding a school by the Government. Miss Turner and one of her sisters are now in the Indian school at Carson preparing for greater usefulness at Big Pine.

Almost Forgotten

Our young people appear to be almost entirely ignorant of the fact that to-morrow is St. Valentine's day. Americans have less of the pleasures of old customs, with all of the sweet sentiment and tender feelings connected with them, than any other people on earth. Sentiment is studiously cultivated out of the minds of the young, and they are trained to value, and aim to possess, only material things. The dollar is lifted up as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, and when the eyes of the young are turned to it they see the image of a young woman who loves good eating, and whose other pleasures would be of anything but a sentimental kind.

Avoid Misery, Stay Away.

The rumor that deep mining would be be resumed on the Comstock has drawn many men there seeking employment. The *Enterprise* says there are four hundred idle miners and mechanics, all of them accustomed to work at the Comstock mines, and when help is needed these will be taken before strangers. There is nothing more than rumor to warrant the belief that deep mining will be resumed, and if it is not intended by the leaders in control, J. L. Flood and others who are credited by the daily press with saying it would, they should immediately deny ever giving expression to any such intention. They have no right to deceive and cause misery and disappointment by inducing poor people to come to Virginia and spend their all in the hope of getting work. San Francisco newspaper men are utterly irresponsible.

Sheep License Collector.

Last week a petition was circulated in town and numerously signed, asking that W. P. Yaney be appointed special tax collector for the sheep license tax. Mr. Yaney has written a letter saying that he would not accept the office if offered him. Mr. J. R. Moffett has collected the sheep license tax during the past two years and has done the work well. The location of his home gives him advantage for the collection of the tax that no other man posesses, and his intimate knowledge of the business is another qualification that fits him for the work. It is understood that he would be willing to do the work for the coming season.

The Torment Continued.

Sheriff Gorman has already received and served twenty-three subpoenas upon witnesses to appear at Bakersfield on the 20th inst. at another trial of Elliott. The Old Man of the Sea upon the shoulders of Sinbad was but a trifle compared to the load Elliott is upon the people of Inyo. As the vulture tore the liver of Prometheus, so with us, we only get a breathing spell, and the insatiable brute takes a wickeder bite, fastens his claws deeper in us and tears us with greater ferocity.

A Mining Rumor.

The *Chloride Belt*, published at Candelaria, says it is reported that Boston parties are about to examine the Montezuma mines with a view to buying them. The mines are in the Inyo range about twenty miles north of Independence. Considerable ore was taken out formerly, but since the furnace at Eina was burned about six years ago, nothing has been done. The mines are about a mile and a half distant from the C & C railroad.

To Seek Relief.

Last week the Supervisors ordered an appropriation of $250 to be paid to Mr. J. W. P. Laird. Mr. Laird agrees to go to Sacramento and endeavor to have the Legislature make an appropriation in favor of Inyo County as a relief from the heavy expense of the repeated trials of Elliott at Bakersfield. Mr. Laird intends leaving Bishop Creek to-morrow morning for Sacramento.

Dismissal Asked For

Yesterday District Attorney Forbes telegraphed to the District Attorney of Kern County, asking him to go into Court and request, in the name of the people of Inyo County, that the Elliott case be dismissed. The Supervisors last week adopted a resolution that this request be made, but failed to instruct anyone to forward the request to Bakersfield. The District Attorney therefore took the responsibility upon himself in order to save the county more useless expense in this case. This will end the wretched case, so far as the people of Inyo are concerned, except the payment of great expense already incurred.

BAKERSFIELD, Feb. 12.—To P. W. Forbes Esq.—Will dismiss at 2 o'clock this p. m.
ALVIN FAY.

Scarcity of Fruit in France.

French journals lament that unfavorable weather has almost altogether deprived the country of fruit this year. A disastrous amount of rain has so afflicted the central, northern, western and southwestern districts that the markets have been almost bare of fruit except such as had come from the south. One correspondent, writing from the department of the Seine-et-Marne, says: "We have had neither cherries nor apricots nor plums; apples have been greatly injured by hail; pears have suffered less, but our grapes will not ripen."

And another, writing from Brittany, says that there the pears are all spoiled, apples are lacking in many localities, and almost all the plums had perished; that peaches are everywhere non-existent; that gooseberries and raspberries had been relatively scanty, and that, although strawberries had been quite plentiful, they "had only the form of the fruit with the taste of water." Meanwhile the complaints of excessive drought have been coming in from the south, where we are told even in the carefully watered gardens the trees and shrubs had faded and withered. Near the coast the moist sea breezes "assure the abundance of the grape crop," but further north the grape growers are reported to be in despair over the persistent dryness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Mullane, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his residence near the town of Big Pine, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Inyo, State of California.

RICHARD HESSIAN,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.
Dated February 13, 1891.

REGULAR MEETING OF BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The Regular semi-annual meeting of the Inyo County Board of Education will be held in Independence on Tuesday, February 17th, 1891 at 10 a. m. Examinations to commence on Wednesday, the 18th, at 9 a. m. All applications for examination or certificate must be in the day prior to the day of the meeting.

J. H. SHANNON
Sect. Board of Education.

PROBATE NOTICE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of John Mullane, deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for proving will, etc.

Notice is hereby given that Monday, the 9th day of February A. D. 1891, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court-Room of said Court, at the town of Independence, in the County of Inyo State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John Mullane, deceased and for hearing the application of Richard Hessian Sr. for the issuance to him of letters testamentary thereon.

J. N. YANPELL, Clerk.
P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated January 22d, 1891.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of ditch, near Independence, Inyo county.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the the following described stock, on account of assessment No. 6, levied on the 29th day of Nov., 1890, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. Cert.	No. Sh's.	Am't
W. H. Huff	1	12	$ 2 40
" "	7	3	60
F. E. Russell	2	32	6 40
" "	19	110	22 00
John Reynolds	3	40	8 00
L. Baxter	5	10	2 00
H. J. Robinson	10	250	50 00
J. V. Skinner	21	50	10 00
" "	22	50	10 00
" "	23	50	10 00
" "	24	50	10 00
" "	25	50	10 00
" "	28	50	10 00
" "	29	50	10 10
W. H. Jenkins	30	100	20 00
" "	31	100	20 00
" "	33	100	20 00
" "	36	64	12 80
John Davies	46	60	12 00
W. S. Eccs	47	100	20 00
" "	48	400	80 00
W. J. Jenkins	55	100	20 00
" "	56	100	20 00
" "	57	100	20 00
E. Robinson	58	75	15 00
" "	59	125	25 00
Maggie J. Skinner	62	50	10 00
" "	63	50	10 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 29th day of Nov., 1890, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Stevens Ditch Company, Independence, California, on Saturday, the 7th day of February, 1890, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

POSTPONEMENT.

The above sale is hereby postponed until Saturday, February 21, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m.

P. H MACK, Secretary.

Notice of Forfeiture.

TO H. P. LIVINGSTON, OR WHOEVER at present may represent his interest in the Caldera Mine, and Peter Meyer: You are hereby notified that I have expended One hundred [$100] dollars in labor and improvements upon the Caldera Lode, situated in Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county, California, as will appear by certificate filed in the office of the Recorder of said district for the year 1890, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2,324 Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31, 1890, and if within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under the provisions of said section 2,324.

O. G. FUENTES.
Dated Cerro Gordo, January 2, 1891.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages, in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

IRWINS SALOON
[illegible] wards and Market Streets,
[illegible] endence, Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPectfully invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS, & CIGARS

☞ The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well-known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

about the fifteen part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $2 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

LONE PINE
Blacksmith Shop.
R. C. Spear, Prop'r
—ALL WORK ON—
MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS
—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—
HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING

☞ All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

P. H. MACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for no unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are now earning over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully
Equal to the Best.
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
A. N. BELL,
dependence, Cal.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDIS
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC

☞ Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines, Liquors, & Cigars.

Sung Bible FORTUNES have been made at work for us by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Benn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 PORTLAND, MAINE.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BIG BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.
Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,
Watchmaker & Jeweler.
BISHOP, CAL.

Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.

I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE STEWART HOUSE

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p m		5:50 p m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:00 p m		2:50 p. m
Hawthorne	5:00 p. m.		11:10 a m.
Luning	7:00 p m.		9:55 a. m.
Sodа Springs	8:05 p m.		9:15 a m
Belleville	9:15 p m.		7:55 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10:00 p. m	Lv.	7:2 5 a m
	No. 3.		No. 4.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Belleville	8:25 a m		5:25 p m
Benton	11:50 a m		1:35 a m.
Basaop Creek	2:00 p. m.		11:00 a. m
Alvord	2:45 p. m		10:00 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.		7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar. 6:55 p. m.	Lv.	7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (37 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma Allda Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies'
Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOL
CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

Let every enfeebled woman know it! There's a medicine that'll cure her, and the proof's positive!

Here's the proof—if it doesn't do you good within reasonable time, report the fact to its makers and get your money back without a word—but you won't do it!

The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—and it has proved itself the right remedy in nearly every case of female weakness.

It is not a miracle. It won't cure everything—but it has done more to build-up tired, enfeebled and broken-down women than any other medicine known.

Where's the woman who's not ready for it? All that we've to do is to get the news to her. The medicine will do the rest.

Wanted—Women. First to know it. Second to use it. Third to be cured by it. The one comes of the other.

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the little regulators.

Reduced to a Skeleton by disease, and Restored to Health with Dr. Pardee's Remedy.

Wilson, Niagara Co., N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—In April, 1883, I was prostrated by a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism and was confined to my bed four months. I was attended by the best medical skill, but rapidly grew worse until I was reduced to a mere skeleton.

The disease had gone to my lungs and to the region of my heart and I was finally given up by the physicians, who said I could live but a few hours at most and that all they could do was to make me as easy as possible by killing the pain by frequent injections of morphine. I was finally advised by a friend to take Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy. Upon being asked as to giving it to me, the physician said "I have no faith in patent medicines, but give it to him; it will not hurt him."

I was then so near dead that my limbs were cold below the knees, and a numb sensation began to creep over my body, and I suffered with great pain in my chest and about my heart. After I had taken the first few doses I experienced more pain than before, for it seemed to drive the pain from the vital parts toward the extremities. I continued to take it according to directions. Four days after the physicion who gave me up called to see me, and said I was much better. In about four weeks I could sit up; I then gained very fast and became as well as ever. CHAS. O. BARNUM.

Brother of D. C. Barnum, Attorney, 126 Powers' Block, Rochester, to whom persons can refer.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Pardee's Remedy and take no other. Price, $1 per bottle; six bottles, $5.

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

DO NOT POISON YOUR SYSTEM with medicines you know nothing about. Nearly every so-called remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia now offered to the public contains powerful and poisonous medicines that injure the stomach and leave the patient worse off than before.

Do not use them, but take "the old reliable" one that has stood the test for twenty-five years. One that is free from anything injurious to the system, composed wholly of roots and herbs, the medical properties of which are particularly adapted to blood diseases.

Dr. Pardee's Remedy is safe and effective. Can be used by both old and young with beneficial results. Five hundred dollars will be paid for any case where the use of Dr. Pardee's Remedy has in any way injured the patient.

PARDEE MEDICINE CO.

THIS AND THAT.

How it Works.

CURES LUMBAGO.

1656 Orleans St., Balto., Md., Feb. 26, '90.

I was confined to the house two weeks with lumbago, but St. Jacobs Oil cured me; no return. WM. A. GOETZE.

CURES BRUISES.

Fonerville, Mo., Feb. 7, 1890.

"St. Jacobs Oil is without a peer for pains, bruises, aches, &c." Rev. T. G. HAWKINS, Pastor Baptist Church.

CURES SPRAINS.

Cincinnati, Ohio, April 2, 1890.

I suffered with a sprained ankle which swelled very much. Found great relief in use of St. Jacobs Oil and swelling disappeared. MOLLIE HICKS.

ST. JACOBS OIL

The Great Remedy For Pain,

CURES ALSO

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy. SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient suit al' ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70: Photo-gravure, panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).

J. F. SMITH & CO., Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.

BEST TREE WASH.

Greenbank Insecticide, powdered Caustic Soda, etc.

BEST SHEEP WASH.

Calvert's Carbolic. Prices reduced. T. W. JACKSON & CO., Sole Agents, 104 Market St., S. F.

S. F. N. U. No. 447. New Series No. 2

THE BELFRY CHIMES.

Hark! a merry peal we're ringing,
With joyous clash we cleave the air,
God's peace and blessing gayly flinging,
O'er a happy bridal pair
Slowly down the aisle they're passing,
Proudly 'neath the archway gay,
Far above sweet music's crashing—
Heed the warning now we say.
Time for sorrow, time for song—
Comes and goes the fleeting breath;
Time for sorrow, time for song—
Life today, to-morrow death.

Now changed our note, so soft and low,
As they turn the burial sod,
And bowed the mourners weeping go,
For a soul returned to God.
With muffled sob we clang so slowly,
As round the grave they kneel and pray,
And mingled with those words so holy,
Sad our warning still we say:
Time for sorrow, time for song—
Comes and goes the fleeting breath;
Time for sorrow, time for song—
Life today, to-morrow death.

—John Muir in Harper's Magazine.

THE LOVE OF A DAY.

I.

"Well, Jack," observed Mr. Mortimore Wellden, as he found himself on the stoop of his charming country residence upon the Hudson, "where are you going to spend your holidays? Europe, I guess?"

"Not a bit of it, father. I want to do my own dear land first. Just think of all there is to see here."

"We ain't fashionable, Jack."

"If you go that, sir, all the English swells consider it correct form, as they call it, to run over here. I tell you I was heartily ashamed of myself when that nice young fellow, Sir Henry Harden, asked my opinion about the distances in the Yellowstone Park. I was nearly sneak enough to pretend to know, although I was never within 2,000 miles of the place. No, father, America first, say I."

"Spoken like a young American eagle," laughed the elder man, with a sparkle in his eye that indicated the pride that every true son of the Stars and Stripes fondles in his heart's core.

Mr. Mortimore Wellden is a banker, and a very wealthy one. His word is his bond, and his dicta among moneyed men are regarded as law. His wife is one of those bustling women who "toil, and spin, and scold the maids," as did her grandmother, a Randolph of Virginia, a hundred years ago.

There are two children, a daughter, Mildred, aged 17, who is to come out at the first Patriarch's ball of next season, and Jack, a partner in the bank, aged 23 years.

Jack graduated at Harvard, and was stroke in the University race. He is a trifle over six feet, built in proportion, and the owner of a pair of laughing blue eyes, and thirty-two magnificent teeth that flash beneath his tawny mustache.

Instead of dreading the "dreary drudgery of the desk's dead wood," Jack plunged into banking with the ardor with which he took to boating, and is now not only his father's secretary and partner, but his counselor as well.

Jack has never cared for female society. He of course attended balls and receptions, and every species of entertainment that fashionable society exults in, but he prefers his book and his pipe, his dog and his gun, and his spoilt sister to all the giddy dissipations of the "madding crowd."

It was a broiling July day of last year that this conversation between father and son took place, and two weeks later found Jack Wellden at the Profile house in the White mountains, on a tramp after the most approved fashion. He wore a dust colored check knickerbocker suit, with big gaiters and a deerstalker's cap. His impedimenta, or baggage, consisted of a knapsack and alpenstock and a field glass of great power. He was alone, and least lonely when most alone.

A valise laden with conventional garments awaited him at such hotels along his route as pleased his imperial majesty to regard in the light of temporary headquarters, for his mother on kissing him au revoir uttered these solemn words:

"Jack, never, never be without your evening dress suit."

Jack had made the Profile house his headquarters for a week, debouching from it to various romantic passes and notches only accessible to those lithe of limb and brawny of muscle. Instead of joining in the lawn tennis or the hops he used to sit for hours on the piazza, his pipe in his mouth, watching the comers and goers, the tourists of all sorts and conditions that passed merrily on their way.

It must be told, but in the strictest confidence, that Jack meditated a book, and he had even chuckled over the title, "Jack Minus Jill," but fate willed that the book should remain unwritten.

II.

Jack Wellden was no mere tyro as a walker. A member of the Athletic club of New York, he was a fancy man in the gymnasium, and in the Westchester Pedestrian club second to none. For a wager he walked from Highbridge to Yonkers and back within a given and what seemed an impossible time, yet he scored a victory with several minutes to spare.

Mountain climbing was his delight, and to be out in the early dawn, up in the silver mists that crown the summit of inaccessible crags, to the youthful banker was nearer heaven than anything that earth could give him.

The notches around the Profile mountain are as numerous as they are inaccessible. No mere two weeks' holiday young man need attempt them; they mean collar work from the word "go," and take more out of a man than an ascent of the Matterhorn or Mont Blanc. Jack found the hotel crowded from cellar to garret, but, having had his baggage sent on in advance, the clerk, on account of the expensive appearance of the solid leather, nickel plated valise, discovered that one room still remained open to the owner, and young Wellden was comfortably stowed away.

His appearance in the dining room created a tremor in the heart of one young lady's mamma, a certain Mrs. Pomroy De Smythe, hailing from the classic regions of Back Bay Boston.

"Addie," she whispered to her daughter, "sit up straight, love, bite your lips a little, put on an English stare, for I see young Wellden, the banker, has arrived, and he's eligible, you know."

Miss De Smythe most willingly executed the commands of the general, her mother, and as Jack was passing the old lady threw out her grappling irons.

"Mr. Wellden, who would have imagined that you would be found in this out of the way place? Addie, darling, don't you see Mr. Wellden? That dear child is such a dreamer."

Jack bowed to Addie, and after a commonplace remark was for passing down to an unoccupied table in a remote corner of the room, but Mrs. Pomroy De Smythe insisted upon his taking a seat at the table facing Addie, and as a consequence a pair of very dreamy eyes and a general undefined expression of love and undefined languor. Wishing both ladies in Jericho, the unwilling Wellden submitted to his fate.

"It will be only for a couple of days," he said to himself; "and I need not be at all punctual."

Mrs. Pomroy De Smythe was acquainted with Jack's mother. Mrs. De Smythe was a Vane, one of the Mayflower Vanes, and gave no quarter to plebeian blood.

"There is an awful mixture of people here, Mr. Wellden," she said. "Your dear mother couldn't, wouldn't stand it. There are only two parties we can know, one of them only in a hotel way. How are all the rosebuds of New York? I presume you have committed sad havoc this season?"

"Not I," said Jack, honestly. "I am not in that line at all."

"Did you not admire some one of the debutantes? Come now, Addie, why don't you cross-examine Mr. Wellden?"

Addie gazed into his eyes, and poor Jack, who was not accustomed to such manœuvering, blushed up to and inside the roots of his hair.

"I assure you," he stammered, "I really don't go in for ladies' society, and," he gallantly added, "I admire them all so much that I could not possibly make a selection."

"I like that," laughed Addie, her eyes plunged into his. "He should see Miss Winthrop, mamma, should he not?"

"Well, I don't know that she is so very much," responded Mrs. De Smythe.

"She is immensely admired by the gentlemen, mamma."

"Her money, my dear child. They say she has $100,000 a year."

When Jack Wellden was allowed to retire into a corner of the piazza to smoke his beloved pipe, he muttered, half aloud:

"How dreadfully tiresome some people are. I can't stand them. I will do the Giant's Toe to-morrow, and go out into the woods on Thursday

III.

It was after the biggest morning's work of his life, in the way of climbing, that Jack Wellden found himself once more in the region of the woods. The road was scarcely worthy of the name. It was more a sheep track through a tree shaded line, the grass resembling green velvet.

"What would I give for a hunch of bread and a glass of beer?" he thought, as he trudged along. "Perhaps this path will bring me to a farm house where I can buy something to eat and drink."

A turn in the lane showed him a quaint little wooden gate, and beyond the gate the red roof of a house, a nest hidden away in tufted foliage, away out of the world—just the corner of the earth for a man dead in love, or a writer of romantic fiction.

As Jack pushed back the gate the sound of a girl's voice singing came to him through the green leaves and scented blossoms, and summer day hum. It was a deliciously sweet young voice—a voice for a ballad, not for scene from opera, and he stopped to listen. The song was "Some Day." When she had concluded, he obeyed an imperative impulse, and crying "Brava" strode into her presence. On a rude stone seat beneath overhanging oaken boughs, and close to an open door revealing a kitchen such as Cinderella might have prepared for the amorous prince, sat a girl with hair of the purest gold, with which a stray sunbeam was mercilessly coquetting. She was petite, but exquisitely molded, and was not beautiful by any means. Her bluish gray eyes were half concealed beneath black lashes that swept down her cheek, and in the glorious expression of those eyes lay the charm that recognizes no limit. Her nose was inclined to what Tennyson terms tip tilted, and if her teeth were dazzling white, one or two were deliciously irregular, while the rich red lips, if a trifle too full, were absolutely young, and fresh, and charming.

She was attired in a lilac and white striped, short skirted muslin, crisp from the laundry, while a snowy waist of white, with a rolling collar gathered together by a lilac bow, completed a simple yet most becoming toilette. Her little feet were enshrined in low shoes, lilac and white striped stockings showing over them.

Instead of being abashed at the unexpected appearance of a stranger entering after so brusque a fashion, and in such a remote corner, this rustic maiden, who was by the way engaged in the very useful if not romantic task of hulling peas, preserved so dignified a self possession as to thoroughly abash the intruder, who blurted out: "I—ah—beg your pardon—I—ah—that is"—— then he stopped short.

The rustic lass, while continuing the hulling of the peas, and who seemed amused at his embarrassment, demurely asked:

"Are you looking for Mr. Stephen?"

"No, no. The fact is I have been to the top of the Giant's Toe and"——

"To the top of the Giant's Toe?" exclaimed the girl, gazing up at the peak which towered above them in peerless majesty. "Why that has never been done but twice."

"Thrice."

"Twice, they say here."

"Thrice, I now say," he laughed. "I make a bad third. I am shamefully hungry and thirsty, and I thought I might get a crust and a glass of beer."

She looked at him in a quiet, searching way.

"You can have both."

"I am intensely obliged; but pray, do not disturb yourself. I"——

She had disappeared into the kitchen ere he had finished what he wanted to say, reappearing with wondrous celerity, carrying a wooden platter containing bread and butter, and, rapture! a quaint earthen flagon, with a metal top, containing a goodly measure of beer. Jack's thirst got the better of his manners, and almost without thanking the fair waitress, he put the flagon to his mouth and fairly drained it.

"You were thirsty," laughed the girl.

"Wasn't I, though!"

"Would you like some more?"

"Not just yet, thank you. May I sit down?"

She motioned with her golden head to a pile of wood that lay close at hand against an upright wooden post, and Jack planted himself.

"May I smoke?"

The girl nodded. After he had lighted up she gravely asked him:

"What brought you here to this place?"

"Accident, pure and simple."

"Did you hear of it?"

"Of what?"

"Of this cottage?"

"Not a word. I came from New York. I am a bank clerk out for a holiday." As he afterward said, "I did not want to dazzle a girl in her position with my partnership and prospects!"

"I think you are telling me the truth," she said.

"Very close to it," he chimed in, with a hearty laugh, adding: "You live here all the year?"

"Nearly—at least as much as I can." And as if wishing to change the subject: "Do you get a long holiday?"

"Not very."

"It seems a nice way of spending it, then. Better, I mean, than lounging on hotel piazzas."

"Oh, I detest them," and the young fellow, without being aware of it, spread out his idea to the sun.

The girl listened with evident pleasure.

"Can't I help you to hull those peas? I ought to do something for my bread," he laughed.

There was so much of the genial courtesy and youthful frankness in the way he made the offer that the girl exclaimed:

"I think you had better. I shall never have them done in time."

Jack proved himself an expert, and was very, very sorry when his task was ended.

"Good day to you," said the girl, gathering up her dish of peas.

IV.

Upon the following noon, Jack Wellden, with a very handsome photograph album, presented himself at the little gate, and, strange to relate, his enraptured ear was greeted by the delicious voice of the hostess of the day before. On that occasion, however, she was not engaged in hulling peas, but in spinning at a quaint old spinning wheel, such as might have been the valued property of her great-grandmother.

"Oh, you again!" she laughed.

"Yes, I thought you would like some photos of the Giant's Toe, so I brought them for you."

"They are beautiful," she exclaimed, as she glanced over them, "but you did wrong."

"I am very sorry."

"I'll take one."

"That's for the bread, and another for the beer," laughed Jack.

These two young people got on so well together, that the time slipped past, and the spinning wheel was woefully neglected.

"This will never do," suddenly cried the girl, leaping to her feet. "Here I have been wasting my time with an unknown gentleman, and"——

"But I"——

"But me no buts, sir, but go!" pointing dramatically to the gate.

"I'll be hanged if I do!" said Jack, resolutely. "At least," he added, "until I say what I have to say, and what I thought I would never say." And then, almost unconsciously, and obeying an emotion he was utterly unable to control, Jack Wellden laid his throbbing heart, with all its hopes and fears, at the dainty feet of this dainty little maid.

"You are mad!" was all that she said, as she rushed from him into the house.

When Jack arrived at the gate upon the following day, a strange man asked him his business. Stung to the quick—love is always sensitive—Jack, crushing down all feelings, calmly replied:

"I have none."

As he wandered aimlessly through the woods, his resolve shaped itself thus: "That girl shall be my wife. What if she be penniless, and lowly born, a violet is born very close to the earth."

Seated upon the piazza of the Profile house in a corner, out of the tide, he smoked his beloved pipe, gazing up at the moon, as is the wont of happy and unhappy lovers.

A soft voice behind him:

"Mr. Wellden?"

He turned. It is Mrs. Pomroy De Smythe.

"Where have you been hiding yourself—on the top notches or in the depths of the woods? I want you to come over to yonder group. Miss Winthrop, our Boston beauty and great catch, is with us. I wish to present you to her on your dear mother's account."

This was cruel. Jack loved to be alone, and alone he intended to remain.

"I am awfully sorry," he said, "but"—— and he placed his jaw in the hollow of his hand.

"A toothache?"

"Oh, oh!" groaned the hypocritical youth.

"I am very sorry; get some camphorated oil; put"—— And the good lady, after prescribing for him, left him to his reflections.

An hour later he felt that a five mile stroll would be better than nothing; and as he descended the steps the full glare of the electric light fell upon the face and form of a young girl whom Mrs Pomroy De Smythe was courteously assisting into a phaeton. Jack started as if he had been shot. His heart gave a wild leap backward.

"If you had been here a second sooner," exclaimed Mrs. De Smythe, "I would have presented you to Muriel Winthrop."

The presentation took place in due form a day later. Miss Winthrop, preferring the seclusion of the perfumed woods to the publicity of a hotel, had secluded herself with her chaperon at the cozy nest in which Jack Wellden had surprised her. Sick to the death of the steel lined conventionalities surrounding her and her enormous fortune, the girl lived her own life in this charming nook, and was all the healthier and the happier.

Of course, they are engaged. How could it be otherwise? They are to be married next month, and the honeymoon is to be spent in that out of the way spot where Jack Wellden discovered Muriel Winthrop occupied in hulling peas.—Francis Lee in Once a Week.

Saving His Books.

There is a story told on Hon. H. G. Struve which has not as yet been made public property. It is said that during the raging of the great fire, in which Mr. Struve with all the rest of Seattle was a heavy loser, he rushed up into his office to save some of his most valuable books. It is well known that he had accumulated a vast amount of material, which he purposed working up into a history of Washington. This material and some of his books were very precious to him. So as the fire came sweeping down toward his office he rushed up stairs and began to select the books most valuable.

"Ah, this one I will save. No, I guess this one is more valuable." Thus he hesitated, and among his many books, all of which were dear to him, he was unable to decide which ones to save. Just then the cries of firemen were raised, and the judge was urged to come down and save his life. Being thoroughly alarmed and still undecided, he turned and grabbed the first book in reach and rushed out of the building. Reaching the pavement he found he had saved—the city directory.—Seattle (Wash.) Press.

Care of Baby's Food.

A visit to the butters in the Babies' hospital of New York, in East Fifty-fifth street, shows the care with which every mouthful of food is prepared. There are great cans of milk, bottles of the best of baby foods, rare beef and its juices, delicious bread—everything suitable for all the different baby needs. Out in the cold room there is a large case of "postoffice boxes." Each baby has one, labeled with its name. In it is daily placed the food he or she needs, apportioned and chosen with the greatest exactness, and in bottles queerly corked with baked cotton batting. This is done because the doctors and wise men have found out a strange thing. The air we breathe is full of floating bits—germs of disease—and these cannot get through cotton batting and poison the babies' milk.—New York World.

Secretary Seward's Opinion.

I heard a story of William H. Seward the other day which I think is a new one. I am not certain, but I am impressed with a conviction that it comes from Miss Olive Risley Seward, an adopted daughter of the late Secretary Seward, whose Bohemian literary salon is one of the most charming places to which one can have the entree at the national capital. It was at the time when there was great agitation of the removal of the capital, and all Washington was alarmed. One of the scared ones said to Secretary Seward, "Mr. Seward, do you think the capital will be removed from Washington?" "Yes, I think it will," was the reply. "But where—to Chicago?" "No." "What? Not to St. Louis? Well, where then?" "To the City of Mexico. That will probably be the center of population of the United States one of these days."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Curious and Unique Decorations.

A lady riding in an elevated train recently was attracted by the singular beauty of a hand bag carried by the lady sitting by her side. Curiosity overcame reserve before long, and she remarked upon the beauty of the bag.

"It was made from the skin of a rattlesnake," said the owner, calmly.

"How wonderfully pretty it is!" exclaimed the admirer, leaning forward to examine it more carefully. The owner looked pleased and surprised.

"You are the very first person," she said, "to whom I have told what it is that has not shrunk from it, saying, 'I don't see how you can carry it!' This was one of Barnum's big rattlesnakes. A friend of mine is employed in the circus menagerie, and when this reptile died he gave me the skin. I have a small rug made of it, besides this bag, and it is bordered with the skin of a leopard that also belonged to Barnum. I have the skins of several of Barnum's dead animals and they make beautiful articles. That of a giraffe made into a robe bordered with tiger fur is greatly admired. I am longing for an elephant to die now, for I have a chair that will be fine when it is upholstered with the mouse colored hide. It is a great advantage to have such unique decorations that no one could imitate them."—New York Cor Chicago Herald.

The Virtues of the Mule.

The mule is very rarely sick—not near so often sick as is the horse. Its hoofs are much sounder. It is not so apt to be injured, not being so easily frightened. It will do the same amount of work on two-thirds the amount of food required by the horse. It will eat coarser food. When properly bred and handled it is full as trustworthy and industrious as the horse, and more docile than the horse. The docility and patience of the ass is proverbial. The mule endures exposure better than the horse. It will endure heat better, and I have never been able to perceive that it did not endure cold as well, though the notion that it cannot is general. But there is no good reason why it should not endure the weather of the northern states. While the mule is most used in warm climates, it is also used in regions where the temperature is full as low as in our northern states, and there lasts longer than do our horses.—Country Gentleman.

Death by Electricity.

The experiments of Dr. Tatum have done not a little toward clearing up the mystery that has surrounded the physical mechanism of death by electricity. He has made it more than probable that there is a real difference between the effects of continuous and alternating currents, in that the former seems to kill only through a direct action on the substance of the heart, while the latter owe whatever added danger they may possess to a distinct action on certain portions of the nervous system. Dr. Tatum has also shown that the difference in the effects of the two classes of current is far less than some foreign investigators would have us believe.—New Orleans Picayune.

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FACE TO FACE.

If my face could only promise that its color would remain,
If my heart were only certain it would hide the moment's pain,
I would meet you and would greet you in the old familiar tone,
And naught should ever show you the wrong that you have done.

If my trembling hand were steady, if my smiles had not all fled,
If my eyes spoke not so plainly of the tears they often shed,
I would meet you and would greet you at the old sweet trysting place,
And perchance you'd deem me happy if you met me face to face.

If the melody of springtide awoke no wild refrain,
If the autumn's golden burthen awoke no living pain,
I would meet thee and would greet thee as years ago we met,
Before our hearts were shipwrecked on the ocean of regret.

If my woman's soul were stronger, if my heart were not so true,
I would long have ceased remembering the love I had for you,
But I dare not meet or greet thee in the old familiar way,
Until we meet in heaven, when tears have passed away.

—Mary Mark Lemon in Temple Bar.

HER HUSBAND.

It is now over four years since I, Elizabeth Graves, first met Dora Hamilton. It was at Nice, on a brilliant day in February. I had just recovered from a sharp attack of typhoid fever and had been sent to the Riviera by my physician to complete my convalescence. One of his prescriptions was a drive every day when the weather was fine, and it was strictly followed. I enjoyed beyond measure my excursions in the environs of the city, the glorious sunshine, the vivid azure of sea and sky, the rich vegetation—in fact, all those elements that cause Nice to resemble a set scene in some magnificent theatrical spectacle. But I was far from strong, and could endure but little fatigue, and one afternoon my drive was prolonged far beyond the point that was either healthful or prudent. My driver lost his way, and after circulating about through various unknown roads for a long time, he finally brought me out on the heights of Cimiez, about half an hour after sunset. I was chilled and exhausted, and seeing the lights shining in the windows of a superb villa embowered in palms and orange trees near which we were passing, I called to the coachman to stop, and sent my maid in to ask the lodgekeeper for a glass of wine. This was brought by a kind hearted, motherly looking old woman, who, seeing my pallor and my half fainting condition, insisted upon my alighting and coming in to rest. I was so spent and weary that it was impossible for me to refuse. I was scarcely installed, however, when a handsome equipage dashed through the gates, there was a brief parley between the lodgekeeper and the new arrivals, and a lady entered the little room where I was seated, all eager kindness and hospitality, who introduced herself as Mrs. Hamilton, the tenant of the villa.

"I must come at once to the house, she said, impulsively. "I had been ill? Then I must wait and rest, and take some refreshment. And her brother, Dr. Somers, was a physician, and would know exactly what to do for me. My own carriage could come back for me later—that is, if it would not be best for me to stay all night." So, half coaxing, half compelling, she hurried me into her landau, and I found myself in a few minutes safely ensconced in an arm chair in the elegant drawing room of the Villa Vittoria (so called because the crown princess of Russia had once spent a week there), with wine and biscuits and tea set out on a little table beside me, and a bright fire blazing on the hearth.

Dr. Somers, a tall, grave looking gentleman, came in, felt my pulse, and declared that I was in need only of a few hours of thorough repose. And then I took a good look at the lady who had so suddenly and unexpectedly become my hostess.

I think she was one of the loveliest women I have ever seen in all my life. She was not positively beautiful, but she was exquisitely graceful, with a tall, slender figure that reminded me, in its litheness and swaying movements, of the stem of a calla lily. Her features were delicate and finely cut, her eyes most lovely, being large and transparent, of a soft yet lustrous gray. Her complexion had the pearly whiteness and varying blush rose tints of a person in fragile health, and indeed her whole aspect gave the impression of one that had suffered much and patiently endured. It is impossible for me to give by description any idea of the fascination of her manner, or the peculiar sweetness of her low, musical voice that seemed to hold a caress in each of its melodious tones. She wore an elegant costume in gray crepe de Chine, and a bonnet trimmed with clusters of pale tinted violets, and the refinement and delicacy of her aspect appeared to be continued in her attire.

I had never heard of Mrs. Hamilton, and Nice is not precisely the place where it is safe to form haphazard acquaintances, but it was impossible for me to resist the winning charm of that fair lady's voice and manner. I introduced myself as well as I was able, though she declared that no constatation of my identity was necessary, and after she had laid aside her bonnet, she came back and sat down beside me, and began to talk with the naive frankness of a child.

"We have come to Nice for the winter, my husband and I," she said, "for Edgar is delicate and cannot endure the cold of America or the dampness of Paris. In fact, his health gives me much uneasiness and requires constant watchfulness and attention. Fortunately, my brother is a physician, and he resides with us, and travels with us, and takes every possible care of Mr. Hamilton. Of course, I assist him as much as possible, but Edgar's condition is so very precarious and causes me so much anxiety, that I should never know a moment's peace if I did not have a medical adviser constantly at hand. We never go into society and receive few visits, for I am not very strong myself, and my husband needs all the time and attention I can devote to him. He seldom comes down stairs, but I wish he would do so this evening, for I should like to introduce him to you. Perhaps he has decided to dine with us this evening, and then that would by very pleasant."

She called to a servant, who had come to remove the tray. "Jules, go upstairs and see if Mr. Hamilton will be able to come down this evening."

The servant, an elderly, grave looking man, vanished, and speedily returned with the message that Dr. Somers did not consider it prudent for Mr. Hamilton to leave his room.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Hamilton, with a smile, "it would not do for him to be imprudent. But I should have been so pleased to present Edgar to you—he is so handsome and so intelligent, and such a brilliant conversationalist. However, here is his picture, and you can judge from that how very good looking he is, apart from my conjugal prejudices," she added, with a blush as swift and vivid as though she were a newly betrothed maiden instead of a wife of many years' standing.

The picture that she put into my hand was a beautiful photograph on ivory, colored and finished as a miniature. It represented a singularly fine looking man, with blue eyes and blonde hair and mustache, but the eyes had a sinister gleam in their depths, and the full, red lips were sensual and coarse in outline and in expression. Moreover, the face was that of a much younger man than I had expected to see. Mrs. Hamilton, charming as she was, was evidently not far from 40 years of age, and the photograph of her husband was certainly that of a man under 30. There was no trace of ill health visible in the high colored, handsome face of the picture, so, after inspecting it for some moments, I asked: "Is this a recently taken likeness, Mrs. Hamilton? It does not look like the portrait of any one who had ever been ill."

"No, that is true." She took the photograph from my hand and seemed troubled, and also, to my astonishment, a little bewildered. "It was taken before we were married—twenty years ago. He has never had any other photograph taken since, and he will not sit to an artist. I cannot tell why, for to me he is always the same. Edgar! my Edgar!" And she pressed the picture to her lips, the tears streaming down her cheeks as she did so.

I was infinitely amazed at her emotion, which seemed to me so needless, and I was distressed at having unwittingly caused it, especially as I had not the faintest idea of how to proceed in order to soothe her. Just then, to my infinite relief, the door opened and Dr. Somers entered. Taking the miniature from Mrs. Hamilton's hand, he said to her, gravely: "My dear Dora, you are very foolish to let yourself become nervous and hysterical. You will be unable to sing to Edgar this evening if you do not cease sobbing and try to recover your voice."

"It was very foolish of me, Mark," replied Mrs. Hamilton, smiling up at him through her tears, "and Mrs. Graves must consider me a very absurd person, but you know whenever I think of poor Edgar's precarious health I am apt to break down utterly. Are you sure he is no worse than usual this evening?"

"Not a particle—rather better, in fact; but you can come and see for yourself, presently. Mrs. Graves will excuse you for a few moments, I am sure."

Just at that moment my carriage was announced, and I gladly availed myself of that excuse for taking leave at once, resisting all the hospitable entreaties of Mrs. Hamilton that I would stay and dine, if not remain all night, for I could not but feel that I was in the way, as indeed any guest, it seemed to me, would have been under the roof that sheltered so beloved and all absorbing an invalid as Mr. Hamilton evidently was.

I called a few days later to return thanks to my kind hostess for her hospitable care, and also to restore to her the numerous wraps and rugs in which she had insisted on enveloping me for my homeward drive. I did not see Mrs. Hamilton, however. Dr. Somers received me in her stead, and excused his sister on the ground that she was then in attendance on her husband. And as I crossed the hall I heard a voice of exquisite sweetness, that I readily recognized as that of Mrs. Hamilton, pouring forth its delicate notes in a scarcely known melody by Gounod.

"What a charming voice!" I remarked. "It is a pity that so fine a talent should be entirely lost to the world."

"My sister spends a great deal of time in singing to the invalid and also in reading to him," answered the doctor; "and she is happier in her self devotion than the praise and applause of society could make her."

After that day I had occasional glimpses of Mrs. Hamilton as her carriage passed mine during my daily drives. She never failed to lean forward and greet me with a pretty, eager gesture, and one of her sweet, pathetic smiles, but that was all that I ever saw of her. Her card was only left by her footman at the hotel for me, and greatly as I had been attracted by her, I shrank from again intruding on the privacy of that jealously guarded home.

There was evidently something mysterious about the malady and the seclusion of Mr. Hamilton. Gossip at Nice ran riot on the subject, and suggested all sorts of solutions for the riddle. One was that the invalid was not ill, but was simply insane, the constant presence of Dr. Somers and the peculiar taciturnity and reticence of the servants in the face of questions, and—must it be added?—even of bribes, being alleged in support of the theory. Then more malicious persons declared that Mrs. Hamilton was an adventuress who concealed a whole troop of lovers under the identity of the one unseen invalid, but that wicked report was speedily silenced, having no foundation in probability, as it had none in fact. The explanation of the matter which I was inclined to consider correct was, that Mr. Hamilton had been disfigured for life by injuries received in some accident or other shortly after his marriage, and shrank from permitting strangers to look upon his marred and distorted features. This theory was corroborated in my own mind by the tears Mrs. Hamilton had shed over her husband's miniature, and by his refusal to come down stairs while I was in the house.

The month of March had passed away, and the Riviera was flashing forth into all the brightness of early spring, when, one day, on my way home from an afternoon reception, I chanced to pass the Villa Vittoria, and was surprised to observe that the usually tranquil and solitary home was the center of a universal commotion. Servants were hurrying to and fro, groups of people hung about the lodge gate, talking and gesticulating, and within the sunlit windows of the distant villa might be observed a stir and confusion altogether foreign to the usual customs of the house. I sent my servant to inquire the cause of the excitement, and the lodgekeeper's aged wife came hurrying out herself to impart her tidings. They were both tragic and distressing. Mrs. Hamilton had gone out for an early drive to Montboron. Her horses had taken fright whilst descending the mountain, had run away and had overturned the carriage. The unfortunate lady was thrown out, and was injured so terribly that her life was despaired of. Dr. Somers, who had accompanied her, had escaped with some slight bruises, and had been able to superintend the removal of his sister to her home.

"He has been watching over her ever since, madam," continued the old woman, "and he sent far and near for the best doctors in Nice, but they did not stay long when they came, and I am afraid the poor lady is dying."

Acting on my first impulse, I sprang from my carriage and hastened to the villa. The sound of voices guided me to the room of the sufferer. I paused on the threshold of the open door, but Dr. Somers, who was seated by his sister's bed, looked up and saw me, and signed to me, without speaking, to enter. Mrs. Hamilton did not notice me, and I do not think she was even aware of my presence. Her fair face was uninjured, but the pale shadow of approaching death rested upon her features and dimmed the luster of her beautiful eyes. She was pleading with her brother as I arrived, and she went on with her piteous prayer as I approached the bed.

"I know that I am dying, Mark," wailed the melancholy tones, still so sweet amid their feebleness. "Call Edgar—do call Edgar—let me see him once more before I go! I cannot die happy unless I look again on his dear face. It cannot hurt him more than the news of my death will do. Oh, Mark—dear Mark—do tell Edgar to come to me!"

Without a word, Dr. Somers arose and flung wide open a door opposite to that by which I had entered, and which led to an inner room, all inundated with the golden glory of the April sunset. The whole interior of the apartment thus disclosed was visible to me from where I stood. There were flowers everywhere, and pictures, and books, and exquisite trifles of all kinds, were visible on every side, but there was no human being to be seen within.

With the opening of the door a sudden change passed over the features of the dying woman. The light returned to her eyes, and a faint color tinged her pale face, as, half raising herself on her pillows, she fixed her eager gaze on a point near the foot of the bed. There was no one there—she spoke to empty space—but never shall I forget the pathetic tones of her voice, the loving tenderness of her fixed, dilated eyes.

"I knew you would come to me, Edgar," she panted. "It is hard to say good by—we have loved each other so fondly, and you will miss me sadly, dear husband. But do not mourn for me—it will not seem long—our separation—after all. And think what it would have been for me had you died and left me alone in the world. I should have gone mad with grief, I think—but now—I go—to sleep—to dream of you—and when I wake you will be beside me—Edgar—my Edgar!"

She made a gesture as if to stretch out her arms toward the invisible being to whom she spoke—a spasm crossed her features, a rush of blood came to her lips, and she fell back upon her pillows. Dr. Somers bent over her, hearkened for a second and then pressed a lingering kiss upon her brow.

"All is over, Mrs. Graves," he said, as he raised his head. "Dora is with her husband."

Before the doctor left Nice he paid me a long visit, to thank me, as he said, for the interest I had manifested in his sister, and also to explain to me the riddle of her seemingly mysterious existence. The brother and sister had been left orphans at an early age, and each in possession of a handsome fortune. Some twenty years before, Dora Somers, then a very young and sensitive and affectionate girl, had been captivated by the showy graces and handsome person of Edgar Hamilton, an adventurer and gambler of conspicuously evil character. She loved him passionately, and became his wife in the teeth of the opposition of all her relatives. Immediately after the wedding the young couple started on a journey to Niagara Falls and Canada. A broken rail hurled the train on which they were traveling into wreck and disaster. Mr. Hamilton was instantly killed, and his bride received sundry severe injuries, chiefly on the head. She was ill for many weeks, and, on her recovery, it became evident that her reason was irretrievably shaken. She was possessed by the idea that her husband was still living, and that he was constantly with her. She shaped all her existence by his imaginary requirements, and would talk to him, and sing to him, and read to him, precisely as though he were really present. Her brother, with noble self devotion, gave up his whole life to the care of this gentlest of maniacs.

"And, thanks to my watchful affection, Mrs. Graves," continued the doctor, "she led a happy and peaceful life. Her Edgar—not the scamp that she married, but the bright creation of her own loving fancy—was always with her. The real Edgar, had he lived, would have rendered her fond, sensitive nature unspeakably wretched. She escaped all the sorrows of such a union, and I cannot but fancy that she and the visionary spouse that she loved and tended for so many years are now united where, beyond these voices, there is peace." — Lucy H. Hooper in Frank Leslie's.

DEACON BURDETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE YOUNG WHITE HEAD.

You probe my story when you ask me how
In my life's morning all my hair is white
As Alpine snowdrifts on some mountain's brow,
That lifts above the peaks its lofty height.
My hair was blacker than the raven's wing,
And kindly matrons, aye, and laughing girls,
Smiled not unkindly on me—foolish thing,
And praised the ebon shading of my curls.
But in one summer night, so short and still,
It changed to ghastly white from raven hue;
You cannot help it, in a flouring mill,
It comes off easy with a wet shampoo.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

Be a gentleman, my son; be refined and gentlemanly in your home deportment. Don't be rough and vulgar toward those whom you love and respect. Be a nobleman. When a London costermonger's wife displeases him he kicks her with his heavy boots, but when the Duke of Snarlboro's wife offends him he only slaps her mouth. We cannot all be born of gentle blood, my son, as is the duke, but we can nobly aspire to something better than the coster.

DISTANCED.

Oh, I am the man who got left—
Of office and place I'm bereft;
When they counted the votes, as the tally denotes,
The other chap collared the heft.
There was fraud and corruption and theft,
For the other man's heelers were deft;
But without hesitation, I've this consolation,
I'd rather be right than be left.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Only a Portion of His Family.

A short man convoying eleven children stood at Broadway and Cortlandt street yesterday afternoon. He wore a shiny Prince Albert coat, a decalcomanie on his necktie for a scarfpin, and there was a look of settled melancholy on his smooth shaven face.

The children ranged from about 15 years down. The eldest carried a satchel and the rest had umbrellas or bundles suited to their carrying capacity.

They were waiting for a Broadway car, and the small man grouped his charges carefully on the curb, uttering frequent admonitions the while. "Thomas," he said, reprovingly to a small boy, "if you drop that basket with the eggs in it there'll be trouble for you, sir, to-night. Isabella, put down that umbrella. You are poking everybody in the ribs."

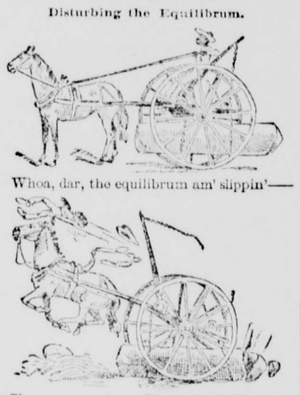
Just then a car came along, and the perilous work of embarking the children began, bringing two drays and a cab to a standstill in Broadway.

"Hurry up, old man," called the cabman, "and hustle your picnic into the car."

"You want ter keep them orfuns outer Broadway," said a drayman, "or else dress 'em up alike with the name of the asylum on their collars."

The short man did not reply. He hoisted the smallest infant into the car, and as it started he turned his mournful face to the cabman and said: "This is not a picnic, it is a portion of my family. Perhaps, young man," he added with deepening sadness, "when you have had fourteen children life will not seem to you to be all a merry jest."
—New York Tribune.

Disturbing the Equilibrum.



Whoa, dar, the equilibrum am' slippin'——

Sh————! —Philadelphia Times.

A Chestnut, but Still Toothsome.

The late Justice Patrick Grattan was one of the most popular citizens of West Troy, where his memory will ever be green, and reminiscences of his witticisms continue to bring smiles to the countenances of his surviving friends, as passing events recall the name of the genial "Pat." It was but seldom that his quick wit would not pierce through any practical joke that was intended to be played on him, and he used to relate that the most completely that he was ever taken in was by a rollicking son of Erin, who stood arraigned and convicted before him for public intoxication. The fellow pleaded for mercy, saying that he had a large family dependent on him for support. "How many children have you?" asked the kind hearted Grattan. "Oi hev siven byes and a sister for ivery wan o' 'em," was the reply. He was let off with the payment of a light fine, and it was not till several minutes had elapsed that the court comprehended that one girl could be a sister to seven boys, just as easily as seven girls, as he at first thought.—Albany Argus.

A Use Found for It.

Omaha Husband—The play will be half over before we get started. Hurry up.

Wife—I can't find my theatre hat.

"I saw it this afternoon in the nursery."

"The nursery! How did it get there, I wonder?"

"I don't know. Maybe the children were using it for a playhouse."—Omaha World.

Let Us Give Thanks.

Thanksgiving day ought to be observed with more genuine thankfulness this season than usual. The election is over, the baseball season is ended, and John L. Sullivan has left the country. It is feared, however, that the papers will be more full of Sullivan's doings than ever.—Norristown Herald.

Well, Hardly.

They are not particular about small things in China. Recently the census takers forgot to enumerate the population of a little province containing 60,000,000 of souls. Such a thing would never have happened in St. Paul or Minneapolis.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Society Item.

Mistress (to maid)—Did any one call while I was out, Mary?

Mary—Yis, mum; a young man called to see Bridget, the cook, an' she sint wurrd up that she "wasn't at home till avenin'."—Texas Siftings.

Raw onions are now recommended as a cure for insomnia by physicians who do their prescribing by mail and telephone.—Omaha World.

The largest fish market in the world is Billingsgate, London, where 132,000 tons of fish are sold a year.

In a certain reference suit in London the cost on one side has already amounted to $500,000.

LOBSTER AND COD CULTURE.

A New Departure in the Propagation of the Shellfish.

It is very probable that unless we have resort to artificial culture to replenish our lobster fisheries there will be a marked decline in Nova Scotia's output during the next few years. Already Newfoundland is ahead of us in this branch of fish culture, for under the management of Adolph Nielsen, a Norwegian expert, "the ancient colony" has taken a new departure in the propagation of cod and lobsters. In a recent article Rev. Moses Harvey writes that the fish hatchery on the shore of Trinity bay is the largest in the world for the propagation of codfish and lobsters, and capable of hatching 300,000,000 of cod and 200,000,000 lobsters in a single season.

A single mother lobster can stow away no less than 20,000 eggs, and she carries these about with her until they are ripened and hatched. The lobster trapper takes these mother fish and carries them to the factory, where they are thrown into boiling water, and of course the eggs are destroyed. The quantity of lobster ova that perish in this way is beyond all calculation, and is one great cause of depleted fisheries.

Mr. Harvey thus describes Mr. Nielsen's ingenious methods: He gets the female lobster at the factories before they are boiled, and with a sort of spoon constructed for the purpose he strips the eggs from the fibrils and returns the lobster uninjured. He takes the eggs, which are not nearly so delicate as those of the cod, and places them in the incubators, where the water is kept in constant motion.

After a time, longer or shorter according to the degree of ripeness they have reached before being removed from the mother, these ova are hatched. With some of them only two days are required; in the case of others less advanced a month or even two months may be needed to hatch them. Unlike the cod the young lobster must be fed, for it has no yolk sac to feed on when it breaks from the shell. Mussels chopped fine, with occasionally a few yolks of eggs, furnish food on which they grow rapidly, and in five or six days they have gone through their first shelling and are fit to be set free in the water to pick up their own living.

Mr. Nielsen has invented floating incubators to be placed in the water near the lobster factories which are scattered around the shores. In these incubators the eggs are placed and attended to by men properly instructed. He has 432 of these floating incubators distributed this year at thirteen different stations—thirty-six at each. They are reported to be working admirably. There would be no serious difficulty involved in making similar experiments upon our own coast, and we understand that the energetic minister of marine already has the project under consideration.—Halifax Herald.

Selling the Queen a Tombstone.

Mr. Andrews came pretty near selling the queen a sample of his marble—that would have been a great thing for him. He was telling me all about it the other day.

"O. R. Johnson, the vice consul," said he, "got me a card to the queen's drawing room in May, and I went to it attired in a court dress which I hired at a shop in Bond street. There was an awful crush, but I contrived to get pretty near the head of the procession by tipping a sixpence to the lord chancellor of the privy chamber. I bowed and kissed the queen's hand in great shape; told her I had always admired and sympathized with her—that I particularly revered her for her devotion to the memory of the departed. My words seemed to touch her deeply. She answered that it was her determination to keep that memory forever green. 'In that case,' said I, 'let me give you a pointer—buy a fifty foot slab of my verd-antique marble!'"

"What did she say to that?" I asked.

"She didn't say anything," replied Mr. Andrews, "but a rude fat man in gilt lace and a cocked hat told me to keep moving on around to the left. I'd have closed a sale if it hadn't been for him."
—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

In the Cushing's Fire Room.

Very few of those who watched the torpedo boat Cushing as she took her spins around the harbor, or as she appeared in her cradle in the dry dock, realized how trying is service on board the little vessel, even in time of peace. When the Cushing is under way the temperature in the little engine room gets up to anywhere from 130 to 150 degs., and in the narrow quarters wherein the twenty-three officers and men are stowed the thermometer for hours at a time will register 100. But such things must be when you put 1,700 horse power machinery into a boat of only ninety tons displacement and the safety valves are set to blow off at 250. The fire room of the Cushing when she is making her highest speed, 31.4 miles an hour, must give the unfortunate men in it a vivid idea of how salamanders feel.

A Fortune from Beans and Beef.

Oliver Hitchcock, the Park row beans and beef man, has made more money from the sale of the two articles of diet mentioned than any man in the world. His fortune is estimated to be $750,000. He is said to own considerable stock in the New York Central railroad and to have a large sum invested in bonds and mortgages. He is a remarkably sturdy man for his age—he being 74 years old. Every day finds him behind his counter, at the corner of Beekman street, slicing the juicy cornbeef or ladling out the Boston vegetable. He works only four hours a day now.

Mr. Hitchcock began selling beef and beans forty years ago, and he has been at it continuously ever since. Some of the most famous newspaper men of New York city have dined at his humble restaurant. Horace Greeley was one of Hitchcock's regular customers. Hitchcock cannot remember why he made a specialty of beef and beans, but he has tangible evidence that if these articles are properly cooked and decently served they will bring a handsome remuneration.—New York Journal.

DAWN AND DUSK.

Apollo's shaft of radiant flame,
Shattered against the sea's blue shield,
On myraid ripples dance and gleam,
Gold stars strewn o'er an azure field.

Upon the shining sands they stand
In morn of day and morn of life,
Together stand, hand clasped in hand,
A bridegroom fond, a happy wife.

The moon, a silver scimitar,
Severs the driving rack of cloud.
Far, far beyond the harbor bar
The surges moan, now low, now loud.

Alone upon the darksome strand,
The black wave lapping at her feet,
A widow stands; vanished the hand,
Silent the voice that made life sweet.
—Mary J. Safford in Belford's Magazine.

Keep the Nails in Trim.

The base of the nails presents a not less important field for the exercise of care and attention than the tips. No nail can be a handsome one which is overgrown and smothered at the lower portion by a clinging mass of skin, often dry, split and ragged from neglect. If this condition has been allowed to continue from childhood the adult person who has come to feel something of pride in his personal appearance will confront quite a task in the attempt to correct the evil; but there is nothing of this sort impossible to the persistent, careful worker.

The skin should be patiently pressed back, by degrees, till the beauty of the well proportioned nail, with its charming, pearly white crescent at the base, stands out as an adequate reward for all the effort. If a manicure set be not at hand, gentle pressure from the thumb nail of the opposite hand makes a very acceptable substitute, the field of operations being kept in good condition by frequent bathing and rubbing, especial pains being taken to remove "hang nails" or any fragments of dry skin adhering to the nails themselves.—Good Housekeeping.

Excessive Ugliness in Soldiers.

Ugliness as a disqualifying cause seems intelligible in a candidate for matrimony, but is certainly less so when the question is one of fitness for military service. This, however, is one on the list of disqualifications laid down by the head of the medical department in a manual just issued on "Conscription in France." Latterly the French authorities seem to be much more liberal in admitting the claims of men who do not wish to serve. The rejections are 5 per cent. more numerous than at the previous conscription. The French are looking more to the quality of their army than to the number of recruits. Excessive ugliness, says this military doctor, makes a man ridiculous, prevents him from having authority over his comrades, and leaves him morbid and sensitive. If the ugliness be adequate the claim must be allowed. "Male hysteria" is another valid plea. The army doctors say it exists among French conscripts, and it is the more objectionable as it is contagious.—Cor. London Telegraph.

Two Paris Weddings.

Mlle. Jeanne Hugo, granddaughter of the celebrated poet, is betrothed to M. Leon Daudet, son of the novelist, Alphonse Daudet. The fiancee, who is very handsome—her dowry also—is just 20, and the young man is three years her senior and a promising member of the medical profession. For a long time the youthful Leon, whose wonderful monkey tricks made him the talk of Paris, was the boon companion of M. Georges Hugo, and both have been sketched in Daudet's recent books—pranks, talk, appearance and all. Another projected union in the world of letters is that of M. Paul Bourget, whose "Cœur de Femme" is having such an immense sale, and who is affianced to Mlle. Minnie David, the daughter of an American merchant residing in Paris.—Exchange.

About Sneezing.

"Bless you!" some one says on hearing a companion sneeze. "Bless you!" was just the exclamation made for the same reason in other tongues by several nations hundreds of years ago. More than one ancient Greek writer speaks of this custom, but cannot say certainly whence it came. The man who sneezed when offering sacrifice was thought fortunate and sure to obtain his object. We all know how sneezing may be caused. But it is curious to notice that some people sneeze on coming into the sunshine. It is well to remember that repeated or violent sneezing has its dangers. So the unseasoned must beware of snuff!—Exchange.

Naked Children.

Little Egyptians of both sexes trot around without any clothes on, and the poorer classes of the Chinese children are often without clothes. I have seen quite large boys and girls naked in Havana, Cuba, and in southern California, or rather on the California peninsula, the mother puts the child at the age of a few months a-straddle of her neck, and with his legs hanging down in front thus carries him from place to place.—Washington Letter.

A Georgia Negro's Shoes.

The largest pair of shoes ever seen in Dawson were received the other day by Mr. L. C. Durham for a negro by the name of Alex White. The shoes were numbered fifteen and weighed four pounds and five ounces. White can never find any shoes in stock that will fit him, and always has to put in a special order for them.—Macon Telegraph.

A Method in His Wildness.

During a hunt a lieutenant fired at a rabbit, but missed it and narrowly missed the major of his regiment, who was in front of him.

"Donnerwetter!" exclaimed the major. "I say, lieutenant, are you shooting at rabbits or for promotion?"—Texas Siftings.

The Rise and Fall.

Briggs—They say a watch keeps better time when it is kept at a certain distance from the ground. That must be why yours is so irregular.

Griggs—I don't see the point.

Briggs—Because it is put up so often.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Making a Rubber Shoe.

Supplementary to the great shoemaking business here is the rubber industry, for which Boston is the great center in this country. Forty million dollars' worth of rubber shoes and boots are sold in the modern Athens annually. The raw material comes from Para, Brazil, in huge lumps, which the natives make by dipping sticks in the sap of the caoutchouc tree and turning them round and round with frequent plunges into the heated rubber over a hot fire. These lumps, upon reaching the factory, are cut in slices, which are run through rollers and pressed out thin and flat like pancakes. The sheets thus obtained are next put through other rollers, heated to a high temperature, and incidentally amalgamated with a composition of lampblack, sulphur and litharge, which reduces them to a soft and putty like consistency.

Finally, in this soft condition, they are passed over steel rollers bigger than any that have gone before, and actually incorporated with the tissue of a woolen cloth which is destined to serve as the lining of the eventual boot or shoe. If you will try to pull apart the lining and outer coat of a rubber sandal, you will obtain a notion of the thoroughness with which this part of the manufacture is performed. The rubber sheets, thus prepared, are passed through a last set of rollers, on which are engraved all the markings and corrugations of the sole and upper that appear in the completed article. The rubber sheets are now ready for the cutter, who turns out the various pieces by hand, with the aid of a knife and patterns. The parts are then put together by other workmen with rubber tape. When this much has been accomplished, the shoe or boot is lasted in the usual way, and, after being varnished, is allowed to remain for eight hours in a room heated to the temperature of 235 degs. The heat sets the varnish and tempers the rubber, which is then termed "vulcanized." The stamping of the firm name on the sole is the concluding operation, and then the rubber shoe is ready for sale.—Boston Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Horses' Delight in Sound.

It has been often observed by those who had to do with horses that these animals have their proper pride in regard to the looks of their harness and trappings. The horse is quick to show his pleasure or displeasure, and he does this at times with marked emphasis. His sensitiveness is not limited to the delight of the eye, but he is equally moved by the sensation of sound. Horses seem in many cases to be conscious of the tuneful melody or the jangling discord, as the case may be, made by the bells which are put upon them in the winter when they are driven to sleigh and sled.

Mr. Hissey, an Englishman who has made a trip through his own country, and has written a book about it, found bells in use all the year round on the narrow country roads of Derbyshire. A driver of one of those teams told him that once, being in a hurry, he neglected to put on the bells. The consequence was that the horses were so indignant they refused to start. As soon as the bells were fixed on the horses started and went contentedly on their way.

These simple tastes of the horse appear much like vanity. The animal seems wholly insensible to the charms of landscape, but its fancy is taken by the glitter and flash of a bit of tinsel worn by itself. It takes no notice apparently of the sweetest notes of singing birds heard in the thickets about its pasture, but is delighted with the ringing of bells, with which it makes music by its prancing step and by the tossing of its neck.—Youth's Companion.

The Bandmaster of West Point.

The cadet hop is a scene of almost bewildering beauty. It takes place in the mess room in Grant hall, about which are hung the portraits of great commanders, so thickly that it looks like a picture gallery. The floor is of hard wood and perfectly polished. Upon a little platform the band is seated. Its leader possesses a proud and haughty physique, and is evidently profoundly impressed with his own importance. I have seen many eminent and powerful personages, in whose hands rested the destinies of states, but how small they all look in the presence of a really exalted bandmaster.

When he frowns harshly at the bass fiddle, when by a twist of the wrist he inspires the flute to renewed exertions, when his fiery eye lights on the unhappy man who bangs the cymbals, but banged them at the wrong second, when he becomes excited and throws himself around on all sides at once, how it does seem as if the music came right out of the end of his baton. Now he shuts his eyes dreamily and moves his hand slowly, like the swell on the sea, while a dreamy melody floats upon the heavy air. Now he scarcely moves at all, and only the exquisite strain of a single violin touches your ear. Now his bosom heaves, his eyes glow, his hands beat wildly, and a tumultuous chorus breaks forth like the roar of an angry battery or the shout of a victorious host! And he does it all with just that little black scepter. What majesty compares with his?—West Point Cor. New York Tribune.

Our American Stock Waning.

Civilization, strange as it may seem, in voves marked tendencies toward degeneration. It is possible civilization will never attain a condition wherein it is able to successfully carry forward a race without at the same time losing part of the best powers of that race. Our American stock is seriously waning in more ways than one. Our keenness of vision is not comparable to that of our savage forefathers. We are losing, or so far have lost, in teeth and hair, which means that we have lost in our animal vitality. Moral degeneracy in some forms is also quite as surely an adjunct of progress. Insurance against fire has increased perjury; business competition, awakening energy and industry and tact, has also increased selfishness. It does not seem an evil to most business men to crowd down their neighbors and crush their rival enterprises. The building of large cities involves the creation of a secondary barbarism, a caste consigned to decay and dissolution. So far we have devised no progress without an increase of inventions for self destruction. Drunkenness and debauchery have overwhelmed much of the best and most hopeful.—"E. P. P." in Globe-Democrat.

Not the Lawn Mower.

"I hate to make a complaint, Mr. Smith, but that lawn mower of yours is a terrible nuisance."

"Lawn mower! I haven't got any lawn mower."

"Haven't got any lawn mower? Well, that's good! As though I hadn't heard it night and morning ever since I moved here. There! there goes the confounded thing again!"

"But, my dear sir, that isn't a lawn mower. That's my son winding up his Waterbury."—Boston Transcript.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 20 ..... 1891.

The estate left by John Kelley amounts to $200,000. It is left to his widow and two childnen.

The Reno "Gazette," in an editorial on Admiral Porter, says he captured Vicksburg. This corrects a mistake most people had fallen into thinking that General Grant had accomplished that very difficult job.

There is not an intelligent man in the state but knows that the Railroad Commission is an expensive and useless sham. But there are some intelligent men who are interested in keeping this sham in existance, and these can easily, it appears, so gull the dull crowd who make a majority of the Legislature that the humbugging Commission is kept in existence.

How utterly ridiculous and contemtible the great bulk of members of the Legislature appear in the newspaper accounts of the proceedings. The daily history is of what Dan Burns and Phil. Crimmins are doing, and the solons are but the balls that those expert billiardists are punching about upon the table. Men who have schemes to accomplish that they are willing to pay for, turn with contempt from the stupid herd, and employ a political vaquero who rounds them up like horned cattle and sells them to the highest bidder.

Admiral David D. Porter died at Washington last Eriday morning. He was aged 78 years. The father of Admiral Porter was as brave an officer as ever served in the United States Navy, and till this day the men of the Navy are proud of his fame. The son was worthy of such a sire. Admiral Porter was as brave a man as ever trod a deck or carried a ship into action. The editor of this paper served on the same ship with Admiral Porter on the memorable advance up the Mississippi in 1862, and saw him under fire for weeks together. His calm, cool courage inspired his men and made them ready for any service.

General Sherman died, but the record of his great services to his country will endure as long as civilization endures. His fame is without a stain. Never in the world's history did three greater men live and act together for the good of their country than Lincoln, Grant and Sherman, and not a single instance occurred of any jealousy or self-seeking on the part of any one of the three at the expense of the others. America may well be proud of the entire greatness of her great men, and their noble freedom from the petty failings from which the greatest of other lands have not been free. No act of the dead soldier needs apology, and no trait of his character needs excuse.

One of the very best speeches yet been made on the silver question was recently addressed to the Coinage Committee of the House of Representatives. The following passage is especially good: "We believe that the money of the world, whose volume is limited by nature itself, is a better money than that whose volume is limited by legislation—by either the folly or the wisdom of man. And we say that so long as there is a dollar of such credit money in existence, as long as there is a paper note issued by any government in the world, as long as there is a bank note issued by any bank and made a legal tender, so long the necessity for both gold and silver, as money, is absolutely demonstrated."

A bill has been passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor, the purpose of which is to submit to the people a proposition to amend the Constitution by extending the session of the Legislature from sixty days to one hundred. This change should be defeated. All the legislation that is good for the state con be done in sixty days. The real purpose of the amendment is to enable the members of the Legislature to draw more pay. The pay now allowed members is entirely too small, but it would be much better to double the per diem than to lengthen the sessions. A large majority of the men sent to the Legislature are utterly unfit by education or experience to make laws. They sit in the chamber like so many wooden Indians in front of a cigar stand. and the few schemers who are in every Legislature use them in manipulating "cinch" bills and laugh at their stupidity. If the Legislature met but once in four years there would be less tinkering at the codes, and this alone has grown to be a grewsome evil. If the people do not want to afford corrupt schemers more opportunity they will defeat the proposed amendment when it shall be submitted to a vote.

OFFICIAL.

DELINQUENT Tax List. A. D. 1890.

INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

A

Arnold, Robert—W hf of Sw qr, W hf of Nw qr, section 32, tp 16 S, R 36 E, 162 acres. Personal property 12 89

Anger, L A—W hf of Sw qr, Se qr of Sw qr sec 23, N w qr of N w qr s c 26 Tp 12 S R 34 E, 160 acres..... 8 99

B

Begole, Chas, D—E hf of Sw qr, W hf of Se qr section 2, Twp 15 S, R 36 E, 160 acres. Undivided one-half of 15¼ acres in Ne qr of Nw qr section 28, Tp 15 S, R 36 E, 7 acres. Lots in town of Lone Pine, Lot 2, 3, and fractional hf of lot 6, block 13. Lots in town of Lone Pine, Lots 2, 3 and 7 in block 26. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 6 and 7 in block 25. Lots in town of Lone Pine, all of block 27. Lots in town of Lone Pine, all of block 28. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 5 and 8 in block 23. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 1 and 4 in block 6. Personal property, 1 Poll and Hospital tax.... 20 65

Bulpitt, J H—T C Se qr sec 13 Tp 6 S, R 32 E D S hf of Ne qr, W hf of Se qr, S qr of Ne qr sec 9, N qr of Ne qr sec 30, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 20 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 440 acres; schl tax 16 71

Bourland, G P—Sw qr sec 9 Tp 8 S R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Brown, Jas H—W hf of Se qr, W hf of Sw qr c 28 2 Tp 6 S R 32 E, 160 acres; personal property..... 15 36

Boland, Thos—Jiggerville W hf of Sw qr sec 10; Fctnl Ne qr of Se qr; fctnl S qr of Ne qr, Ne qr of Ne qr sec 9 Tp 17 S R 37 E. T C W hf of S qr, Sw qr of N qr, N qr of Se qr sec 32 Tp 19 S R 37 E, 309 acres tax 11 56

Bulpitt, Fred H.—Ne qr of Se qr section 14, Nw qr of Sw qr section 13, Tp 7 S, R 32 E, 80 acres. Schl tax..... 3 76

Burton, Wm A—W hf of lot No 1, W hf of lot No 2 in Sw qr sec 19 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 83 acr schl tax..... 3 88

Bell, Mrs. Sallie—S hf of Nw qr, Ne qr of Ne qr sec 29 Tp 9 S R 33 E, E hf of Ne qr sec 9 Tp 9 S R 34 E, Nw qr of Se qr, Se qr of Sw qr sec 24 Tp 9 S R 35 E, 280 acres, personal property, Schl tax, 1 P and H tax 97 99

Blake, E H—E hf of Ne qr, s hf of S qr, section 33, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 6 17

Bunacy, W T—Lots in Academy Addition in town of Bishop Creek Nos 1, 2, 3 and 4 in blk K; schl tax personal property.... 9 59

Brown, Ed M—Improvements on homestead E hf of Nw qr sec 30 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Personal property 8 46

Bamber, John S—All sec 16 Tp 18 S R 38 E, 640 acres..... 34 10

Bartlett, Jacob W—S E hf sec 16 Tp 22 S R 42 E, 320 acres..... 17 30

Bridge, W H—All sec 16 Tp 19 S R 39 E, 640 acres 34 10

Blake, R H—T C E hf of Ne qr, W hf of Se qr sec 21 Tp 9 S R 34 E, 160 acres. School tax 6 17

C

Collins, A O—E hf sec 19, W hf sec 20 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 640 acres; Sw qr sec 6, W hf of Nw qr, Ne qr of Nw qr sec 7 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 280 acres. 3 Hospital and Road tax. School tax..... 118 22

Clark, Mary A—W hf of Sw qr sec 27, N hf of Nw qr sec 34 Tp 13 S R 35 E, 160 acres. schl tax..... 24 86

Canadas, M J—S hf of Se qr sec 7 Tp 15 S R 35 E, 80 acres..... 7 56

Carberry, Harry—Lot and house on Main St. town of Panamint, known as Mountain Harry's house..... 2 31

Curran, John—Lot and house in town of Panamint known as Jack Curran's residence, Main St..... 2 84

Clark, Andrew—S s qr, N hf of Sw qr, S s qr Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr sec 20, W hf of Ne qr, N hf of Se qr sec 29, N hf of Sw qr, S s qr of Nw qr sec 28, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 21 Township 8 S, R 32 E, 640 acres. School tax..... 26 51

Collins, W W—S hf of Se qr sec 7, E hf, Se qr of Nw qr, E hf of Sw qr sec 18, W hf of Sw qr Sw qr of Nw qr sec 17 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 640 acres; persnl propty schl tax..... 55 48

Clinton, P—Lot and house north side of Main street in town of Cerro Gordo. Personal property..... 5 01

Canny, D—Nw qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 160 acres 5 75

D

Dierkson, Poter—Lot in town of Lone Pine. Lot 2, Blk 12..... 4 94

Densmore, S A—Sw qr sec 2 Tp 13 S R 35 E, 160 acres..... 5 75

E

Eldred, John—Nw qr of Nw qr sec 9 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Schl tax..... 6 86

F

Farmer, Richard J.—N hf of Ne qr section 24, Se qr of Se qr section 13, Tp 13 S, R 35 E, Sw qr of S s qr section 18, Tp 13 S, R 36 E, 160 acres. School tax. 1 Poll and Hospital tax..... 18 75

Follett, Wallace—W hf of S s qr sec 13, W hf of Ne qr section 24, Tp 7 S, R 32 E, 120 acres. Schl tax..... 5 39

Fernbach, Joseph—Lots in town of Independence Nos 7, 9 and 11 in blk 21; S hf lot 10 in blk 21; fctnl lots 3 and 1 in blk 28; lots 2 4 and 6 in blk 23; personal property, schl tax 64 03

G

Gheen, William—E hf of N E qr, N hf of Se qr, Sec 2, Twp 8 S R 33 E, 160 acres; pers. prpty, schl tax, 1 P & H..... 46 16

Gheen, William—W hf of lot 2, W hf of lot 1 in Ne qr sec 2 Tp 8 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax 3 13

Gorevin, John—W hf of Se qr sec 18 Tp 14 S R 36 E, 80 acres; schl tax..... 3 77

Goodridge, A—(T C) W hf of Se qr, E hf of Sw qr sec 8 Tp 6 S R 31 E, 160 acres..... 5 75

Gibson, W F—(S) All sec 36 Tp 19 S R 39 E, 640 acres..... 34 10

Graham, Wm H.—Sw qr of Se qr section 12, Township No. 13 S. Range 35 East. 40 acres..... 1 81

Grant, Wm T—Se qr sec 12 Tp 19 S R 36 E, 160 acres..... 5 75

Gilbert, A. D, and Robinson, J. W.—Se qr of Sw qr, Sw qr of S s qr sec 10 Tp 12 S R 34 E 80 acres..... 3 13

Geiger, D M—E hf sec 36 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 320 acres; schl tax..... 19 79

Gillim, George—S s qr section 3, Tp 10 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Schl tax..... 6 17

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H

Herod, James—E hf of Nw qr, Ne qr sec 3, N hf sec 2, W hf of Nw qr sec 11 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 643 acres. Sch ol tax. 1 Poll and Hospital tax..... 31 05

Hardy, Geo. H.—N s qr of Nw qr, N hf of Ne qr, section 27, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 120 acres. Sw qr of Ne qr section 22 Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 40 acres. Personal property..... 19 75

Houard, Paul—Lot in town of Lone Pine, lot 1 and 4 block 3..... 4 94

Hall, George—W hf of Se qr section 9, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 80 acres. Schl tax..... 3 34

Horton, J M—Sw qr of Nw qr, Sw qr of N s qr Ne qr of Sw qr, Ne qr of S s qr sec 18 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 160 acres. Persnl property; schl tax, 1 P. and H. tax..... 79 25

Huckaby, Geo—Sw qr of Sw qr sec 21 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 40 acres. S s qr of Ne qr, S hf of Se qr, Sw qr of S s qr, section 20, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. Schl tax..... 13 37

Hillyer, James—S W qr S e c 15, Twp 13, R 35 E, 160 acres; improvements on Gov't l'd schl tax..... 8 69

Haskell, H. L.—W hf of S s qr, Ne qr of S s qr, W hf of Ne qr section 15, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 acres..... 8 90

Hearne, Henry—(H) W hf of N hf sec 10 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 160 acres..... 5 75

Hessian, Dennis J.—W hf of lot 2 in Nw qr section 12, W hf of S s qr, Ne qr of S s qr, section 1, Tp 9 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. Persl prpty, schl tax..... 16 71

I

Ingram, James—Building on C. & C. land at Citrus, Independence Station, known as Pioneer Saloon. School tax..... 3 71

J

Jones, James—W hf of SW qr section 13, Twp 8 S, R 33 E, 80 acres. School tax..... 8 84

Johnson, Jim (Indian)—Se qr of Ne qr section 13, Twp 9 S, R 33 E, 40 acres. School tax. 1 92

Jones, A., and Jones, J. D.—Lot 100 by 100 ft and building in town of Bishop known as Dr. Middleton's residence. Lot and building on Main and Line streets in the town of Bishop known as Jones' saloon. Personal property. School tax. Poll and Hospital tax..... 111 08

Jones, Thos E—S hf of N s qr, Ne qr of S s qr sec 22, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 23 Tp 6 S R 31 E, 160 acres; personal property 57 68

James, Walter Sr—Lot in town of Independence, Lot 11 block 9. Personal property. School tax..... 6 33

K

Keller, Jacob—Improvements on lots 5 and 6 in Nw qr section 4 Tp 13 S, R 35 E. Persl property. Schl tax..... 20 25

L

Lichens, Josephine—W hf sec 36 Tp 21 S, R 39 E, 320 acres..... 17 30

Laird, Peter—S hf of Nw qr, N hf of Sw qr sec 10 Tp 22 S R 37 E, 160 acr s..... 5 75

Leete, B M—W hf of Nw qr sec 22, Sw qr of Sw qr sec 15 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 120 acres, schl tax..... 4 91

Le Baron, D. A.—Personal property 4 18

Lane, James—W hf of Sw qr, S hf of Nw qr sec 11 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 160 acres. Personal property..... 25 57

Linscott, J. A.—N s qr of section 16, Twp 7 S R 33 E, 160 acres. Personal property, schl tax..... 45 02

M

Meades, A M—Improvements on E hf of Nw qr, W hf of N s qr, section 9, Twp 7 S, R 33 E. Persnl prpty and schl tax 23 47

Meades, A M—E hf of Nw qr, W hf of N s qr section 9, Twp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax..... 7 01

Matlack, Mrs E F—N hf of Se qr, S hf of S s qr section 25 Tp 7 S R 31 E, 160 acres; schl tax..... 6 53

Methodist Episcopal Church—Tract of land in town of Bishop known as M E Church lot and parsonage, 1 acre. Schl tax 24 76

Meyers, Peter—E hf of Sw qr, W hf of Se qr section 26 Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 160 acres; schl tax..... 7 03

Murry, William H—Nw qr, N hf of Ne qr, Sw qr Ne qr, Ne qr Sw qr, sec 1 Tp 8 S, R 33 E, 320 acres. Schl tax..... 19 79

Malone, Mrs Mary—S hf of S s qr sec 2, W hf of sw qr sec 1 Tp 8 S R 33 E 160 acres; schl tax..... 10 05

Melone, Granville—Possessory right in Nw qr of Nw qr section 1 Twp 12 S, R 33 E, 40 acres..... 1 81

Morton, W S—S hf of Nw qr, Sw qr of N s qr, Ne qr of Sw qr, section 2 Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Persnl propty 44 68

Muller, James H—W hf of Nw qr, W hf of S s qr section 4, Tp 8 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. E hf of Sw qr Sw qr of S s qr, Se qr of Sw qr section 13 Tp 8 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. W hf of Nw qr section 13 Tp 8 S, R 33 E. Se qr of Ne qr section 14, Twp 8 S, R 33 E, 120 acres. Persnl prpty and schl tax..... 51 71

MC

McCarty, Mrs M—E hf of Sw qr, S s qr of Nw qr, Nw qr of Ne qr section 22, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 160 acres..... 7 56

McAfee, Mrs A G—N w qr of N w qr sec 24 Tp 9 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Schl tax..... 1 92

McMurry, J S—S hf of Se qr, section 29, Sw qr of Nw qr, Nw qr of Sw qr section 29 Tp 9 S R 34 E, 160 acres. Schl tax, 1 Poll and Hospital tax 38 08

McBride John J—Undivided one half interest in Sw qr of Nw qr, E hf of Sw qr, Se qr of N w qr, 160 acres, and 80 acres. Personal property. Two Poll taxes and two Hospital taxes..... 133 13

McKellips, A—Interest in possessory claim to unsurveyed land situated East side Owens river at Crysopolis mill; property known as McKellips' ranch, 160 acres 5 75

McDonough, Thomas—W hf of Ne qr section 11 Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 80 acres 3 13

McClure, J. N.—N hf of Se qr section 15 S hf of Ne qr section 22, Twp 7 S R 33 E, 160 A. Personal property, school tax, 1 Poll and 1 Hospital tax..... 25 48

McGahn, Peter—S hf of S s qr section 26; N hf of Ne qr section 35, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 A. W hf of Se qr section 26, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 80 acres..... 8 88

McGahn, Bridget—Se qr of Se qr section 35, Tp 12 S, R 34 E; W hf of lot 6 in Ne qr section 1, E hf of lot 6 in Nw qr section 1, Tp 13 S, R 34 E, 117 acres..... 4 35

O

Orr, L P—S E qr of S E qr sec 9, S W qr of S W qr sec 10, Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres. Personal property; schl tax 15 44

Osborne, J. B.—Interest in town of Los Angeles Mining Company, a Corporation. Gunsight mine in Resting Springs Mining District. North Extension of Gunsight mine in Resting Springs Mining District. Quartz mill machinery and buildings..... 61 88

P

Parker, J E and M s—Lots in town of Independence, Frac 9 and 11 block 20; personal property school tax 11 74

Powers, Jas H—(S) W hf of S s qr, Sw qr of Nw qr, Ne qr of Sw qr sec 36 Tp 24 S R 37 E, 160 acres. Schl tax..... 11 16

Porteous, Alex—(D) Ne qr sec 14, S hf of S s qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E. (T C) W hf of Se qr, S hf of Ne qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 400 acres; schl tax 17 28

Porteous, Alex—S hf of S s qr, Nw qr of Se qr section 3, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 120 acres; schl tax..... 8 31

Producers Union of Owens Valley—Lots in town of Laws, lots 2 and 3 block J; interest of Messrs. Bourland, Hall and Keough in same..... 16 75

Plumley, A—N hf of Ne qr sec 32, S hf of Se qr sec 27 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 160 acres..... 5 75

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R

Reddy, Mrs M—Lot and house in the town of Darwin, west side Main st near Market. Persnl prpty..... 4 13

Roberts, S. P—W hf of Nw qr, N hf of Sw qr section 21, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Possessory claim in land on Pine Mountain, 40 acres. Persnl prpty..... 9 44

Robinson, J W—(D) Sw qr of Sw qr sec 15, Nw qr, E hf, N hf of Sw qr, S s qr of Sw qr sec 22, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 640 acres..... 21 50

Richards, Thos J—Ne qr of S s qr sec 22 Tp 7 S R 33 E. 40 acres; schl tax..... 6 43

Robinson, E—Lots Nos 1 and 2 in Nw qr, Se qr sec 2 Tp 11 S, W hf of Se qr sec 35 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 400 acres..... 13 63

Russell, F. E.—W hf of Nw qr section 2, Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 80 acres. S hf of S hf section 26, N hf of Nw qr, E hf of S s qr, Ne qr section 35, Twp 13 S R 35 E, 400 acres. S hf of Nw qr, W hf of Se qr, E hf of Sw qr section 35, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 240 acres. N hf of Sw qr, S hf of Nw qr, section 26, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. N hf of Ne qr, S s qr of Ne qr, section 34, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 120 acres. Ne qr section 27, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. E hf of Sw qr section 27, Tp 13 S, R 35 E, 80 acres. Se qr section 27, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. Personal property. School tax. Trust property of J. D. Ziglar and trust property of W. S. Enos..... 380 12

S

Storey, Geo—Sw qr of Nw qr sec 14 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 40 acres; schl tax..... 2 12

Steward, Charles—S hf of Ne qr, W hf of Se qr section 28, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres School tax 6 17

Silva, Frank—Lot and house in town of Darwin W side of Market St N of Main. Personal property. 1 P and H tax..... 13 19

Shipley, Jasper—W hf of N s qr section 17, Tp 6 S, R 31 E, 80 acres..... 3 13

Sprance, Stanley—Lot 50x100 ft in t wn of Laws. Lot 16 block K..... 4 94

Sherman, Val—Sw qr of Sw qr section 15, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 40 acres; schl tax..... 2 13

Sais, Angela—Lots in town of Bishop; Lots Nos 1, 2, 3 and 4 in blk C. P & H tax, prsl prpty; schl tax..... 32 71

T

Tibbetts, W. R—Fractional lot in town of Independence. Lots 7, 9 and 11 block 24, S hf of Se qr, S s qr of S s qr section 18, Ne qr of Nw qr section 19, Tp 9 S, R 34 E; persl prpty, schl tax..... 76 54

Turner, F M—Possessory known as Turner's Ranch in sec 23 Tp 9 S R 33 E. 23 acres. Persnl prpty, schl and P & H tax..... 20 47

Maney, Thomas—Mortgage interest in property of J W Tracy, viz: Ne qr of Sw qr, S hf of Nw qr, Nw qr of Nw qr section 18, Twp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres; school tax 18 01

Twaddle, thomas—Quartz mill and building situated at Cook's Springs in Death Valley, formerly known as Box Company's property 5 acres..... 40 38

Thomas, Benj H—W hf of Sw qr sec 35 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 80 acres; prsnl prpty 14 52

U

Unknown Owner—Ten stamp quartz mill and machinery formerly known as Emigrant Mill, situated in Lone Mining District..... 81 56

Unknown Owner—W hf of S w qr sec 27 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax 5 52

W

Wallace, Jim (Indian)—W hf of lot 2 in Ne qr sec 1 Tp 13 T R 34 E, 40 acres..... 1 81

Watterson, G—N hf of N hf sec 21 Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Walters, C A—S s qr sec 6 Tp 12 S, R 35 E, 160 acres..... 5 75

Wesson, Abbey C—All of sec 16 tp 24 S, R 40 E, 640 acres..... 34 10

Wells, W H—E hf of S s qr, Sw qr of Sw qr, Ne qr of Se qr sec 20, Tp 7 S, R 31 E, 160 acres..... 5 75

Welch, E H—E hf of Ne qr sec 8, Sw qr of N w qr sec 9, Tp 7 S R 32 E, 120 acres; school tax 12 40

Walter, Chas—N hf of S hf sec 22 Tp 11 S R 34 E, 160 acres..... 5 75

White, I R—S hf of Sw qr, S hf of Se qr section 24, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; personal prpty; schl tax..... 24 69

White, John—Se qr of Nw qr, S hf of Ne qr sec 24 Tp 13 S R 35 E, S s qr of Nw qr sec 19 T wnship 13 S R 35 E 160 acres; school tax 14 47

Y

Yerington, H M—Bonanza mine, Sherman Mining District, 20 acres; Atlantic mine Sherman Mining District 20 acres; Silver Mine in Sherman Mining District, twenty acres..... 9 38

Yandell, W W and Mrs Martha Yandell—E hf of S s qr sec 21 Tp 7 S, R 33 E 80 acres. W hf of N s qr, E hf of N s qr sec 28, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. E hf of N s qr sec 28 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax..... 13 55

Z

Zaen, S—Lots in Lone Pine, lot 1 block 29, S hf of lot 4 in block 17. Personal property..... 11 55

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that unless the foregoing taxes and costs are paid I will on

TUESDAY,

The 24th Day of February, 1891,

Between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., to wit, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., commence to sell the foregoing described real property at public auction in front of the Court House, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, State of California, and that I will continue such sale from day to day, according to adjournments, until the whole real property described in the foregoing, or so much thereof as may be necessary, shall be sold, and that I will sell the smallest quantity of each assessment of said property that will be taken by any person for the amount of said taxes and costs, in gold or silver coin of the United States.

Dated this 20th day of January, A. D. 1891.

J. S. GORMAN,
Tax Collector of Inyo county, California.

Notice of Forfeiture.

TO H. P. LIVINGSTON, OR WHOEVER at present may represent his interest in the Caldera Mine, and Peter Meyer: You are hereby notified that I have expended One hundred [$100] dollars in labor and improvements upon the Caldera Lode, situated in Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county, California, as will appear by certificate filed in the office of the Recorder of said district for the year 1890, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2,324, Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31, 1890, and if within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under the provisions of said Section 2,324.

O. G. FUENTES.

Dated Cerro Gordo, January 2, 1891.

NATHAN RHINE.

NATHAN RHINE,
(Successor to Harris & Rhine.)
MERCHANT,
INDEPENDENCE
Inyo Co. Cal.

Wholesale & Retail
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise

MY STOCK
CONSISTING OF
Almost every needed article is well calculated to satisfy the wants of everybody; and, as in the past, it will be our aim in the future to retain the extensive patronage enjoyed heretofore.

NATHAN RHINE.

NATHAN RHINE
BANKER
Independence, Cal.

SELL EXCHANGE
—ON—
SAN FRANCISCO

Draw Direct
—ON—
NEW YORK,
LONDON, England.
BERLIN, FRANKFORT-on-the-Main, GERMANY.

I AM PREPARED TO TRANSACT ALL KINDS
—OF—
GENERAL
BANKING
&
EXCHANGE
BUSINESS.

Wechsel in beliebigen Summen auf Berlin und Frankfurt am der Main, Deutsche Vollmachten gefertigt. Geldsendungen von und nach Deutschland besorgt.

AGENT FOR
WELLS FARGO & CO'S.
EXPRESS

MUTUAL
Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK
CAPITAL - - - - $5,000,000

LIVERPOOL
AND LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Capital - - - - - $21,000,000

NATHAN RHINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAINS, Prop.
feb12tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed Flooring.
sept 11-tf

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence,

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce Street, New York

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK ..... PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

PIONEER BREWERY
INDEPENDENCE
BEER ICE COLD.
The Bar is supplied with the Best of all kinds of Liquors and Cigars.
The Coolest Hall in the town. Call in see what comfort you can have this hot weather.
PHILIP GEHRIG, PROPRIETOR

CROCKERS' HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House,
New Furniture.
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee.
sept-tf

J. W. Murphy.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

S. H. BIGLAND,
—DEALER IN—
Owens Valley Lands
39 SUTTER STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
1-26

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 100
Lead, 4.40
Copper, 14.60
Tin, 20.20
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence at 7 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

DIED.

EDDY—At Darwin, February 19 1891, John Collins Eddy, aged about 54 years.

"Beebee," one of Ouida's most charming stories, is begun in this number.

Mr. Ben. Lasky has returned to Lone Pine after a visit of six week to San Francisco.

Mr. Israel Luce came up from San Francisco and has been at the Marble Quarry during the week.

Mrs. J. J. Gunn came in from Lookout yesterday and is visiting with her parents at Georges Creek.

It is announced that Mr. Sam Lasky will be married at San Francisco on March 20th. Mr. Mike Lasky is booked for similar trouble in April.

Last Sunday morning rain set in and during the twenty four hours following it kept on a good steady pour. This is the first rain at Independence since the beginning of last December. It has done great good.

Mr. J. C. Eddy felt so much better last week that he went home from Lone Pine to Darwin. He was there but a day or two when he was again taken violently ill and a messenger was sent to Lone Pine for Dr. Middleton to attend him.

It is reported that down in Salt Wells Valley and the Mojave desert a great many cattle have died recently. The winter has been dry and feed so short that the animals starved to death. Lander and other stockmen on the South Fork are said to be the heaviest losers.

It is understood that the farm of the late Ezra Goodale has been rented for one year for $200. The place contains 160 acres of the best land in Owens Valley, and has an abundance of water. This shows how little value property now has.

Many children are compelled to stay out of the schools at present because they are suffering from an attack of something like the grippe. Most of them who do attend are suffering more or less and a continual chorus of coughing is kept up in the school room.

On Wednesday morning a telegram from Bishop informed Mr. White Smith that his sister had just died there The young lady had very recently come to Independence from Texas. Mr Smith at once started from Independence for Bishop when he got the sad news. He grieved very sorely for the loss of his sister.

The officers of the Masonic lodge at Independence, to serve for the current year, were installed on Monday evening by A. O. Collins, Inspector for the district. Following are the officers: John S. Gorman, W. M.; Thomas C. Boland S. W.; G. W. Brady J. W.; C. Mulholland, Sec.; O. I. Mairs, Treas.; John Seepherd, S. D.; H. P. Cartier, J. D.; J. Mairs and N. E. Conklin, Stwds.; Thomas Parker, Tyler.

Farmers in different parts of the Valley complain that they cannot find market for beef cattle. After feeding steers with alfalfa till they are in the finest condition for beef they are forced to turn the animals out on the range, and thus lose all the fruits of the labor and expense of feeding. In many instances the same animals have been fed and turned out two years in succession.

Modock Mines.

Mr. Frank Fitzgerald reports that the value of ore sold from the Modock mines during January was $4,470. Three eight hour shifts are driving a tunnel to cut a body of ore in the Argus shaft. A new prospect in the Black Warrior mine is turning out one ton of high grade ore per day. Mr. Fitzgerald has 22 men employed at present. There is a postoffice at the camp and mails are delivered regularly; a large and comfortable reading room is provided and well supplied with newspapers and other reading matter. There is abundance of good water and every facility afforded for the men to be clean and comfortable.

Proving Up.

A party of four men have been at Independence the past few days proving up on land under the Eastside canal. Their names are A. C. Hofer and J. W. Holbrook of Carson. and E. J. Gorham and R. Wood of Gold Hill. Several thousand acres have already been proved up on, but so far, no land under the Eastside canal has been put under cultivation, with the exception of a few acres cleared by Mr. McIver. One locator spent a large sum of money and two years labor attempting to cultivate a tract of 320 acres. Many thousand grape vines were planted but there is not today a living vine upon the place. Fruit trees of various kinds were set out, but all appear to be dead. Last summer the locator quit further efforts to do anything with the place, and the drifting sands have since piled up on it.

Keeler Anniversary.

The social gathering at Keeler on the 17th of March of each year has become so well established a custom that it may fairly be called a Keeler anniversary. Since the Lake View Hotel was first established Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes have invited all of their friends to meet with them on the above named festal day of each year. There has always been a large response to the invitation and a jolly good time for all comers. The meeting this year is appointed for the evening of Monday, March 16th, as that will be more convenient for parties going by rail. The Independence Orchestra has been engaged to furnish the music, and as the latest and livliest ball music has been got from San Francisco and thoroughly studied and rehearsed for this occasion, that part of the entertainment is very likely to give pleasure to the company. In all other ways Mr. and Mrs. Barnes will leave nothing undone to make their friends happy. See the advertisement.

UNPLEASANT FACTS.

Last week an article appeared in this paper on the present financial condition of Inyo County. Every word of the article was strictly true, and, in fact, was but a repetition in condensed form of what is daily said by business men and farmers all over the county. No man is more deeply interested in the prosperity of Inyo County than the President of the Carson and Colorado Railroad Company. Two years ago a meeting of the farmers and business men was held at Bishop. Mr. H. M. Yerington, the gentleman alluded to, addressed the meeting and among other things said, "If we hauled your farm produce over our road entirely free of freight charges you could not compete at Reno even, and if what you say of your farming operations be true, your country is not worth a dollar a mile." No one will suspect Mr. Yerington of any intention to deliberately make a false statement that would be injurious to Inyo County. But no cause or country was ever helped by a steady course of lying and the INYO INDEPENDENT is not in that business. Owens Valley is not prospering as it should. Money is becoming scarcer every day and people are becoming more irritable. From Independence to Owens Lake, a distance of twenty-one miles, and including the best fruit land in the valley, during the past six years but four families have located and built houses, and of these four only one attempts to make a living from his farm. Except in the vicinity of Bishop there has been almost absolutely no increase of population in all those years throughout the county. It is a fact, only too notorious, that there never yet came a man into Inyo County bringing money with him to invest in land, but what is poorer today than when he came here, and some have lost all they brought. Others who have invested largely and made great improvement say they would gladly sell out for fifty cents on each dollar of what they have invested. One of the shrewdest men and best managers in the county owns 240 acres of average good land in a very desirable location. He has one of the best water rights in the county, and his farm never was encumbered to the amount of one dollar. He had capital enough to stock it well with all the horses and machinery necessary to work it to the greatest advantage. He reports that during seven years the total value of produce sold from his farm averaged but one hundred dollars per year. This man says that his utmost efforts only resulted in a bare living for his family, and he will try something else than farming. What, then, need men expect who locate on wild land without considerable capital, or perhaps without any? Only an enemy to mankind will by lying and misrepresentation lure men with their families into a region where poverty and suffering await them. W. H. Dimond, Superintendent of the Mint at San Francisco, in his report of the yield of gold and silver for the whole State by counties for the year 1889, gives the yield of Inyo County at $182,663. When freight and smelting charges are deducted from the gross amount only about $40 per capita would remain as income for the county, and all other sources of income combined would make but very trifling addition to this amount. With a high rate of taxation and $60 per ton freight on all goods, wares and merchandise brought into the county, it is at once apparent that prosperity is an impossibility. No intelligent man ever visited Owens Valley without being impressed with its great natural resources. It is the best watered valley in the State. It contains not less than a half million acres of land that could be cultivated and made to produce fairly good crops. All the fruits of the Temperate Zone do well, and with access to market fruit growing would be quite profitable. But the fact that these resources exist, and yet the country is not prospering, is proof enough that there is need of change somewhere. The more fully and truthfully the facts are stated, the sooner will the needed change be effected.

Scarcity of Fuel.

A large quantity of wood—several hundred cords—has recently been hauled out of Mazourka Canyon and shipped away by rail from Citrus. The wood haulers say that along the Inyo Mountains wood now begins to be quite scarce, and will henceforth be difficult to get, and consequently expensive. As that is the source whence Independence and neighborhood is supplied with fuel, this begins to be a question of interest to the citizens. As the timber land belongs to the United States it does not seem right that a few men should be allowed to exhaust the supply of fuel that ought to supply a common want and sell it for their own gain. But many of the enormous fortunes of our own day have been acquired by boldly seizing something that every law abiding citizen has equal right to, as the forests, public lands, coal, natural gas and oil lands. If we had men wise and honest enough to make the laws these sources of wealth would be developed for the good of all, instead of allowing a few bold adventurers to seize them and thereby acquire such enormous wealth as thretens to utterly corrupt every branch of the public service and in the end ruin our republican system of government entirely. The centralization of wealth in a few hands utterly rotted out the Republic of Rome, and it is very doutful if modern hearts are any purer or modern heads any wiser than were those of old Rome.

John C. Eddy Dead.

On Thursday morning a message came to Indepencence that J. C. Eddy had died at 4 o'clock. He had been ailing several weeks. About three weeks before he had been brought from his home at Darwin to Lone Pine, where he recovered so much that he had returned to Darwin. But he was at once taken ill again and in a few days death resulted. Mr. Eddy had long been interested in the mines about Darwin and was always a ready and liberal friend to prospectors. He was a successful merchant and his store of goods was ever ready to supply the needs of miners till a lucky find enabled them to pay. The value of the estate left by the deceased is not publicly known, but probably it will amount to about $90,000. He had invested in real estate at San Jose and the value of this is not known here. Mr. Eddy leaves no family. It is not known here if he had any living relatives. It is generally supposed that he died without making a will; consequently, there is no certainty regarding the final disposition of the property. Mr. Eddy was the son of English parents. He was born in Spain, but brought to the United States when very young and became a citizen through the naturalization of his father. The funeral will take place at Independence tomorrow at 2 p. m.

Who? Where?

A few days ago Mr. John Barnes of Keeler received a letter of which the following is a copy:

SALT LAKE, Feb. 9; 1891.

MR. JOHN BARNES: *Dear Sir:*—A gentleman has told me of your Lake water cure for catarrh. I have catarrh very bad and would like to have a bottle of the water.

Mr. Barnes would very readily send the water, but as the writer of the letter failed to give name or address he cannot do so.

School Board

The County Board of Education met on Tuesday. Present, J. Shannon, Superintendent, D. Crough, A. E. Janvier, T. W. Rathbun. There was but one applicant for examination, Miss Mathilde Meysan, of Lone Pine. At this hour the examination is not finished, but it is understood that Miss Meysan will pass very creditably. On the three studies that are called essential, grammar, arithmetic and spelling, her percentage is ninety, which is very creditable, 80 per cent being all that is required to pass.

It is proposed to erect a Masonic Temple at San Francisco to cost $1,500,000. A fine site has been secured for the building on the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street. The price of the lot is $130,000. The stock for the new building is divided into 70,000 shares at the par value of $20 per share. Masons all over the state are invited to take stock. The present masonic temple is no longer suited to the needs of the Fraternity, and its location in the midst of the greatest noise of the City is very objectionable.

BALL

Lake View Hotel,
Keeler, Cal.
A WELCOME TO ALL.

NEW MUSIC! NEW DANCES!
AT THE
GLEN ELLEN

Monday, March 16th,
(EVE. OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.)
MUSIC BY—
Harmony Orchestra

TICKETS ..... Including Supper $3.00

MISCELLANEOUS.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of ditch, near Independence, Inyo county.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the the following described stock, on account of assessment No. 6, levied on the 29th day of Nov., 1890, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. Cert.	No. Sh's.	Am't
W. H. Hoff	1	12	$ 2 40
" "	7	3	60
F. E. Russell	2	32	6 40
" "	10	110	22 00
John Reynolds	3	40	8 00
L. Baxter	5	10	2 00
H. J. Robinson	10	250	50 00
J. V. Skinner	21	54	10 00
" "	22	50	10 00
" "	23	50	10 00
" "	24	50	10 00
" "	25	50	10 00
" "	26	50	10 00
" "	29	50	10 10
W. H. Jenkins	30	100	20 00
" "	31	100	20 00
" "	33	100	20 00
" "	36	64	12 80
John Davies	46	60	12 00
W. S. Enos	47	100	20 00
" "	48	400	80 00
W. J. Jenkins	55	100	20 00
" "	56	100	20 00
" "	57	100	20 00
E. Robinson	58	75	15 00
" "	59	125	25 00
Maggie J. Skinner	62	50	10 00
" " "	63	50	10 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 29th day of Nov., 1890, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Stevens Ditch Company, Independence, California, on Saturday, the 7th day of February, 1890, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

POSTPONEMENT.

The above sale is hereby postponed until Saturday, February 21, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m.

P. H MACK, Secretary.

$3000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages, in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY AND REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of Charles D. Begole deceased.

IT APPEARING TO THE COURT, BY THE petition this day presented and filed by Thomas Parker, the Administrator of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, praying for an order of sale of the personal property and real estate of said estate, that it is necessary to sell the said personal property, and the whole of the real estate, or a portion of it, to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 24th day of March, 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Court, at the Court-house, in the town of Independence, in said county, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the personal property and the whole or so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the INYO INDEPENDENT, a newspaper printed and published in said county.

GEO. M. GILL,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated February 18th, 1891.

[ENDORSED.]

SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF INYO.

In the Matter of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased.

Order Fixing time and place for hearing petition for sale of Personal Property and Real Estate.

Filed February 18th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL,
Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Mullane, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his residence near the town of Big Pine, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Inyo, State of California.

RICHARD HESSIAN.
Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.

Dated February 13, 1891.

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

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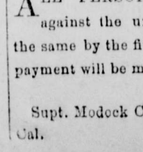
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EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully
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INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
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GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.
E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891.
n47tf

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Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.
First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.
THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

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LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
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PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
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Real Estate Agents,
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NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.
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In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable
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BREWERY,
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All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
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BISHOP, CAL.
Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.
Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.
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OPPOSITE STEWART HOUSE.
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&c., &c., &c.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m	5:10 p. m
Dayton	12.00 p. m.	5:40 p. m.
Wabuska	2 05 p m	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7.05 p. m.	9 55 a. m
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:35a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7 2 5. m
	No. 3.	No. 4.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Belleville	8 23 a. m	5:25 p m
Benton	11 50 a m.	1:25 a. m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord	2 45 p. m	10:00 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (37 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leave Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. for Columbia (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

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General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

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General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies'
Wear, etc., etc.
AT
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CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain
Flour, etc., constantly
on hand.
CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and sell as cheap as possible for quality considered.
THOMAS & HILL.

MUSICAL.

There seems to be little going on in musical circles of late, but there is much talk, among musical people, of the marvelous cure of Miss B——, the high contralto singer, who has long suffered from a severe throat or bronchial affection, superinduced by Catarrh in the Head, and who has been perfectly cured by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, coupled with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For all bronchial, throat and lung affections, and lingering coughs, it is an unequaled remedy. When complicated with Chronic Nasal Catarrh, its use should be coupled with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Of all druggists.

When I was an atom I served a term
As office boy to a cholera germ.
But now I've grown so great that I
Am known as the monarch of the bacilli.

Young Mother (whose child is decidedly uneasy)—I'm sure I don't know what to do with you, baby. Stranger (in the next seat)—Can't you get that window open, madam?

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pains or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Portefield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

An Eloquent Young Man—Julia—So Mr. Deadgone got on his knees to you last night. Did he do the thing up right? Ada—Oh, yes, he made a ringing speech.

If you have ever used Dobbins' Electric during the 24 years it has been sold, you *know* that it is the best and purest family soap made. If you haven't tried it, ask your grocer for it *now*. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

The Game Laws—"Miss Amy, do you know anything of the Game laws?" "Oh, yes, Mr. Dolley." "What, for instance?" "Never trump your partner's ace."

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THE BEST
STANDARD REMEDIES.

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TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
REMEDY FOR PAIN

DR. AUGUST KŒNIG'S
Hamburg Breast Tea
(Hamburger Brustthee)
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DIAMOND
VERA-CURA
—FOR—
DYSPEPSIA
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STOMACH TROUBLES.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent free on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

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"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees. The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expells them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

A Germ Disease.

The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably
DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S
CELEBRATED EYE-WATER.
This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century. There are few diseases to which mankind are subject more distressing than sore eyes, and none, perhaps, for which more remedies have been tried without success. For all external inflammation of the eyes it is an infallible remedy. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. For sale by all druggists. JOHN I. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., Troy, N. Y. Established 1797.

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Manillo-Leather Roofing.
The cheapest thing in the market for Houses, Barns, Ice-Houses and Outbuildings. Write for catalogue and samples.
PACIFIC ROLL PAPER CO., Pacific Coast Agts.
30 & 32 First St., San Francisco, Cal.

BEST TREE WASH.
Greenbank Insecticide, powdered Caustic Soda, etc.
BEST SHEEP WASH.
Calvert's Carbolic. Prices reduced. T. W. JACKSON & CO., Sole Agents, 104 Market St., S. F.

S. F. N. U. No. 448. New Series No. 3

BEBEE;

or,

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

By "OUIDA."

CHAPTER I.

Bebee sprang out of bed at daybreak. She was 16.

It seemed to be a very wonderful thing to be as much as that—16—a woman quite.

A cock was crowing under her lattice. He said how old you are!—how old you are!—every time he sounded his clarion.

She opened the lattice and wished him good day, with a laugh. It was so pleasant to be woke by him and to think that no one in all the world could ever call one a child any more.

There was a kid bleating in the shed. There was a thrush singing in the dusk of the sycamore leaves. There was a calf lowing to its mother away there beyond the fence. There were dreamy muffled bells ringing in the distance from many steeples and belfries where the city was; they all said one thing: "How good it is to be so old as that—how good, how very good!"

Bebee was very pretty.

No one in all Brabant ever denied that. To look at her it seemed as if she had so lived among the flowers that she had grown like them, and only looked a bigger blossom—that was all.

She wore two little wooden shoes and a little cotton cap, and a gray kirtle—linen in summer, serge in winter, but the little feet in the shoes were like rose leaves, and the cap was as white as a lily, and the gray kirtle was like the bark of the bough that the apple blossom parts, and peeps out of, to blush in the sun.

The flowers had been the only godmothers she had ever had, and fairy godmothers, too.

The marigolds and the sunflowers had given her their ripe, rich gold to tint her hair; the lupins and irises had lent their azure to her eyes; the moss rose buds had made her pretty mouth; the arum lilies had uncurled their softness for her skin, and the lime blossoms had given her their frank, fresh, innocent fragrance.

The winds had blown, and the rains had rained, and the sun had shone on her, indeed, and had warmed the whiteness of her limbs, but they had only given to her body and her soul a hardy, breeze blown freshness like that of a field cowslip.

She had never been called anything but Bebee.

One summer day Antoine Maes—a French subject, but a Belgian by adoption and habit, an old man who got his meager living by tilling the garden plot about his hut and selling flowers in the city squares—Antoine, going into Brussels for his day's trade, had seen a gray bundle floating among the water lilies in the bit of water near his hut and had hooked it out to land, and found a year old child in it, left to drown, no doubt, but saved by the lilies, and laughing gleefully at fate.

Some lace worker, blind with the pain of toil, or some peasant woman harder of heart than the oxen in her yoke, had left it there to drift away to death, not reckoning for the inward ripple of the current or toughness of the lily leaves and stems.

Old Antoine took it to his wife, and the wife, a childless and aged soul, begged leave to keep it; and the two poor lonely, simple folks grew to care for the homeless, motherless thing, and they and the people about all called it Bebee—only Bebee.

The church got at it and added to it a saint's name; but for all its little world it remained Bebee—Bebee when it trotted no higher than the red carnation heads—Bebee when its yellow curls touched as high as the lavender bush—Bebee on this proud day when the thrush's song and the cock's crow found her 16 years old.

Old Antoine's hut stood in a little patch of garden ground with a brier hedge all round it, in that byway which lies between Laeken and Brussels, in the heart of flat, green Brabant, where there are beautiful meadows and tall, flowering hedges, and forest trees and fern filled ditches, and a little piece of water, deep and cool, where the swans sail all day long, and the silvery willows dip and sway with the wind.

Turn aside from the highway, and there it lies today, and all the place brims over with grass, and boughs, and blossoms, and flowering beans, and wild dog roses; and there are a few cottages and cabins there near the pretty water, and farther there is an old church, sacred to St. Guido; and beyond go the green level country and the endless wheat fields, and the old mills with their red sails against the sun; and beyond all these the pale blue, sea like horizon of the plains of Flanders.

It was a pretty little hut, pink all over like a sea shell, in the fashion that the Netherlanders love; and its two little square lattices were dark with creeping plants and big rose bushes, and its roof, so low that you could touch it, was golden and green with all the lichens and stoneworts that are known on earth.

Here Bebee grew from year to year; and soon learned to be big enough and hardy enough to tie up bunches of stocks and pinks for the market, and then to carry a basket for herself, trotting by Antoine's side along the green roadway and into the white, wide streets; and in the market the buyers—most often of all when they were young mothers—would seek out the little golden head and the beautiful frank blue eyes, and buy Bebee's lilies and carnations whether they wanted them or not. So that old Maes used to cross himself and say that, thanks to Our Lady, trade was thrice as stirring since the little one had stretched out her rosy fingers with the flowers.

All the same, however stirring trade might be in summer, when the long winters came and the Montagne de la Cour was a sharp slope of ice, and the pinnacles of St. Gudule were all frosted white with snow, and the hot house flowers alone could fill the market, and the country gardens were bitter black wind swept desolations where the chilly roots hud died themselves together under ground, like homeless children in a cellar, then the money gained in the time of leaf and blossom was all needed to buy a black loaf and fagot of wood; and many a day in the little pink hut Bebee rolled herself up in her bed like a dormouse, to forget in sleep that she was supperless and as cold as a frozen robin.

So that when Antoine Maes grew sick and died, more from age and weakness than any real disease, there were only a few silver crowns in the brown jug hidden in the thatch, and the hut itself, with its patch of ground, was all that he could leave to Bebee.

"Live in it, little one, and take nobody in it to worry you, and be good to the bird and the goat, and be sure to keep the flowers blowing," said the old man with his last breath; and sobbing her heart out by his bedside, Bebee vowed to do his bidding.

She was not quite fourteen then, and when she had laid her old friend to rest in the rough green graveyard about St. Guido she was very sorrowful and lonely—poor little bright Bebee, who had never hardly known a worse woe than to run the thorns of the roses into her fingers, or to cry because a thrush was found starved to death in the snow.

Bebee went home and sat down in a corner and thought.

The hut was her own, and her own the little green triangle just then crowded with its May day blossom in all the colors of the rainbow. She was to live in it, and never let the flowers die—so he had said; good, rough old ugly Antoine Maes, who had been to her as father, mother, country, king and law.

The sun was shining.

Through the little square of the lattice she could see the great tulips opening in the grass and a bough of the apple tree swaying in the wind. A chaffinch clung to the bough and swung to and fro singing. The door stood open, with the broad, bright day beaming through, and Bebee's little world came streaming in with it—the world which dwelt in the half dozen cottages that fringed this green lane of hers like beavers' nests pushed out under the leaves on to the water's edge.

They came, some six or eight of them, all women; trim, clean, plain Brabant peasants, hard working, kindly of nature and shrewd in their own simple matters; people who labored in the fields all the day long, or worked themselves blind over the lace pillows in the city.

"You are too young to live alone, Bebee," said the first of them. "My old mother shall come and keep house for you."

"Nay—better come and live with me, Bebee," said the second. "I will give you bit and drop, and clothing, too, for the right to your plot of ground."

"That is to cheat her," said the third. "Hark here, Bebee; my sister, who is a lone woman, as you know well, shall come and bide with you, and ask you nothing—nothing at all—only you shall just give her a crust, perhaps, and a few flowers to sell sometimes."

"No, no," said the fourth; "that will not do. You let me have the garden and the hut, Bebee, and my sons shall till the place for you; and I will live with you myself, and leave the boys the cabin—so you will have all the gain, do you not see, dear little one?"

"Pooh!" said the fifth, stouter and better clothed than the rest. "You are all eager for your own good, not for hers. Now I—Father Francis says we should all do as we would be done by—I will take Bebee to live with me, all for nothing; and we will root the flowers up and plant it with good cabbages and potatoes and salad plants. And I will stable my cows in the hut to sweeten it after a dead man, and I will take my chance of making money out of it, and no one can speak more fair than that when one sees what weather is, and thinks what insects do, and all the year round, winter and summer, Bebee here will want for nothing, and have to take no care for herself whatever."

She who spoke, Mere Krebs, was the best to do woman in the little lane, having two cows of her own and earrings of solid silver, and a green cart, and a big dog that took the milk into Brussels. She was heard, therefore, with respect, and a short silence followed her words.

But it was very short; and a hubbub of voices crossed each other after it as the speakers grew hotter against one another and more eager to convince each other of the disinterestedness and delicacy of their offers of aid.

Through it all Bebee sat quite quiet on the edge of the little truckle bed, with her eyes fixed on the apple bough and the singing chaffinch.

She heard them all patiently.

They were all her good friends, friends old and true. This one had given her cherries a score of summers. The other had brought her a little waxen Jesus at the Kermesse. The old woman in the blue linen skirt had taken her to her first communion. She who wanted her sister to have the crust and the flowers, had brought her a beautiful painted book of hours that had cost a whole franc. Another had given her the solitary wonder, travel and foreign feast of her whole life—a day fifteen miles away at the fair at Mechlin. The last speaker of all had danced her on her knee a hundred times in babyhood, and told her legends, and let her ride in the green cart behind big, curly coated Tambour.

Bebee did not doubt that these trusty old friends meant well by her, and yet a certain heavy sense fell on her that in all these counsels there was not the same whole hearted and frank goodness that had prompted the gift to her of the waxen Jesus and the Kermesse of Mechlin.

Bebee did not reason, because she was too little a thing and too trustful; but she felt in a vague, sorrowful fashion that they were all of them trying to make some benefit out of her poor little heritage with small regard for herself at the root of their speculations.

Bebee was a child, wholly a child; body and soul were both as fresh in her as a golden crocus just born out of the snows. But she was not a little fool, though people sometimes called her so because she would sit in the moments of her leisure with her blue eyes on the far away clouds like a thing in a dream.

She heard them patiently till the cackle of shrill voices had exhausted itself, and the six women stood on the sunny mud floor of the hut eyeing each other with venomous glances; for though they were good neighbors at all times, each, in this matter, was hungry for the advantages to be got out of old Antoine's plot of ground. They were very poor; they toiled in the scorched or frozen fields all weathers, or spent from dawn to nightfall poring over their cobweb lace; and to save a sou or gain a cabbage was of moment to them only second to the keeping of their souls secure of heaven by Lenten mass and Easter psalm.

Bebee listened to them all, and the tears dried on her cheeks, and her pretty rosebud lips curled close to one another.

"You are very good, no doubt, all of you," she said at last. "But I cannot tell you that I am thankful, for my heart is like a stone, and I think it is not so very much for me as it is for the hut that you are speaking. Perhaps it is wrong for me to say so—yes, I am wrong, I am sure—you are all kind, and I am only Bebee. But you see he told me to live here and take care of the flowers, and I must do it, that is certain. I will ask Father Francis, if you wish; but if he tells me that I am wrong, as you do, I shall stay here all the same."

And in answer to their expostulations and condemnation, she only said the same thing over again always, in different words, but to the same steadfast purpose. The women clamored about her for an hour in reproach and rebuke; she was a baby indeed, she was a little fool, she was a naughty, obstinate child, she was an ungrateful, willful little creature, who ought to be beaten till she was blue, if only there was anybody that had the right to do it.

"But there is nobody that has the right," said Bebee, getting angry and standing upright on the floor, with Antoine's old gray cat in her round arms. "He told me to stay here, and he would not have said so if it had been wrong; and I am old enough to do for myself, and I am not afraid, and who is there that would hurt me? Oh, yes, go and tell Father Francis, if you like. I do not believe he will blame me, but if he do, I must bear it. Even if he shut the church door on me, I will obey Antoine, and the flowers will know I am right, and they will let no evil spirits touch me, for the flowers are strong for that, they talk to the angels in the night."

What use was it to argue with a little idiot like this? Indeed, peasants never do argue, they use abuse.

It is their only form of logic.

They used it to Bebee, rating her soundly, as became people who were old enough to be her grandmothers, and who knew that she had been raked out of their own pond, and had no more real place in creation than a water rat, as one might say.

The women were kindly, and had never thrown this truth against her before, and in fact, to be a foundling was no sort of disgrace to their sight, but anger is like wine, and makes the depths of the mind shine clear, and all the mud that is in the depths stink in the light; and in their wrath at not sharing Antoine's legacy, the good souls said bitter things that in calm moments they would no more have uttered than they would have taken up a knife to slit her throat.

They talked themselves hoarse with impatience and chagrin, and went backwards over the threshold, their wooden shoes and their shrill voices keeping a clattering chorus. By this time it was evening; the sun had gone off the floor, and the bird had done singing.

Bebee stood in the same place, hardening her little heart, while big and bitter tears swelled into her eyes and fell on the soft fur of the sleeping cat.

She only very vaguely understood why it was in any sense shameful to have been raked out of the water lilies like a drowning field mouse, as they had said it was.

She and Antoine had often talked of that summer morning when he had found her there among the leaves, and Bebee and he had laughed over it gayly, and she had been quite proud in her innocent fashion that she had had a fairy and the flowers for her mother and godmothers, which Antoine always told her was the case beyond any manner of doubt. Even Father Francis, hearing the pretty, harmless fiction, had never deemed it his duty to disturb her pleasure in it, being a good, cheerful old man, who thought that woe and wisdom both come soon enough to bow young shoulders and to silver young curls without his interference.

Bebee had always thought it quite a fine thing to have been born of water lilies, with the sun for her father, and when people in Brussels had asked her of her parentage, seeing her stand in the market with a certain look on her that was not like other children, had always gravely answered in the purest good faith:

"My mother was a flower."

"You are a flower, at any rate," they would say in return; and Bebee had been always quite content.

But now she was doubtful; she was rather perplexed than sorrowful.

These good friends of hers seemed to see some new sin about her. Perhaps, after all, thought Bebee, it might have been better to have had a human mother who would have taken care of her now that old Antoine was dead, instead of those beautiful, gleaming, cold water lilies which went to sleep on their green velvet beds, and did not certainly care when the thorns ran into her fingers, or the pebbles got into her wooden shoes.

In some vague way, disgrace and envy—the twin discords of the world—touched her innocent cheek with their hot breath, and as the evening fell, Bebee felt very lonely and a little wistful.

She had been always used to run out in the pleasant twilight time among the flowers and water them, Antoine filling the can from the well; and the neighbors would come and lean against the little low wall, knitting and gossiping, and the big dogs, released from harness, would poke their heads through the wicket for a crust, and the children would dance and play Colin Maillard on the green by the water, and she, when the flowers were no longer thirsted, would join them, and romp and dance and sing the gayest of them all.

But now the buckets hung at the bottom of the well, and flowers hungered in vain, and the neighbors held aloof, and she shut to the hut door and listened to the rain which began to fall, and cried herself to sleep in her tiny kingdom.

When the dawn came the sun rose red and warm; the grass and boughs sparkled; a lark sang; Bebee awoke sad in heart, indeed, for her lost old friend, but brighter and braver.

"Each of them wants to get something out of me," thought the child. "Well, I will live alone then, and do my duty just as he said. The flowers will never let any real harm come, though they do look so indifferent and smiling sometimes, and though not one of them hung their heads when his coffin was carried through them yesterday."

That want of sympathy in the flowers troubled her.

The old man had loved them so well, and they had all looked as glad as ever, and had laughed saucily in the sun, and not even a rose bud turned the paler as the poor still stiffened limbs went by in the wooden shell.

(To be Continued.)

Children in a Hotel.

Children in hotel or boarding house are like wild birds in a cage, deprived of their right to fly and swoop and skim the air and to swell their throats almost to bursting with unchecked song. The wild bird droops and mopes and mournfully twitters, instead of singing, and grows disheveled and dirty and unlovely, and the caged child grows weedy and pallid and constrained in its movements and pert and assured in its manners, and before it is adolescent it is a little world weary manikin, blase of all amusements, supercilious to those not so wealthy or so well dressed or so fashionable as its parents and their friends, cynical and agnostic in all its views.—Mrs. Frank Leslie in Philadelphia Times.

German Universities.

Twenty six thousand nine hundred and forty five students have attended the twenty universities of Germany during the winter session which has just closed. At Berlin there were 5,478, at Munich 3,414, and at Leipsic 3,288. Bonn is seventh, with 1,119 students, and Heidelberg is only thirteenth, with 832. Rostock comes last, with 340. Only 1,644 of the students were foreigners. Of the whole, 8,735 students belong to the philosophical faculty, 6,650 to the medical, 5,791 to the theological, and 5,769 to the juristic.

A Novel Scarf Pin.

A novel design was shown to a reporter by a manufacturer, which took the form of a skull mounted upon the top of a stout pin and connected therewith by a fine gold chain. The wearer, by gently pulling the chain causes the lower jaw of the skull to drop while two small diamond eyes fall into the sockets, thus giving the observer an inclination to feel uneasy by its ghastly appearance. These pins are expensive, the price depending entirely upon the size of the diamond used.—New York Mail and Express.

Washington Correspondents.

The correspondents, as a rule, are high toned gentlemen, and a corruptionist would sooner think of approaching a congressman with bribes than them. Many of them receive salaries as large as those of the congressmen, and the only great difference in the two positions is that the correspondent is here as long as he does good work, and the congressman's head goes off, as a rule, at the end of two or four years.

The trade in birds for women's hats was so enormous last year that a single London dealer admitted that he sold 2,000,000 of small birds of every kind and color. At one auction in one week there were sold 6,000 birds of paradise, 5,000 Impeyan pheasants, 400,000 humming birds, and other birds from North and South America, and 300,000 feathered skins from India.

Next!

Husband (consumed with laughter over one of his own jokes)—Ha, ha, ha, n-not bad, eh? Wife—No; but, John, you ought to take it to the barber's and have its gray whiskers trimmed.—The Epoch.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.

He that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.

IF YOU HAD A FRIEND

About to visit some section of country where malarial disease, either in the form of chills and fever or bilious remittent was particularly rife, what would be about the best advice you could give him? We will tell you—to carry along, or procure on arriving, that potent medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, known throughout malaria plagued regions, here and in other countries, as the surest means of disarming the miasmatic scourage, and robbing it of its fell destructive influence. Not only does it fortify the system by increasing its stamina, but overcomes irregularity of digestion, the liver and the bowels, and counteracts the unfavorable effects of over-exertion, bodily and mental exposure in rough weather, or occupation too sedentary or laborious, loss of appetite and excessive nervousness. The functions of alimentation, bilious secretion and sleep have in it a most powerful and reliable auxiliary.

"I've smoked my last cigar," he cried,
And threw the wasted stump aside.
"I meant," he sighed, in accents sad,
"I'd smoked the last cigar I had."

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William W. B. Miller, Deerlodge, Montana, writes:

"I have been using BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the last thirteen years, and though I have had nine children, I have never had a doctor in the house except three times, when we had an epidemic of scarlet fever, which we soon banished by a vigorous use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I have used them for myself, two or three a night for a month, for liver complaint, dyspepsia, and constipation. In diarrhoea, cramps, wind colic, indigestion, one or two BRANDRETH'S PILLS fixed the children at once. A box of pills is all the medicine chest we require in the house. We use them for rheumatism, colds, catarrh, biliousness and impure blood. They never have failed to cure all the above complaints in a very few days."

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Beware of substitutions and imitations.

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A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

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THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send us 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Common Soap fails to accomplish satisfactory results in scouring and cleaning, and necessitates a great outlay of time and labor, which more than balances any saving in cost. Practical people will find SAPOLIO the best and cheapest soap for house-cleaning and scouring.

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

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CHINESE EXECUTION.

Photograph Taken of the Criminal's Death.

BARARIOUS METHODS OF EXECUTING.

The Government Tried to Suppress the Sale of Pictures.

W. F. Magee, the purser of the steamship Belgic, which arrived from Chinese ports at San Francisco recently, has in his possession a photograph of the extraordinarily brutal method of execution as practiced under the name of Ling Chi or the Thousand Cuts.

The photograph, which is a graphic reproduction of the sanguinary scene, was obtained in a curious way. One of the Belgic's engineers, named Tharp, hearing that the execution was to take place in Canton, made his way there determined to witness it, and if possible obtain a photograph of it with an instantaneous camera.

Arriving at the scene of the execution he concealed the camera under his coat and managed to get a good view of the extraordinary sight. The condemned man, who had been found guilty of the murder of his brother, was first tied to a stake. The mandarin who had charge of the ceremonies gave the order to the executioner to proceed, and in a very few moments the sharp knives had severed first the breasts and the thighs from his trunk.

Next the arms and legs were cut off with the swift, sure stroke of the executioner's blades, and still the mutilated victim made no sign of suffering or appeal for mercy. At a sign from the mandarin the executioner with one blow severed the head from the body and released the sufferer from his intense agony.

This was the moment that the photographer seized for the realization of his purpose. He elbowed his way through the crowd to the edge of the circle in which the bleeding and dismembered body lay, and before any one realized what he was doing he had obtained a photograph.

As soon as the mandarin knew what had been done he ordered the arrest of the engineer, but Tharp had been too quick for his pursuers and managed to regain the ship before they were fairly after him. A demand was made for his surrender, but of course was refused. Tharp sold the negative to a photographer in Hong Kong, and the latter could not print the pictures fast enough to supply the demand for the ghastly relic.

The Chinese government endeavored to secure all the pictures by purchase, but when they found that the plate was capable of reproducing them as fast as they could be printed the effort at suppression was given up. Mr. Magee will have his horrid picture mounted and framed and purposes to have a number of copies made of it for his friends.—San Francisco Examiner.

Picking Up Money.

Any one who observes a trackwalker on any of the L roads cannot help observing that when he comes to a station he makes his way under the platform, and is lost to sight for several minutes. Seeing one of these gentlemen so engaged, curiosity prompted me to ask the reason, when he replied that he was looking for money. "People coming from the ticket office window," he said, "are often in such a hurry to catch a train that when any one jostles them they lose their change.

"Sometimes it drops on the platform, but in the majority of cases it rolls into the gutter underneath. By searching the latter carefully I have often picked up as much as $5 in a day, made up of all kinds of coins. I have often picked up in the same way some valuable ornaments. It is not so remunerative now as formerly, however, as the gatemen have caught on to the little mine. Whenever you miss a gateman from his box, in nine cases out of ten he will be under the platform searching the gutter.—New York Star.

Costly Walking Sticks.

A curious collection of walking sticks was recently sold in London. It consists of half a dozen walking sticks, dating, most of them, with the beginning of the century, and showing well what were the dandy proclivities of the period. Ivory and tortoise shell are the chief materials, not of the handles, but of the sticks themselves, the handles being of much more precious stuff. One is of ebony, with a gold top. The top opens like a circular snuff box, and in concentric rings are, as an inscription records, locks of the hair of three English princesses. Diamond eyed snakes, with enamel heads, are the decorations of this costly walking stick, which is very heavy and nearly four feet long. Pope has a line praising a fop famous for "the nice conduct of a clouded cane." One of these canes is here, the handle of clouded amber. A stout hazel set in gold, which is among the collection, comes nearer the utilitarian tastes of today.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Education in Japan.

The people of Japan are greatly interested in the education and elevation of women. In 1887 there were 128 new schools and societies for girls and women established in that country. These are in addition to the public schools, which have long existed.—Public Opinion.

Dr. Honocque, of Paris, has invented a new spectroscope for investigating the changes in the blood. It is expected to prove of importance in studying nutrition.

Russian Convicts and Their Chains.

While a number of convicts were engaged in games of hazard in the corridor, most of those in the rooms were absorbed in another occupation. Heavy metallic strokes rang through the prison, the falling of chains upon the floor could be heard from time to time, but the noise disturbed nobody, neither those who were fast asleep in the same rooms nor the commanding officer or the soldiers who slept in the same building. The convicts worked on the solution of one problem, namely, on making the chain rings embracing their legs so extended as to be in a position to take them off or push them on over the ankles and the foot heels at any time. Thus the chains could be carried on the soldier or around the waist, instead of around the legs, and walking was much easier.

Of course, the soldiers and their commander knew well what the metallic sounds meant, but they did not care to interfere. Some of the escort officers were good natured men, and paid no attention to these "little transgressions" of the law; others were strict and rigid, not tolerating any such liberties on the part of the convicts, and as the latter had a marvelous ability for "sizing up" their commanders, they marched one day with the chains around their legs and another with the chains around their waists. Many of the convicts managed to throw off the chains even from their arms. These being very short, give such a posture to the wearer as to render his ten or twelve hours' march extremely difficult. The contact of the iron of the chains, moreover, occasions, in the bones during the intense Siberian heats or frosts, an insupportable rheumatic pain, which after several weeks of walking becomes a real torture.—Michael Malkoff in Chicago News.

A Novel Test in Tasting.

A novel bet was won and lost in a Vine street resort the other evening. A party of gentlemen were indulging in a social glass, and finally the conversation turned upon the quality of liquors and the ability of certain persons to judge them by the sense of smell and taste. One man in the party claimed that the best judges could be fooled by the compounders, and, after the argument became quite warm, made the astounding assertion that a large percentage of bar patrons did not know what they were drinking.

The debate grew hotter and hotter, and finally the man who had advanced such outrageous ideas offered to bet a basket of wine that he could confound any one of the party so that he could not tell water from whisky. John Hummel, the circus man, who has had a varied experience in the drinking line, accepted the wager, and the preliminaries began. John was first heavily blindfolded, and then a number of glasses, containing water, milk, whisky, sherry, claret, Rhine wine and gin were set out on the bar. They were handed to the blindfolded man one at a time, and he was told to name the liquor after tasting it. He got through the list bravely until he came to the gin, which he called port wine. Then the man started him back, but it was soon very evident that Hummel's palate had lost its power. He called milk water, and finally was forced to admit that all the liquors tasted alike, and that he had lost his bet. It was some time before he was able to enjoy the wine he had lost.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Excessive Eating in Gotham.

From the 1st of December to the last of April, dinners are in order, and many fashionable folk scarcely dine at home once a month unless they play host under their own roof. How they manage their digestion I know not, for a season's elaborate dinners are enough to disturb the interior of an ostrich. I am aware that cooking of the Careme kind claims to insure eupepsy; but, while this may be true in theory, it is not in practice. Scores of men die here annually from excessive dining out, and I am acquainted with dozens who have lost their health from the same cause. Women seldom suffer, because they are not educated, and cannot be educated into epicures. If they are tortured by gout it is usually an inheritance; most men earn their gout by protracted stomachic abuse. Excessive eating, say experienced physicians, destroys as many constitutions as does excessive drinking. And excessive eating is the bane of New York society men and men of leisure, who are represented by round, protruding eyes, double chins and oleaginous complexions—"Deuceace" in Globe-Democrat.

In California's "Flush" Days.

It was the "flushest" kind of a "flush" time. The years 1852 and 1853, especially the latter, were years of rapid growth as well as unexampled prosperity. Everything flourished. Fortunes were made in a day. Some idea of the ease with which money was gained and the prodigality with which it was spent may be derived from the following entries in an old ledger of a general store of that period: "One candle, $3; 1 dozen French sardines, $35; 2 white shirts, $40; 200 pounds of white flour, $50; 1 fine tooth comb, $6; 1 tin pan, $9; 1 barrel of mess pork, $210." Whisky was 50 cents a drink, and butchers' knives, with which miners picked gold from the crevices of the rocks, sold for $30 each. Adventurers, villains and scoundrels from every quarter of the globe flocked here in greater numbers than ever before. The extravages, the dissipations, the complete abandonment to self indulgence and sensual gratification, the sudden ups and downs of fortunes, and all the other evils of such a state of society were rampant.—San Francisco Cor Chicago Times.

Learning Foreign Languages.

It is claimed that, generally speaking, an aptitude for learning foreign languages is indicative of a low degree of intellectual power, and results from the contentration of the lower intellectual faculties upon such mechanical effort without the distracting influence of the higher reasoning powers.—Globe-Democrat.

Physician's Wife—Are your affairs in bad shape, John? Physician—Yes, but I hope to pull through. My creditors have extended my paper to the middle of the watermelon season.

OLD CHICAGO.

Reminiscences of the Great Western Metropolis.

ONLY THIRTEEN HOUSES FIFTY YEARS AGO.

How Chicago was Saved From an Indian Massacre.

"My father took a claim on the North Side near the river and not far from Mr. Clybourne's," said Mrs. Mary Ann Draper. "Here we lived for quite a long time. I have gone through many dangers and hardships on the North Side in early days. The Indians were numerous and were always coming and going. Sometimes they were friendly and sometimes they were not. My father always had his gun and sword by the bed at night and a dog in the house. Often he would not remove his clothing. The Indians would come up and go around the house, and now and then strike their tomahawks into the logs and cry, 'Chan in chan muck-a-mu—no good white man.' I don't see why they didn't kill us. They did kill one man and woman just before they 'treated.' They hung the man up in the woods and threw the woman in the lake.

"I think there were only thirteen dwelling houses, all told, when I came to Chicago. My father helped to build the famous Green Tree Tavern. These houses could not all be seen at one view. The grass was south, and all the North Side nearly was covered with very heavy woods. Wild rice grew in the river, and beautiful white and yellow pond lilies were to be seen along the shores. I had several adventures and some narrow escapes.

"But I want to tell you how, I sometimes believe, I saved Chicago from a massacre. This adventure I call my bridge disaster. I was about 13 years old then, and we lived on the North Side, near the junction of the north and south branches of the river. Mother wanted me to go to market. So I took the basket on my arm and started for the only bakery then in Chicago, which was on the West Side, and also for the only meat market in town, which was on the South Side, where Mr. Clybourne had his shop. Near the two rivers was a pole bridge which I had to cross. I went over all right and secured my bread and meat, but on my return I found the bridge blockaded with Indian ponies, and I should say there were about 2,000 savages in that vicinity. The ponies were stationed on the bridge in such a manner that it was supposed no one could get through. But I passed over with my basket by going along on the ends of the poles outside of a rough railing. At the farther end stood a big Indian with a long knife in his hand. I shied around him, too, and had gotten fairly over only when the bridge broke down and tumbled poles and ponies pell mell together in the river. A thousand war whoops seemed to rend the air, and the big Indian whooped the loudest of all, and, lifting his great knife, started after me.

"Run! I should think I did. I ran through a house near by quicker than I can tell it, and the Indian after me. I dodged into a thicket of wild apple trees, and got into the woods and made my escape. But I did not feel safe until my long hair was shorn off and my disguise so complete that the Indians would not recognize me. This racket called out the garrison at the fort. The drums beat, and even my brother ran around, crying out 'The war's commenced, the war's commenced, get your guns ready quick.' Alexander Robinson, the chief of the tribe, used to tell me that the Indians thought I had bewitched the bridge and brought on the calamity, and therefore tried to kill me. Later in the day, however, they changed their minds and said I was a fairy sent by the Great Spirit to punish them because they would not 'treat' with the white men. The treaty was agreed upon that very afternoon, and peace, instead of a massacre, prevailed. Thus, I expect I helped to save Chicago."—Chicago Herald.

Effects of Absinthe Tippling.

The young men are cultivating absinthe, and when the present generation reaches middle age the absinthe tippler will be one of the frequent guests at our hospitals, which are now full of drunkards and narcotic takers. I am now treating a man who has reached the last stage. The effects are fearful. It is a drink that serves as a powerful stimulant at first, but is the most injurious in the end because of its strength. It is easy to drink absinthe to excess because it requires such a small quantity to do the work.

The intoxication it causes is exhilarating and pleasant, but after it is drank to excess the digestive organs are destroyed and the appetite ruined. With the effects worn off comes a terrible thirst, with giddiness and a tingling in the ears, mental depression and finally hallucination and loss of brain power. The symptoms of an excessive drinker breaking down are muscular quiverings, loss of physicial strength, emaciation and a sallow complexion. Paralysis finally sends him to the grave.—Physician in Globe-Democrat.

How a Steamer Got Ice.

The United States fish commission steamer Albatross, Lieut. Commander Z. L. Tanner commanding, recently arrived in port, having spent nearly a month in the Straits of Magellan, where large collections were made in all branches of natural history. Fishes of excellent quality for eating were there seined in great quantities. Vessels passing through the straits, if supplied with seines, could thus obtain an abundance of fresh food. Camps of Fuegians were visited and considerable ethnological material was obtained from them for the National museum at Washington.

In Eyre sound icebergs are usually to be found floating, as many glaciers flow into the water there. The Albatross ran into this sound and made fast to a berg for the purpose of getting a supply of ice for her refrigerator. Huge blocks were then cut off and hoisted in until six tons had thus been taken aboard. The ice was clear and compact and lasted until the arrival of the ship here.—Panama Star and Herald.

A Pertinent Question.

For the third time little Tommy Figg had asked his father what was the cause of the Desert of Sahara. Finally the old gentleman laid down his paper and answered: "I reckon it was formed when the Israelites lost their sand. And if you don't quit asking me so many questions I'll see that your mother puts you to bed before I get home hereafter." "But, pa, how can you see her put me to bed if she puts me to bed before you get home?" And that question was Tommy's last for that evening.—Occident.

Modern Civilization in France.

The personal effects of Marie Regnault, the murdered mistress of Pranzini, have been sold at public auction at the Hotel Drouot. There was a terrible crowd, including many ladies of fashion and aristocratic rank. All the effects of the dead woman were sold, including her clothing, and almost fabulous prices were paid. For example, a pair of blue silk corsets brought $37. A trashy novel which she was reading just before she was killed brought $25; the publisher's price of it is 75 cents. The blue silk stockings which she had on when she was killed were purchased by a Russian countess for $48. A basin in which Pranzini was said to have washed the blood from his hands after the murder brought $15. A chiffonier, on which are to be seen the marks of his bloody fingers, brought $85. A heavy coat of waterproof transparent varnish has been put over the finger marks to prevent them from being obliterated. A pair of common silk garters brought $5 each.

One lady, a rich banker's wife, paid $32 for a pink silk undervest, considerably worn, and at once stripped off the half dozen buttons and sold them for $2 apiece. A tooth brush brought $4 and a shoe buttoner $3, though neither cost over 50 cents new. A wife of a deputy wears a brooch containing a tiny gallows noose made of Pranzini's hair, and another lady, a duchess, has set in a ring one of the handsome teeth for which the murderer was famous. She bribed the executioner to knock it out of his jaw for her, as soon as he was dead. As is well known, the corpse of Pranzini was completely skinned, and the tanned hide made up into pocket books, card cases, and other souvenirs, which are highly prized.—The Argonaut.

Oscar and His Magazine.

I met Mr. O Wilde not long since in London. He stood on the corner of Bond street and Piccadilly delivering a series of deep, guttural and heart felt reflections on the mud, and particularly at a large and lavish display of it that had been spread over his attire by the wheel of a passing hansom.

A woful change has come over the erstwhile apostle of æstheticism. Where a waist once existed there is now a billowy, bulging and complacent protuberance that wots not of sunflowers and lilies, nor yearns for sickly yellows and pallid greens. It indicates instead a rampant, clamorous and passion tossed yearning for beer that has been met by a generous hand. Mr. Wilde's outline would do credit to an alderman. His reddish hair was clipped close and topped by a beaver hat in a cocky sort of way, and his trousers were rolled up in a fashion that allowed the observer's eye free play over a pair of sturdy walking boots. As a matter of detail it may be added that the trousers (the pet aversion of the former æsthete's life) were ill fitting and bagged at the knee. Mr. Wilde's increasing corpulence has destroyed the strong lines of his face, but added an element of rubicund good nature. He was ruddy and comfortable looking.

"I suppose," he said, before we separated, "that you remember some of the remarks I used to make about journalism?"

"I have a vivid recollection of a speech you made one night at the Lotus club in New York, in which you denounced 'the ink stained creatures of the press.'"

"Ah, yes. Well, I'm one of them now. My magazine is my only aim."

He is making a success of it, too. It is one of the few instances where a man of violent enthusiasms becomes a money maker.—Blakely Hall in New York Sun.

Professional Artists a Terror.

Art stores and the dealers in artists' supplies are not supported to any degree by professional talent, as in fact no dealer cares to cater to that class of trade. Professional artists are a terror to business men, for they seem to have no ideas of ways and means of transacting business, and think it all the same whether they pay in a day or a year. Then the successful men want you to toady to them and submit to insolent reflections on the contracted ideas of all engaged in trade. They will force their pictures on the public whether the execution is good, bad or indifferent, and when the dealer remonstrates they turn a scornful nose and caustically comment on the terrible lack of art culture among the uneducated.

There are men in the art supply business who have informed me that their most sincere wish was that a real professional would never cross the threshold of their stores. The artists who have had sense enough to forego the ambition to become famous and turned their pencils and brushes into commercial work have found a reward commensurate with the cost of early training. There are a dozen commercial artists in St. Louis who today claim incomes ranging from $3,000 to $6,000, that lift them from the penury and uncertainty of a Bohemian whose life is devoted to catching the public fancy. The public is too whimsical, and although you may captivate it for awhile, fashion will lead the crowds away from yesterday's favorite.—Charles E. Ault in Globe-Democrat.

A Disappointed Young Man.

One of the girls in fashionable society in New York made up her mind to get married the other day, and after confiding her intention to her father, she said: "What do you intend to do for me?" The father was a wealthy man, and thought he was showing a liberal spirit when he answered: "Well, I will give you $100,000 to buy a house and $25,000 to furnish it with." "And what will you give me to live on?" the young lady demanded, with a dissatisfied look on her face. "Oh, I will allow you the interest on another $100,000," replied her father. "But my chef will cost at least $1,200 a year. How do you think I can possibly manage with so little?" The father looked slightly grieved, but only said: "That must do while I am living; you will probably have more when I am gone." The young man who was interested in hearing the result of this conversation between father and daughter said when he heard it: "He might at least have given her two millions." The marriage did not take place.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

Sensational Newspapers in England.

All the murder gazettes are not published in this country. Here, for instance, is The Weekly Courier, of Liverpool, England, which recently published the following advertisment: "Remarkable Murder Trials. New Stories of Old Crimes.—There will shortly be begun in The Weekly Courier a series of articles, giving detailed and graphic accounts of some of the murder trials which have taken the deepest hold on the public mind. Special attention will be given to remarkable trials of local interest in Liverpool and Lancashire. Each article will trace the crime from its inception, describe its methods and incidents, the efforts of the culprits to elude pursuit and capture, the incidents of the trial, and, finally, the execution of the convict—usually at Kirkdale gaol, in the presence of vast multitudes of people."—New York Tribune.

THROUGH THE AIR.

"Zazel" Describes how to Make a Safe Jump.

WHY YOU SHOULD HOLD YOUR BREATH.

A Public Exhibition of a Jump Into a Fire Net.

Since the publicity which has been given my jump into the net used by the fire department I have received so many letters that I find it impossible to answer each individual. The following covers, to a great extent, questions that are asked; at the same time the replies may be found useful.

Before jumping the first essential thing is to draw into the lungs as much air as possible. Then hold the breath. As the time occupied in making the descent into the net is but a few seconds, it does not require practice to comply with this request.

"Why should the breath be held?"

This is asked in many forms and as many times.

The expansion of the lungs aids to support and retain in place most of the internal organs. The air acts as a cushion. It enables the body to offer resistance to the atmosphere, making the body fall with less force, and serves to lessen the shock which comes the moment the body strikes the net. The same effect is produced in jumping into the water.

Hold the elbows close to the side. Fore arm almost at right angles, slightly in front of body, with hands closed. Bend knees just a little, with feet extended forward. Keep head inclined forward; set the chin firmly on chest, and under no circumstances throw the head back.

The position in falling should be about the same as a person assumes when seated in a chair. Keep all the muscles as rigid as possible. The act of holding the breath will aid in this. Use but little exertion in making the leap. Spring lightly forward and outward, not downward. The latter motion will take care of itself. Jump as if about to cross a small ditch with land on each side of equal height.

When the net is struck the muscles will at once relax, and, rebounding in the air, the body will fall again without pain or injury. Avoid swinging the arms or spreading the limbs while in the air. To do either is to invite liability of breaking limbs. Any sudden motion will have a tendency to revolve the body or cause it to deviate from its course.

Your readers will find it to their interest to practice inhaling and retaining the air as long as possible within the lungs. It will expand and develop the chest. In this country we have the fault of eating quick and breathing too fast.

If height causes hesitation do not look down. Keep the eyes fixed straight forward. Then go. Remember our brave firemen are as anxious to save your life as you are to retain it. In my endeavor to show how safe it was to jump into the net now in use I wore ordinary street costume in my leap. My watch did not stop. This fact ought to inspire confidence to those who may need it in case of fire.—"Zazel" (Mrs. G. O. Starr) in New York Evening Sun.

Children in the Hotels.

"Yes, indeed, we entertain a decided antipathy to children, and have good reasons for it, too," said the day clerk of a high priced hotel on upper Broadway.

"How is that?" inquired a reporter. "I thought every good natured person was fond of children."

"Oh, yes; no doubt they are nice, but a hotel is no place for them unless it be devoted exclusively to the use of families. There are not more than a half dozen first class hotels in this city where children are welcome. In the first place, they are more trouble than they are worth, and in the second place they serve to keep away profitable patrons. Now in every hotel from one end of the town to the other notices are posted in all the rooms to the effect that children must not make a playground of the corridors, or ride in the elevators for the sake of enjoying pleasure excursions. It is impossible to enforce either rule. With one or two exceptions New York hotels are largely patronized by business men from other cities. These are the transient guests, and they are the most profitable. They do not, as a rule, take their families, and, although they may be fond of their own offspring, they decidedly object to put up at a hotel where other people's youngsters are whooping things up in the corridors, or upsetting dishes in the dining room. Then, again, just think of an old bachelor sleeping, or trying to sleep, in a room adjoining that occupied by a teething infant. Why, he would pay his bill and leave the following morning. Oh, no; there is no money in children for any hotel."—New York Mail and Express.

Size of Boston Common.

As is well known to Bostonians through the medium of New York papers, the dwellers in this city are morbidly sensitive to any disparaging reflections on the size or beauty of the common. As this sensitiveness is shared by old and young, the feelings of a young lady who took her little country cousin, aged six, to see the common must have been hurt by the calmly critical way in which he looked it over.

"This is Boston common, Willie," she said; "what do you think of it?"

"It's a pretty yard!" responded the youthful visitor. "A big yard, but it ain't as big as our front yard down home."—Boston Transcript.

Pinions Are Wings, But——

Bowles—Mr. Stiffany, I would like you to fix the wings of this watch.

Stiffany—Wings? I do not understand you.

Bowles—Perhaps I haven't got it right. What are those appendages by which a butterfly is enabled to fly? Pin—pin——

Stiffany—Pinions?

Bowles—Oh, yes; fix the watch's pinions.

Stiffany—Oh!—Jewelers' Circular.

Optional Courtesies.

Among optional courtesies may be enumerated that which governs the conduct of persons in crowded public conveyances. South of Mason and Dixon's line no man would brave public opinion by remaining seated when a woman maintained a standing position, even were she the humblest of her sex. A foreigner would argue in such a case that he had paid for his seat, and that there could be no more reason for his rising in a street car than if he were occupying a seat at the opera or at a hotel table.

In New York, which is too cosmopolitan a city to be cited as an example, street car etiquette is decidedly variable, and whether or not it is necessary to vacate a seat in a lady's favor is a much mooted question. One thing is certain, and that is, that youth and beauty appeal to both high and low, even the most boorish individual being willing to relinquish his rights in favor of a woman with a pair of bright eyes and a stylish figure.

The poor wage worker, in her faded cotton gown and with fingers showing evidences of toil, is rarely the recipient of such courtesy. The man in broadcloth, who has been seated in his luxurious office most of the day, keeps his seat without a qualm of conscience, and holds his paper before his face to obstruct the view of the appealing eyes and worn figure.

Women in public vehicles often exhibit a remarkable selfishness and a total disregard for the comfort of others. Many of them accept a seat to which they have no legal right with a saucy toss of the head and without recognizing the courtesy by as much as a bow or a "thank you." An audible expression of thanks is the least a lady should offer in exchange for the sacrifice of a place, and this should be tendered as freely to the threadbare clerk as to the dude in fine raiment.—Jenness-Miller Magazine.

Looking for Light at the City Hall.

I am building a house. I wanted to get the necessary permission to tap the water main, and went to the City hall for that purpose. I might have gone down into the state of Indiana to have secured the permit, but it occurred to me that I had better ask in Chicago. I stepped into one of the elevators and told the driver what I wanted. He landed me on the public library floor. I soon discovered I was in the wrong place.

I took another elevator, and told the driver of that one what I wanted. He let me off somewhere and told me where to go. I followed his directions, and found myself face to face with Superintendent Howland. I didn't ask him, for I saw he was busy. I found an officer in the corridor, and told him what I was trying to get at. He sent me to the place where dog licenses are issued, and a smart clerk in that department laughed at me.

I didn't blame him very much. I met a friend who has been in the City hall since its occupancy, and he conducted me to the proper place. I had lost nearly an hour. Why don't the proper authorities see that men of intelligence are put in places where inquiries are made?—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

The Opal.

While most gems owe their tint to the presence of some foreign coloring matter the many hued and beautiful opal differs. It is opaque, deriving its beauty from the marvelous property it possesses of decomposing the rays of light, and thus reflecting from its polished surface all the colors of the rainbow. It needs, therefore, no brilliant, but appears to the best advantage when alone. It is at present among the most prized of gems, and has held its place for ages.

Mark Antony once offered £170,000 for an opal the size of a hazelnut, but the owner, Nonius, a Roman senator, preferred exile to parting with his treasure. In spite of their value opals are unsafe investments, for time and exposure dim their luster, while their sensitiveness to heat is so great that the warmth of the hand has been known to crack them. The finest stones come from Hungary, and among the Austrian crown jewels are gems of greater size and beauty than that which tempted the Roman emperor.—London Court Journal.

Danger from Musical Instruments.

A French military surgeon has been making researches on wind instruments which had been used by phthisical bandsmen, and warns musicians of the importance of disinfection. He recommends that instruments should be filled with a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid, or, in the case of metallic instruments, that they should be dipped into boiling water. These precautions are of the utmost importance when phthisical persons have used the instruments; for it was found in such cases that liquids used to wash them out presented a virulence similar to that of a pure culture of tuberculosis.

Fortunately, the danger is small as long as the interior is thoroughly moist, which of course it usually is; but when an instrument has been lying by for some time, so that the interior has become dry, there is real danger of air containing dried germs of the disease being drawn into the lungs of the person who next plays upon it.—New York Ledger.

A Lion Tamer's Magic Wand.

Science comes along to rob the lion tamer of much of the glory that comes from the danger of his work. There has lately been invented a light wand with an insulating grip for the hand, connected by a flexible wire with a battery, of which the power can be varied at will. An experiment with this form of applied science is said to have been successfully made.—New York Journal.

A grandson of Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph, is employed in the electrical division of the patent office at Washington. He has developed an aptitude for the science which has made his name famous, and occasionally contributes acceptable articles to the electrical papers.

PREMATURE BURIAL.

Medical Men Pronounce it a Humbug.

NOT A SINGLE AUTHENTICATED KNOWN.

A Sensational Story From Southampton.

The subject of premature burial has been of late revived in this country by the appearance of sensational paragraphs in the daily press. Not long ago the public were horrified by a story from Leeds of a gravedigger having heard sounds proceeding from a coffin recently buried. It required a coroner's inquest and the evidence of Mr. Scattergood, the lecturer on forensic medicine, to reassure the public that the rumor was false, the deceased woman having died a perfectly natural death, while, although its cause was typhoid fever, the burial had been by no means hastened, and it was clear that death had occurred at the time stated by those around her.

More recently there was a sensational story from Southampton of a clergyman who stopped the interment of a friend, whose funeral he had come from a distance to attend, on the grounds that he saw some sign of life, which proved to be simply his own imagination. So far as this country is concerned there has not been a single authenticated case recorded of premature burial, though there have undoubtedly been cases where persons have revived after apparent death, and many alleged cases of premature burial in addition to those previously alluded to. But all these have the appearance of sensational stories manufactured for the "penny dreadfuls" and those newspapers which thrive on sensation.

Even on the Continent, in America and in other countries, where in consequence of the intense heat burial must take place within twenty-four hours after death, the authenticity of the stories of alleged premature burial has never been proved, and it may be safely asserted that one genuine case would have led to an alteration in the law and the postponement of burial until after a longer period.

In England, on the contrary, there is less reason to complain of too speedy burial as of too prolonged an interval between death and burial. Mr. Seymour Haden's suggestion of burial within thirty-six hours was not favorably received, and is, indeed, for this country too short an interval. A universally exact interval cannot be laid down; it must vary according to the time of year, the weather and other circumstances. In these days of cheap disinfectants a body can be kept without prejudice to the living for four or five days after death, which interval is long enough to satisfy the wishes of the most timid. There is a circumstance well known to the profession which, if it were better known to the public, would go far to reassure those whose minds may have been disturbed by these sensational paragraphs.

Every day bodies apparently lifeless are received at metropolitan and provincial hospitals, having been found in every variety of posture, clothed, half clothed or naked, and under varying circumstances. At the hospital the resident surgeon must give a prompt and decisive answer to the question, "Is he (or she) alive or dead?" To send a corpse to the ward or to keep it unduly long in the reception room would be a very stupid blunder; to send a living person to the dead house would be a crime. These cases amount in the aggregate to thousands annually, and yet we have never heard of a mistake being made. It is probably this circumstance which makes members of the profession skeptical of these stories of so called premature burial, and causes them to reject with an incredulous smile the suggestion that so horrible a fate might occur to any of us.—London Lancet.

When Traveling.

I cannot imagine why people are so suspicious of one another in this world. Start a car full of people out of a depot, and for the first hundred miles of the way they look askance at each other, as though doubtful whether to keep their pocketbook under watch or not. This world has lots more nice people in it than bad, just as a summer meadow has more flowers and birds than snakes. Only cowards and idiots go through the land ignoring all the wealth of blossom, all the shadow and shine of summer weather, to keep a perpetual outlook for snakes. Snakes are occasional, but flowers and sunshine, thank God, are perpetual. Do you know, I rather fancy suspicious people are very mean themselves, and knowing their own capabilities for evil they suspect and seek in others the similitude of themselves, as magnetized iron searches out steel.—Chicago Herald.

Women Who Sell Newspapers.

The number of grown women who sell newspapers on the streets is constantly increasing, and today there are eight of them, between 30 and 50 years of age, vending papers at the big bridge entrance and the immediate neighborhood. Some of them are assisted by little sons and daughters, and one has a buxom girl of 17 or 18, whose raven hair and ruddy cheeks attract a great deal if not always respectful attention. There is not much chivalry in the newsboys who do not hesitate to mob a man or haze a boy who intrudes on their posts but they do not interfere with these women, no matter how many cut up their business.—New York Sun.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 27 ..... 1891.

Our neighbor has cackled too soon. Like a bantam rooster with the pip, he can't crow. The INDEPENDENT will live when such cattle as he are forgotten. All our interests are here, and we're are going to stay. The INDEPENDENT is entirely free from incumbrance, and there are no strings on it. It is not "owned" nor the tool of any company or corporation, and will always be found fighting for the good of the people, no matter what the result. The late action of this paper is not under taken hastily, but is the result of careful inquiry into the financial affairs of the county, and we are not done yet.

Any decline in the purchasing power of silver is dead loss to every producer in the Nation, whether farmer or other worker. The decline in the value of silver has been steady since it became evident that the gold interest has control of every branch of the Government, particularly of Congress. With the most cold blooded impudence the tools of the gold interest in the Senate and lower House say that it would be dangerous, if not disastrous to do more in favor of silver coinage. By and by, when patience is exhausted, the people will take by force what respectable rascals are now accumulating by fraud.

The melancholy Jaques declared that "Motley's the only wear;" but if he were to look about him now he would see that quackery is far the more profitable habiliment. The frank and true soldier, Sherman, being dead there is not a real MAN apparent to survive him in public life in the Nation. Quacks abound in all public stations, and quackery appears to be the only talent that wins success. In our own State Legislature a measure is proposed that would free politics from the curse of bossism. The bill is placed so low on the file that there is no chance of passing it before final adjournment unless it should be advanced out of its order. But when a motion is made to do this the quacks make a gabble that no bill must be taken up out of its order, and as the quacks have control they carry their point. In that most august assemblage of quacks, the Senate of the United States, one of the members rises to defend himself from a charge of using public funds to gamble with in stocks. The defense he makes is that he did't take the money but he admits that his partner did. Surely this is the very sublimity of quackery. A member of such a body as the United States Senate to deny that he is a thief, but in effect admit that he is a receiver of stolen goods! Surely such a man is among kindred spirits in the Senate, "Pirates all at Pargs," or he would at once be expelled. So many of his brother Senators have bought and paid for the seats they occupy that they dare not expel any member of their body, no matter what he does. Every industry in the country languishes for want of money enough to meet the public needs. But when it is proposed to cure the disease that quackery brought on, and remonetize silver, every quack in the country, led by a President OUT of office and a President IN office, raises his discordant screech and squawks "panic, dangerous measure, benefit silver miners only," etc. etc. and the quacks know that every word of their gabble is a lie. So long as the great mass of human beings get enough to eat and wear they are patient under misrule, or at worst do no more than grumble. Such a time is a golden age for quacks; their brazen impudence and pretence of ability enables them to take the lead everywhere. Such a time we now have, and quacks abound in the public service. But when real, stern troubles arise, then the quacks hunt their holes like rats and mice and other vermin. Quacks are useless then; real MEN are needed; impudence cannot do the work of ability; to save the State are needed Washington, Hamilton, Adams, Franklin, Green, Paul Jones; or Lincoln, Chase, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and such like. Not quacks these, but men full of truth, and of the strength that truth alone can give. Such a convulsion as would drive the quack vermin to their holes and bring real MEN to the front would be no unmixed evil.

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

OFFICIAL.

DELINQUENT Tax List. A. D. 1890.

INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

A

Arnold, R ber'—W hf of Sw qr, W hf of Nw qr, section 32, tp 16 S, R 56 E, 162 acres. Personal property 12 89

Anger, I. A—W hf of Sw qr, Se qr of Sw qr sec 23, Nw qr of Nw qr s c 26 Tp 12 S R 34 E, 160 acres 8 90

B

Bogde, Chas, D—E hf of Sw qr, W hf of Se qr section 2, twp 15 S, R 36 E, 160 acres. Undivided one-half of 15½ acres in Ne qr of Nw qr section 28, Tp 15 S, R 36 E, 7 acres. Lots in town of Lone Pine, Lot 2, 3, and fractional bf of lot 6, block 15. Lots in town of Lone Pine, Lots 2, 3 and 7 in block 26. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 6 and 7 in block 25. Lots in town of Lone Pine, all of block 27. Lots in town of Lone Pine, all of block 28. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 5 and 8 in block 23. Lots in town of Lone Pine, lots 1 and 4 in block 6. Personal property, 1 Poll and Hospital tax 20 65

Bulpitt, J H—T C Se qr sec 13 Tp 6 S, R 32 E D S hf of Ne qr, W hf of se qr, S qr of Ne qr sec 9, Ne qr of Ne qr sec 30, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 20 T, 7 S R 34 E, 160 acres, schl tax 16 71

Bourland, G P—Sw qr sec 9 Tp 8 S R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Brown, Jas H—W hf of Se qr, W hf of Sw qr c 28 2 Tp 6 S R 32 E, 160 acres; personal property 15 36

Boland, Thos—Jiggerville. W hf of Sw qr sec 10; Fctnl Ne qr of se qr; fctnl S½ qr of Ne qr, Ne qr of Ne qr sec 9 Tp 17 S R 37 E. T C W hf of S½ qr, Sw qr of Ne qr, N½ qr of S½ qr sec 32 T, 19 S R 37 E, 600 acres tax 11 50

Bulpitt, Fred H—Ne qr of S½ qr section 14, Nw qr of Sw qr section 13, Tp 7 S, R 32 E, 80 acres. Schl tax 3 76

Burton, Wm A—W hf of lot No 1, W hf of lot No 2 in Sw qr sec 19 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 83 acr schl tax 3 88

Bell, Mrs. Sallie—S hf of Nw qr, Ne qr of Ne qr sec 29 Tp 9 S R 33 E; E hf of Ne qr sec 9 Tp 9 S R 34 E, Nw qr of Se qr, Se qr of Sw qr sec 24 Tp 9 S R 33 E, 280 acres; personal property, schl tax, 1 P and H tax 97 99

Blake, E. H—E hf of Ne qr, E hf of Se qr, section 33, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 6 17

Bunacy, W T—Lots in Academy Addition in town of Bishop Creek Nos 1, 2, 3 and 4 in blk K; schl tax personal property 9 50

Brown, Ed M—Improvements on homestead E hf of Nw qr sec 30 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Personal property 8 45

Bamber, John S—All sec 16 Tp 18 S R 38 E, 640 acres 31 10

Bartlett, Jacob W—S ½ E hf sec 16 Tp 22 S R 42 E, 320 acres 17 30

Bridge, W H—All sec 16 T, 19 S R 39 E, 640 acres 31 10

Blake, R H—T C—E hf of Ne qr, W hf of Se qr sec 21 Tp 9 S R 34 E, 160 acres. School tax 6 17

C

Collins, A O—E hf sec 19, W hf sec 20 T, 8 S R 34 E, 640 acres; Sw qr sec 6, W hf of Nw qr, Ne qr of Nw qr sec 7 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 280 acres. 3 Hospital and Road tax School tax 118 22

Clark, Mary A—W hf of Sw qr sec 27, N hf of Nw qr sec 34 T, 13 S R 35 E, 160 acres. schl tax 24 96

Canadas, M J—S hf of S½ qr sec 7 Tp 15 S R 35 E, 80 acres 7 56

Carberry, Harry—Lot and house on Main St. town of Panamint, known as Mountain Harry's house 2 31

Curran, John—Lot and house in town of Panamint known as Jack Curran's residence, Main St 2 84

Clark, Andrew—Se qr, N hf of Sw qr, S½ qr Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr sec 20, W hf of Ne qr, N hf of Se qr sec 29, N hf of Sw qr, S½ qr of Nw qr sec 28, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 21 Township 8 S, R 32 E, 640 acres. School tax 26 51

Collins, W W—S hf of S½ qr sec 7, E hf, Se qr of Nw qr, E hf of Sw qr sec 18, W hf of Sw qr Sw qr of Nw qr sec 17 Tp 8 S R 34 E, 640 acres; persnl propty schl tax 55 48

Clinton, P—Lot and house north side of Main street in town of Corro Gordo. Personal property 5 01

Caney, D—Nw qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 35 E, 160 acres 5 75

D

Dierkson, Peter—Lot in town of Lone Pine. Lot 2, Blk 12 ..... 4 94

Desmore, S A—Sw qr sec 2 Tp 13 S R 35 E, 160 acres 5 75

E

Eldred, John—Nw qr of Nw qr sec 9 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Schl tax 6 86

F

Farmer, Richard J.—N hf of Ne qr section 24, Se qr of Se qr section 13, Tp 13 S, R 35 E, Sw qr of Sw qr section 18, tp 13 S, R 36 E, 160 acres. School tax. 1 Poll and Hospital tax 18 75

Follett, Wallace—W hf of S½ qr sec 13, W hf of Ne qr section 24, Tp 7 S, R 32 E, 120 acres. Schl tax 5 39

Fernbach, Joseph—Lots in town of Independence Nos 7, 9 and 11 in blk 21; S hf lot 10 in blk 21; fctnl lots 3 and 4 in blk 28; lots 2 4 and 6 in blk 23; personal property, schl tax 64 03

G

Gheen, William—E hf of N E qr, N hf of S½ qr, Sec 2, T sp 8 S R 33 E, 160 acres; pers. prpty, schl tax, 1 P & H 46 16

Gheen, William—W hf of lot 2, W hf of lot 1 in Ne qr sec 2 Tp 8 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax 3 13

Gorevin, John—W hf of S½ qr sec 18 Tp 14 S R 35 E, 80 acres; schl tax 3 77

Goodridge, A—(T C) W hf of S½ qr, E hf of Sw qr sec 8 Tp 6 S R 31 E, 160 acres 5 75

Gibson, W F—(S) All sec 36 Tp 19 S R 39 E, 640 acres 34 10

Graham, Wm H—Sw qr of Se qr section 12, Township No. 13 S. Range 35 East. 40 acres 1 81

Grant, Wm T—Se qr sec 12 Tp 19 S R 36 E, 160 acres 5 75

Gilbert, A. D, and Robinson, J. W.—S½ qr of Sw qr, Sw qr of S½ qr sec 10 Tp 12 S R 34 E 80 acres 3 13

Geiger, D M—E hf sec 36 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 320 acres; schl tax 19 79

Gillim, George—S½ qr section 3, Tp 10 S R 34 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 6 17

H

Herod, James—E hf of Nw qr, Ne qr sec 3, N hf sec 2, W hf of Nw qr sec 11 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 643 acres. Schl tax. 1 P l and Hospital tax 31 05

Hardy, Geo. H—Ne qr of Nw qr, N hf of Ne qr, section 27, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 120 acres. Sw qr of Ne qr section 22 Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 40 acres. Personal property 19 75

Howard, Paul—Lot in town of Lone Pine, lot 1 and 4 block 3 ..... 4 91

Hall George—W hf of S½ qr section 9, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 80 acres. Schl tax 3 34

Hanton, J V—Sw qr of Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr Ne qr of Sw qr, Ne qr of S½ qr sec 18 Tp 7 S R 32 E, 160 acres. Personal property, schl tax, 1 P. and H. tax 79 25

Hackaby, Geo—Sw qr of Sw qr sec 21 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 40 acres. S½ qr of Ne qr, S hf of Se qr S½ qr of S½ qr, section 29, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 13 37

Hellyer, Jas—S W qr S c 15, Twp 13, R 35 E, 160 acres; improvements on Gov't l'd schl tax 8 69

Haskell, H. L.—W hf of S½ qr, Ne qr of S½ qr, W hf of Ne qr section 15, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 acres 8 90

Hearne, Henry—(H) W hf of N hf sec 10 Tp 16 S R 34 E, 180 acres 5 75

Hessian, Dennis J.—W hf of lot 2 in Nw qr section 12, W hf of S½ qr, Ne qr of S½ qr, section 1, Tp 9 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. Persl prpty, schl tax 16 71

I

Ingram, James—Building on C. & C. land at Citcos, Independence Station, known as Pioneer Saloon. School tax 3 71

J

Jones, James—W hf of SW qr section 13, Twp 8 S, R 33 E 80 acres. School tax 8 84

Johnson, Jim (Indian)—Se qr of Ne qr section 13, Twp 9 S, R 33 E, 40 acres. School tax. 1 92

Jones, A, and Jones, J D.—Lot 100 by 100 ft and building in town of Bishop known as Dr. Middleton's residence. Lot and building on Main and Line streets in the town of Bishop known as Jones' saloon. Personal property. School tax. Poll and Hospital tax 111 08

Jones, Thos E—S hf of Ne qr N½ qr of S½ qr sec 22, Nw qr of Sw qr sec 23 Tp 6 S R 31 E, 160 acres; personal property 5 68

James, Walter Sr—Lot in town of Independence, Lot 11 block 9. Personal property. School tax 6 33

K

Keiser, Jacob—Improvements on lots 5 and 6 in Nw qr section 4, Tp 13 S, R 35 E. Persl property. Schl tax 20 25

L

Lichens, Josephine—W hf sec 36 Tp 21 S, R 39 E, 320 acres 17 30

Laird, Peter—S hf of Nw qr, N hf of Sw qr sec 10 tp 22 S R 37 E, 160 acr s 5 75

Leete, R M—W hf of Nw qr sec 22, Sw qr of Sw qr sec 15 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 120 acres, schl tax 4 91

Le Baron, D. A.—Personal property 4 18

Lane, James—W hf of Sw qr, S hf of Nw qr sec 11 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 160 acres. Personal property 25 57

Linscott, J. A—Ne qr of sect n 16, Twp 7 S R 35 E, 160 acres. Personal property, schl tax 45 02

M

Meades, A M—Improvements on E hf of Nw qr, W hf of Ne qr, section 9, Twp 7 S, R 33 E. Persnl prpty and schl tax 23 47

Meades, A M—E hf of Nw qr, W hf of Ne qr section 9, Twp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 7 01

Matlack, Mrs E C—N hf of Se qr, S hf of Se qr section 25 Tp 7 S R 33 E 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Methodist Episcopal Church—Tract of land in town of Bishop known as M E Church ct and parsonage, 1 acre. Schl tax 21 76

Meyers, Peter—E hf of Sw qr, W hf of Se qr section 26 Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 160 acres; schl tax 7 03

Merry, William H—Nw qr, N hf of Ne qr, Sw qr Ne qr, Ne qr Sw qr, sec 1 Tp 8 S, R 33 E, 320 acres. Schl tax 19 79

Malone, Mrs Mary—S hf of S½ qr sec 2, W hf of Sw qr sec 1 Tp 8 S R 33 E 160 acres; schl tax 10 05

Malone, Granville—Possessory right in Nw qr of Nw qr section 1 Twp 12 S, R 33 E, 40 acres 1 81

Morton, W R—S hf of Nw qr, Sw qr of Ne qr, Ne qr of Sw qr, section 2 Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Persnl propty 44 08

Miller, James H—W hf of Nw qr, W hf of S½ qr section 4, Tp 8 S, R 33 E 160 acres. E hf of Sw qr Sw qr of Se qr, S½ qr of Sw qr section 13 Tp 8 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. W hf of Nw qr section 13 Tp 8 S, R 33 E. Se qr of Ne qr section 14, Twp 8 S, R 33 E, 120 acres. Persnl prpty and schl tax 51 71

MC

McCarty, Mrs M—E hf of Sw qr, S½ qr of Nw qr Sw qr of Ne qr section 22, Tp 6 S, R 33 E, 160 acres 7 56

McAfee, Mrs A C—Nw qr of Nw qr sec 24 Tp 9 S R 33 E, 40 acres. Schl tax 1 92

McMorry, J S—S hf of Se qr, section 29, Sw qr of Nw qr, Nw qr of Sw qr section 29 Tp 9 S R 34 E, 160 acres. Schl tax, 1 Poll and Hospital tax 38 08

McBride John J—Undivided one half interest in Sw qr of Nw qr, E hf of Sw qr, Se qr of Nw qr, 160 acres, and 80 acres. Personal property. Two Poll taxes and two Hospital taxes 133 13

McKellips, A—Interest in possessory claim to unsurveyed land situated east side Owens river at Crysopolis mill, property known as McKellips' ranch, 160 acres 5 75

McDonough, Thomas—W ½ of Ne qr section 11 Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 80 acres 3 13

McCure, J. N.—N hf of Se qr section 15 S hf of N E qr section 22 Twp 7 S R 33 E, 160 A Personal property, school tax, 1 Poll and 1 Hospital tax 25 48

McGahn, Peter—S hf of S½ qr section 26; N hf of Ne qr section 35, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 160 A. W hf of S½ qr section 26, Tp 12 S, R 34 E, 80 acres 8 83

McGahn, Bridget—Se qr of Se qr section 35, Tp 12 S, R 34 E; W hf of lot 6 in Ne qr section 1, E hf of lot 6 in Nw qr section 1, Tp 13 S, R 34 E, 117 acres 4 35

O

Orr, L P—S E qr of S E qr sec 9, S W qr of S W qr sec 10, Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres. Personal property; schl tax 15 44

Osborne, J. B.—Interest in town of Los Angeles Mining Company, a Corporation Gunsight mine in Resting Springs Mining District North extension of Gunsight mine in Resting Springs Mining District Quartz mill machinery and buildings 61 88

P

Parker, J E and M S—Lots in town of Independence, Free 9 and 11 block 20; personal property school tax 11 74

Powers, Jas H—(S) W hf of S½ qr, Se qr of Nw qr, Ne qr of Sw qr sec 36 Tp 24 S R 37 E, 160 acres. Schl tax 11 16

Porteous, Alex—(D) Ne qr sec 14, S hf of S½ qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E (T C) W hf of Se qr, S hf of Ne qr sec 11 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 400 acres; schl tax 17 28

Porteous, Alex—S hf of S½ qr, Nw qr of Se qr section 3, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 120 acres; schl tax 8 31

Producers Union of Owens Valley—Lots in town of Laws, lots 2 and 3 block J; interest of Messrs. Bourland, Hall and Keough in same 16 75

Plumley, A—N hf of Ne qr sec 32, S hf of Se qr sec 29 T, 6 S R 33 E, 160 acres 5 75

R

Reddy, Mrs M—Lot and house in the town of Darwin, west side Main st near Market. Persnl prpty 4 13

Roberts, S. P—W hf of Nw qr, N hf of Sw qr section 21, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. Possessory claim in land on Pine Mountain, 40 acres. Persnl prpty 9 44

Robinson, J W—(D) Sw qr of Sw qr sec 15, Ne qr, E hf, N hf of Sw qr, S½ qr of Sw qr sec 22, Tp 12 S, R 31 E, 640 acres 21 50

Richards, Thos J—Ne qr of S½ qr sec 22 Tp 7 S R 33 E. 40 acres; schl tax 6 43

Robinson, E—Lots N½ 1 and 2 in Nw qr, S½ qr sec 2 Tp 11 S, W hf of Se qr sec 35 Tp 10 S R 34 E, 403 acres 13 63

Russell, F. E.—W hf of Nw qr section 2, Tp 14 S, R 35 E, 80 acres. S hf of S hf section 23, N hf of Nw qr, E hf of S½ qr, Ne qr section 35, Twp 13 S R 35 E, 400 acres. S hf of Nw qr, W hf of Se qr, E hf of Sw qr section 35, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 240 acres. N hf of Sw qr, S hf of Nw qr, section 26, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. N hf of Ne qr, Se qr of Ne qr, section 34, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 120 acres. Ne qr section 27, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. E hf of Sw qr section 27, Tp 13 S, R 35 E, 80 acres. Se qr section 27, Twp 13 S, R 35 E, 160 acres. Personal property. School tax. Trust property of J. D. Ziglar and trust property of W. S. Enos 380 12

S

Storey, Geo—Sw qr of Nw qr sec 14 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 40 acres; schl tax 2 12

Steward, Charles—S hf of Ne qr, W hf of Se qr section 25, Tp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres. School tax 6 17

Silva, Frank—Lot and house in town of Darwin Wside of Market St N of Main. Personal property. 1 P and H tax 13 18

Shirley, Jasper—W hf of Ne qr section 17, Tp 6 S, R 31 E, 80 acres 3 13

Sprance, Stanley—Lot 50x100 ft in t wn of Laws. Lot 16 block K 4 94

Sherman, Val—Sw qr of Sw qr section 15, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 40 acres; schl tax 2 13

Sais, Angelo—Lots in town of Bishop; Lots Nos 1, 2, 3 and 4 in blk C P & H tax, persl prpty; schl tax 32 71

T

Tibbetts, W. R—Fractional lot in town of Independence. Lots 7, 9 and 11 block 24; S hf of Se qr, S½ qr of Sw qr section 18, Ne qr of Nw qr section 19, Tp 9 S, R 34 E; persl prpty, schl tax 76 54

Turner, F M—Possessory known as Turner's Ranch in s c 23 Tp 9 S R 33 E, 20 acres. Persnl prpty, schl and P & H tax 20 47

Mancey, Thomas—Mortgage interest in property of J W Tancey, viz Ne qr of Sw qr, S hf of Nw qr, Nw qr of Ne qr section 18, Twp 9 S, R 34 E, 160 acres, school tax 18 01

Twaddle, Thomas—Quartz mill and building situated at Cook Springs in Death Valley, formerly known as Rock Company's property 5 acres 49 38

Thomas, Reel H—W hf of Sw qr sec 35 Tp 6 S R 33 E, 80 acres; persl prpty 11 52

U

Unknown Owner—Ten stamp quartz mill and machinery formerly known as Emigrant Mill, situated in Lone Mining District 81 56

Unknown Owner—W hf of Sw qr sec 27 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax 5 52

W

Walker, Jim (Indian)—W hf of lot 2 in Ne qr sec 1 Tp 13 S R 34 E, 40 acres 1 81

Watterson, Geo—N hf of N hf sec 21 Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; schl tax 6 53

Walters, C A—S½ qr sec 6 Tp 12 S, R 35 E, 160 acres 5 75

Wesson, Abbey C—All of sec 16 tp 24 S, R 40 E, 640 acres 34 10

Wells, W H—S hf of S½ qr, Sw qr of Sw qr, Ne qr of Se qr sec 20, T 7 S, R 31 E, 160 acres 5 75

Welch, E H—E hf of Ne qr sec 3, Sw qr of Ne qr sec 9, Tp 7 S R 35 E, 120 acres; school tax 12 40

Walter, Chas—N hf of S hf sec 22 Tp 11 S R 34 E, 160 acres 5 75

White, J R—S hf of Sw qr, S hf of Se qr section 21, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres; personal property schl tax 21 69

White, John—S½ qr of Nw qr, S hf of Ne qr sec 24 Tp 13 S R 35 E, S½ qr of Nw qr sec 19 T wnship 13 S R 35 E 160 acres; school tax 11 47

Y

Yerington, H M—Bonanza mine, Sherman Mining District, 20 acres; Atlantic Sherman Mining District 20 acres; Horta Star Mine, in Sherman Mining District, twenty acres 9 38

Yandell, W W and Mrs Martha Yandell—E hf of S½ qr sec 21 Tp 9 S, R 35 E 80 acres. W hf of N½ qr, E hf of Nw qr sec 28, Tp 7 S, R 33 E, 160 acres. E hf of Nw qr sec 28 Tp 7 S R 33 E, 80 acres; schl tax 13 55

Z

Zaun, S—Lots in Lone Pine, lot 1 block 20, S hf of lot 4 in block 17. Personal property 11 55

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that unless the foregoing taxes and costs are paid I will on

TUESDAY,

The 24th Day of February, 1891,

Between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., to wit, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., commence to sell the foregoing described real property at public auction in front of the Court House, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, State of California, and that I will continue such sale from day to day, according to adjournments, until the whole real property described in the foregoing, or so much thereof as may be necessary, shall be sold, and that I will sell the smallest quantity of each assessment of said property that will be taken by any person for the amount of said taxes and costs, in gold or silver coin of the United States.

Dated this 30th day of January, A. D. 1891.

J. S. GORMAN,
Tax Collector of Inyo county, California.

Notice of Forfeiture.

TO H. P. LIVINGSTON, OR WHOEVER at present may represent his interest in the Caldera Mine, and Peter Meyer: You are hereby notified that I have expended One hundred [$100] dollars in labor and improvements upon the Caldera Lode, situated in Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county, California, as will appear by certificate filed in the office of the Recorder of said district for the year 1890, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Sec tion 2,324, Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31, 1890, and if within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under the provisions of said Section 2,324.

O. G. FUENTES.
Dated Cerro Gordo, January 2, 1891.

NATHAN RHINE.

NATHAN RHINE,
(Successor to Harris & Rhine.)
MERCHANT,
INDEPENDENCE
Inyo Co. Cal.
Wholesale & Retail
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise

MY STOCK
CONSISTING OF
Almost every needed article is well calculated to satisfy the wants of everybody; and, as in the past, it will be our aim in the future to retain the extensive patronage enjoyed heretofore.

NATHAN RHINE.

NATHAN RHINE
BANKER
Independence, Cal.

SELL EXCHANGE
—ON—
SAN FRANCISCO
Draw Direct
—ON—
NEW YORK,
LONDON, England.
BERLIN, FRANKFORT-on-the-Main, GERMANY.

I AM PREPARED TO TRANSACT ALL KINDS,
—OF—
GENERAL
BANKING
&
EXCHANGE
BUSINESS.

Wechsel in beliebigen Summen auf Berlin und Frankfurt am de Main, Deutsche Vollmachten gerichtlich. Geldsendungen von und nach Deutschland besorgt.

AGENT FOR
WELLS FARGO
& CO'S.
EXPRESS

MUTUAL
Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK
CAPITAL - - - $5,000,000

LIVERPOOL
AND LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE - COMPANY
Capital - - - - $21,000,000

NATHAN RHINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people o Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence o posite Andrew Clark's.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

NORMAN
HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. J. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY AND REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of Charles D. Begole deceased.

IT APPEARING TO THE COURT, BY THE petition this day presented and filed by Thomas Parker, the Administrator of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, praying for an order of sale of the personal property and real estate of said estate, that it is necessary to sell the said personal property, and the whole of the real estate, or a portion of it, to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 24th day of March, 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Court, at the Court-house, in the town of Independence, in said county, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the personal property and the whole or so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the INYO INDEPENDENT, a newspaper printed and published in said county.

GEO. M. GILL,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated February 18th, 1891.

[ENDORSED.]
SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF INYO.
In the Matter of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased.
Order Fixing time and place for hearing petition for sale of Personal Property and Real Estate.
Filed February 18th, 1891.
J. N. YANDELL,
Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Mullane, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this noice to the said Executor, at his residence near the town of Big Pine, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Inyo, State of California.

RICHARD HESSIAN,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.
Dated February 13, 1891.

P. H. MACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call on I see
W. F. MATLACK.

PIONEER BREWERY
INDEPENDENCE
BEER ICE COLD.
The Bar is supplied with the Best of all kin of Liquors and Cigars.
The Coolest Hall in the town. Call in see what comfort you can have this hot weather.
PHILIP GEHRIG, PROPRIETOR

CROCKERS' HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee.
sept-tf

J. W. Murphy.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.
Wagons and Carriage Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, I can be assured of finding there the best of teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. J. MAIRS, Proprietor.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 96¼
Lead, 4.35
Copper, 14.60
Tin, 19.85
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence at 7 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

John P. Lee, who killed his step-father at Bodie, has been acquitted of the charge of murder,

The stallion Anteeo has been sold at public auction for $55,000. This is the highest price ever realized for a horse at auction.

Hunters are finding all the quail they want. The birds are plentiful and fat, and it is no trouble to get a bagful any day.

A party at Pittsburg offered Mr. Bonner $12,000 for the privilege of breeding Maud S. to a certain horse, the breeder to own the colt. The offer was refused.

Any one who wants to invest in a choice tract of land under the Eastside canal, now has an opportunity to do so. See the advertisement in another column.

Any one who needs a good horse, or several horses, can find a bargain by applying to Mr. Jacob Vagt at Camp Independence, Post Office address, Independence.

According to the apportionment bill agreed on by the Republicans in the Legislature, Alpine Mono, and Inyo Counties are to remain an Assembly District as at present.

The stage drivers report part of the road to the railroad station in a very bad way. They say that the track is a quagmire where the wheels sink to the hubs in the sticky mud.

At Benton there was two and a half feet of snow on Sunday morning. Some buildings were badly injured by the unusual load and all the Indians that could be found were put to work clearing roofs.

The Los Angeles *Daily Herald* estimates that the orange crop this year will fill four thousand cars. This represents a vast sum of money, and shows a vast increase of prosperity in Southern California.

Mr. Brooks is boring a number of holes to test the character of the ground near Haiwai, where a cut would be made through the pass for the proposed canal to Salt Well Valley. So far nothing harder than clay or sand had been struck at a greater depth than the cut would have to be.

The snow storm of Sunday is driving the deer out of the Sierra Nevada mountains. On Wednesday morning a band of five crossed the valley at Blackrock, and more have been seen at other points. Every winter the deer go from the Sierra to the Inyo range.

On Monday evening the down train was detained several hours by wash-outs. The train left Alvord on time, but between that point and Tibbets Station several repairs had to be made before the train could go over the road. The mail was nearly six hours late at Independence.

If any one knows of a vein of coal, large enough to work, anywhere in Inyo County, or in any adjoining territory, and would like to get capital interested for the development of the same, they will be put in the way of getting such assistance by communicating such facts to the office of the INYO INDEPENDENT.

In the general appropriation bill of the Assembly, six thousand dollars is to be given to our Agricultural District. This is the same as the appropriation made two years ago. The District Fair has been held at Independence four years in succession. It is but simple justice, and would certainly be wise policy, to hold the next Fair at Bishop. It is not likely that any opposition will be offered to this.

Pneumonia continues to cut lives short at Candelaria. Already many have died of the dread disease. Two brothers, J. W. and Ralph Goodwin, were kindly nursing their sick friend, Mr. J. H. McPherson. The latter died, and the two brothers having contracted the disease, both died. The *Chloride Belt* of Saturday says the supply of coffins was exhausted Thursday. Six more were received on Friday, and three of these were used next day.

Mr. Joseph Waterman, who is engaged in business at Livermore, is at Darwin. Mr. Waterman claims to own all of the stock of goods held by the late J. C. Eddy, at Darwin. He also claims the money in bank in the name of Mr. Eddy. The sum is said not to exceed seven hundred dollars. Mr. Thomas Parker, Public Administrator, went to Darwin on Tuesday to look after the property. No will has been found, and it is not possible to arrive at a correct knowledge of the state of the affairs of deceased. It is said that previous reports of valuable property owned by deceased at San Jose are mythical.

Properous Countries.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Freidline have been at Independence all the week, on a visit with their daughter, Mrs. W. Clark. Mr. Friedline came back to Bishop recently from a trip through Idaho, Oregon and Washington. He reports all that region to be prospering, money is plenty and consequently business good. Mr. Friedline says he will go soon to one of those States to settle.

School Report.

During the past month many pupils have been unable to attend school at Independence by reason of a sickness that prevails, something like the grip of a year ago, but much less severe. Now, however, most of the pupils are recovering and the attendance is increasing. The other schools in the valley have had a similar visitation and with like result.

The following named pupils were successful in passing their regular monthly examination, held February 23rd 1891.

George Wood 75 Frank Sherrer 91
Cora Craig, 75.

There were but three pupils neither absent nor tardy during the month, namely,
Minnie Levy. Edna Matlack.
Lizzie Thompson.

Absent or tardy only once:
Jeanette Wood. George Lawrence.
Cora Craig. Jessie Lawrence.
Arthur Mairs.

WHAT BUSINESS MEN REPORT.

One of the oldest business houses in the county, and the best known, is that of N. Rhine, at Independence. Mr. Henry Rhine says: During the past three years we have found money getting scarcer steadily. Farmers do most of their business by barter; they have little or even no money to do business with. What crops they produce they give in exchange for other necessaries and this in turn embarrasses the merchants. The coin paid out for goods imported and for freight thereon, so far as I can judge, much exceeds the total cash receipts for everything sent to market out of the county including ore. This must drain the county of every dollar, and fully accounts for the scarcity of money that all feel. The county cannot remain at a standstill; it must either improve or go backward. It is not improving, so far as I can see, in business.

L. Wood, an old established merchant at Independence, in answer to the question, "How is business?" replied: Business is nothing. Nobody has any money. I send to San Francisco for goods; the freight is equal to half the first cost and must be paid cash down. Farmers must have groceries and clothing; they have no money; they get the goods but the merchant gets nothing to pay his bills with. If business goes on in this way we had better get up and leave the country.

E. Chenot has been in business at Independence for many years. He says: Business is far worse than three years ago; there is no money in circulation. Farmers have no money and cannot buy anything for cash. I find it almost impossible to collect any bills.

Henry Levy has been in the hotel business over twenty years. He says: Business is much worse than ever before. I have hopes that it will pick up during the coming summer, but during the past three years it has been getting worse.

John C. Irwin has been in the saloon business about twenty years. He says business has been getting worse steadily for several years past. Along in the seventies his daily cash receipts exceeded his average monthly receipts the past year or two. Business has been getting steadily worse and he does not see where improvement is to come from.

J. C. Miller is in the saloon business. He says that business has declined very much during the past three years and it takes close economy and careful management to keep even.

Julius Roeper began a butcher business five years ago. He says business has declined steadily the last year or two. Where he formerly sent a wagon twice a week and did a large business now he don't send any meat and his wagon does not go there any more.

J. W. Murphy has a blacksmith shop. He says there is no money to be had; farmers need work done as before, but they do not get any cash and therefore cannot pay it out. Money is much harder to get than three years ago.

H. E. Jiggens attends to a livery business. He says the business has fallen off very much until now there is almost nothing doing. Cash receipts have nearly reached the vanishing point.

Philip Gehrig is a brewer. He says his business has dwindled to almost nothing. Four years ago a good many carpenters were employed in the town replacing buildings destroyed by fire. Then for some months there was money in circulation and he did a fair business. When that work was completed his receipts at once diminished and have kept decreasing ever since. He thinks there will be no improvement during the coming summer as there is nothing in sight to warrant expectation of better times.

W. F. Matlack has been in the blacksmith business many years. He says that while teams were running to Mojave business was good and money plentiful; but when the teams quit business at once declined.

O. I. Mairs is one of the best known hotel-keepers in the county; he says business has fallen off very much in the past three years.

Gus. Stecker is a well known carpenter and builder, a man respected and trusted fully by all who know him. He says his business now amounts to nothing. The only work he has done in a long time occupied him three months last fall and for that he has not yet got a cent and was compelled to secure himself by putting a labor lien on the building and the suit is still pending.

A. J. Davis is a boot and shoe maker and a first class workman. He has been in business at Independence several years and owns a shop and residence. During the past three months his shop has been shut up and he is now mining for a living. He says he did a good deal of work but could not collect enough money to pay for the leather he used, much less to leave him anything for support.

H. P. Carter is a carpenter and builder and an old resident of Independence. He says there is no business in his line and very little for a long time past.

A man employed occasionally during the past three years by C. W. Craig in the *Index* office asked for his wages, or at least a part due him, on Wednesday. Mr. Craig replied that he hadn't a dollar; that he had to pay his butcher bill or get no more meat and was "broke." On a previous occasion he stated to the same party that he had been going behind steadily at the rate of fifty dollars a month.

A CHANGE MUST COME.

It is useless to deny or ignore the fact that times are hard in Inyo County. From all parts of the county men engaged in all sorts of callings have fully and repeatedly endorsed the statements that have already appeared in the INYO INDEPENDENT in regard to the matter. It is not a question of climate, or soil, or water supply. But what are the people who are now here going to do when they find money getting scarcer and scarcer every day, and nothing in sight to hope for improvement. Many of the settlers, the best men in the county, have been on their farms twenty years or more, hoping ever for the good time that was to come. But now they are getting old; they find that their hopes are vain and that their time has been wasted. It was easier to get ten dollars fifteen years ago than it is to get one dollar now. Whether founded in wisdom or not, it is the general belief in the county that nothing can bring prosperity but an outlet south by rail, and of that at present there does not seem to be the slightest probability.

The Telegraph Line.

About two weeks ago the telegraph line from the railroad to the town was put in thorough repair. The snow storm of last Sunday broke down many of the poles, and since then Mr. Henry Rhine has written to the manager of the Western Union at San Francisco, resigning charge of the office at Independence, unless the Company shall put the line in order again and keep it so as the business of the office has fallen off, so that the townspeople will not contribute anything toward the repair of the line, and he will not do it at his own expense.

BEEF CATTLE.

What Is Thought of The Future of The Industry.

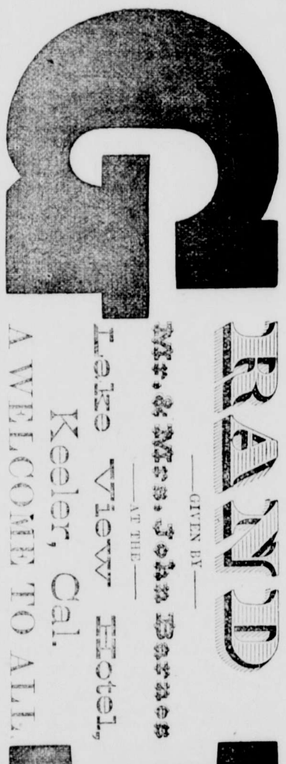
The rapid increase of population makes the beef question of greater importance than ever before. During the past ten years there was a great rush into the business of stocking the ranges and this was continued till it resulted in over-production and reduced value of cattle. A heavy reaction set in, helped by the terrible winter of last year, and the Reno *Gazette*, a good authority says, it seems a fair conclusion that the cattle census has now been reduced below the probable requirements of the immediate future. The heavy losses of last winter, in all of the colder northern portions of the grazing regions, where the snow was deep and the storms terribly severe, created a shortage of nearly 5,000,000 head of cattle. By some, it is estimated at not less than 10,000,000. On account of the losses in the herds, as well as the drainage of the surplus by shipments abroad and consumption at home, there has been a heavy decrease in the number of cattle in the United States, while the demand for beef is constantly on the increase. Less cattle were taken into market in 1889 than in 1886, by more than 2,000,000, as shown by the records. The increase will be very slow, comparatively with that of ten years ago, from the fact, as seen by the statistics, that 300,000 cows and heifers were slaughtered last year and hence are not available for breeding at the present time.

Five hundred thousand head of calves have been butchered in the last two years, and not less than 1,000,000 heifers have been spayed during the same time. Hence the shortage which must be felt for at least the next five or six years. The shortage for the present or immediate future market extends all over the east and begins to be felt in all the States and Territories west of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. Three-year-old fat steers, good, beef-matured cows are not made to order, or in a day. Generally speaking, something should be done toward breeding better cattle and handling them upon a more humane and business like plan. Good blood can now be obtained very cheap as compared with prices which prevailed a few years ago, and breeds have been introduced which show their ability to thrive under ordinary range conditions. But the cattle growing of the future will tend farther and farther away from the dangerous old policies. Fewer cattle, better cared for and protected, will be the new order. Provision for winter feed and shelter will be more thought of. There may not be the vast gains and the vast losses of the earlier years, but there will be a safer business and surer net returns. In this line of progress there is room for effort and investment which will promise well.

A Heavy Fall of Snow.

The children had a glorious time last Sunday at Independence. They had never seen such a spectacle before. The dogs, too, enjoyed it immensely. On Saturday evening snow began falling and next morning was a foot deep. The trees were heavy with the fleecy load, and every clothes-line looked like a great hemp hawser. All sorts of improvised sleighs were got ready, but the sleighing was a dismal failure. The ground being warm the sleighs sunk into the mud and slush and the attempt at sleighing was given up. Toward evening of Sunday rain set in, and by next morning the snow was nearly all gone. This was the heaviest fall of snow seen at Independence in many years.

MISCELLANEOUS.



GRAND BALL

GIVEN BY Mr. & Mrs. John Bennett AT THE Lone View Hotel, Keeler, Cal.

A WELCOME TO ALL.

Monday, March 16th, (EVE. OF ST. PATRICKS DAY)

MUSIC BY Harmony Orchestra

TICKETS ..... Including Supper $3.00

A Move In Real Estate.

On Tuesday morning at ten minutes past three o'clock there was a sharp shock of earthquake at Independence. The shock was accompanied by a rumbling sound that continued while one with moderate haste might count five. Buildings shook enough to make dishes rattle. A strong breeze was blowing from the south, but at the moment of the earth tremor there was a calm, and then the breeze set in as before. The moon was about full [the observer not so] but partly obscured by clouds. So far, no damage by the shock is reported. This is the heaviest earthquake observed at Independence in many years.

An Irish Dividend.

Toward the last of December a party who lives near Independence sent nine head of horses to Los Angeles to sell Soon afterward the owner went to Los Angeles to attend the sale of the animals. Some days ago a merchant at Independence said that the party had to borrow money to get home on, the whole sum that had been realized from the sale of the animals having been swallowed up by expenses. Not much profit in that business for the owner of the horses.

At Candelaria.

Candelaria, like other towns, is plagued with degraded wretches, white Piutes, who supply the far more respectable Indians with whiskey. Last week a meeting of citizens was held to consider the matter, and a Committee of Safety was appointed to deal with any caught repeating the offence. The *Chloride Belt* says the people mean to deal out justice, speedy and sharp, to anyone caught supplying whiskey or any other intoxicating liquor to any Indian.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND, Independence.

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,

Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt an furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor. feb12tf

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES, LIQUORS, & CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel. Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,

WASSON & WASSON, Bakersfield, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best.

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL, dependence, Cal.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumers should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT. Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891. m7tf

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines, Liquors, & Cigars.

Snap little FORTUNES have been made at work for us by Anna Hagen, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time, big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 PORTLAND, MAINE.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler, RENO, NEVADA.

m30-tf

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.

Real Estate Agents,

Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD. Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK **BREWERY,**

L. MUNZINGER & CO., Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points

Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO. Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,

Watchmaker & Jeweler.

BISHOP, CAL.

Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.

I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE STEWART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table

CARSON & COLORADO

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16th,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.	5:[illegible]
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:[illegible]
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.	2:[illegible]
Hawthorne	5:50 p. m.	11:[illegible]
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:[illegible]
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:[illegible]
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:[illegible]
Candelaria	Ar. 10:00 p. m.	Lv. 7:[illegible]
	No. 3.	No. 4.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Belleville	8:20 a. m.	5:[illegible]
Benton	11:50 a. m.	1:[illegible]
Bishop Creek	2:00 p. m.	11:[illegible]
Alvord	2:40 p. m.	10:[illegible]
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:[illegible]
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.	7:[illegible]
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:[illegible]

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and [illegible]
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and [illegible]

Passenger trains make close connections at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R. [illegible] connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections.

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); [illegible] miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downieville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co. for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON, General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDIR, General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing, Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc.

AT

L. WOOL[illegible]

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain, Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES, PEANUTS, WALNUTS, TOYS

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

THOMAS & HILL, DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods

A Poverty-stricken Millionaire!

This seems a paradox, but it is explained by one of New York's richest men. "I don't count my wealth in dollars," he said. "What are all my possessions to me, since I am a victim of consumption? My doctor tells me that I have but a few months to live, for the disease is incurable. I am poorer than that beggar yonder." "But," interupted the friend to whom he spoke, "consumption *can* be cured. If taken in time, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will eradicate every vestige of the disease from your system." "I'll try it," said the millionaire, and he did; and to-day there is not a healthier, happier man to be found anywhere. The "Discovery" strikes at the *seat* of the complaint. Consumption is a disease of the blood—is nothing more nor less than lung-scrofula—and it *must* and does yield to this wonderful remedy.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is not only an acknowledged remedy for that terribly fatal malady, when taken in time and given a fair trial, but also for all forms of Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases, as White Swellings, Feversores, Hip-joint Disease, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas and kindred ailments.

No one so old that he may not live a year, none so old but he may die to-day.

IF YOU HAD A FRIEND

About to visit some section of country where malarial disease, either in the form of chills and fever or bilious remittent was particularly rife, what would be about the best advice you could give him? We will tell you—to carry along, or procure on arriving, that potent medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, known throughout malaria plagued regions, here and in other countries, as the surest means of disarming the miasmatic scourage, and robbing it of its fell destructive influence. Not only does it fortify the system by increasing its stamina, but overcomes irregularity of digestion, the liver and the bowels, and counteracts the unfavorable effects of over-exertion, bodily and mental exposure in rough weather, or occupation too sedentary or laborious, loss of appetite and excessive nervousness. The functions of alimentation, bilious secretion and sleep have in it a most powerful and reliable auxiliary.

The imagination furnishes us with specters, but the conscience clothes and nurtures them.

CANNOT SPARE THE TIME.

Nelson H. Baker, District Attorney of Westchester Co., New York, writes:

"I have received many letters in reference to my testimonial, lately published, commending ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

I cannot spare the time to answer them in writing, therefore would again say, through the press, that I have found ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS invaluable as chest protectors and shields against coughs and colds. Furthermore, I have found ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS unequaled for pains in the side, back and chest."

Beware of any faith that does not indicate itself in the daily doing.

You wear out clothes on a wash board *ten times* as much as on the body. *How foolish.* Buy Dobbins' Electric Soap of your grocer and save this useless wear. Made ever since 1864. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

The happiness of life is so delicate a thing that it shrinks away even upon thinking of it.

For Coughs, Colds, and Throat Disorders, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. *Sold only in boxes.*

An ounce of generous praise will do more to make a man your friend than a pound of fault-finding.

Try Germea for Breakfast

Rheumatism IS PROMPTLY CURED BY SALOLDOS

Cures Also: Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Swellings, Soreness, Frost-bites, Stiffness, All Aches.

THE Chas. A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have "used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my "own use, and found it does me "more good than any other remedy. "I have been troubled with what I "call Sick Headache. A pain comes "in the back part of my head first, "and then soon a general headache "until I become sick and vomit. "At times, too, I have a fullness "after eating, a pressure after eating "at the pit of the stomach, and "sourness, when food seemed to rise "up in my throat and mouth. When "I feel this coming on if I take a "little August Flower it relieves "me, and is the best remedy I have "ever taken for it. For this reason "I take it and recommend it to "others as a great remedy for Dys-"pepsia, &c." ⊙

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

BEBEE;

or,

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

By "OUIDA."

"I suppose God cares—but I wish they did," said Bebee, to whom the garden was more intelligible than Providence.

"Why do you not care?" she asked the pinks, shaking the rain drops off their curled rosy petals.

The pinks leaned lazily against their sticks, and seemed to say, "Why should we care for anything, unless a slug be eating us?—that is real woe, if you like."

Bebee, without her sabots on, wandered thoughtfully among the sweet, wet sunlight-ened labyrinths of blossom, her pretty bare feet treading the narrow grassy paths with pleasure in their coolness.

"He was so good to you," she said reproachfully to the great gaudy gillyflowers and the painted sweet peas. "He never let you know heat or cold—he never let the worm gnaw or the snail harm you—he would get up in the dark to see after your wants—and when the ice froze over you, he was there to loosen your chains. Why do you not care, any one of you?"

"How silly you are!" said the flowers. "You must be a butterfly or a poet, Bebee, to be as foolish as that. Some one will do all he did. We are of market value, you know. Care, indeed!—when the sun is so warm, and there is not an earwig in the place to trouble us."

The flowers were not always so selfish as this, and perhaps the sorrow in Bebee's heart made their callousness seem harder than it really was.

When we suffer very much ourselves, any thing that smiles in the sun seems cruel—a child, a bird, a dragon fly—nay, even a fluttering ribbon, or a spear grass that waves in the wind.

There was a little shrine at the corner of the garden, set into the wall; a niche with a pit of glass and of the Virgin, so battered that no one could trace any feature of it.

It had been there for centuries, and was held in great veneration, and old Antoine had always cut the choicest buds of his roses and set them in a delf pot in front of it every other morning all the summer long. Bebee, whose religion was the sweetest, vaguest mingling of pagan and Christian myths, and whose faith in fairies and in saints was exactly equal in strength and in ignorance—Bebee filled the delf pot anew carefully, then knelt down on the turf in that little green corner and prayed in devout, hopeful childish good faith to the awful unknown Powers who were to her only as gentle guides and kindly playmates.

Was she too familiar with the Holy Mother? She was almost fearful that she was; but the Holy Mother loved flowers so well, Bebee would not feel aloof from her nor be afraid.

"When one cuts the best blossoms for her, and tries to be good and never tells a lie," thought Bebee, "I am quite sure, as she loves the lilies, that she will never altogether forget me."

So she said to the Mother of Christ, fearlessly, and nothing doubting, and then rose for her daily work of cutting the flowers for the market in Brussels.

By the time her baskets were full, her fowls fed, her goat foddered, her starling's cage cleaned, her hut door locked and her wooden shoes clattering on the sunny road into the city, Bebee was almost content again, though ever and again, as she trod the familiar ways, the tears dimmed her eyes as she remembered that old Antoine would never again hobble over the stones beside her.

"You are a little willful one, and too young to live alone," said Father Francis, meeting her in the lane.

But he did not scold her seriously, and she kept to her resolve; and the women, who were good at heart, took her back into favor again; and so Bebee had her own way, and the fairies, or the saints, or both together, took care of her; and so it came to pass that all alone she heard the cock crow while it was dark, and woke to the grand and amazing truth that this warm, fragrant, dusky June morning found her full 16 years old.

CHAPTER II.

The two years had not been all playtime, any more than they had been all summer.

When one has not father, or mother, or brother, and all one's friends have barely bread enough for themselves, life cannot be very easy, nor its crusts very many at any time.

Bebee had a cherub's mouth, and a dreamer's eyes, and a poet's thoughts sometimes in her own untaught and unconscious fashion.

But all the same she was a little hard working Brabant peasant girl; up while the birds twittered in the dark; to bed when the red sun sank beyond the far blue line of the plains, she hoed, and dug, and watered, and planted her little plot; she kept her cabin as clean as a fresh blossomed primrose; she milked her goat, and swept her floor; she sat, all the warm days, in the town, selling her flowers, and in the winter time, when her garden yielded her nothing, she strained her sight over lace making in the city to get the small bit of food that stood between her and that hunger which to the poor means death.

A hard life, very hard when hail and snow made the streets of Brussels like slopes of ice; a little hard even in the gay summer time when she sat under the awning fronting the Maison du Roi, but all the time the child throve on it, and was happy, and dreamed of many graceful and gracious things while she was weeding among her lilies, or tracing the threads to and fro on her lace pillow.

Now—when she woke to the full sense of her wonderful 16 years—Bebee, standing barefoot on the mud floor, was as pretty a sight as was to be seen betwixt Scheldt and Rhine.

Bebee was as pretty a sight as was to be seen betwixt Scheldt and Rhine.

The sun had only left a soft warmth like an apricot's on her white skin. Her limbs, though strong as a mountain pony's, were slender and well shaped. Her hair curled in shiny, crumpled masses, and tumbled about her shoulders. Her pretty, round, plump little breast was white as the lilies in the grass without, and in this blooming time of her little life Bebee, in her way, was beautiful as a peach bloom is beautiful, and her innocent, courageous, happy eyes had dreams in them underneath their laughter—dreams that went further than the green woods of Laeken, further even than the white clouds of summer.

She could not move among them idly as poets and girls love to do; she had to be active amidst them, else drought and rain, and worm and snail, and blight and frost would have made havoc of their fairest hopes.

The loveliest love is that which dreams high above all storms, unsoiled by all burdens; but perhaps the strongest love is that which, whilst it adores, drags its feet through mire, and burns its brow in heat, for the thing beloved.

So Bebee dreamed in her garden; but all the time for sake of it hoed and dug, and hurt her hands, and tired her limbs, and bowed her shoulders under the great metal pails from the well.

This wondrous morning, with the bright burden of her sixteen years upon her, she dressed herself quickly and fed her fowls and, happy as a bird, went to sit on her little wooden stool in the doorway.

There had been fresh rain in the night; the garden was radiant, the smell of the wet earth was sweeter than all perfumes that are burned in palaces.

The dripping rosebuds nodded against her hair as she went out; the starling called to her, "Bebee, Bebee—bon jour, bon jour." These were all the words it knew. It said the same words a thousand times a week. But to Bebee it seemed that the starling most certainly knew that she was 16 years old that day.

Breaking her bread into the milk, she sat in the dawn and thought, without knowing that she thought it, "How good it is to live when one is young!"

Old people say the same thing often, but they sigh when they say it. Bebee smiled.

Mere Krebs opened her door in the next cottage and nodded over the wall.

"What a fine thing to be 16! A merry year, Bebee."

Marthe, the carpenter's wife, came out from her gate, broom in hand.

"The holy saints keep you, Bebee; why you are quite a woman now!"

The little children of Varnhart, the charcoal burner, who were as poor as any mouse in the old churches, rushed out of their little home up the lane, bringing with them a cake stuck full of sugar and seeds, and tied round with a blue ribbon, that their mother had made that very week, all in her honor.

"Only see, Bebee! Such a grand cake!" they shouted, dancing down the lane. "Jules picked the plums, and Jeanne washed the almoods, and Christine took the ribbon off her own communion cap—all for you—all for you, but you will let us come and eat it too?"

Old Gran'mere Bishot, who was the oldest woman about Laeken, hobbled through the grass on her crutches and nodded her white shaking head, and smiled at Bebee.

"I have nothing to give you, little one—except my blessing, if you care for that."

Bebee ran out, breaking from the children, and knelt down in the wet grass, and bent her pretty sunny head to the benediction.

Trine, the miller's wife, the richest woman of them all, called to the child from the steps of the mill:

"A merry year, and the blessing of Heaven, Bebee! Come up, and here is my first dish of cherries for you; not tasted one myself, they will make you a feast with Varnhart's cake, though she should have known better, so poor as she is. Charity begins at home, and these children's stomachs are empty."

Bebee ran up and then down again gleefully, with her lapful of big black cherries. Tambour, the old white dog, who had used to drag her about in his milk cart, leaping on her in sympathy and congratulation.

"What a supper we will have!" she cried to the charcoal burner's children, who were turning summersaults in the dock leaves where the swans stared and hissed.

When one is sixteen, cherries and a cake have a flavor of Paradise still, especially when they are tasted twice, or thrice at most, in all the year.

An old man called to her as she went by his door. All these little cabins lie close together, with only their apple trees, or their tall beans, or their hedges of thorn between them you may ride by and never notice them if you do not look for them under the leaves closely, as you would for thrushes' nests.

He, too, was very old; a life long neighbor and gossip of Antoine's, he had been a day laborer in these same fields all his years, and had never traveled further than where the red mill sails turned among the colza and the corn.

"Come in, my pretty one, for a second," he whispered with an air of mystery that made Bebee's heart quicken with expectancy. "Come in, I have something for you. They were my dead daughter's—you have heard me talk of her—Lisette, who died forty years or more ago, they say; for me, I think it was yesterday. Mere Krebs—she is a hard woman—heard me talking of my girl. She burst out laughing, 'Lord sake, fool, why, your girl would be sixty now an she had lived.' Well, so it may be; you see, the new mill was put up the week she died, and you call the new mill old; but, my girl, she is young to me. Always young. Come here, Bebee."

Bebee went after him, a little awed, into the dusky interior, that smelled of stored apples and of dried herbs that hung from the roof. There was a walnut wood press, such as the peasants of France and the low countries keep their home spun linen in and their own lace that serves for the nuptials and baptisms of half a score of generations.

The old man unlocked it with a trembling hand, and there came from it an odor of dead lavender and of withered rose leaves.

On the shelves there were a girl's set of clothes, and a girl's sabots and a girl's communion veil and wreath.

"They are all hers," he whispered; "all hers. And sometimes in the evening time I see her coming along the lane for them—do you not know? There is nothing changed, nothing changed; the grass, and the trees, and the huts, and the pond are all here—why should she only be gone away?"

"Antoine is gone."

"Yes. But he was old; my girl is young."

He stood a moment, with the press door open, a perplexed trouble in his dim eyes; the divine faith of love and the mule like stupidity of ignorance made him cling to this one thought without power of judgment in it.

"They say she would be sixty," he said, with a little dreary smile. "But that is absurd, you know. Why, she had cheeks like yours, and she would run—no lapwing could fly faster over corn. These are her things, you see; yes—all of them. That is the sprig of sweetbrier she wore in her belt the day before the wagon knocked her down and killed her. I have never touched the things. But look here, Bebee, you are a good child and true, and like her just a little. I mean to give you her silver clasps. They were her great-great-great-grandmother's before her. God knows how old they are not. And a girl should have some little wealth of that sort—and for Antoine's sake"——

The old man stayed behind, closing the press door upon the lavender scented clothes, and sitting in the dull shadow of the hut to think of his daughter, dead forty summers and more.

Bebee went out with the brave broad silver clasps about her waist, and the tears wet on her cheeks for a grief not her own.

To be killed just when one was young and was loved like that, and all the world was in its May day flower! The silver felt cold to her touch—as cold as though it were the dead girl's hands that held her.

The garlands that the children strung of daisies and hung about her had never chilled her so.

But little Jeanne, the youngest of the charcoal burner's little tribe, running to meet her, screamed with glee, and danced in the gay morning.

"Oh, Bebee! how you glitter! Did the Virgin send you that off her own altar? Let me see—let me touch! Is it made of the stars or of the sun?"

And Bebee danced with the child, and the silver gleamed and sparkled, and all the people came running out to see, and the milk carts were half an hour later for town, and the hens cackled loud unfed, and the men even stopped on their way to the fields and paused, with their scythes on their shoulders, to stare at the splendid gift.

"There is not such another set of clasps in Brabant, old work you could make a fortune of in the curiosity shops in the Montagne," said Trine Krebs, going up the steps of her mill house.

"But, all the same, you know, Bebee, things off a dead body bring mischance sometimes."

But Bebee danced with the child, and did not hear.

Whose fete day had ever begun like this one of hers?

She was a little poet at heart, and should not have cared for such vanities; but when one is only 16, and has only a little rough woolen frock, and sits in the market place or the lace room, with other girls around, how should one be altogether indifferent to a broad, embossed, beautiful shield of silver that sparkled with each step one took?

A quarter of an hour idle thus was all, however, that Bebee or her friends could spare at 5 o'clock on a summer morning, when the city was waiting for its eggs, its honey, its flowers, its cream and its butter, and Tambour was shaking his leather harness in impatience to be off with his milk cans.

So Bebee, all holiday though it was, and heroine though she felt herself, ran indoors, put up her cakes and cherries, cut her two basketfuls out of the garden, locked her hut, and went on her quick and happy little feet along the grassy paths toward the city.

The sorting and tying up of the flowers she always left until she was sitting under the awning in front of the Broodhuis; the same awning, tawny as an autumn pear and weather blown as an old sail, which had served to shelter Antoine Maes from heat and rain through all the years of his life.

"Go to the Madelaine, you will make money there, with your pretty blue eyes, Bebee," people had said to her of late; but Bebee had shaken her head.

Where she had sat in her babyhood at Antoine's feet, she would sit so long as she sold flowers in Brussels—here, underneath the shadow of the Gothic towers that saw Egmont die.

Here Bebee, from 3 years old, had been used to sit beside him. She knew all the people—the old cobbler, who sat next her, and chattered all day long like a magpie; the tinker, who had come up many a summer night to drink a glass with Antoine; the Cheap John, who cheated everybody else, but who had always given her a toy or trinket at every Fete Dieu all the summers she had known; the little old woman, sour as a crab, who sold rosaries and pictures of saints, and little waxen Christs upon a tray; the big dogs who pulled the carts in, and lay panting all day under the rush bottomed chairs on which the egg wives and the fruit sellers sat, and knitted and chaffered; nay, even the gorgeous huissier and the frowning gendarme, who marshaled the folks into order as they went up for municipal registries, or for town misdemeanors. She knew them all; had known them all ever since she had first trotted in like a little dog at Antoine's heels.

So Bebee stayed there.

It is, perhaps, the most beautiful square in all northern Europe, with its black timbers and gilded carvings, and blazoned windows, and majestic scutcheons, and fantastic pinnacles. That Bebee did not know, but she loved it, and she sat resolutely in front of the Broodhuis, selling her flowers, smiling, chatting, helping the old woman, counting her little gains, eating her bit of bread at noonday like any other market girl, but at times glancing up to the stately towers and the blue sky, with a look on her face that made the old tinker and cobbler whisper together: "What does she see there—the dead people or the angels?"

The truth was that even Bebee herself did not know very surely what she saw—something that was still nearer to her than even this kindly crowd that loved her. That was all she could have said had anybody asked her.

But none did.

No one wanted to hear what the dead said; and for the angels, the tinker and the cobbler were of opinion that one had only too much of them sculptured about everywhere, and shining on all the casements—in reverence be it spoken, of course.

CHAPTER III.

"I remembered it was your name day, child. Here are half a dozen eggs," said one of the hen wives; and the little cross woman with the peddler's tray added a waxen St. Agnes, colored red and yellow to the very life, no doubt, and the old Cheap John had saved her a cage for the starling; and the tinker had a cream cheese for her in a vine leaf, and the sweetmeat seller brought her a beautiful gilded horn of sugar plums, and the cobbler had made her actually a pair of shoes—red shoes, beautiful shoes to go to mass in and be a wonder in to all the neighborhood. And they thronged round her and adored the silver waist buckles, and when Bebee got fairly to her stall and traffic began, she thought once more that nobody's feast day had ever dawned like hers.

When the chimes began to ring all over the city she could hardly believe that the carillon was not saying its "Laus Deo" with some special meaning in its bells of her.

The morning went by as usual; the noise of the throngs about her like a driving of angry winds, but no more hurting her than the angels on the roof of St. Gudule are hurt by the storm when it breaks.

The day was a busy one, and brought in good profit. Bebee had no less than fifty sous in her leather pouch when it was over—a sum of magnitude in the green lane by Laeken.

A few of her moss roses were still unsold, that was all, when the Ave Maria began ringing over the town and the people dispersed to their homes or their pleasuring.

It was a warm gray evening; the streets were full, there were blossoms in all the balconies, and gay colors in all the dresses. The old tinker put his tools together and whispered to her:

"Bebee, as it is your feast day, come and stroll in St. Hubert's gallery, and I will buy you a little gilt heart, or a sugar apple stick, or a ribbon, and we can see the puppet show afterwards, eh?"

But the children were waiting at home; she would not spend the evening in the city; she only thought she would just kneel a moment in the cathedral and say a little prayer or two for a minute—the saints were so good in giving her so many friends.

People looked after her as she went through the twisting, picture like streets, where sunlight fell still between the peaked high roofs, and lamps were here and there lit in the bric-a-brac shops and the fruit stalls.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Safety Candle Holders.

Children of all ages will appreciate an improved holder of candles and tapers for Christmas trees which promises to put an end to the disaster and disappointment which often ensue from the usual frail fastenings. It is claimed that this holder can readily be affixed to Christmas trees and other articles, such as wall brackets, wire, rope and other lines and supports, however slight, for decorating, illuminating and general purposes. The invention consists of an ordinary candle or taper with a curved base to catch the grease dropping from the candle, and one or more lengths of flexible wire are left free to be twisted or coiled around the object or article to which the holder is to be attached. This little device, by its rigidity when once fixed, insures the tapers burning down to the socket in the exact position in which they are desired.—New York Telegram.

In Hard Luck.

"Well, Quimby, you look very tough. What's the matter?"

"I'm broke and hungry. Can you stake me for a dinner?"

"Certainly I can, but I don't understand your poverty. You had quite a fortune left to you less than a year ago."

"Yes, but I had to hire two lawyers in the matter and I've been trying to get out of debt ever since."—Lincoln Journal.

FIGHT FOR LIFE!

Awful Position of a Young Man.—Thrilling Experience in the Grasp of a Monster.

Like a miserable wretch encircled in the deadly fold of the anaconda, hopelessly struggling against an inevitable fate, is the unfortunate sufferer of Paresis, or softening of the brain. He fights in vain against the cruel monster; he sees his intellect failing; he notices the constantly recurring attacks of forgetfulness and absent-mindedness stealing o'er him and becomming more and more frequent; he sees and realizes that his mind—once the willing servant of his will—is rapidly escaping from his grasp; and his mental sufferings over the consciousness of the fact are indescribable. In this fast American age of ours this dread malady is rapidly increasing. The vital statistics of the last census, as well as those of all the Lunatic Asylums of

the country show this to be a fact. All eminent nerve and brain specialists agree that not alone to mental overwork is this dread condition attributable, but that to follies, excesses and dissipation (bringing on as they do nervous exhaustion, depleted vital force and loss of manly vigor), is the awful curse of Paresis more frequently traced. Statistics show that when one student or brain-worker is affected, a dozen others are men who have led fast lives, or those who suffer from the results of boyish ignorance.

The man who commences to feel the preliminary symptoms of this most insidious and awful disease, realizing his powers are failing, and that something should be done, frequently calls on the average medical practitioner, who, being unable to help him, either laughs at his troubles as "imaginary," or gives him some simple harmless prescription of no benefit whatever. Only from the eminent specialist on brain and nerve diseases, who has devoted a life of study in that direction, can the victim hope for relief, and even the expert is powerless to cope with the disease when it has been allowed to advance too far. Three physicians attached to the medical staff of the Cosmopolitan Dispensary have made diseases of the nerves and brain a life study, and with the aid of modern American and European discoveries in medicine, galvanism and electricity, are having wonderful success in treating such cases. They are able to re-create nerve force, and can assure a speedy and permanent restoration to mental and physical health, strength and vigor in all cases which have not reached an absolutely incurable stage. Hundreds have been cured of various diseases. Among them are Charles Hempler, 55 Davis street; William P. Kane, 1713 Post street; Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Smith, 1705 Market street; Mrs. M. J. McManus, 814 Jessie street; Alexander Wood, 505 Seventh street; I. M. D. Wright, 1324 Florida street; Andrew M. Martin, 48 Ridley street, Peter A. Anderson, 1300½ Stockton street; H. E. Snook, 1021 Market street; Mrs. Michenfelder, 11 Hopeton terrace; Miss Grace Sachs, 4 Lewis street; J. P. Hanson, 211½ Geary street; Mrs. Pauline Voss, 2610 Manchester street; James J. Welsh, 310 Clementina street; Fred Gronsand, William Tell House, Bush street; Miley Dolan, 126 Ivy street, all of San Francisco; C. F. Eckhart, of Gilroy, Cal., A. Astory, of San Rafael, Cal., and others. Write to some of them and learn for yourself. Hundreds of patients are being treated by mail, as our new system of question blanks enables a thorough diagnosis to be made, so that medicines and directions can be sent by mail or express, with assurances of successful treatment. Every character of disease treated. Each visitor seen privately, and all communications received in sacred confidence. Out of town patients write. COSMOPOLITAN DISPENSARY, Stockton, Ellis and Market streets, San Francisco.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

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Cometh the soul's best wine,
And the eyes that have shed no rain
Can shed but little shine.

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A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

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Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

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FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:

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One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented	25 "
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Or for stamps any single article at the price named. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASELINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents.

Chesebrough M'f'g. Co., 24 State St., New York.

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Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.
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Strange indeed that
A PLAIN THING
like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked". Try it in your next house-cleaning

What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1891.

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A WOMAN'S LUNCH.

A Restaurant Keeper Tells all About it.

THE TIRED LITTLE COUNTRY WOMAN.

A Lady's Sandwich.—Leaving Articles Behind.

In a restaurant where hundreds of women lunch the reporter sat down in the midst of the rustle and swish of skirts and the Babel buzz and hum of soft voices, and consulted the bill of fare. There were salads, ices, patties, eclaires, soup, pickles and coffee, but no steaks, chops or roasts of any kind. The ladies were eating rolls, chocolate cake, buns, charlotte russe and ices, while here and there a little basin of soup or stew was ordered. A tired little woman, presumably from the country, from the multiplicity of her wraps and bundles, was consulting the bill of fare. She read it through, furtively glanced on the other side and then ordered one sandwich and a glass of lemonade. The lemonade not being on tap she moistened her lunch with the cheering contents of a glass of water. Now a lady's sandwich, as furnished in the restaurants, differs from a man's as much as the perfumed scrap of embroidered vanity they call a handkerchief differs from the comfortable half-yard square of linen or silk which men designate by the same name. The lady's sandwich is about as large as a postage stamp cut in two triangles, is thin enough to see through and seems to relish better if tied up with a ribbon bow.

Presently four country women entered, consulted for some time as to what they should order, and finally decided upon sandwiches and tea. Five sandwiches were given them, and when four of them had served their destined purpose a series of words and pokes were indulged in by the worthy chief of the quartet as to the disposition of the remaining sandwich, while she remarked, in an audible whisper: "We'll have to pay for 'em all, and might as well have it." As no one heeded her advice, she appropriated the bit of bread and meat, wrapping it up in a scrap of a torn programme, and stowed it away among the hairpins, handkerchiefs, combs and other miscellaneous articles in her well worn shopping bag. At the same time a delicate little woman in a bewildering, iridescent, prismatic sort of a costume, all beads and sparkle and jingle, came flashing and rustling down to the counter, having her white hands sparkling with jewels, ordered a salad, a lobster patty, a cup of bouillon, a cheese cake, and an ice with a cup of chocolate smothered in cream, dipping first into one dish and then into another as daintily as a humming bird darts his bill into a flower cup—spoiled $2 paying for it all, tipped the waiter with a smile as dazzling as her costume, and went flashing and sparkling down the room like a glowworm in a dusky thicket.

"How many people do you accommodate at lunch each day, and how many of them are women?" asked the reporter of the superintendent of the place.

"About 2,000 in all, and 1,185 are women."

"Do you think the average woman selects her lunch in accordance with the rules of health?"

"I don't think there is any 'average woman.' If there is she buys her lunch somewhere else or brings it in her pocket. The economical woman eats the cheapest food in the bill of fare, regardless of quality, and her lunch costs ten or fifteen cents. Sometimes two women come together, give only one order for the two, and then fume because they have to pay the extra ten cents in charge for dishes and service. They seem to get more nourishment and pleasure out of the few cents they save than all they spend. The extravagant woman eats the most expensive dishes she can find, and enjoys a piece of poor strawberry shortcake when it costs seventy-five cents that she couldn't touch at fifteen cents in the season. The woman in a hurry always eats something that she can drink like bouillon, and then buys half a pound of caramels to stay her stomach on the way home."

"Does a women compare her check with the list and raise a rumpus over fancied errors?"

"Oh, not very often, but when she does it takes every man in the place, from the proprietor down to the boy that opens the door, to convince her that she is not a victim of dishonest practices. You see, economical women find out what a thing costs before they order it, and extravagant women do not care what their bill is any way."

"Which had you rather feed, 100 women or 100 men?"

"Oh, 100 women, because there's more money in it, though they are a little harder to get along with and require better service. A man wants a dinner for lunch, and orders a cut of beef, potatoes, onions, succotash and celery, and a bottle of claret or beer, and everything hot must be steaming or he swears, and everything cold must be freezing or he fumes. The food, though commonplace and substantial, is more expensive than the whipped wind, baked froth and frozen vanities we serve to women in fancy forms. They'll eat almost anything if it only looks dainty and pay well for it, too. If they do find fault with the food, as they know how to do very scientifically, they are sure to come fluttering back again like birds to their old haunts in spring time; but if a man is displeased he says very little, but shakes the dust of the place from his feet forever."

"Do women ever leave their parcels and pocketbooks on the tables and come rushing back to find them?"

"Leave things? Leave things? They rarely take anything away with them that they can lose off or lay down. We have a property room full of gloves, handkerchiefs, eyeglasses, opera glasses, pocketbooks, latch keys, jewelry, hairpins, muffs, parasols and umbrellas—everything but their poodles and their children; those usually follow them out. Sometimes one will come up here to the desk and in spite of my cautions lay her purse down while she talks, then suddenly see some one she knows down at the door, and away she will dart with her pretty skip and swing and flourish, and the two will go chattering down the street together. In a little while she will want to buy something from a bargain counter, and then she will discover her loss and come rushing back here to tell me how she left the purse on just such a corner, in just such a place by some particular book, and wonder and wonder why it isn't there then. The strangest of all is to see them come in here asking for things they have evidently left somewhere else, and never thinking of the ones they have scattered here until I produce them.—New York Sun.

THISTLEDOWNS.

They tremble gently o'er us,
And waver with the breeze
To flutter fair before us—
But if we think to seize

Those bits of lightness, floating
Elusive, fairy wise,
Beneath our fingers darting
They quiver toward the skies.

They sail along serenely,
And then, like tricksy elves,
Dart swift aside, and meanly
Evade our longing selves.

And if perchance we win them
The touch must subtle be
Which holds the grace within them,
Yet lets them poise as free.

Such are those rare creations
With fleeting beauty fraught,
Our airy inspirations,
The thistledowns of thought.

—Housewife.

Fads of the Footlights.

The fads of actresses and actors form a curious study. Nearly every person on the stage any length of time betrays a leaning to some particular thing outside of her or his profession, a conspicuous weakness. The lovely Sadie Martinot, whose imported dresses excite the woman world, has a weakness for her pretty self. She uses paper with an etching of herself in one corner. Georgie Cayvan has a collection of thirty scrapbooks. Emma Carson and Marie Jansen like cats. Rose Coghlan spends a great deal of time on a couple of big dogs given her by Lester Wallack. Herbert Kelcey, who divides time with Bob Hilliard as a stage beauty, never wears an overcoat.

Lillie Alliston has rare bric-a-brac picked up in the Orient. Minnie Palmer goes in for etchings. Stuart Robson is said to love old books. Francis Wilson is crazy on the subject of Napoleon. He has a big bronze bust of the emperor, given him by some Columbia college students whom he coached in amateur theatricals. Wilton Lackaye has a unique collection of fencing foils. Langtry has many fine photographs with autographs. Mollie Thompson is proud of her four banjos. Harry Edwardes goes in for bugs. He is an authority on entomology. Milnes Levick is in love with pipes.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Bowie Knife.

Much has been said and written regarding the origin of the bowie knife. The fact is that Rezin P. Bowie, not James, conceived the idea of the knife. The invention was the result of an accident. Col. Rezin P. Bowie was a planter in Opelousas, La. While hunting wild cattle he attacked a young steer, which in throwing up its head struck his hunting knife in such a way as to knock it through his hand, making an ugly cut between the thumb and the forefinger. On returning from the hunt he repaired to the blacksmith shop on his plantation, determined to have a knife which would be a protection against such accidents.

Picking up an old file he ordered the blacksmith to make a knife of it having a cross piece betwixt hilt and blade, so that it would be impossible to be entirely driven through a man's hand. In this way did the bowie knife originate, and it was never intended for other than a hunting knife; but James Bowie improved the original weapon, and brought his own knife so prominently into notice by the use he made of it in personal encounters that the improved weapon became known as the bowie knife.—New York Ledger.

The Oldest Vessel Afloat.

The oldest sailing vessel afloat!

What must she look like and what is her history? She is 110 years old, built in Baltimore in 1780. Her name is the Vigilant. She has since then been a coaster, a peaceful common carrier of merchandise, a slaver and a pirate, and now today she does good service as mail carrier between St. Thomas and Santa Cruz, in the West India Islands. Her owner, Mr. S. Penthany, of Santa Cruz, was in Bangor and displayed a picture of the old craft which was taken as the vessel was rounding a coral reef under full sail. The picture is a good one and the lines of the craft are well brought out.

"How much of the original craft is there now?" asked the reporter.

"The keelson and main tributors of the hull which are laid in the construction of her are still there," said Mr. Penthany, "and they are good for many years to come."

What a story would the history of this old craft make!—Bangor News.

An Illuminated Fountain.

The apparatus employed in the electric fountain in Lincoln park, Chicago, is quite simple. A number of arc lamps with horizontal carbons and each provided with a parabolic reflector are located in a vault or cavern beneath the fountain pool. Openings covered by plate glass and inclosed by brick spouts, permit of the upward projection of the light into the streams of water and spray. By means of colored glass slides interposed between the lamp and the lower openings in the spouts a great variety of beautiful combination effects are secured.—Western Electrician.

Quinine is robbed of its bitter taste by combining it with sugar of milk and some bicarbonate of soda. Capsicum, ginger or other aromatics are also used in combination with quinine to prevent its disagreeable head symptoms and for other valuable improvement in its administration.

The badger is by no means unworthy of being taken as an emblem. He is a very plucky, persistent little animal—not so industrious as the beaver, perhaps, but capable of a great deal of endurance, and sufficiently brave in his own defense, though ordinarily quiet and inoffensive.

The Philadelphia City Directory shows that more than 12,000 persons by the name of Smith reside within her limits. Of this number there are 250 full grown Johns and 320 Williams.

"Better late than never" was used over 300 years ago by Thomas Tucker, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry." Later on Bunyan used it in his "Pilgrim's Progress."

THE KINGS' DAUGHTERS.

Growth of a Beautiful Order of Sisters.

MEMBERS OF ALL CLASSES IN LIFE.

Varied and Extensive Work Performed by Them.

A richly dressed lady leading a shabby little waif of a girl boarded a train at Hartford one morning last summer and led her little charge through the long train, looking inquiringly into the faces of the passengers. Evidently she was seeking some kindly person to whose care she might consign the child, which she was sending into the country for a season. Seeing no face which inspired her with confidence to ask so great a favor, she retraced her steps to put her charge in care of the conductor, when a passenger beside her, a lady, removed her wrap and revealed over her heart a tiny silver Maltese cross tied with a purple ribbon. Instantly the lady approached her, touched the silver cross, whispered the mysterious words, "In his name," and told her all her need. "In his name," answered the traveler softly, and tenderly lifted the child on her lap, and cared for and amused her through the journey as lovingly as though she were her own.

A lady, whose elegance of attire and beauty of person attracted the attention and awakened the admiration of all who saw her, stepped out of one of the large and fashionable stores of New York to her carriage, which stood waiting at the door. The wild March wind caught her fluttering silken draperies, and rudely tore her cloak from about her. As she struggled against it a little silver cross fell from her dress and went tinkling down on the pavement. A mite of a girl with a scrap of shawl over her head darted out of the shelter of the doorway, picked up the silver trinket and drew its counterpart from her own shabby little frock. "It is the badge of the King's Daughters," said the lady, softly; "are you one, too?" She held out both her hands with a smile so gentle and tender that it was more precious to the shivering little girl than the money the lady left in her half frozen hand "In his name."

Who are these royal daughters of the king? What is their mission? What is the signification of the silver symbol they wear and the potency of the mystic motto, "In his name?"

In January, 1886, a circle of ten ladies met to discuss and arrange some plan which should unite all Christian women in one grand sisterhood of service. Adopting the system of Edward E. Hale's Ten Times One clubs they constituted themselves a Central Ten, around which should crystallize other Tens of workers, not assuming any authority or responsibility over them, but simply to form a nucleus around which they might cluster, and from which might radiate encouragement, advice and guidance. Of the various names proposed for the order that of the King's Daughters was most favorably received and finally adopted; the badge of the society was selected in the small silver cross tied with the royal color; the watchword chosen was the simple "In his name" of the apostles of old, and the mottoes of action selected were:

"Look forward and not back."

"Look out and not in."

"Look up and not down."

"Lend a hand."

The society as organized had no constitution and no code of laws save the one general regulation that whenever any reasonable request should be made "In his name" it should be granted without question or delay.

Never was less said or written, and never so few plans made for any work, as the design of the society was to move silently and steadily, and to secretly accomplish its purpose of bridging the chasm between the rich and the poor, and to unite all women engaged in any kind of good work in such a way as to secure to each the sympathy and co-operation of all. Yet from almost every state in the Union, and from most remote countries over the sea—India, Australia and New Zealand—from people in every walk in life, from pastors of churches, matrons of hospitals, teachers of schools, leaders of philanthropic societies, presidents of colleges, from the belles of Fifth avenue and the street gamin of the Bowery come tidings of the continual organization of tens upon tens of King's Daughters, until 8,600 silver crosses have been sold and 10,000 members have enrolled their names among the King's Daughters, although the society has been organized only two years.

As for the kind of work accomplished by this remarkable sisterhood, it is too varied and extensive to be recorded in detail. There are Tens that visit the sick, Tens that supply the hospitals and homes with flowers, Tens that support foreign missionaries, Tens that sing and Tens that sew, Tens that endow beds in hospitals, Tens that provide pleasant country homes for deserving poor, and Tens that simply "bridle their tongue" and "endeavor to live in love and charity with all men" all "In his name."

The cash girls above referred to are known as "the little doorkeepers," whose unique motto is "Lord, keep thou the door of my mouth;" and there are Heartsease Tens of little children who cultivate pansies for the hospitals. There are the Quiet Tens in schools, and the Courteous Tens, who claim that "King's Daughters should ever display the manners of the court;" the Old Maids' Tens of helpful unappropriated blessings, and the Old Lady's Ten, whose youngest member is more than 80 years old, and whose oldest member donned the silver cross on her 100th birthday; the Faithful Tens in guilds, the Look-up Tens in deaf mutes' homes; and even in the Home for Incurables the patients waiting for death have organized themselves into a Considerate Ten, who shall endeavor to make their nurses' labors as light as possible. One of the young ladies' Tens in Boston sent loads of sand to the tenement yards in the city for poor children to play in, and the graduating class of a fashionable boarding school calling themselves the Continuing Ten have adopted a little girl, and intend to provide for her and give her all the advantages of culture and education which they have received. Musical Tens of the most cultured and gifted ladies in the city devote their talents to the entertainment of the poor, and also, through their use in charitable concerts, accumulate funds for the support of various missions, thus bringing into use the talent of the wealthy for the benefit of the poor.—New York Sun.

There are seventy-one "champions of England" in games and sports of all sorts.

AT A MILITARY SCHOOL.

The Leavenworth Pupils in Review—Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery.

One after another they move out upon the field, facing west, the infantry on the right and nearest us; then the battery, in two lines, its gun carriages to the front; then the long single rank of the cavalry battalion, stretching to the far southern edge of the field. Well out to the west, in front of the center, is the commanding officer with his staff, and presently, as the white plumed adjutant gallops down the line, turns toward his chief on reaching the center, then halts and reins about, there is a simultaneous crash as arms are presented, and a long line of steel—the sabers of the cavalry—springs into air. Then review order is taken, ranks are opened, the battery unlimbers and whirls its black muzzled guns to the front; another present of the line to the exalted personage who receives the review, and is hailed with a flourish of trumpets and the simultaneous droop of all the standards; another movement, and the line becomes an open column: another command, and with a triumphant burst of music from the band the whole array moves as one man; the passage in review has begun.

In quick time, the band leading, they come jauntily toward us, changing direction at the upper corner and swinging past the animated groups of spectators. Front after front the sturdy infantry trudges by, the student officers hidden as file closers behind their companies and wishing for this occasion only that they belonged to the cavalry and could command and be in front or their men instead of trailing meekly after them, as required of the infantry "sub." Well they know that they cannot by any human possibility look half so picturesque in this position as their rivals and contemporaries of the cavalry on their "prancing chargers" and in front of their platoons. All the same, they have their sympathetic admirers in the throng, and so they pass us by. And then with champing bits and tossing manes come the platoons of horse. The battery quickens its gait on the marching flanks, and the girls wonder how those gunners sit so straight with folded arms and never make hysterical grabs at the bars or at each other, as they would do under like circumstances. The cavalry, too, comes around at a trot, the young platoon commanders fully alive to and making the most of their golden opportunity, looking vastly martial and striving not to look as though they very well knew just where "she" happened to stand among the groups of fair ones under the shade trees.

Down the long field goes the glistening column, officer after officer saluting as he passes the reviewing point, and then the infantry reappears, tramping up the eastern edge. Like some perfected machine, the long array wheels into line to the left, the ranks are dressed, then brought once more to review order. Again the trumpets flourish, the standards droop, and arms clash to the present. Then comes brief rest before some one of the three commands is summoned to the front to show what it can do in the maneuvers of its particular arm. It may be a stirring skirmish drill, covering the entire valley, by the bright plumed cavalry. It may be a dashing series of battery maneuvers, with much smoke, noise, and odor unlimited of "the villainous saltpetre." It may be rapid evolutions of the foot battalion; but in each and all the student officer must take his part.—Charles King, U. S. A., in Harper's Magazine.

Making Bonnets at Home.

"Forty dollars for a spring bonnet?" a lady was overheard to remark to a friend as she was riding down Fifth avenue in a stage yesterday morning. "Not I. Nor $20 either. Money is worth too much for that. I haven't spent over $10 and not often more than $6 for a bonnet since I was married. This I have on cost me just $4.27.

"And I thought it was French. How can you look imported when you are really homemade?"

"Oh, but I'm not homemade. I'm just as French as if I came from Paris in my little cousin's big trunk. That's the beauty of the thing. My bonnet was made to order by a bona fide French milliner and one of the cleverest in the city, too. Yes, of course, there is a little scheme. There were a dozen of us who passed a unanimous resolution that bonnets for us, individually and collectively, had got to come down. We shook hands upon it and exchanged pledges of bonnet pins. While we were discussing ways and means we heard that one of Mme. ——'s assistants was out of a place. Our course was clear; Mlle. Julie should work for us. We inquired, every one of us, among our acquaintances and found plenty of women who jumped at the chance of having their hats and bonnets provided for by a milliner who would come to the house. She comes, that's all. She works by the day or the half day, or even by the hour. She charges $5 a day. She has more work than she can attend to, and talks of hunting up a partner. She makes more money than she did as one of Mme. ——'s designers. And as for us, we're going to the country this summer on our savings. We are paying for material and good wages for skilled labor; nothing more. And really it is a new way of self support for women, you see."—New York Mail and Express.

The Voice of an Actor.

The stage is not a drawing room. You cannot address 1,500 people in a theatre as you would address a few companions at the fireside. If the tone is not raised, you will not be heard; and if you do not articulate, the public will be unable to follow you.

So-and-so, I am well aware, has won for himself the reputation of a natural actor by affecting the conversational tone. He scarcely pronounces one word louder than another; he lets the ends of his phrases sink; hesitates, abridges, pretends to be at a loss for words, repeats his words two or three times over, drawls along for ten minutes, and then hurries his delivery in order to arrive at the effect. And as the public is like Panurge's sheep, even when it happens not to understand, it exclaims: "Dear me! how very natural! He seems a if he were talking with his feet on his fender by his own fireside. What an actor! I did not hear what he said—did you?—but how very naturally he said it!"—C. Coquelin in Harper's Magazine.

Four Sundays in a Week.

Friday is the Arab's Sunday, but it does not put much stop to his worldly business unless he so chooses. Then Saturday is the Jews' Sabbath, and then comes our Sunday, on which day the French workman continues to work, in order to take at least a half holiday on Monday. There are four days out of the seven when the visitor to Algiers runs the risk of finding a shop closed or a workman not at his post.—F. A. Bridgman in Harper's.

THE YOUNG TERROR.

M. Quad's Advice to the Dime Novel Reader.

THE METHOD OF TACKLING A GRIZZLY.

The Proper Outfit for a Would-be Slayer of Indians.

Come, my son, it is time you were getting ready for a campaign against the Indians and grizzlies. You have been reading "Daring Dan," "Ike, the Indian Slayer," "Gus, the Grizzly Killer," and other exciting and truthful stories intended to make a boy dissatisfied with humdrum life, and your mind is made up to go west.

You must have an outfit. One reason why so many boy hunters make a failure is because they economize too much in the outfit. Don't be stingy in buying guns. It will be all the better if you have a Spencer carbine and a double barreled shotgun to go with your Winchester. Suppose you came suddenly upon a band of eighteen Apache warriors. You could only kill sixteen of them with your Winchester, and two would be left to ride off and alarm the tribe. By having some extra guns along you are sure of the whole crowd, and the tribe won't get on to you.

And don't scrimp on bowie knives. It would be an almost fatal mistake to start out with only two. Buy four, at least. They are for use at close quarters with grizzlies. Of course one bowie is enough to kill one bear with, but you may be attacked by four bears at once, and four knives would then be in demand. If you don't get but three bowies make up the deficiency with a Spanish stiletto or a Moorish dagger. It will come handy, not only in a close fight, but to pick your teeth with at the camp fire.

AND REGULAR MOCCASINS.

As for dress, get the fringed buckskin, a coonskin cap and regular moccasins. Such things as shirts, collars, cuffs or handkerchiefs would be only waste luggage. If you should appear in Miles City with a collar on it would give you away at once. Nobody would suspect that you were the young terror from the east who was aching for a chance to tie a knot in a grizzly bear's tail.

You should take at least 200 pounds of ammunition. You may be corraled somewhere in the Rocky mountains by 400 fierce and determined Indians, and you don't want to lose your scalp for the want of a few extra cartridges. All the provisions needed is a sack of jerked buffalo meat. It doesn't make the least bit of difference whether the buffalo was jerked off his feet, over a precipice, or head over heels. If the meat is a little fly blown it will add to your dignity as a hunter. You can chew plug tobacco or not, just as you feel about it, but it would be wisest to do so. All the champion terrors chew large quantities, and the juice comes handy to spit into a rattlesnake's eyes.

I wouldn't take a horse if I were you. He would be a great deal of trouble to take care of, and most of your hunting will be in a rough country. The true terror has always gone afoot and always will. Anybody on horseback can make up faces at a grizzly and gallop off out of reach.

One great mistake which the average boy makes is planning to accomplish too much the first season. Most of them figure on wiping out about 1,000 Indians and twice that number of bears. Keep your estimates down to a reasonable figure. You feel ambitious and enthusiastic, of course, but there is a limit to what a boy can do. Set your figures at about 400 Indians and 300 grizzlies. This will be almost two per day the year around, and will keep you from spoiling.

SCALP EVERY ONE.

I should scalp every Indian I shot. It not only looks more business like to do so, but that's what you've got a scalping knife for, and if you can get about 200 scalp locks you can make the nicest door mat you ever saw. It doesn't hurt a dead Indian a bit to scalp him, and if you don't take it, it will go to waste. It would be well to have a six mule team follow you at the distance of a mile or so to pick up and care for the rifles, knives, bows and arrows and war clubs of the slain Indians. These can be run east by car lots and sold at auction, and the profits will buy all your ammunition. Don't exterminate any particular tribe of red men, but kill off about one-fourth of seven or eight different tribes. This will extend your reputation as a terror.

As to the best way of killing an Indian, I shall not pretend to advise. Some boys prefer to shoot him, and others believe in sticking him with a knife. If you can catch him in a deep gorge you might drop a big bowlder down on his head. Another way is to catch him by the foot with a lasso, and drag him over the earth until his spinal column is worn down to a toothpick. In any event the fun will be all on your side.

It's a little different with the grizzly bear. He won't be quite so terror stricken over your sudden appearance, being built on a different plan. You expect some show of resistance, however, that you may have opportunity to show your pluck. Some of these pale faced, weak kneed boys hold a grizzly off at long range and fill him up with bullets, but you will never see their wood cuts in a dime novel. The true Terror will wind his Mexican serape around his left arm, hold it out for the bear to chew on, and, while the bear is busy getting a meal, put the bowie knife into him to the heart. You will be a trifle nervous with your first bear, but after that it will be as easy as climbing a fence. The claws should be separated from the skin and sold in a different lot. The latest quotation on bears' claws is $16 per bushel, and if you can't average more than two bushels per day you will still make a good thing of it.—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

I wonder what saccharine or succulent qualities inhere in wooden toothpicks that so many persons cling so persistently to those unlovely little instruments long after they have performed the service for which they were designed. On any elevated railway train one is sure to see one or two men with toothpicks protruding from their lips, as if to advertise to the world a recent breakfast. Not all of those who make this exhibition are ill dressed or boorish, and one is left to conjecture in vain why a particularly private portion of the toilet is thus thrust upon public attention.—New York Star.

It Is Hard.

"Why don't you shave yourself and save time and money?"

"Because I can't bear to cut an old acquaintance."—Life.

STORIES OF THE STAGE.

One of the Late Lester Wallack's Interesting "Memories."

After Garrick had brought in a great deal of wise reform in the way of dress there was a lull again, and no one dared to do anything new. Many generations later my father was cast for the part of Tressel in Cibber's version of "Richard III." Tressel is the youthful messenger who conveys to King Henry VI the news of the murder of his son after the battle of Tewksbury.

My father, a young, ambitious actor, came on with the feather hanging from his cap, all wet, his hair disheveled, one boot torn nearly off, one spur broken, the other gone entirely, his gauntlet stained with blood and his sword snapped in twain, at which old Wewitzer, who was the manager, and had been a manager before my father was born, was perfectly shocked. It was too late to do anything then, but the next morning Wewitzer sent for him to come to his office, and addressed him thus: "Young man, how do you ever hope to get on in your profession by deliberately breaking all precedent? What will become of the profession if mere boys are allowed to take these liberties? Why, sir, you should have entered in a suit of decent black, with silk stockings on and with a white handkerchief in your hand." "What! after defeat and flight from battle?" interrupted my father. "That had nothing at all to do with it," was the reply. "The proprieties, sir, the proprieties!"—Scribner's Magazine.

A Harmless Comedy of Errors.

Morris E. Ward, formerly of the press of this city, but now agent of a paper car wheel concern on the Hudson, is charitable, gallant and absent minded.

He has a poor relative up the country to whom he sends all his old clothes. There are many ladies in the city to whom he sends invitations for the theatre.

The other day he wrote to his poor relation: "I send you my last pair of pants but one; they may be a trifle small, but you can let them out in the waistband. If they are too long you can turn 'em up. Don't mind the patch."

The same day he wrote to a lady:

"Since you were kind enough to accept my invitation to the theatre, leaving it to me to select the play and evening, permit me to say the Columbia, this evening."

In an hour Mr. Ward received the following from his lady acquaintance: "As you did not send the pants by the messenger who delivered your note, I am, of course, unable to do anything to them. However, this need not interfere with our engagement for the theatre."

Mr. Ward went to the theatre, but he was very uneasy.—Chicago Mail.

The Parrot and the Owl.

The Question having arisen: "Why Do We Eat?" the Parrot Challenged the Owl to a Discussion and left the Decision to the Serpent. The Parrot went back several Thousand years to Prove that Adam Ate and was Obliged to Eat, and that all Men who came after him had been Obliged to Eat, and used up the best part of two hours in drawing comparisons, Making Deductions and Clinching his Points. When he finally sat down wet with Perspiration, but Flattered by his own Arguments, the Serpent asked the Owl to begin.

"Gentlemen," said the Bird, as he slowly arose, "I have only a word to say. It is my opinion that we Eat because we were built that way."

The Serpent promptly Decided that the Owl had the best of it, and when the Parrot raised a howl over it the Fox chucked him under the wing and said;

"Blab is a good thing, but Brevity and Common Sense most always hit a Jury."

MORAL:

If some Lawyers were Dumb they would double their Patronage.

Materially Different.

Dudley—How much do you weigh, Marion?

Hawbert—Ninety-fouah paounds."

Dudley—"No; I mean net weight-r, without yure cane, deah."—Judge.

Sam's Poetical Effort.

Sam's teacher, upon dismissing school Friday afternoon, requested each one of her pupils to bring Monday morning one or more verses of original poetry as a composition. Now, Sam could easily have cut up a cord of wood or ridden an unbroken colt, but to compose poetry was beyond him. He tried unsuccessfully all day Saturday and Sunday. Late Sunday afternoon, worn and miserable, he strolled down to the river side, seeking inspiration. There he saw a half sunken flatboat. The divine afflatus came and Monday morning he appeared at school and triumphantly presented his teacher the following couplet:

A boat went down into the water;
It went down deeper than it oughter.

—Exchange.

Hard Luck.

"O I had such a lovely dream!" said Minnie to her little brother one morning as they were going down stairs to breakfast. "Did you? What did you dream about?" asked Bob, stopping on the landing and eyeing his sister suspiciously. He was an only son among five daughters, and never had dreams. "Well, I dreamed that I was in a candy store, and that I was eating caramels and taffy." "And I—what was I eating?" cried Bob, getting red in the face at the thought of it. "You?" "Yes, I." "Why, you weren't there at all." "I wasn't there at all, and you went and dreamed that you were there doing that without me!" and he burst into tears and went down yelling to his father."—Boston True Flag.

An Observant Youngster.

On a summer's morning our little Lillie was walking with her aunt, and discovered a spider's web. She was delighted and exclaimed: "Oh, see! here is a hammock for bugs."—Christian Advocate.

His Antiquity Established.

Census Taker—How old is your father?

"Just passed his hundredth birthday."

"Impossible!"

"Quite true."

"Can you prove it?"

"Yes. He sent some poetry to the magazines and lived to see it published."

"And he's only 100 years old? Well, well!"—Lincoln Journal.

WHO CAN EXPLAIN IT?

A Strange Disease on the Island of St. Kilda.

A PARALLEL CASE IN TONGA AND SAMOA.

"Strangers' Cold" Caused by the Arrival of a Vessel.

Few portions of the habitable earth have received more attention during the past three centuries than the little island of St. Kilda, which lies off the coast of Scotland. No people are so strongly attached to their home as the inhabitants of this lonely place. Benevolent persons in Great Britain have repeatedly offered to move them all to Australia or Canada, and to provide for their wants till they could get established. They have, however, always declined these propositions. The climate of the island is so severe that it is scarcely endurable, the sea about it is so tempestuous at most times that vessels cannot approach it, while the soil is so sterile that it will produce little but grass, potatoes and barley.

The people suffer from cold, hunger and isolation. It is also affirmed that they suffer from the visits of strangers, even those who come on errands of mercy. All writers on St. Kilda affirm that the arrival of a vessel is immediately followed by a peculiar sort of influenza which affects all the people. Rev. Aulay Macaulay, great grandfather of the distinguished historian, wrote a work on St. Kilda, in which he speaks at length of this strange disease. Martin, who wrote an account of the island and its inhabitants nearly two hundred years ago, also refers to it. In giving evidence before the crofter commission, the minister of the island, who is represented as a gentleman of great learning, enumerated the "Strangers' Cold" as among the principal afflictions of the people, and one for which there was no relief.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was much interested in the Highlands of Scotland and the neighboring islands, endeavored to dispose of the "Strangers' Cold" by means of an argument. In an essay he wrote: "How can there be a physical effect without a physical cause? The arrival of a shipful of strangers would kill them, for if one stranger gives them one cold, two strangers must give them two colds, and so on in proportion." The logic was excellent, but it did not prevent the poor people of St. Kilda from suffering from a severe cold for eight or ten days after the arrival of every vessel. A writer in a recent number of Chambers' Journal declared that the disease actually exists, and that it is folly to attempt to deny the fact. He states that there is a mass of evidence to establish the occurrence of such a disease after the arrival of every vessel that cannot be disposed of, especially when there is no contradictory testimony.

The same paper states that a parallel to the St. Kilda case is found in Tonga and Samoa. Some affirm that influenza was unknown throughout Polynesia till white men came. It is also stated, in regard to a small island on the west coast of Africa, that "it is a singular fact that any vessel touching there from St. Helena invariably brings with it a disease resembling influenza." The same story is told about an island that lies east of New Zealand. Here all the people begin to cough almost as soon as a vessel lands. The blind cough, and so do infants, though they have no knowledge of the arrival of strangers. This influenza is not like measles and smallpox, that one attack secures immunity, as it recurs when another vessel lands.

The publication of these statements, supported by many authorities, in a leading magazine has called out many expressions of opinion. All admit that it was impossible for the inhabitants of an island near the South Pole to obtain information from those living on St. Kilda. Some believe that the natives of several islands have killed the crews of vessels because they contracted the influenza from strangers who had previously landed. Few have attempted to solve the mystery. It has lately been the fashion to deny any phenomena that could not be explained by natural causes. The old argument of Dr. Johnson has been employed by many persons to disprove the existence of many things. Still thousands are ready to give evidence of their constant occurrence. People who believe in things that they cannot account for are classed as superstitious, and few are willing to be thus designated.—Chicago Times.

Life in the Bahamas.

Dwellers in the dark and somber north can hardly realize the charm and joyousness that seem to radiate from earth and air in the lotus eating southern climes. The mere sense of existence becomes in itself a happiness; one can understand what animals probably feel in pleasant pastures on brilliant days. Then, as the sun sinks slowly downward, the golden heaven glows over a rejoicing earth, flushing every moment into richer beauty beneath the departing rays, while rosy beams of light streaming upward like so many auroras is a singular and very beautiful effect often to be seen in a Bahama sunset.

When the sun has set new beauties appear, every bush and tussock becoming alive with thousands of fire flies; and when a silvery green moon rises in the calm deep sapphire sky, it is difficult to decide whether night or day be the more full of loveliness. Besides the fire flies, a fire beetle—one of the Elytra—is a singular insect, with a brilliant green phosphorescent light proceeding from two round spots on the thorax, added to which, when excited, the insect has the power to emit a regular blaze of light from the segments of the abdomen, of such brilliancy that one can read by its light. In Cuba ladies fasten these elytra as ornaments in their hair, or let them flash beneath the folds of tulle dresses.—Mrs. Blake in Nineteenth Century.

The Orchestra's Six Trombones.

A Russian orchestra was once rehearsing under the direction of Arban, a celebrated French musician. Among the instruments were six trombones, which were playing in unison. Arban noticed that something seemed to be wrong with the trombone part, and made the six trombones play it over again. Then he observed that, where the trombones should have played "do," every man of them played "sol."

"Here, here," exclaimed Arban, stopping them, "that note should be "do!"

"We know it, sir," said the head man of the trombones; "but we don't play "do" at rehearsals."

"And why not, please?"

"Because, in order to play "do," we have to thrust our arms out as far as we can reach. And as it is so very cold, every time we do that it gives us such a chill!"—Youth's Companion.

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C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
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Digging A Republican Grave.

The following is taken from the last issue of the "Record Union" and speaks for itself. The paper is recognized as one of the leading Republican journals of the State.

"The ballot reform bill on Tuesday in the State Senate met with an obstruction that surprises and discourages its friends—its consideration was put over for two days. Every Senator voting against taking up the bill is a Republican, every Senator voting to consider it is a Democrat. Yet it is a measure upon which party lines should not be drawn, nor can they be legitimately invoked, for there is no party politics in it. It is purely a question of statesmanship and of the furtherance and betterment of the processes through which self government is accomplished.

"The Democratic party at its last State Convention pledged itself for the reform without any reservation; that it indicated the Massachusetts model as most desirable for adoption, was only directory; what it was mandatory upon was the injunction to pass some ballot reform law. The Republican party in its State Convention dodged the question, yet by generalization expressed itself as favorable to all measures to secure fair elections and honest counts. Had it done less than that it would have been untrue to its traditions. Its candidates upon the stump in the succeeding campaign frankly announced their belief in the necessity for reformation of the election laws, and whenever confronted with the question point blank, pledged themselves to favor a law substantially based upon the Australian system as modified in the United States.

"Now come the two great parties into the Legislature, and we find a Democratic minority championing a ballot reform bill that is conceded by those best informed upon the subject to be the best ever drawn, to embrace all the virtues of other election laws and to avoid the errors of other reform systems. We find the Republican majority at the very heel of the session, when a day's delay imperils any bill, voting to postpone consideration and threatening amendments that may necessitate recommittal, which means defeat of a measure.

"If the Republican party becomes responsible for the rejection of the Senate committee bill, either by direct vote or consent to fatal delay, it may prepare to dig its political grave in this State in the near future. No party can expect to bow to the will of the bosses in this matter and command the support of the people. For the bosses alone oppose the ballot reform bill. No man can stand in his place in either Senate or Assembly and advance a solitary reason for rejecting the bill that has not a score of times in this and other States, been shown to be weak, fallacious and without footing. No measure, however benificent, however humane, however American, can be proposed to which the carping cannot oppose objections. Nothing is easier than to find fault, to suggest doubts and interpose fears. It is very easy, indeed to point the way, but more difficult to walk in it. But these are axioms that the bosses and their servitors care nothing about. Their aim is to secure defeat of ballot reform, because its adoption closes up the lucrative business of the vote hucksters.

"The man who is sincere in his opposition to the bill will advance substantial reasons for his faith; when these are shown to be erroneous and mistaken he will yield and testify to independence and manliness by confessing his mistake. But the mere doubter, the legislator who contents himself with the suggestion that the measure is not in his opinion an improvement upon the present law, and who proposes no method for correcting the confessed evils in the existing law, or to defeat the rascalities practiced under it, lays himself open to the suspicion of being boss-ridden.

"Friends of the reform will respect honest objection to it, which is coupled with the suggestion of better means to protect the integrity of the ballot-box than the Senate Committee bill proposes. But those who simply object, and who offer nothing better in substitution, must expect to be marshalled by public opinion among the enemies of public interests. If Republican Senators and Assemblymen permit at this session of the Legislature the defeat of the ballot reform principle, they will convert themselves into sextons and may proceed forthwith to bury of the Republican majority in California."

An event occurred in Reno last week that deserves attention ontside of Nevada, but more particularly in this portion of California. A meeting of bankers, merchants property owners and others was held to discuss matters of grave importance. The Legislature is now in session at Carson, and that body proposes to enact laws, which, it is alleged, would be grossly unjust to the people, by exempting railroad property from its fair share of taxation. This would impose heavier taxes on all other kinds of property, the people being already burdened by all the taxation they can bear. Now, instead of looking to the men whom they have sent to the Legislature to protect their interests, knowing this would be useless, those leading citizens of Reno telegraphed to C. P. Huntington at New York and to the Directors of the Southern Pacific Railroad at San Francisco, in the words of the telegram, "the protection which your Company has power to give is respectfully asked in the matter." This is amazing. It is as if the Capital City of one of the United States was in possession of an army of brigands and the unhappy citizens begging for mercy from the leaders. Save murder, rape and pillage of private dwellings, the people of Nevada appear to have but very little more protection in the enjoyment of their property than had the people of Europe when Attila, "The Scourge of God", led his hosts among them, and left nothing behind except what could not be destroyed or carried away. What Kaba Rega, the robber king, and Manyuema are to Central Africa so appear to be the Legislature of Nevada to the people they misrepresent. How grinding must be the oppression, how keen the suffering of these leading men of Nevada, when they were forced to utter a cry for mercy that rings from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Every man who signed those telegrams has the welfare of his State deep at heart. Each of them knew well that the publication of the telegrams would banish capital and intending settlers as completely as would the approach of a hostile army to an unprotected city. Yet the imminent danger of immediate robbery forced them to risk the more remote evil. When such a condition of things exists in a sovereign State of the Union, we have very little to boast of as compared with the chronic misrule and revolution that prevails in South America.

At last comes news of the death of George Hearst. This sad intelligence will both shock and pain his own fellow partisans and the mass of the Republican party. The deceased Senator suffered the pangs of a matyr with heroic fortitude, and the normal friendliness of the people was intensified by his resignation under suffering. The dead senator was a noble man and the representative of a peculiar and memorable class, the early Argonauts of California, having come to this State in 1850, and just escaped being a pioneer. He was a representative American and was emphatically what is called in this country a self made man. He was indomitable and courageous. He was as true to his friends as the needle to the pole. He was one of the few men of enormous wealth who did not allow himself to be made sordid or unfeeling by its possession. He was to the last the same honest, sincere, straightforward and hardy miner. He had always a warm grasp for the hand of a friend, and no worthy object was ever turned from his door. His manners were always simple and unaffected. He was a typical Democrat, and illustrated his belief in Democratic principles in his personal habits, manners and speech. He was in no sense an orator, but he had a quiet fund of humor and good sense that made him the valued friend of such men as Senators Edmunds, Beck, Blackburn and others of the brightest lights of the upper house of congress

In any discussion of the condition of affairs in Inyo County the issue must not be obscured by talk about the great natural resources of the country, the land, water, and climate. These are all here yet, unimpaired, but also very little improved. The Garden of Eden was abundantly blessed in the matter of fine soil, plenty of water, and no one will deny that its climate may have been even better than that of Owens Valley. But when the cherubim with the two-edged flaming sword was placed at the entrance, there was scant opportunity for settlers to enter. So with us, the gate of our valley is so barred by a two-edged sword of expense, cutting so deep both ways, coming in and going out, that settlers have not the courage to attempt an entrance.

In England they are beginning to find that the amount of gold they can command from the world,s stock of that metal is inadequate to the demands of her people.

It is very significant that every railroad interest in the State opposed the wiping out of the useless and very expensive Board of Railroad Commissioners. The Board started with two of the members in the service of the corporations and the third a demagogue. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard, his spots? Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil."

The Democratic majority in the next Congress is already so large that the election of another Democrat passes unnoticed. It emphasizes one thing, however, as showing the drift of political sentiment. Rhode Island has now a Democratic State Government, a Democratic Legislature and a solid Democratic delegation in the lower House of Congress.

FOR ISOBEL.

Not long since, it was while yet the public excitement ran high in connection with discoveries made when the old Bauderet house, on Bourbon street, New Orleans, was torn down, I was told the story of Augustin Verot.

It was in the year 1839 that this young man, rich, gifted and handsome, came to New Orleans to spend a winter with Charles Marot Bauderet, whose acquaintance he had formed in Paris. The two men were of the same age, and their tastes were similar. Verot had been captivated by Bauderet's wit, learning and subtile personal charm. In turn, Bauderet's imagination was touched into singular activity and his sympathies borne away by Verot's magnetic genius.

It is rare indeed that two young men, poets both, find such an overmastering mutual interest flowing between them. Their friendship became at once a passion.

When Bauderet left Paris after a year's sojourn there he exacted a promise from his new friend that he should come to New Orleans and spend some months with him. Thus it came about that early in the autumn of 1839 Verot arrived, after a pleasant voyage, and took up his abode in the Bauderet mansion on Bourbon street.

Charles Marot Bauderet, as some of my readers will remember, was a bachelor orphan, occupying the large, silent old house all alone, save that he was surrounded with many faithful slaves.

The house was a low, far spreading, gloomy brick structure, whose immensely thick walls and small windows gave it a jail like appearance. Vines clambered over it from base to roof, and it was embowered in dusky trees. Surrounding it was a high brick wall topped with a picketing of iron. The gates were massive, and closed with huge spring locks that could be opened only from within. They were attended by statuesque keepers as black as night.

Bauderet was descended from a family of buccaneers. His wealth was the result of ancestral piracy, murder and rapine. In the young man's blood burned the taint of unbridled passion, and in his brain a lawless imagination held high carousal. His poems were, like those of Poe, Baudelaire and Villon, suffused with something that suggested madness, but the young man showed no sign of an unsound mind. On the contrary, he was brilliantly, fascinatingly sane and logical in his conversation. He went little into society and entertained scarcely at all, in the general meaning of the word. A few friends, rarely more than one at a time, were admitted through his protentous looking gates and into his luxurious twilight parlors and dusk dim library. He was a connoisseur of wines, cigars and old books; he smoked almost incessantly, rarely drank to excess, read mediæval poetry and in his conversation was much given to advancing preposterously romantic theories touching almost all the relations of life.

When Verot arrived Bauderet met him at the wharf with every outward show of irrepressible delight; but the young Parisian at once felt that some great change had taken place in his friend. At first he was inclined to fear that Bauderet was not sincere in his expressions of affectionate joy over his arrival; but soon enough the mystery was adequately explained. Bauderet was in love. His whole nature was absorbed in the new passion.

Mlle. Des Champs was the daughter of a retired planter, whose home was but a few steps from Bauderet's gate. Recently the poet had met her. To meet her was to love her, and now he could find room for no other thought. Isobel Des Champs was the subject of his most eloquent conversation, his strangely melodious poetry, his curiously brilliant sketches in water colors.

Verot found Bauderet's house a very palace of enchantment; so vague and yet so effective were the impressions made by its rich tapestry, its massive mahogany furniture, its dim vistas of books and pictures and its solemn silence. The young patrician Frenchman had been accustomed to old houses, but here, in this city of the New World, his creole friend had given him the freedom of one that seemed filled with an antiquity far greater than the Roman buildings of France could boast of—even the most ruined in old Provence.

Bauderet was anxious to have Verot see Isobel Des Champs, and, of course, the young visitor, especially after Bauderet's eloquent description, felt quite willing to meet the beautiful girl. Nor was he in the least disappointed when he saw her; indeed, her loveliness so far surpassed expectation, so dwarfed all former visions of maidenly attractiveness, that Verot was struck to the heart by her first glance.

If Isobel captivated Verot it was not a loss of love at first sight, for the handsome Parisian did not fail to impress her imagination in turn. From the moment of their first meeting they were ardent lovers, as everybody could plainly see, save only Bauderet. So lost in the infatuation of absolute devotion was he that he could see nothing but Isobel's dazzling beauty, could hear nothing but the rich, low music of her creole voice.

Soon enough Verot was in the seventh heaven of a successful courtship—not courtship, but love telling and love listening—while poor Bauderet went right on in blissful enjoyment of his imaginary lordship of Isobel's heart.

The autumn sped; the winter went like a dream, and out flashed the orange blooms, out poured the mocking bird songs, heavily drooped the roses by the walls. The breezes from the gulf were sweet and fragrant; the sky was like a great pale violet tent shutting in the world with a wavering mist dream of spring.

The time was approaching for Verot to depart for France, when one morning he informed Bauderet that he and Isobel were to be married, and would set sail within a fortnight to make Paris their home.

At first Bauderet was stupefied by the announcement. He gazed almost vacantly into his friend's eyes, while his face grew deadly white. Not a feature moved, however, nor did the quiet smile quite go from his firm, thin lips. It was an admirable exhibition of that self control which in those days was so much cultivated by gentlemen who were in the habit of settling all matters of personal disagreement at the point of sword or muzzle of pistol.

Of course Verot had counted the cost, and fully expected a duel, but he was pleasantly surprised to find that Bauderet would not demand a meeting. Furthermore, instead of appealing to the code the host who had been so cruelly robbed took the turn of affairs with a philosophic resignation truly admirable. After the first great struggle against the terrible disappointment which the disaster to his hopes had brought he drew close to his friend and wished him great joy.

Verot was both touched and awed by the strange change that came over Bauderet's face and manner. It was a slow, mysterious transformation of the man. His face took on an inscrutable mask of quiet, almost serene, resignation, behind which something suggested immeasurable depths of poignant suffering. In his eyes at times burned a light which startled Verot and haunted his dreams at night.

Love predominates everything, however, and the passionate young Parisian was so bewildered and blinded in the rose mist of happiness that the deepest significance of Bauderet's conduct was entirely lost to him. He was aware of nothing much besides his impending nuptials, the tender glory of the semi-tropical spring time and the wild flutings of the lusty mocking birds.

About this time, as is now known, Bauderet went frequently to see an old negress, a voudoo charm weaver, and procured from her a phial of hideous poison—a black liquid, thick, rank, frenzy bearing—made from the heads of snakes, the tails of scorpions and the roots of various deadly weeds all steeped together for many days. Among the African voudoo workers this liquid was known by an appellation which meant "brain burner." It was said to induce madness of the most hopeless kind. Its concoction was attended with the most solemnly horrible of rites and incantations.

It was the night before Isobel and Verot's wedding day. Bauderet appeared to be in better spirits than usual; he had some rare old wine brought into the library, and he and Verot sat up till late drinking and smoking, while they permitted themselves perfect freedom in conversation.

Although, as I have said, their tastes were similar, no two men could have been less alike in personal appearance than were Verot and Bauderet. The Parisian was tall, athletic, fair, with blue eyes and yellow, curling hair, while the creole was dark, slight, black eyed, mysterious looking, possessing the singular magnetism of a face at once handsome and inscrutable. Bauderet's slightness was not physical frailty, however, for he was a noted swordsman, possessed of extraordinary nervous energy.

It was late in the night and the lamps were burning low, the flames flickering faintly and faltering in their brazen sockets among the pendant crystal brilliants, when Bauderet arose and said:

"Well, my dear old fellow, it is growing late, and you must not be drowsy on your wedding morn. One more cigar—just one—the best that Cuba ever gave to the lips of man, and then to your dreams."

He fetched from a little hanging cabinet a small ivory box curiously carved and mounted in gold, out of which he took two large escuros separately wrapped in silver foil. One of these he handed to Verot, at the same time lighting the other.

"The last two of a priceless lot sent me two years ago by a friend at Havana," he said.

Verot daintily brushed the almost black cigar across his nose to inhale its fragrance, and instantly recoiled, for there came from it a strange, insinuating and unbearable stench.

"That is nothing," laughed Bauderet, with a hollow, brutal ring in his voice that startled Verot. When you light it the smell disappears, and the smoke is exquisitely fine. See!" and he puffed a light cloud toward his friend's nostrils. "Isn't that incomparable bouquet?"

Verot put the cigar between his teeth and tried to light it, but the thrill of atrocious evil that flashed through his nerves caused him to let it fall.

"It's horrible!" he exclaimed. "I can't bear it!"

"Oh, what womanish qualms!" remarked Bauderet, almost testily, picking up the fallen escuro and handing it to his guest. "Smoke it; this may be our last night together, and—and"——

Something in Bauderet's voice appealed to Verot's sympathy, while at the same time it made his heart almost sink. A man lying in his coffin, ready to be buried alive, might have had such a strain in his voice. His face was white, with that ghastliness which comes in extreme moments to a dark countenance, and his eyes, strangely dilated burned with a dusky, deep set brilliance.

"You know how I feel, Verot—you know how I feel."

Again the Parisian essayed to light the cigar; but the thing was not possible. He flung it aside after inhaling one intolerable draught of its smoke.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bauderet. "You have less courage than I supposed; but then you Parisians, as I've often told you, are a degenerate set."

Verot had risen, and now stood towering above his host, his magnificent frame expanding and a determined look in his fine, fair face.

"That cigar was poisoned!" he exclaimed, with dramatic energy of expression.

"Oh, surely not!" said Bauderet, with immediate concern, stooping and picking it up. He put it to his nose.

"Why, that is strange!" he cried. "What can it mean?"

The two men looked steadily, searchingly into each other's eyes, and slowly but clearly read the whole situation. One was aware that his deadly purpose had been discovered, the other knew that death was lurking for him in every corner of that gloomy old house. Verot was the first to speak.

"How shall we settle this?" he demanded, in a hard, dry tone.

Bauderet laughed sardonically and puffed lazily at his cigar, meantime shrugging his shoulders as if the matter were of light consequence to him.

"I think the best way to settle it is to go to bed and sleep it off," he remarked, with a half yawn.

"Scoundrel, villain, murderer!" exclaimed Verot, permitting for the moment his indignation to master him, "you shall answer to me now!"

"Oh, certainly, if you wish," said Bauderet calmly. "My sword room is but a step from here. Follow me if you're not afraid."

Verot followed, but not without a strange sense of insecurity. It was as if some treachery were about to be sprung upon him at every step while they passed through two or three dim rooms and along a low, narrow passage between damp brick walls, then into a bare, windowless little room.

"See here," said Bauderet, stopping close to one of the dismal walls, "this doesn't look like a door, does it?"

He fumbled a moment about a certain spot, pressed a hidden spring and pushed open a low shutter, disclosing another cell like apartment, dank, grimy and ill smelling. Into this Verot followed him. They halted and faced each other, a little lamp carried by Bauderet lighting up their drawn, and ghastly faces.

"We can settle our little trouble here without the slightest fear of being interrupted. This is where, as I have heard, one of my reckless kinsmen, who formerly owned the house, used to confine stolen slaves what time he was awaiting a chance to run them off. Nobody living save myself knows that this room exists."

He smiled cynically, and lifting the lamp gazed around at the slime on the reeking bricks. Then he made a little petulant motion and said:

"The swords—the rapiers—I have forgotten them. Hold this lamp a moment, please!"

Verot mechanically accepted the proffered light; but as he did so something in Bauderet's look, or in his movement, put him on his guard, or rather startled him a little.

"You'll not be afraid to stand here a moment while I go fetch the swords, will you?"

He placed peculiar accent on the word "afraid," and Verot felt his blood tingle in response to the insinuation.

"You shall soon have your test of skill as well as of courage," he responded; "but if you are going back after weapons you'd better take the lamp. I can wait without it."

"This is not a pleasant waiting room," sneered Bauderet, again letting his eyes slowly sweep the loathsome little cell.

He was still smoking the smoldering black cigar, and the pale rings of fragrance slowly strayed in the chill, damp air.

"Don't stand there like that," said Verot savagely, "or I'll stamp you into the floor."

"A coward would do that," retorted Bauderet, taking two or three light backward steps and pausing in the little doorway. "I have some doubts of your honor, or ought to have."

"Fetch the rapiers, sir," was all that Verot said. His terrible anger was mastering him.

Bauderet retreated one more step, then with a fiendish leer laid his hand on the heavy shutter.

"You command, but I shall take my own time to obey," he remarked in a tone of constrained excitement. "How should you like to wait in this little boudoir until your bride comes to you?"

Like a flash the meaning and the purpose of Bauderet's words and movements leaped through Verot's mind. Already the door was slowly swinging shut.

So frightful was the thought, with its infinite suggestions of horror, that the tall Parisian stood for a single moment paralyzed.

"Good night forever, Augustin Verot. May your dreams be sweet," said Bauderet.

Slowly, steadily, the door, which was in reality a hinged section of the massive wall, swung round.

Verot let fall the lamp, which, clanging brazenly on the brick floor, remained sputtering and burning there with a strange, fantastic light. Something like a death chill shivered through the air.

One long bound the Parisian made, uttering a low, harsh cry of rage and terror as he was caught between the closing door and the jaw of the doorway.

There was a struggle like the fighting of wild beasts, the men growling and panting in the extremity of their brutal straining and tearing.

Presently a body was heaved and flung. It fell in the center of the cell, and lay ghastly and motionless beside the fast dying lamp flame. Then the ponderous door went to with a dull thump and a sharp click of the hidden spring.

One of the rivals stood on the outside of the cell panting and quivering, the white froth clotted on his lips; the other lay limp and lifeless within.

* * * * * *

The mystery, which for nearly fifty years had hung over the old Bauderet homestead, was cleared up when the house was torn down. The laborers came in the course of their work to a low, narrow, hidden room, damp and repulsive, in the middle of which lay a skeleton clothed in rotten garments. This was the body of Charles Marot Bauderet, whose sudden disappearance about the time of the marriage of Isobel Des Champs to Augustin Verot had given rise to so many wild stories. In fact, so absolute had been the mystery that not the faintest clew to the missing man had ever been found until this revelation by the workmen divulged everything.

Immediately after the discovery of Bauderet's skeleton inquiry was begun as to the whereabouts of Verot, who was traced and found, an old man, widowed and childless, penniless and friendless, on the island of Corsica. He told his story as I have told it to you, and, as if the relief from the long strain of his hideous secret had relaxed his whole being, he fell at once into a state of collapse, from which nothing could rally him. He died in his seventy-fourth year, muttering with almost his last breath:

"Isobel, Isobel, it was all for you! I gave him the grave he meant to give me. It was a close and silent tomb, but at last—at last—it—has—given—ah!—given up—its—secret!"—Maurice Thompson in New York Ledger.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
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The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo county, Cal

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

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All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine
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MISCELLANEOUS.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY AND REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of Charles D. Begole deceased.

IT APPEARING TO THE COURT, BY THE petition this day presented and filed by Thomas Parker, the Administrator of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, praying for an order of sale of the personal property and real estate of said estate, that it is necessary to sell the said personal property, and the whole of the real estate, or a portion of it, to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 24th day of March, 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Court, at the Court-house, in the town of Independence, in said county, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the personal property and the whole or so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary; amd that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the INYO INDEPENDENT, a newspaper printed and published in said county.

GEO. M. GILL.
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated February 18th, 1891.

[ENDORSED.]

SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF INYO.

In the Matter of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased.

Order Fixing time and place for hearing petition for sale of Personal Property and Real Estate.

Filed February 18th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL,
Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Mullane, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his residence near the town of Big Pine, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Inyo, State of California.

RICHARD HESSIAN.
Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.

Dated February 13, 1891.

P. H. MACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
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Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
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The Bar is supplied with the Best of all kinds of Liquors and Cigars.
The Coolest Hall in the town. Call in and see what comfort you can have this hot weather.
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Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
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BLACKSMITHING
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Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence

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Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 96¼
Lead, 4.35
Copper, 14.60
Tin, 19.85
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence at 7 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY, February 28th.

Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased—Hearing of proof of will continued until Saturday, March 14th.

Ball vs. Ball—Action for divorce. Filed complaint and issued summons.

Estate of John Mullane deceased—Filed inventory and appraisement.

WEDNESDAY, March 4th.

Estate and Guardianship of John Morton—Appraisers appointed. J. J. Morton appointed Guardian. Papers filed.

THURSDAY, March 5th.

Estate of Wm. Walker deceased—Filed creditor's claim.

Varney vs. Varney—Action for divorce. Court Commissioner appointed and testimony taken.

Ball vs. Ball—Action for divorce. Order for publication of alias summons.

Don't forget the 17th. of March at Keeler.

W. Ischinger was down from Bishop early in the week.

Mrs. Varney of Round Valley visited Independence during the week.

Mr. R. Van Dyke came up from Lone Pine on Wednesday, returning the same day.

Messrs. J. C. Crocker and W. H. Unlemeyer of Big Pine were in town several days this week.

James Hutchings Esq. came down from Bishop on Wednesday to conduct a case in the Superior Court.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Conklin have been visiting Independence and Georges Creek during the week.

W. S. Enos and C. Mulholland started for the city last Tuesday morning going by the way of Mojave.

Arthur Nobles came down from Candelaria last Monday. He reports deaths yet occurring from pneumonia.

Don't overlook that opportunity for getting the best 160 acres of land under the Eastside canal for six dollars an acre.

Alfalfa hay in stack and of the best quality is offered at $3 per ton at different points in the valley.

Mr. Martin Mee came in from Lookout to Darwin last Monday. He was in poor health and intended going to Lone Pine to recuperate.

It wasn't quite so spring-like this morning after all. Last night a north wind set in, and the creeks were frozen up, the thermometer registering 24° at sunrise.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Goodale of Fish Spring were in town last Saturday. They were here on business connected with the will of the late Ezra Goodale.

Miss Matilda Meysan returned to Lone Pine last Friday from a visit to Independence. While here she passed a very creditable examination before the Board of Education and was granted a certificate to teach.

Mr. P. La Barge was in town yesterday with his young stallion Milo Jr. The animal is not yet four years old and when weighed yesterday pulled the scales down to 1440. He will make the coming season at Lone Pine and Georges Creek.

The Supervisors held a special meeting last Monday evening. They ordered special elections to fill the vacancies in the Board occasioned by the death of J. C. Eldy and the resignation of S. G. Sneden. The elections will be held on March 10th.

The *Index*, the organ of the Eastside corporation and speaking for it, says that $100,000 has been expended on the Eastside and the Company is perfectly satisfied with the investment. If this is true the property is worth that valuation, and the County Assessor, being an honorable man and sworn to do his duty, will surely assess it at that figure.

Judge Hannah has ordered trees for planting eighty acres of apple orchard at Fish Spring. He has decided to have but three varieties, namely, White Pearman, Wine Sap and Genetin. The young trees are ordered from Ohio. The tract selected is a fine piece of land along the Big Pine road and will make a valuable and beautiful orchard.

In a long article in the *Index* Billy Matlack says: "In answer to a question by the INDEPENDENT proprietor as to how my business compared with three years ago I said it was not near so good and had not been since teams and stages ran here—a fact that all in my business can testify." That's right, Billy. Tell the truth and shame the devil. Mr Matlack does about all the blacksmithing for the Eastside Company and is a good workman.

Up till Sunday evening a great deal of rain had fallen in the valley. The bottom lands are covered with water to a great extent. Cattle tramped about in pools of water and mud till they were exhausted, and on Saturday stock owners and herders were busy most of the day driving the animals up into the sage brush land. This was hard work, as the horses sunk deep into the sodden ground at every step. The cattle reached the sage brush ground and at once lay down, weak from hunger and from standing in the mud several days. When the rain ceased, warm, bright weather set in, and grass is making rapid growth. During the recent storms an immense of snow fell upon the Sierras and now it can be seen from the valley that the canyons are all filled to a great depth.

What Farmers Say.

Last week was published what men engaged in all kinds of business had to say of the situation. The name of each man interviewed was given and each is responsible for his own report. In some cases more unfavorable things were said than was thought advisable to publish, but in no case was one word added to make the report worse than the party interviewed represented it to be. Many of those interviewed have since said, (to use their own words) "It is God's truth, every word of it."

Now, let us hear what farmers say:

A man who has been farming about twenty-five years and owns about 320 acres of the best land in the valley with an abundant supply of water available every month in the year. A reader of the best books and of magazines and newspapers, one who is both a thinker and a worker, says: "There is no money in farming. If I could sell a crop of any kind in bulk and get coin for it, it would be all right. But if I produce a crop of wheat it must be hauled to mill twenty miles or more, a load now and another some weeks afterward. I must then peddle the flour all over the country and sell or trade it in various ways. Recently I took a load of various products flour, hams, bacon and other articles, hauled them forty miles and offered the goods to merchants. The quality of the goods was very satisfactory, and I was willing to take the prices offered. The load should have realized several hundred dollars, but all the coin I got was $27. The balance I took in exchange of goods of various kinds, most of which I could have done without. If I could sell in one lot $600 worth of wheat, corn or barley and get cash down for it, my taxes, such help as I must hire during harvest, and other small bills could all be paid easily; but this I cannot do, and from year to year the difficulty increases."

Another man, who owns 400 acres of the choiceat land in the valley with all the advantages of water and location, says: "It is almost impossible to export farm produce from the valley. Freight cost is a complete bar to that. The home market is so limited that but a small amount of farm produce can be consumed. One wagon load of produce would today glut the market at Independence. It is nonsense to charge farmers with want of enterprise, for not raising larger crops, when every pound produced over what is needed for home consumption would rot. What I expect for the future is, that as stockmen have lately been increasing their interests in the valley, this will grow till stock raising will be the only interest left of any importance, and the land will be owned mostly by stockmen. If we had an opening south by rail, my opinion is that the country would settle up rapidly, and the land be divided into small tracts for orchards and vineyards. But by the time that business men realize this, it will be too late; the cattle men will have the country, and as the demand for beef is increasing rapidly the business will be very profitable and they will hold on to it. With little or nothing doing in the country but raising cattle there would be no business for a railroad. The small amount of canvas clothing, blankets and shoes needed by herders, and the trifling quantity of other merchandise needed by them, would be all the freight coming into the country, and in the end all that would remain of a railroad would be two streaks of rust. The railroad now here hauls ore, marble and soda at the lowest possible rates of freight in order to encourage those industries, and it does not appear to me that that there can be much profit for the road in that business." This man is wise and shrewd; and the foregoing opinions are deliberately expressed as the result of many years observation.

A score of such reports could be given, but as these two are fairly representative they may be enough. It is very likely that all farmers in the country would not make similar reports. For instance, Mr. E. Robinson has one of the best farms in the valley. His dwelling is about four hundred yards distant from the Post Office at Independence. He keeps a dairy and has a market for his milk and butter in the town. His orchard produces a great deal of fruit, and for that he has a market. He makes hams and bacons and can always dispose of them at fair prices. Mr. John Shepherd at Georges Creek has about fifteen hundred acres of good land. Several years ago he quit general farming except to produce what is needed for his own use and went into the business of raising mules. There is reason enough to believe that Mr. Shepherd has since been quite successful. Perhaps Mr. Thomas Williams of Round Valley would also report better than most of his neighbors. But these are exceptional cases and by no means represent the condition of the average farmer throughout the valley. But let that be as it may, business men and farmers have been allowed to speak for themselves and have been truthfully reported. Now all men may form their own opinion as to the condition of affairs in Inyo County.

Sickness.

On his return from Darwin last week Coroner Parker was taken very ill with the prevailing malady. Careful nursing and good medical attendance was had, and he is now much better and considered out of danger. Jonathan Brown has been very ill all the week, and as yet there has been no improvement. The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gunn is also suffering from the grippe, but no serious result is apprehended. N. E. Conklin is all right again and was pursuing his avocation as water fiend on Tuesday.

OFFICIAL.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.

P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The mining men and poor people generally of Inyo county will hardly feel grateful to Mr. Craig for his war on silver. He says of the recent letter of Grover Cleveland on silver coinage that "a better campaign document for our party was never penned." The bitter animosity of Mr. Craigs party to silver coinage is well known; but so far as Mr. Cleveland's opinion being that of the Democratic party, that very letter has irrevocably removed all possibility of his being the Democratic nominee in 1892. The strongest plank in the Democratic and Farmers' Alliance platforms will be FREE SILVER COINAGE. And no man will receive the nomination at the hands of the Democratic party who is not thoroughly in accord with this principle.

Meteorological Summary.

Following is the report of the Signal Service Station at Keeler for the month of February, 1891.

Mean barometer 29.892
Highest barometer 30.374
Lowest barometer 29.149
Mean temperature 42.0
Highest temperature, 14th ..... 65.
Lowest temperature, 19th ..... 20.
Greatest daily range temp'ture, 27th, 26.
Least daily range temperature, 23d, 9.
Prevailing direction of wind, N. W.
Total movement of wind, 5681 miles.
Extreme velocity of wind, direction and date, 46 miles on 8th.
Total precipitation, 0.98 inches.
Number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell, 5.
Number of cloudless days 11
Partly cloudy days 7
Cloudy days 10

H. E. WILKINSON,
Sergt., Signal Corps, Observer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

IRWINS' SALOON

[illegible] wards and Market Streets,

Independence, Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS, & CIGARS

☞ The most careful attention given to the accommodation and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept12 tf

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

LONE PINE

Blacksmith Shop.

R. C. Spear, Prop'r

—ALL WORK ON—
MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS
—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—
HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING

☞ All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

MONEY

Big wages can be made at work for us by men, women, boys and girls wherever you live. Here is your chance. You can make from 50c. to $5 and more at home by devoting your spare time to the business. Nothing like it for those in need of work, or who want to improve their spare time. No other business will pay you nearly so well. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Address, GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel. Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,

WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best.

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,

Independence, Cal.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

☞ Buyers and consumers should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, neatly furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines, Liquors, & Cigars.

Some little FORTUNES have been made at work for us by Anna Page, Austin Bonn, and Jno. Bonn, Ky., Cable, Ill. Others report as well. Why not you? Some have made $200.00 a month. You can do the work at your home, and be paid every week. Given away! Any one who sees this may have a sample box free by return mail. Full directions, etc., sent free. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.

Real Estate Agents,

Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK

BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,

Watchmaker & Jeweler.

BISHOP, CAL.

Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.

I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE STEWART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c

A. K. EUGLEY,

Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT,

Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m		5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.		2.50 p. m
Hawthorne	5.50 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning	7.05 p. m.		9.55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8.05 p. m.		9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.		7:55 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv.	7:25 a. m.
	No. 3.		No. 4.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m		5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a m		1:35 p m.
Bishop Creek	2:00 p. m.		11:00 a. m
Alvord	2.45 p. m		10 10 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.		8:50 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.		7.40 a. m
Keeler	Ar. 6:50 p. m.	Lv.	7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. & R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (37 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOL

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS:

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

THOMAS & HILL,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a call.

THOMAS & HILL.

GRAND BALL

Mono & Inyo Band

AT THE

Lake View Hotel,
Keeler, Cal.

WILL GIVE A WELCOME TO ALL

BALL

Monday, March 16th,
(EVE. OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.)

MUSIC BY

Harmony Orchestra

TICKETS ..... Including Supper $3.00

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure *everything*—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in *everything*.

And, you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the *risk* of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., does with

Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery,
Favorite Prescription,
Pleasant Pellets, and
Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

If they don't do what their makers say they'll do—you get your money back.

Though all obscure may be his birth,
Though he has won no battle scar,
Mongst all the people on this earth
He takes first rank with his cigar.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The actress who is "wedded to her art" gets a divorce as soon as the right man comes along.

Dr. Wallace Ely has removed his offices to 215 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal., where he continues to give special attention to Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland and all diseases arising therefrom. Diabetes and Bright's Disease treated according to the latest approved method. Most cases can be treated successfully by correspondence. Consultations daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. WALLACE ELY, M. D., 215 Powell St., 3 doors from Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

He—I do not expect to go out in society much this winter; I am going to hibernate. She—Indeed? I went to Ireland last summer.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS MFG CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

"But you have no ancestors, ye know!" said his Lordship. "No," replied Miss Lakeview, "we have the advantage of you there."

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

The meat of a volume is generally found on the table of contents.

Why *rub*, and *tail*, and *wear* out yourself and your clothes on washday, when, ever since 1861, Dobbins' Electric Soap has been offered on purpose to lighten your labor, and save your clothes. *Now* try it. Your grocer has it.

Married women nowadays use a larger visiting card than single women. Somehow married people seem to have all the luxuries.

Irritation of the Throat and Hoarseness immediately relieved by "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

The sober second thought usually comes after the banquet.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pains or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

Bad Manners—Maud—George told me to-day that my face was my fortune. Ethel—He ought to have had better manners than to twit you on your poverty.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thomson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Try Germea for Breakfast

"German Syrup"

A Cough and Croup Medicine.

For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as childrens' troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine. ⓪

BEBEE;

or,

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

By "OUIDA."

Her little muslin cap blew back like the wings of a white butterfly. Her sunny hair caught the last sun rays. Her feet were fair in the brown wooden shoes. Under the short woolen skirts the grace of her pretty limbs moved freely. Her broad silver clasps shone like a shield, and she was utterly unconscious that any one looked; she was simply and gravely intent on reaching St. Gudule to say her one prayer and not keep the children waiting.

Some one leaning idly over a balcony in the street that is named after Mary of Burgundy saw her going thus. He left the balcony and went down his stairs and followed her.

The sun dazzle on the silver had first caught his sight, and then he had looked downward at the pretty feet.

These are the chances women call fate.

Bebee made her salutations to the high altar, and stole on into the chapel of the Saint Sacrament; it was that one that she loved best.

She said her prayer and thanked the saints for all their gifts and goodness, her clasped hand against her silver shield, her basket on the pavement by her, chiseled the sunset rays streaming purple and crimson and golden through the painted windows that are the wonder of the world.

When her prayer was done she still kneeled there, her head thrown back to watch the light, her hands clasped still, and on her upturned face the look that made the people say, "What does she see—the angels or the dead?"

She forgot everything. She forgot the cherries at home, and the children even. She was looking upward to the stories of the painted panes; she was listening to the message of the dying sunrays; she was feeling vaguely, wistfully, unutterably the tender beauty of the sacred place and the awful wonder of the world in which she with her sixteen years was all alone, like a little blue corn flower among the wheat that goes for grist and the barley that makes men drunk.

"What does she see, the angels or the dead?"

For she was alone, though she had so many friends. Quite alone sometimes; for God had been cruel to her, and had made her a lark without song.

When the sun faded and the beautiful casements lost all glow and meaning, Bebee rose with a startled look—had she been dreaming?—was it night?—would the children be sorry and go supperless to bed?

"Have you a rosebud left to sell to me?" a man's voice said not far off; it was low and sweet, as became the Sacrament chapel.

Bebee looked up; she did not quite know what she saw; only dark eyes smiling into hers.

By the instinct of habit she sought in her basket and found three moss roses, she held them out to him.

"I don't sell flowers here, but I will give them to you," she said, in her pretty, grave, childish fashion.

"I often want flowers," said the stranger, as he took the buds. "Where do you sell yours—in the market?"

"In the Grand place."

"Will you tell me your name, pretty one?"

"I am Bebee."

There were people coming into the church. The bells were booming abovehead for vespers. There was a shuffle of chairs and a stir of feet. Boys in white went to and fro, lighting the candles. Great clouds of shadow drifted up into the roof and hid the angels.

She nodded her little head to him.

"Good night; I cannot stay. I have a cake at home to-night, and the children are waiting."

"Ah! that is important, no doubt, indeed. Will you buy some more cakes for the children from me?"

He slid a gold piece in her hand. She looked at it in amaze. In the green lanes by Laeken no one ever saw gold. Then she gave it him back.

"I will not take money in church, nor anywhere, except what the flowers are worth. Good night."

He followed her and held back the heavy oak door for her and went out into the air with her.

It was dark already, but in the square there was still the cool, bright, primrose colored evening light.

Bebee's wooden shoes went pattering down the sloping and uneven stones. Her little gray figure ran quickly through the deep shade cast from the towers and walls. Her dreams had drifted away. She was thinking of the children and the cake.

"You are in such a hurry because of the cake!" said her new customer, as he followed her.

Bebee looked back at him with a smile in her blue eyes.

"Yes; they will be waiting, you know, and there are cherries, too.

"It is a grand day with you then?"

"It is my fete day; I am 16."

She was proud of this. She told it to the very dogs in the street.

"Ah! you feel old, I dare say?"

"Oh, quite old! They cannot call me a child any more."

"Of course not; it would be ridiculous. Are these presents in your basket?"

"Yes, every one of them." She paused a moment to lift the dead vine leaves and show him the beautiful shining red shoes. "Look!—old Gringoire gave me these. I shall wear them at mass next Sunday. I never had a pair of shoes in my life."

"But how will you wear shoes without stockings?"

It was a snake cast into her Eden.

She had never thought of it.

"Perhaps I can save money and buy some," she answered, after a sad little pause. "But that I could not do till next year. They would cost several francs, I suppose."

"Unless a good fairy gives them to you?"

Bebee smiled; fairies were real things to her—relations indeed. She did not imagine that he spoke in jest.

"Sometimes I pray very much and things come," she said, softly. "When the Gloire de Dijon was cut back too soon one summer, and never blossomed, and we all thought it was dead, I prayed all day long for it, and never thought of anything else; and by autumn it was all in new leaf, and now its flowers are finer than ever."

"But you watered it whilst you prayed, I suppose?"

The sarcasm escaped her.

She was wondering to herself whether it would be vain and wicked to pray for a pair of stockings; she thought she would go and ask Father Francis.

By this time they were in the Rue Royale, and half way down it. The lamps were lighted. A regiment was marching up with a band playing. The windows were open and people were laughing and singing in some of them. The light caught the white and gilded fronts of the houses. The pleasure seeking crowds loitered along in the warmth of the evening.

Bebee, suddenly roused from her thoughts by the loud challenge of the military music, looked round on the stranger, and motioned him back.

"Sir—I do not know you—why should you come with me? Do not do it, please. You make me talk, and that makes me late."

And she pushed her basket further on her arm, and nodded to him, and ran off—as fleetly as a hare through fern—among the press of the people.

"To-morrow, little one," he answered her with a careless smile, and let her go unpursued. Above, from the open casement of a cafe, some young men and some painted women leaned out, and threw sweetmeats at him, as in carnival time.

"A new model—that pretty peasant?" they asked him.

He laughed in answer, and went up the steps to join them; he dropped the moss roses as he went, and trod on them, and did not wait.

CHAPTER IV.

Bebee ran home as fast as her feet would take her.

The children were all gathered about her gate in the dusky, dewy evening; they met her with shouts of welcome and reproach intermingled; they had been watching for her since first the sun had grown low and red, and now the moon was risen.

But they forgave her when they saw the splendor of her presents, and she showered out among them Pere Melchior's horn of comfits.

They dashed into the hut, they dragged the one little table out among the flowers, the cherries and cake were spread on it, and the miller's wife had given a big jug of milk, and Father Francis himself had sent some honeycomb.

The early roses were full of scent in the dew; the great gillyflowers breathed out fragrance in the dusk; the goat came and nibbled the sweetbrier unrebuked; the children repeated the Flemish bread grace, with clasped hands and reverent eyes: "Oh, dear little Jesus, come and sup with us, and bring your beautiful Mother too; we will not forget you are God." Then, that said, they ate, and drank, and laughed, and picked cherries from each other's mouths like little blackbirds; the big white dog gnawed a crust at their feet, old Krebs, who had a fiddle, and could play it, came out and trilled them rude and ready Flemish tunes, such as Teniers or Mieris might have jumped to before an ale house at the Kermesse; Bebee and the children joined hands, and danced round together in the broad white moonlight, on the grass and by the water side; the elders came and sat about, the women netting or spinning, and the men smoking a pipe before bed time; the rough, hearty Flemish bubbled like a brook in gossip, or rung like a horn over a jest; Bebee and the children, tired of their play, grew quiet, and chanted together the "Ave Maria Stella Virginis," a nightingale among the willows sang to the sleeping swans.

All was happy, quiet, homely; lovely also in its simple way.

They went early to their beds, as people must do who rise at dawn.

Bebee leaned out a moment from her own little casement ere she too went to rest.

Through an open lattice there sounded the murmur of some little child's prayer; the wind sighed among the willows; the nightingales sang on in the dark—all was still.

Hard work awaited her on the morrow, and on all the other days of the year.

She was only a little peasant—she must sweep, and spin, and dig, and delve, to get daily her bit of black bread—but that night she was as happy as a little princess in a fairy tale, happy in her playmates, in her flowers, in her sixteen years, in her red shoes, in her silver buckles, because she was half a woman, happy in the dewy leaves, in the singing birds, in the hush of the night, in the sense of rest, in the fragrance of flowers, in the drifting changes of moon and clouds; happy because she was half a woman, because she was half a poet, because she was wholly a poet.

"Oh, dear swans, how good it is to be 16!—how good it is to live at all!—do you not tell the willows so?" said Bebee to the gleam of silver under the dark leaves by the water's side, which showed her where her friends were sleeping, with their snowy wings closed over their stately heads, and the veiled gold and ruby of their eyes.

The swans did not awake to answer.

Only the nightingale answered from the willows, with Desdemona's song.

But Bebee had never heard of Desdemona, and the willows had no sigh for her.

"Good night!" she said, softly, to all the green dewy sleeping world, and then she lay down and slept herself. The nightingale sang on, and the willows trembled.

CHAPTER V.

"If I could save a centime a day, I could buy a pair of stockings this time next year," thought Bebee, locking her shoes with her other treasures in her drawer the next morning, and taking her broom and pail to wash down her little palace.

But a centime a day is a great deal in Brabant, when one has not always enough for bare bread, and when, in long chill winter, one must weave thread lace all through the short daylight for next to nothing at all, for there are so many women in Brabant, and every one of them, young or old, can make lace, and if one do not like the pitiful wage, one may leave it and go and die, for what the master lace makers care or know; there will always be enough, many more than enough, to twist the thread round the bobbins, and weave the bridal veils, and the trains for the courts.

"And besides if I can save a centime the Varnhart children ought to have it," thought Bebee, as she swept the dust together. It was so selfish of her to be dreaming about a pair of stockings when those little things often went for days on a stew of nettles.

So she looked at her own pretty feet—pretty, and slender, and arched, rosy and fair, and uncramped by the pressure of leather—and resigned her day dream with a brave heart, as she put up her broom and went out to weed, and hoe, and trim, and prune the garden that had been for once neglected the night before.

"One could not move half so easily in stockings," she thought with true philosophy, as she worked among the black, fresh, sweet smelling mold, and kissed a rose now and then as she passed one.

When she got into the city that day, her rush bottomed chair, which was always left upside down, in case rain should fall in the night, was set ready for her, and on its seat was a gay, gilded box, such as rich people give away full of bonbons.

Bebee stood and looked from the box to the Broodhuis, from the Broodhuis to the box; she glanced around, but no one had come there so early as she, except the tinker, who was busy quarreling with his wife and letting his smelting fire burn a hole in his breeches.

"The box was certainly for her, since it was set upon her chair?"—Bebee pondered a moment; then little by little opened the lid.

Within, on a nest of rose satin, were two pair of silk stockings!—Real silk!—with the prettiest clocks worked up their sides in color!

Bebee gave a little scream, and stood still, the blood hot in her cheeks, no one heard her, the tinker's wife, who alone was near, having just wished heaven to send a judgment on her husband, was busy putting out his smoking small clothes. It is a way that women and wives have, and they never see the bathos of it.

The place filled gradually.

The customary crowds gathered. The business of the day began underneath the multitudinous tones of the chiming bells. Bebee's business began, too; she put the box behind her with a beating heart and tied up her flowers.

It was the fairies, of course!—but they had never set a rush bottomed chair on its legs before, and this action of theirs frightened her.

It was rather an empty morning. She sold little, and there was the more time to think.

About an hour after noon a voice addressed her.

"Have you more moss roses for me?"

Bebee looked up with a smile, and found some. It was her companion of the cathedral. She had thought much of the red shoes and the silver clasps, but she had thought nothing at all of him.

"You are not too proud to be paid today?" he said, giving her a silver franc—he would not alarm her with any more gold; she thanked him, and slipped it in her little leathern pouch, and went on sorting some clove pinks.

"You do not seem to remember me?" he said, with a little sadness.

"Oh, I remember you," said Bebee, lifting her frank eyes. "But you know I speak to so many people, and they are all nothing to me."

"Who is anything to you?" It was softly and insidiously spoken, but it awoke no echo.

"Varnhart's children," she answered him, instantly. "And old Annemie by the wharfside—and Tainbour—and Antoine's grave—and the starling—and, of course, above all, the flowers."

"And the fairies, I suppose?—though they do nothing for you."

She looked at him eagerly.

"They have done something today. I have found a box, and some stockings—such beautiful stockings! Silk ones! Is it not very odd?"

"It is more odd they should have forgotten you so long. May I see them?"

"I cannot show them to you now. Those ladies are going to buy. But you can see them later—if you wait."

"I will wait and paint the Broodhuis."

"So many people do that; you are a painter then?"

"Yes—in a way."

He sat down on an edge of the stall, and spread his things there, and sketched, while the traffic went around them. He was very many years older than she; handsome, with a dark, and changeful, and listless face; he wore brown velvet, and had a red ribbon at his throat; he looked a little as Egmont might have done when wooing Claire.

Bebee, as she sold the flowers and took the change fifty times in the hour, glanced at him now and then, and watched the movements of his hands—she could not have told why.

He spoke to her rarely, and sketched on and on in rapid bold strokes the quaint graces and massive richness of the Maison du Roi.

The painter took a long time. He set about it with the bold ease of one used to all the intricacies of form and color, and he had the skill of a master. But he spent more than half the time looking idly at the humors of the populace or watching how the treasures of Bebee's garden went away one by one in the hands of strangers.

Meanwhile, ever and again, sitting on the edge of her stall, with his colors and brushes tossed out on the board, he talked to her, and, with the soft, imperceptible skill of long practice in those arts, he drew out the details of her little simple life.

There were not always people to buy, and whilst she rested and sheltered the flowers from the sun she answered him willingly, and in one of her longer rests showed him the wonderful stockings.

"Do you think it could be the fairies?" she asked him a little doubtfully.

It was easy to make her believe any fantastical nonsense; but her fairies were ethereal divinities. She could scarcely believe that they had laid that box on her chair.

"Impossible to doubt it!" he replied unhesitatingly. "Given a belief in fairies at all, why should there be any limit to what they can do? It is the same with the saints, is it not?"

"Yes," said Bebee, thoughtfully.

The saints were mixed up in her imagination with the fairies in an intricacy that would have defied the best reasonings of Father Francis.

"Well, then, you will wear the stockings, will you not? Only, believe me, your feet are far prettier without them."

Bebee laughed happily, and took another peep in the cozy rose satin nest. But her little face had a certain perplexity. Suddenly she turned on him.

"Did not you put them there?"

"I—never!"

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite; but why ask?"

"Because," said Bebee, shutting the box resolutely and pushing it a little away, "because I would not take it if you did. You are a stranger, and a present is a debt, so Antoine always said."

"Why take a present then from the Varnhart children, or your old friend who gave you the clasps?"

"Ah, that is very different. When people are very, very poor, equally poor, the one with the other, little presents that they save for and make with such a difficulty, are just things that are a pleasure; sacrifices, like your sitting up with a sick person at night and then she sits up with you another year when you want it. Do you not know?"

"I know you talk very prettily. But why should you not take any one else's present, though he may not be poor?"

"Because I could not return it."

"Could you not?"

The smile in his eyes dazzled her a little; it was so strange, and yet had so much light in it; but she did not understand him one whit.

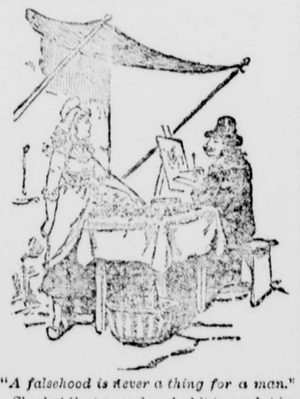
"No; how could I?" she said earnestly. "If I were to save for two years, I could not get francs enough to buy anything worth giving back; and I should be so unhappy, thinking of the debt of it always. Do tell me if you put those stockings there?"

"No," he looked at her, and the trivial lie faltered and died away; the eyes, clear as crystal, questioned him so innocently.

"Well, if I did?" he said frankly, "you wished for them; what harm was there? Will you be so cruel as to refuse them from me?"

The tears sprang into Bebee's eyes. She was sorry to lose the beautiful box, but more sorry he had lied to her.

"It was very kind and good," she said, regretfully. "But I cannot think why you should have done it, as you had never known me at all. And, indeed, I could not take them, because Antoine would not let me if he were alive, and if I gave you a flower every day all the year round I should not pay you the worth of them—it would be quite impossible, and why should you tell me falsehoods about such a thing? A falsehood is never a thing for a man."



"A falsehood is never a thing for a man."

She shut the box and pushed it towards him and turned to the selling of her bouquets. Her voice shook a little as she tied up a bunch of mignonette and told the price of it.

Those beautiful stockings! why had she ever seen them, and why had he told her a lie?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An on Goodspeed, an old and much respected citizen of Healdsburg, and one of the pioneer settlers of California, died at his residence in that town Friday last.

A FACT.

(From an interview, *N. Y. World.*)

In an interview with a leading drug-house the *N. Y. World*, Nov. 9, 1890, gives the following comment on the proprietors of reliable patent medicines:

"He is a specialist, and should know more of the disease he actually treats than the ordinary physician; for while the latter may come across say fifty cases in a year of the particular disease which this medicine combats, its manufacturer investigates thousands. Don't you suppose his prescription, which you buy ready made up for 50 cents, is likely to do more good than that of the ordinary physician, who charges you anywhere from $2 to $10 for giving it, and leaves you to pay the cost of having it prepared?

"The patent medicine man, too, usually has the good sense to confine himself to ordinary, every-day diseases. He leaves to the physician cases in which there is immediate danger to life, such as violent fevers. He does this because, in the treatment of such cases, there are other elements of importance besides medicine, such as proper dieting, good nursing, a knowledge of the patient's strength and so on. Where there is no absolute danger to life, where the disease is one which the patient can diagnose for himself or which some physician has already determined, the patent medicine maker says fearlessly: 'I have a preparation which is better than any other known and which will cure you.' In nine cases out of ten his statement is true."

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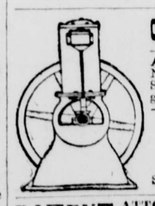
A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.



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FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1891.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

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C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor

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GEMS AND JEWELS RARE.

Diamonds Still the Leading Valuable Stone.

CHAT WITH A CHICAGO JEWELRY CLERK.

An Uncommon Stone.—Scarcity of Emeralds.

"Diamonds are still trumps among jewels," said a jeweler's clerk in a State street store, "and, in spite of the changing fashions in jewels, the diamond remains the king of precious stones as far as popularity goes. Turquoise, sapphires, emeralds and rubies are increasing in popularity, however, and are very expensive. The emerald and ruby seem to be getting scarcer and dearer every year. Why, a fine three carat ruby is worth $45 any time, and the emerald is worth nearly as much. Some very common rubies will bring $50 to $100. There are fewer rubies being found every year. It is the same with emeralds, besides the latter are seldom perfect. I cannot recollect having ever seen a flawless emerald, and I don't believe any one else in the store ever did either. In every one of them will be found a 'feather,' a crack, or a 'cloud' of some kind. It seems as if every stone had been struck with a hammer and stunned. The edges will be all right, but the center will look as if it had cracked without splitting, or else there will be a cloud or flaw of some sort. Rubies are apt to be the same, although not so much so as emeralds. Those emeralds on that cotton there are 'doublets.' Don't you know what a doublet is? Why, it's a manufactured stone; that is, it is a joining of two stones. Look at this emerald. Pretty, isn't it? Beautiful tint of green. Now turn it upside down. There, see that rim of red around the edge? A doublet always has that, no matter what the color of the amalgamated stones was. But it only shows when you turn the stone upside down. See, they have even put a flaw in the surface to further simulate genuineness. They can make doublets of any stones which will cement together, and make them so cleverly that the unpracticed eye will never detect the fraud—if you call it that."

"Do you not have to guard against spuriousness in other gems besides the diamond?"

"Certainly. Turquoise is simulated by jewel counterfeiters. Two small and inferior stones will be 'doubled' into a stone that will cause even experts to exercise the greatest care in examining. Or they will be pulverized and mixed up with foreign matter in such a way that the new jewel will have nearly all the brilliancy of color and polish of surface possessed by the genuine article. The light blue Persian turquoise is the rare variety at present and is very expensive."

"In the window is a white sapphire. How is that? I supposed all sapphires were blue."

"Then you supposed wrong, but you are with the majority. Most people think that all sapphires are blue, but that is far from the truth. The one in the window is pure white, as pure as a diamond. Besides those there are violet, pink and yellow sapphires. The violet and pink varieties are very beautiful and considered extra fine jewels. The yellow sapphires partake of the nature of the chrysoberyl, which comes also in yellow and brown and pale green. It is a rather uncommon stone and a very beautiful one."

"What is that green stone on the cotton in the corner?"

"That is another very uncommon stone. They call it Alexandrite. It is an oriental jewel, and there are not many brought to this country. It is very expensive and is very highly prized by connoisseurs, who are the purchasers of most of them. It is a peculiar stone, changing its light. In the day it is as you see it, a dirty green, but by night it is full of reddish lights. It comes in various sizes, from one to eight carats, and is sometimes almost as expensive as a diamond."

"Are opals popular?"

"Much more so than they were. There was a time when you could hardly sell an opal at any price. Now there is a constant demand for them. The superstitious regarded them as unlucky, and so widespread was the hallucination that it was seldom you saw one worn."

"How about cat's-eyes?"

"Cat's eyes are very hard stones, found in various countries. The best come from Persia and the east. I have one of a brownish tint that is worth $500 any day. A cat's eye weighing three carats will bring $600 easily. Tiger's eye are inexpensive and very popular. The tiger's eye is not a stone, as is generally supposed, but petrified wood. It is found in very large quantities in northern Michigan, but most of the better kind comes from a petrified forest of Arizona. There they find it in sections as large as a tree trunk. They are made up into scarf pins, rings and other articles of jewelry."

"Which distinctively American stone is the most valable?"

"I can't say that any distinctively American stone is very valuable, but we produce a few diamonds. They come from Iowa and Wisconsin. They are small and are too yellow. I do not think this country, however, will ever produce very many diamonds; still it is interesting to know that genuine stones can really be met with occasionally. Here's an odd stone, that mottled green and black one. They call it chrocilodite. They come from northern Michigan, and in that size are worth about $15. Sometimes they are mottled and divide exactly like the upper shell of a turtle, and I once made a scarf pin of one of them, fixing on the legs, tail and head of gold. We sell quite a few of those aquamarines and the pink topaz, which is quite common nowadays, is greatly sought after. Here are some pearls. No, that's an imitation, I thought you would be deceived. I think they are made of wax, but they have succeeded in making as perfect an imitation as is possible. They preserve, too, the irregular shape of the genuine pearl. By the way, I might say right here that some of the prettiest pearls we get are found in the fresh water clams of Illinois and other western states. Look at these," and the jeweler showed a handful of pearls all the way from twice the size of a grain of wheat down to that of a pin's head. They were irregular in shape, but most of them were full of subdued and delicate half tints of blue, purple and pink. "These are first rate pearls for their size and come from the Miami, Wabash, Illinois and Sangamon rivers.—Chicago Times.

It has been discovered that at least a portion of the "great American desert" is underlaid by a stratum of water which may be reached by boring from 100 to 200 feet. The wells flow so bountifully that one of them will water thoroughly five or six acres of land.—Frank Leslie's.

Kodacks at a Railroad Wreck.

Superintendent Husted, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, doesn't like the kodak, and his experience of the last few days does not lessen his dislike. When the wreck occurred at Oxford the "kodak fiends" were out in force to make sketches of the scene. As a business proposition Mr. Husted objected to photography of the affair being sent broadcast over the country, and many of the kodak manipulators consented to his request and left the place. One chap with a fine instrument would not listen to anything and insisted on taking a picture. At last the superintendent told him he was trespassing on the company's grounds, and the man with the kodak remarked that he would go to an adjoining field and secure a view.

The superintendent told him that he would be trespassing there also. This made the chap angry. Mr Husted is an exceedingly mild mannered man, but he grew warm under the collar. "I have tried to treat you as a gentleman," exclaimed he, "and you won't let me. Now, I'll treat you like a tough. If you attempt to make a picture of this wreck I'll smash that kodak over your infernal head." The kodak fiend evidently believed that Husted would make his word good, for he went back to Oxford on a work train.

While Superintendent Husted was thus engaged Chief Engineer Porter and his assistants were chasing kodak fiends over the surrounding country with clubs. The wary men with the cameras didn't hold choice points of view, but it's fair to guess that they are loaded with snap shots at that wreck.—Indianapolis News.

A Story of 5,000 Manuscripts.

I know an editor who is at the head of a popular periodical which, from its peculiar character, invites and receives probably more manuscripts in a single year than such magazines as The Century, Scribner's or Harper's. This year he has already exhausted two manuscript record books, each holding 2,000 entries, and the third is already half filled. In other words, he has received in ten months more than 5,000 manuscripts. I had the curiosity to look into the figures last week which this enormous deluge of manuscripts told, and they were interesting. There had been received, for example, a trifle more than 500 short stories, yet only 11 of these had been accepted, less than 2 per cent! Of over 1,500 poems a few over 30 had been accepted, a little better than 2 per cent! and yet every manuscript had been carefully read, and the position of the magazine is such that it is in a way of getting much good material.—Edward W. Bok's Letter.

Epidemics Among Animals.

The epidemics which show themselves at certain intervals in cattle and other domesticated animals have recently been the subjects of many reports and discussions. Among these diseases none has attracted more attention than that which has recently decimated canaries and other cage birds. Not very long ago upward of 1,800 canaries died in one year at Norwich, England, and occasioned a loss to the owners estimated at about $5,000. A medical man is now stated to be hard at work inquiring as to the true cause of the disease, which at present is thought to partake of the character of diphtheria The subject is an important one, as the transmission of diphtheria to children from domestic animals has come to be not only frequent but occasionally most serious in effects.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Educating Farmers' Children.

A movement is on foot in Denmark, corresponding with the needlework industries of England and Ireland, to advance the farming and dairy interests for the benefit of women. Little girls are being trained to raise poultry, make cheese and butter, and brand them with the badge of excellence. The agricultural, industrial and scientific worlds are levied upon for improved machinery and appliances. Not only are the cattle fed in Danish fashion, but by the use of special methods 10 per cent. more butter is extracted from a gallon of milk than ever before. These fancy products are put in the highest markets and yield a revenue not to be approached by the old system of women's work.—London Letter.

Checks Found in a Dump.

Two checks for quite a large amount recently sent by a Saco, Me., man to a Portland firm have had quite an interesting history. As the Portland firm at first denied having received them, it was at first thought that they had been stolen, but it was at last concluded that they had found their way to the waste basket by mistake. This supposition was followed up, and four men were kept at work all day Sunday turning over with pitchforks the dump heap on one of the Portland wharves. It was like hunting for a needle in a haystack, but the search was successful, and the two checks were at last recovered.—Philadelphia Ledger.

While Mr. Williams, of Montezuma, Ga., was driving under an oak tree at dusk the other day he was amazed to find his horse leave the ground and remain in the air. Investigation proved that the affair was not supernatural, as the animal got caught in a swing hanging from a bough of the tree.

Among the latest disinfectants is "lysol," which appears to be very much like carbolic acid. The emulsifying agent is resin or fat soap, tar acid being incorporated with the soap at the moment of saponification.

It has been proposed to make the upper half of war balloons of very thin steel and the lower portion of ordinary balloon material, the whole so constructed as to hold hydrogen instead of ordinary gas.

Blackening the nose and cheeks under the eyes has been found an effectual preventive of snow blindness, or the injurious effect of the glare from illuminated snow upon eyes unaccustomed to it.

KATE FIELD'S SCHEME.

Her Idea of the Club of the Future.

AN ORGANIZATION FOR BOTH SEXES.

The Necessity of such an Institution. Benefits.

Some of us were startled a while ago by reading that certain New York women had founded a woman's club. I was very glad to learn of the innovation, and have been fighting in its defense privately ever since, as the idea seems to be particularly obnoxious to the average intellect. Why should there not be clubs not for men only nor for women only, but for men and women, which could become social centers in the elongated babel of New York? Only the very wealthy can now afford to entertain. Well to do intelligence starves for lack of a natural interchange of ideas and sympathies. Occasional theatre parties and suppers, while significantly expensive, no more nourish healthy friendships than lightning nourishes the growing grass.

Confine the healthy ebullition of social instinct, and explosion ensues. If women are to be helpmates to their husbands, if they are to be wise mothers, they must know the real world by actual contact. Without freedom there is no intelligent virtue. Many a man, from inherited habits of thought, entertains oriental ideas without knowing it.

FEATURES OF THE CLUB.

Rank treason, I dare say. Hence I am prepared for many a feminine shriek of disgust, for the howl that will rend many a manly bosom, for the scorn that will sit upon many a manly countenance, for the anathemas against the unsexing of the sex that will proceed from many a manly tongue; but howl, scorn and anathema are not argument, and argument is what I want.

Women require relaxation as well as men; women need the friction of intelligent minds more than men, for the reason that their lives are more secluded; women, especially those who live in the suburbs, need a place of rendezvous where they can read papers and magazines and encounter their friends unceremoniously. More particularly do they need a restaurant where they can obtain palatable meals for reasonable prices, and where they can invite friends to breakfast, lunch or dine without making great inroads upon their purses.

Year by year the army of professional women increases. All of these women are more or less clever; few are blessed with fortunes. All feel the necessity of a club, but to start one is not feasible. What is less impossible and more natural is such an addition to the present system as will give women all they desire without depriving men of their inalienable right to smoke, drink and wear their heels higher than their heads.

A vivid imagination can picture a club, consisting of two or more houses, with rooms exclusively for men, rooms exclusively for women, a general reading room and restaurant, private dining rooms and general reception rooms.

IT IS COMING.

Men who hate women and women who hate men need never encounter one another, while men and women who believe that two halves make a whole could exceed the Century club of New York in the brilliancy of their Saturday nights. Society is becoming more and more complex, and today there is far less chance of clever men and women meeting in big American towns than there is in London, because people in this country rarely have leisure.

Unless they give themselves up to dinner parties—never knowing beside whom they are to sit, and generally longing to be at the other end of the table—they are frequently doomed to go through an entire season without an interchange of ideas with their best friends.

Suppose all this changed. Suppose women know that on a given night in the week they are almost certain to encounter not one but many male friends, who are things of beauty and joys forever; suppose men know that on this same evening they are sure of seeing many women who are never at home when they find time to call; how simplified society becomes! And where is the unwomanliness of this proposal?

In the club of the future only such persons will be admitted as are in the habit of behaving like ladies and gentlemen. I fail to perceive why men and women of acknowledged position and intelligence, who conduct themselves properly in drawing rooms and public balls, should become transformed by occasional contact at clubs.

In all probability the club of the future will not be born during the reign of the present generation, but that society will eventually resort to some such device as I have suggested is as certain as that lunches and 5 o'clock teas are death to digestion and impossible for workers.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Soldier in Time of Peace.

One of the many advertising schemes in New York is that of having a man dressed in a soldier's uniform march up and down on the top of a building in a part of the city crowded with women who are out shopping. He apparently has not the slightest objection to making a ludicrous exhibition of himself, and he is ridiculous, for more than half the people who stop to look at him burst into laughing at the sorry figure he cuts. The helmet, the belt, the military trousers, the blouse, the musket and the bayonet at his side are all there, but they do not seem to fit. They were probably cut for a real soldier. At any rate, the man must serve his purpose, for people do stop to look at him, but, as a little girl said after staring at him with round blue eyes, "He ain't half so funny as my brother's painted soldiers."—New York Tribune.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Wide o'er the field dread horrors brood;
The wounded thick are lying;
The earth drinks up a purple flood
That gurgles from the dying.
How changed from morning's bright array
Of martial pride and glory!
The pomp of war has passed away
And left its laurels gory.

The prancing steeds, the trumpet's blare,
The charge and sabers' clashing
No longer charm with honor's glare,
Nor cannon's roar and flashing.
The eyes have lost their fiery glow,
The voice its clarion pealing;
The flying pulse is beating slow,
The heart almost congealing.

Aceldama! oh, fitting name
To mark the sanguine story;
And yet 'twill give to endless fame,
And crown the dead with glory.
These heroes met the sweeping tide,
And, with supreme endeavor,
They victory won, though thousands died,
But Freedom lives forever!

It was a quick and deadly fight
That sent the foemen flying,
Arousing cheers of wild delight
From lips grown pale in dying.
Another charge must now be made,
The turf in furrows heaping,
When every mound that specks the glade
Will mark a hero's sleeping.

Aye, bury them with tender care—
Brave heroes! how we love them!
Where generations may repair,
To deck the turf above them.
While history shall their deeds repeat,
Song hold their fame in keeping,
Our love shall keep their memory sweet,
And guard their hallowed sleeping.
—Rev. Sidney Dyer in New York Ledger

He Got Enough to Eat.

In one of the leading hotels a few days ago one of those blustering, independent farmers was the star figure in a very amusing incident. He came in and sat down at a table where I was breakfasting and began studying the bill of fare. The printed list of eatables confused him not a little, but he made a bold bluff at the waiter and then leaned back in his chair satisfied that he would soon have a good breakfast. But he drew a blank. He had made a bad choice from the bill of fare and did not get enough to keep a squirrel from starving. He put it out of sight in a jiffy. He was still hungry and began to figure on some way to get another deal. He examined the card for a few moments and then began trying to catch a waiter. But they all were busy and did not notice the famished tiller of the soil.

He tapped with his knife on his plate, called "hey, there!" and tried to pluck their sleeves. It was no go, and his efforts remained unheeded. Finally, driven to desperation, he put his two thumbs in his mouth and whistled. Such a whistle, too! It could have been heard a mile. The waiters jumped as though they had been shot, and two nervous ladies screamed a little. The solemn head waiter and two or three of his nimble assistants ran to the old man, who calmly said: "I wish you would pass the victuals again. I didn't get enough." He soon had enough around him, and the head waiter kept an eye on him to see that the supply remained good.—Exchange.

A Fine Tree.

The grandest sycamore tree in New England, perhaps, is at Newton, in Connecticut. It is 85 feet high, 21 feet in circumference and the crown casts a shade 100 feet in diameter. The foliage is so dense it is impossible to discern a ray of light falling through it, and twilight reigns all the summer beneath it. The leaves are 5 inches long, about 4 inches wide and are of a beautiful glossy hue. When the wind rustles the leaves the sound they make is like that of falling rain. The blossoms are large and like silk floss, and falling cover the ground inches deep with an elastic robe that is like a wonderful snow white silken carpet. The giant tree is a landmark in all the region, and is visible to a person on the hilltops miles away, a vast dark pillar overtopping all other trees.—Cor. New York Sun.

Victoria Assumes Authority.

One of the first things Queen Victoria did on hearing that William IV was dead and that she had succeeded to the throne was to call one of her mother's ladies in waiting.

"Am I really queen?" asked the excited princess.

"You are, indeed, madam," replied the lady in waiting.

"And I can do what I choose by right?" continued Victoria.

"Certainly, your majesty."

"Then give me a cup of green tea; mamma would never let me have it; now I mean to know what harm it can do me."

And the young queen drank three cups, had a violent fit of the shivers and has never liked tea since.—London Tit-Bits.

Reckoning Without His Host.

At a Far Rockaway Hotel.—Fastidious Traveler—What can I have for dinner, waiter?

Irish Waiter—Ye can orther fwhat ye plaze, sor.

F. T.—Oh, then I'll have some consomme soup, a bit of salmon, a little entree to follow, what joint you may have—hot, and I'll have some dessert, some cheese, and I'll have——

Irish Waiter—Will ye, now, bedad? Then ye'll just have eggs and bacon—what ye're used to.—Chatter.

Satisfied.

A squad of Tenth Maine volunteers, while out scouting at South Mountain, came across an old woman hiding in a log cabin. After the usual salutations one of the squad, named Spaulding, asked her, "Well, old lady, are you a secesh?" "No," was the answer. "Are you a Union?" "No." "What are you then?" "A Baptist, and always have been!" The scouting party was satisfied.—Lewiston Journal.

THE EGG INDUSTRY.

What the Hens do for Humanity.

"FRESH EGGS" ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

What Becomes of the Rotten Eggs.—Refrigerators.

Very few of those who visit their grocery and purchase their modest fifteen and twenty-five cents' worth have any idea of the vast quantity of eggs supplied to and by the United States of America. The eggs received in New York alone during 1887 amounted to 534,400 barrels of seventy dozens each, and 745,843 cases of thirty dozens each, or a grand total of 717,399,240 eggs in New York last year! How many of these were fresh?

Take a stroll down Washington street and see the merchants opening their barrels and cases. On the sidewalk, and even in the buildings, are women who have come to buy cracked eggs. Very few men engage in this business; the women are much shrewder, and with a covered wooden pail in hand they watch the cracked eggs being taken out. They buy them up and resell them to the bakers. No bad eggs can be palmed off on these women; the cracked egg must be completely broken and emptied before they accept it on their count. Many small stores also buy cracked eggs, and these are purchased in small quantities by boarding house keepers who delight in "home made pastry on the table."

But the rotten eggs? What becomes of them? In former years they were taken to the scows and dumped with the city refuse, but now they are the means of supporting a distinct line of business. They are gathered together by the members of an energetic commonwealth, who take them to New Jersey, put them in barrels and sell them to the manufacturers of Morocco leather. So necessary have they become for the leather process that the demand is frequently greater than the supply.

In the crowded state of this city it is almost a matter of impossibility for boarding house keepers to supply their patrons with "fresh eggs" all the year round. Unless persons can keep their own hens fresh eggs must, with them, be at a discount. The hen is a willful bird, subject to all the caprices of her sex, and so long as her nature prompts her to do most of her laying during the milder portion of the year so long will the necessities of the case require that a portion of her product shall be kept from the period of plenty to relieve the period of scarcity. This question of preserving eggs has excited attention for centuries, and millions of dollars have been lost in trying to attain perfection. The liming process was discovered a little more than 100 years ago, and an excellent method it is, but such eggs are easily detected, and while a prejudice exists against them they can seldom be foisted as fresh.

The later invention of refrigerating consists in holding eggs in proper packages in a cool temperature, so that they will not grow old too fast. The temperature is generally from 38 to 40 degs., in which they are often kept from three to six months. But these ice house eggs are usually found to be "risky." They come into the market early in the fall, just when trade is picking up and prices advancing. They work off rapidly at first, but the regular egg eater soon discovers that there is something wrong, and they are incontinently "dropped." The worst of this kind comes from Canada, where they are packed in oat hulls.—New York World.

Success at Last.

Success, that magic word! Who does not long to emblazon it upon his shield? Young Jack had gone home to the farm house for a visit, in all the bravery of his fashionable clothing and elaborate manners.

"Succeed? I guess I've succeeded!" he answered to an old neighbor.

"Done a little o' most everything, aint ye, Jack?" queried the neighbor.

"Yes, uncle. I begun low; begun with writing poetry for the magnzines."

"Ever make much by it?"

"Not a cent."

"Git much published?"

"Not a line."

"Left the business, then, I'll ventur'?"

"Left it to its own destruction. Went into trade. Had a position in a wholesale dry goods firm."

"An' that's what you made your money in, I'll be bound?"

"No, uncle, no! They turned me off because I couldn't tell cashmere from serge. But my star has come up, in spite of that."

"Riz, has it? Well, boy, what did you settle down into at last?"

"Uncle," said the prosperous young man with solemnity, "I simply found my niche. I gave my faculties full scope—and invented a patent boot blacking! And now I sell it, wholesale and retail. All that's necessary in this world is to find your niche!"—Youth's Companion.

A Roman Recipe for Bread.

If you want to taste wheat bread, such as the Romans used to chew upon about two centuries before Christ, here is Marcus Portius Cato's recipe: "Panem depsticium sic facito. Manus mortariumque bene lavato. Farinam in mortarium indito, aqua paulatim addito, subigitoque pulchre. Ubi bene subegeris, defingito, coquitoque sub testu." This may be a trifle obscure if you do not happen to "know Latin," but perhaps that bright school boy or school girl can "help you out." If not, this will have to do: "Make kneaded bread thus: Wash well your hands and trough. Put the meal into the trough, add water gradually, and knead it thoroughly. When you have kneaded it well, mold it and bake it under cover." There! Clip this out, hand it to the wife, and when the first mouthful of the result has safely passed through your esophagus, don't swear, but rather give thanks that you were allowed to enter this world as a Nineteenth century American instead of a poor yeastless Roman of Cato's time.—The Roller Mill.

Guard (New York elevated railroad)—The doctor says I'm gitting dyspepsia.

Superintendent (kindly)—I'm sorry to hear that. What causes it?

"Why, sir, under the rules I've got ter take my meals while on duty on the train, and the doctor says eatin' so fast will kill me."

"I see. You have to swallow your meals at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Well, I'll order the engineers to reduce the speed to nineteen miles an hour at meal time."—Good News.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Young Man Who Succeeded in Lifting the Family Curtain.

Why cannot the parent in preparing l'enfant terrible for expected guests be wise to warn against the actual snares that lie in wait? For example, a friend told us this week of a recent visit she had made where her hostess all too evidently "made company" of her. Seated at the breakfast table the little terror piped out, "Two kinds of meat on the table! I never saw such a supper as that before." They tried yet again, and served poulet for the midday meal. Again l'enfant terrible, "That was my chicken they killed. Poor chickie! That was my chickie, Miss ——." Miss —— would gladly have spared the poor victim after this appetizing remark, but as there was at this session but one kind of meat on the table, the laws of politeness forbade, and she partook with the best possible grace of the pet of the poultry yard.—Boston Commonwealth.

Moods and Tenses.

Two little twins, Louisa and Julia by name, illustrate in their queer speeches the hard work which children have in mastering the parts of speech:

One day their mother missed Louisa, and as Julia had just been out at a neighbor's, she fancied that perhaps Louisa had been with her.

"Julia," she asked, "did Louisa go out with you?"

"No, mamma," said the little girl, "she didn't been; I saw she at the window when I was a wentin'!"—Youth's Companion.

The Probabilities.

Teacher—So you can't do a simple sum in arithmetic? Now, let me explain it to you. Suppose eight of you have together forty-eight apples, thirty-two peaches and sixteen melons, what would each one of you get? "Cholera morbus," replied Johnny.—Rare Bits.

His Ambition.

"Willie," said the good pastor, who was taking dinner with the family, "I suppose you will be a literary man, like your father, when you grow up."

"Nope," said the little boy addressed, as he looked at the somewhat meagre array of delicacies on the table with lofty scorn, "literary nuthin'! I'm goin' to be a $10,000 cook!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Show Could Now Begin.

What funny things a man in the box office sees. The other day I was in the treasury department of a theatre for a while. It was a matinee day. Among the people in line was a chap whose makeup indicated that he was in the city to see the sights.

"I would like to have one of your best seats," he said, as he looked in at the window just as a chicken in a coop looks out at a grain of corn which it can't reach.

"Dollar and a half," was the reply.

"Got any cheaper?"

"Oh, yes; got 'em for $1, seventy-five, fifty and twenty-five cents."

"Gimme a fifty cent ticket."

"All right; there you are."

"Has the show begun yet?"

"Not yet."

"How long before it will begin?"

"Just as soon as you get seated," said the treasurer, in a way that was matter of fact. "We have been waiting for you."

"Hey?" said the countryman.

"I say we have been waiting for you. I was afraid you wouldn't come. Please step in so as not to keep the company waiting."

The countryman looked at the treasurer for a half minute, and then asked:

"How did you know I was comin'?"—Chicago Mail.

A Definite Answer.

One of his colleagues in the senate said to Mr. Palmer, of Michigan, the other day:

"Palmer, I suppose that between legitimate lumbering, lumber stealing and fires, the timber is getting pretty scarce in Michigan."

For a moment Mr. Palmer looked at his friend pityingly and then replied:

"Just to think what a common school system we have and, with it all, a United States senator to ask such a question! Why, my dear sir, there is timber enough now standing in the state of Michigan to make three board fences, posts and all, fifteen boards high, clear around the earth once a year for fifteen years."

That removed the questioner's doubts—at least in Mr. Palmer's opinion, I suppose.—Chicago Herald.

An Appropriate Motto.

Mr. Mould (in book store)—I want you to get me up an appropriate motto to hang in my undertaking establishment.

Dealer—How would "Honesty the best policy" do?

Mr. Mould—That's too much of a chestnut.

Dealer (contemplatively)—H'm, how does "Is life worth living?" strike you?

Mr. Mould—Good, that's just the thing!—New York Sun.

Mr Whitman's Nemesis Aroused at Last.

An exchange has printed a poem "after Walt Whitman." It is time some one got after Walt.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Nature Comes to the Rescue.

The recent discovery of an ink lake in Colorado is considered timely in view of the coming campaign.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Strange.

The barber's is a strange profession. You seldom see one that is not at the head.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Classical Course.

He—And so you are really attending a cooking school, Miss Clara?

She (brightly)—Yes, and it is such fun.

He—I suppose you can make nice bread, already?

She—No, I have nothing to do with making bread; but I can make lovely angel cake. I am only taking the classical course.—New York Sun.

WALL STREET LUCK.

Broker's Signs of Good or Bad Fortune.

WALL ST. A HOTBED OF SUPERSTITION.

How Hunchbacks Affect the Market.—Number 13.

While eating lunch the other day with a prominent broker, I chanced to ask him about the stock market. Before the question was out of my mouth his hand went under the table like a flash and three ominous raps greeted my inquiry

"Spirits?" said I, distrustfully eyeing him.

"Luck," he answered, sipping his coffee. "I rapped for luck, as every sensible man should when the market is referred to in a restaurant."

Outside the circle of Spiritualists hundreds of prominent persons are superstitious We consider ourselves at the meridian of civilization, but, as Emerson says, we are only at the cock crowing and the morning star. Hundreds of people consult swindlers who call themselves astrologers A large proportion of the population here believe in signs indicative of good luck or ill luck, or else they believe that certain persons are favored with good look, while others are naturally unlucky The Rothschilds will have nothing to do with a man whom they consider unlucky. Commodore Vanderbilt, one of the ablest railroad financiers this country ever produced, believed in luck.

BAD LUCK ON FRIDAY.

Hundreds of intelligent persons have a superstitious reluctance to engage in any important enterprise on Friday This includes as cool and matter of fact a man as Jay Gould. Under no circumstances will he use an elevator The late Jesse Hoyt, the millionaire grain merchant, would never engage in any important business undertaking on Friday, and many of the speculators on the big exchanges are similarly superstitious. They consider every Friday a Black Friday The prejudice against Friday probably dates back to the Middle Ages, or to even a remoter period, as the day on which Christ was executed. It is only one of innumerable old superstitions which still survive.

Many investors and speculators in Wall street are superstitious about dropping things If they find themselves constantly dropping articles which they happen to be carrying they take it as a sign that they must sell their bonds and stocks. Many have a superstitious fear of holding stocks over a holiday.

Some firms will not display the ominous 13 if it happens to be the number of their places of business.

"I confess," said the manager of a large banking and brokerage house, "that I have a superstition about the 13th day of the month It is not generally a lucky day One unlucky instance I remember, too, about Friday A big lake steamer that plied between Buffalo and Chicago a number of years ago was launched on Friday, sailed on Friday and sank on Friday."

Some stock brokers think it is very good luck to see a hunchback. If they can touch the deformity it will bring big gains Such a touch is also supposed to cure headaches To see a negro the first thing in the morning is a favorable sign.

In the play "Henrietta" a youth who speculates in stocks when asked by his broker whether he wishes to buy or sell answers gravely, "I will consider it." Then he turns his back and tosses a cent to determine his course. This is really founded partly on fact A person in the habit of speculating in stocks found he was losing steadily At length he hit upon the idea of tossing a half dollar which he always carried for luck, and if it proved to be "head" he bought the first stock that came out on the tape; if it was "tail" he sold For a time at least he was far more successful by this method than he had ever been through the exercise of common sense.

THE WRONG FOOT FOREMOST.

Some persons on rising in the morning have a superstitious fear of putting the left foot out of bed first. Others believe in always putting on the left shoe first. If they meet a negro or a cross eyed woman they spit for good luck. Everybody wants to pick up a horseshoe.

On the Cotton Exchange there is one prominent member who consults the "spirits" for points on the market. On a dark day, when the gas is lighted, some of the brokers consider it a sign that the market will advance. Others say it is good luck to meet a Sister of Charity.

"I shouldn't care," said a popular oil operator, "to be long of 13,000 barrels of oil here and short that much in Oil City I would make it 14,000 at all hazards. Of course it is all nonsense, but I should feel better to change the figures at once. Then I have an unlucky suit of clothes. It may sound laughable, but it is so. I have a fine gray suit at home which I have only worn four or five times in the last three years, and it has already cost me ten times what I gave for it I borrowed a diamond ring from a friend and thought it might give me luck. It was just the reverse As sure as I wear that diamond ring the market breaks. Another thing, I never trade on Friday if I have seen that day a cross eyed woman or a red headed man."

One of the best known traders in the oil ring of the Consolidated Exchange will never cross a street diagonally, but always at right angles Between Wall street and Exchange place on narrow New street, on which both Stock Exchanges abut, the brokers walk in the middle of the street about as much as they do on the sidewalks; but the oil operator referred to always keeps carefully to the sidewalks, and if he has occasion to cross at the intersection of another street altakes in each corner on the way rather than cut across cata-cornered. He has a German coin that he could not be induced to sell. It gives good luck.

Hundreds of brokers on the two Stock Exchanges consider that they have their lucky suits of clothes

On the Consolidated Exchange, especially in the shouting, gesticulating, pushing and rollicking oil group, it is considered a very bad omen to open an umbrella and raise it over the head. Putting up an umbrella in a board room would seem under all circumstances to be unnecessary. It is worse It brings bad luck. There is a skeptical wag in the crowd, however, who on dull days, when the brokers are skylarking, will raise an umbrella and run into the trading ring and hold it over as many traders as he can. They scamper like a flock of frightened sheep.—New York Cor. Globe Democrat.

Dr. Smiles says: "I never studied the art of composition. I read a multitude of the best books, and from that I learned to compose."

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY MARCH 13..... 1891.

The result of at least one action of the late Congress has become very apparent. The passage of the McKinley bill is universally condemned. McKinley himself failed to be returned in his own district, and Democratic gains in last fall's Congressional elections was phenomenal. The entire fight of both parties was made upon the McKinley bill. The farmers throughout the United States have become alive to the situation and declare in a tone not to be mistaken that they will be no longer robbed by protection. Secretary of State Blaine, by far the ablest leader of the Republican party, declared at the time that the passage of the McKinley bill was a grave mistake and would bring about the downfall of the Republican party. The result verifies his wisdom. Mr. Blaine, in his advocacy of the reciprocity doctrine is defacto a free trader, and represents a large portion of his party. For thirty years the farmer has been robbed for the benefit of the manufacturer, and Hayseed says, "It don't go no more."

The cry of the press all over the State against "boodle" being used in the election of a Senator to succeed the late George Hearst is a standing shame and disgrace to the State that there should be cause. Even the expressed suspicion that the rights of the people of a great commonwealth might be bartered for gold is a death knell to free institutions. Great wealth is the same power to oppress the poor in the hands of its possessors as was maintained by the barons of old by means of mailed men and armed knights. What a travesty of the great principle of our nation—that all men are free and equal—is being made by the plutocrats of America. Leland Stanford is just as much the "Duke of California" as though he possessed the title In the English parliament a member of the House of Lords is born to his position. The Senators of the United States, though not born to the purple now, hold their places just as securely by means of their great wealth, and their sons will just as surely succeed them. Mr. Stanford's term of office expired at the end of the 51st Congress, but there was never any question but that he would succeed himself. His great wealth distributed among his retainers secures a life long lease of his place in the House of Lords of the United States. And what is true of Mr. Stanford is true of very near all of his colleagues. The steady accumulation of wealth and power in the hands of the few at the expense of the many is directly opposed to the great principles for which our forefathers fought. And unless the great democracy—the people of America—assume control of Government, the steady increase of vast fortunes in the hands of the few, brought about wholly and solely by fraud and corruption in Legislation, will wring from them the wail of anguish that is sent up by every downtrodden monarchical power of Europe to-day.

Congress adjourned on the 4th inst. without further legislation on silver. There is no denying that bimetallists were sanguine of passing a free coinage bill up to the time when ex President Cleveland wrote his short but pointed letter taking grounds against unlimited free coinage by this country. With the ex-President's stand against unlimited coinage of silver, under the belief that the time is not yet ripe for such a measure, leading bimetallists evidently did not make much of an effort to promote further legislation by this Congress, knowing that the next Congress is strongly Democratic and pledged to free coinage, and if President Harrison vetoes a free coinage bill they will have a sufficient majority in both houses to pass the bill over his head. Indeed, several leading bimetallist papers in the East were outspoken in advising that legislation be not forced this session, claiming that with the Grange, Farmers' Alliance and Knights of Labor working in harmony to secure the free coinage of silver large numbers will be proselyted, which will bring about the early consummation of their efforts in that direction.

Events within the last two months have, outside of Congressional legislation, put an entirely different phase on the silver situation. The present output of the mines in this country is claimed by well informed parties to be not more than, if as much as, the Government's monthly purchases, and with our product being cared for by the Government, foreign buyers will soon absorb the available surplus of the world, besides taking the output o the other silver producing countries. Already free buying by India, China and Japan is setting in, while two other nations are quietly securing round parcels. It is said in well informed financial circles that foreign purchases will be unusually heavy this spring and in consequence prices will steadily advance.

In San Francisco, for the first time since last May, foreign buyers are in the market for silver bullion. India and China have agents there securing all they can at reasonable figures—even paying an advance over the Mint quotations. It is also said that there is a speculative inquiry for silver comfrom parties who believe in much higher prices.

A TORPEDO ATTACK AT NIGHT.

A Vivid Picture of "David" and "Goliath" in Modern Naval Warfare.

The opportunity comes—a dark night and tempestuous. The clouds have covered the stars like a pall, and there is a howling wind which drowns all other sounds. The pigmy vessel makes ready and puts to sea. It rushes along as swift as the wind and as silent as a calm. Big waves sometimes sweep over it from end to end as it plunges through the darkness, but they are not heeded. Small as it is, it is stanchly built and can stand the strain of storm as well as its adversary. All men save one are snugly shut inside, tending the flying engine and preparing the missile of destruction. This is a strange bolt, shaped like a cigar, over ten feet in length, and the crew place it in the bow tube. The man on deck stands behind a little iron tower which shields him from the shock of the waves, and there he steers the boat.

In the darkness they seek their adversary determinedly, and with deadly purpose, since they are the protectors of their native land. The boat searches for a time in vain, for the big ship has covered all lights and is lying like a sleeping monster upon the waves, awaiting morning to renew the havoc. Perhaps if the ship remained thus the little boat would never find her; but "Goliath" becomes uneasy: he fears "David" will make an attack, so he has determined to watch.

A dazzling cone of white light suddenly starts from a point in the darkness and broadens upon the water. Slowly it sweeps about over the sea in circling arcs. All at once the little boat is bathed in a brilliant, blinding glare. The monster's eye finds it! But in finding the enemy the battle ship has disclosed itself, and the dauntless little adversary steams straight forward at utmost speed. Streaks of flame are now shooting from under the white light, while the rattling reports of rifles and machine guns rise sharply above the wind's roar. Shot and small shell are falling about like hail upon the water, but the monster cannot keep the range of the onrushing boat, and the missiles fly wide of the mark.

Suddenly the great ship looms up—tall, long, shadowy, overpowering. It is not far off—almost near enough to be attacked. Yet a little closer, and the intrepid pigmy, still unharmed, slows and steadies, with that ominous black tube pointing toward the monster's blazing side. Shots are falling upon the boat, and the man who was steering has taken refuge in his iron tower; but inside there is a wheel, and he can steer as well as before, for around him on a level with his eyes are little slits through which he can see. Now seconds are precious if the brave little craft is to escape destruction. The moment has come! A lever is pulled, and from that black tube comes a short, hoarse roar. At once the little boat begins to turn, ready to escape with the speed of the wind.

But before the boat can turn a dull, heavy shock has jarred the sea. A gigantic column of white water rushes upward toward the black clouds. In it the tall masts of the monster ship seem to sway about and clash together. The banging of the guns is sharply succeeded by cries of human terror.

The mass of water falls back into the sea with a roaring crash and scatters over the waves in great wisps of glistening foam. The wind, sweeping on again, forms new waves over the disturbed water. The monster ship has disappeared—the Goliath of the deep is conquered by his pigmy antagonist.—John M. Ellicott in St. Nicholas.

No Fitting Necessary.

Women who find it difficult to spare the time and strength at the dressmaker's for the fitting and trying on of two or three gowns a season comment sometimes upon the trouble their more fashionable sisters must take who own dresses by scores. In point of fact the latter have an easier time getting twenty than the former three.

Most wealthy and dressy women have at their dressmaker's a gown form of themselves, which is a plaster of paris cast taken from life. Every detail of the corseted and bodiced figure to the waist line is accurately reproduced, and this half body is then mounted upon a skirt form of the same height as the customer.

Madame or mademoiselle, as the case may be, then spends a single morning with her dressmaker choosing fabrics, studying effects, indicating occasions for which gowns will be needed and the like to accomplish the season's wardrobe. The costumes are made up and fitted to her counterfeit presentment and when finished sent home, often not needing the alteration of a single hook or loop.—New York Times.

Tapioca.

The manioc or cassava is a native of South America, but it has been successfully introduced for cultivation into Africa and other tropical countries. It is a bushy shrub, six to ten feet high, with large leaves near the ends of the branches. The articles prepared for commerce come from the roots or tubers, which are large and like turnips, but frequently weighing as high as thirty pounds. They contain a milky juice rich in starch, but also rich in hydrocyanic acid, which makes the juice—in its natural state—a very deadly poison.

The acid is driven out by heat and the remainder of the juice is extracted by boiling. The grated root makes what is known in the tropics as cassava or cassava bread, and is used for food. The starch, extracted, is exported as Brazilian arrowroot, and tapioca is made from it by a heating process which bursts the starch granules and causes some chemical changes.—Good Housekeeping.

EXPERT PICKPOCKETS.

LONDON SEEMS TO BE THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THEM.

There Are 100,000 in the Big City—Paris Has a Pretty Large Crowd of Them Also—They Belong to Clubs and Have Savings Banks of Their Own.

About a century ago Paris had only about fifty pickpockets, now the police reports show that their number has reached four thousand in the metropolis alone, and about ten thousand in the rest of France. These figures are nearly doubled at times of reviews, races, popular fetes, and exhibitions by recruits from abroad. But, singularly enough, they all come or have been trained in Great Britain. England is the cradle and hotbed of pickpockets. It is a profession as firmly established as carpentering or bricklaying; it has its apprentices, graduates, professors, experts, and commercial agents. Novices are taught to distinguish a Frenchman from a native, a Russian from a German, a South American from an Italian; they are made acquainted with the slight but all important differences in each nationality in the cut of the clothes, the place of the pockets, the mode of carrying jewelry, watches, purses, or loose cash.

When the pupils are supposed to have profited sufficiently by their education, they are dispatched at Christmas time to a certain suburb of London, where they are farmed out. The agent, who has come to select a trio, puts them through their paces, and if they acquit themselves creditably he engages them, gives them clothes, board and special instructions, and takes them abroad to ply their trade under his management. As soon, however, as their personality has become inconveniently familiar to the police of the locality, they are returned and exchanged for a fresh set, under the same conditions.

The community numbers 100,000 in London, including women and children: their headquarters are in the obscure purlieus of St. Giles, Whitechapel, the Minories and the low lying wharves of the Thames. It is there that they hold their meetings, organize their detachments, deliberate on future movements, have their savings banks and clubs, and settle on the way of assisting those of their pals who are ill, shadowed or in prison. They form a regular association, like the housebreakers and shoplifters, from whom, however, they are quite distinct.

AT WORK IN PARIS.

During their visits in Paris, although operating in common, they do not dwell together, but are scattered all over the city, meeting only to share the spoils at certain specified moments, in dark or borgne taverns and wine shops situated in the neighborhood of the Champs Elysees and the Grand Opera. The foreign, as well as the French, operators have their receiving houses, called in Paris meuniers (millers), where they dispose of their gleanings, and it is a remarkable feature of these transactions that they are carried on on both sides with scrupulous fairness and honesty.

A sharp and observant person might detect the pickpocket who shadows him with evil intent by the peculiar roving restlessness of the eye, of which even the most experienced ones cannot entirely divest themselves. The habit is contracted at the onset of their careers; imperative then, it becomes inveterate. The pickpocket embraces at a glance the particular article in a shop window calculated to attract the passerby, the conformation of the victim's pockets, the foot passengers around him and the quarter from which his bugbear, the "Bobby," is likely to appear. The English pickpocket rarely offers any opposition if caught in the act; he submits silently to be led off by his captor; only the women howl, thrash, sob, scratch and fight. It is the characteristic national coolness and lack of emotional irritability that contribute more than any physical aptitude to make the British pickpocket facile princeps in his art, and an object of envy and admiration to members of the professions in other countries.

THE FRENCH WAY.

In each country the profession retains its own particular methods. The Spaniard, like the South American, does not attempt to operate save in a tolerably thick crowd; the Italian works generally only on ladies, and badly, because he is too precipitate; the Turk is fearless, awkward, audacious, and even in the clutches of the police, with one hand pinioned, attempts to steal with the other. The French make a specialty of "recognition," which is effected by one pal affecting to recognize in some innocent, rustic looking individual a relation or old friend, effusively falling on his or her neck; while the error is explained and apologies offered the deed is done by an associate. The most dangerous of that species is the becoteuse, usually a young and very pretty girl, who rushes into the arms of a benevolent old man, kisses him on both cheeks and calls him "uncle," a relationship he will have good cause to remember, as it has cost him all his portable property.

The utter carelessness of the public facilitates the operations of the pickpockets to a degree which has often elicited from them expressions of withering contempt. To supplement the legend which bids people beware of them, the authorities would do well to affix a few simple rules, the observance of which would be an effective protection.—London Cor. New York Sun.

Increase in Imports.

The customs import lists show that import duty was paid on about $120,000,000 worth of cut diamonds in the last twenty-four years, of which $90,000,000 worth were imported during the last twelve years. In 1863 $1,000,000 worth were imported, and about $1,200,000 worth in 1867, but about $11,000,000 in 1888 and the same amount in 1889, or ten times as many in the latter year as twenty years previous.—Exchange.

An Open Question.

Teddy—Mamma, don't Quakers take off their hats?

Mamma—No, my dear; their belief is such that they will not uncover their heads.

Teddy—Then how do they get their hair cut?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The czarowitch, the eldest son of the czar, who is to make an American tour, is a handsome young man of 23. He has a tall figure, a powerful physique and is a colonel in the Imperial guard. He is said to show considerable talent for the military profession.

Caring for the Pennies.

The Detroit Savings bank has adopted a plan which is novel in this country, but is in use in the postal savings system in Europe, for gathering little savings and bringing the advantage of the bank within easy reach of everybody. Agencies are selected in various parts of the city, such as drug stores, groceries and other reputable places, where adhesive labels of different denominations and colors, resembling postage stamps, will be sold.

Cards corresponding in color with the labels will be furnished, upon which the depositor will affix the labels as they are purchased until the twenty spaces on the cards are filled. For instance, suppose that a depositor determines to save five cents per week. He is furnished with a card corresponding in color with the five cent labels.

He purchases the label weekly at the nearest agency, and affixes it to the card. When the card is full it is worth $1, and is then sent to a savings bank for deposit, when the amount is entered upon the usual deposit book. Labels will be for various convenient denominations, making the cards when filled even amounts, as $1, $2, $5, and so on.

It is expected that the agents will do the work as a labor of love and public benefit, though small commissions may be paid. This system brings the savings bank to the people who need it most. We have five-cent savings banks now, but comparatively few people will take the trouble to go to the bank to deposit a few cents. It will be a very easy matter, however, to go to the nearest drug store or grocery and purchase the label, and the method involves no risk, except that of keeping the deposit card safe until it is filled.—Springfield Union.

A Scotchman's Perspicuity.

"Commend me to a Scotchman for the personification of perspicuity," observed Newton McMillan, the journalist, while relating at the Leland hotel some of the incidents of the Spalding baseball tour of the world, in which he was a participant. "I am aware that such an element is not usually credited to the Scotch character, but when I shall have finished you will see that the failure to do so is a mistake.

"I was at the time of which I speak on an excursion not far from London. I have my veins full of good Scotch blood, my name is Scotch, and as I look not so very much unlike one it is not strange that I am occasionally taken for one. And Scotch I was supposed to be by most of my traveling companions on the day in question. I did not undeceive them until near the end of the journey, when a big, brawny son of the Highlands, whose rich brogue made his wearing kilts unnecessary to designate his nativity, laid his hand on my shoulder and said:

"Excuse me, but abr-r-ent you ahn American?"

"I have that honor," I replied, whereupon the Scotchman, who it seemed had overheard some of the conversation during the journey, wagged his head knowingly and smilingly said:

"I thocht I could forespy in ye ah bit o' the twang-g-g."—Chicago Post.

It Didn't Work.

A doctor on the north side played a neat little trick upon his wife. Ever since she first met him he has been bearded like the pard, and both whiskers and mustache have been regarded as no inconsiderable part of his professional outfit. The lady was returning from the country, and her lord was to meet her at the depot. He usually wears a Prince Albert black coat and a tall silk hat, as becometh the dignity of a medicine man. He changed all that upon the appointed day.

First he went and had his face clean shaved. He then purchased a straw hat with blue ribbon band, and hastened to array himself in a light suit, of which the coat was a short sack, buttoned up to the chin. He saw his wife looking out for him, and, keeping his head turned down, he approached the car and said in a disguised voice: "Can I be of any assistance, madam?"

The somewhat disconsolate lady thanked him and said she would be much obliged if he would call a carriage. When she had taken her seat he jumped in and sat beside her without saying a word. She gave him a long, piercing look, and then said calmly, "Why, you great idiot, you're almost naked."—Chicago Journal.

Some Noted Jews.

"There is a Jew!" said the Rev. Dr. Blank, as he sat in his study with a Jew hater, and pointed to a plaster cast of Michael Angelo's magnificent head of Moses. "And there is another Jew!" he added, as he pointed to a painting of the Veronica Christ. "And there are yet other Jews!" he continued, as he glanced around his walls at the pictures of the prophets, apostles and sages, from David and Jeremiah to Paul and Peter. "Yes, my Christian brother, these are Jews, and are they not men who have voiced the highest thought of the world for ages, whose teaching is the guide of our life today and who will lead mankind to the end of time?" The Jew hater had not taken full account of these things before hearing his pastor's impassioned words, which, however, set him a-thinking.—New York Sun.

The Memory of a Chinese.

"Talk about the power of a Chinaman to imitate," said an East Side groceryman; "I was in a Fifteenth street laundry the other day and the almond eyed celestial, whose quick motions somehow made you think of a knife, was busy with a paint brush. He was painting a sign reading 'Chinese Laundry,' and painting it as neatly as a professional sign painter. He could not read a word of English and had no copy before him, and when I asked him how he did it simply said, 'See him lots.'"—Kansas City Star.

A recent contract provides for street lighting in Paris on a novel plan. Power is distributed by the compressed air system to a great number of small motors, each of which supplies currents for a small number of lamps.

Mrs. Ketchum's Catch.

A striped bass weighing 24¼ pounds is on exhibition in the window of J. R. Fish's market on Second street. It was caught Monday by Mrs. Ketchum, a widow lady 72 years of age, who is a guest at Westport Harbor, and landed with the assistance of her grandson, a boy of 11 years.—Fall River News.

It is estimated that one horse power of electric energy will furnish ample heat for a street car without smoke or dust or reduction of seating capacity.

A DEAF MUTE COLLEGE.

DEGREES CONFERRED ON STUDENTS WHO CANNOT HEAR.

The Wonderful Progress in the Education of the Deaf and Dumb—The Curriculum of the National College at Washington. Some of the Work Done.

Very little is known about the ancient treatment of the deaf, but Aristotle is credited with saying somewhere in his musty works that the deaf are wholly incapable of receiving intellectual instruction. History tells us, however, that deafness was sometimes deemed a visitation of divine wrath, and that the poor victim was frequently destroyed to save the family honor, or was classed with the idiotic or insane and treated as an outcast. This opinion must have prevailed many centuries, for it was within the last 150 years that it was discovered that the deaf were capable of receiving intellectual instruction.

A college for deaf mutes was founded in the city of Washington about twenty-six years ago to combat the popular prejudice. The college grew and thrived. Few people know anything about the National Deaf Mute college, or the Columbian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, as it is known officially, at Kendall Green, Washington. A man who, had he lived 1,000 years ago, might have been roasted because he could neither hear nor speak today studies moral philosophy, the calculus and ancient and modern languages, and graduates from a college with a degree.

THE COLLEGE.

The Columbia institution was incorporated in 1857, and has since then been sustained by congress as an institution where deaf mute children living in the District of Columbia and children of soldiers and sailors should receive free education. Ample provision is also made for deaf mutes from the states and territories, who have not the means of defraying the expenses of tuition, which amount to $250 a year. The institution continued for seven years as an ordinary high school, but in 1864 it was decided to organize a collegiate department, and congress passed an act authorizing the institution to confer collegiate degrees. The institution was then divided into two departments, the school and the National Deaf Mute college. In one of his annual reports Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, the president of the college, says:

"The object of the directors in establishing a school of this grade, thus taking a step unprecedented in the history of deaf mute instruction, was in part to prove what had been doubted by some, that persons deprived of hearing and speech could, in spite of their disability, engage successfully in the advanced studies pursued in colleges for the hearing. The more important end in view, however, was to afford to a class of persons in the community, already numerous and increasing steadily with the population, an opportunity to secure the advantages of a rigid and thorough course of intellectual training in the higher walks of literature and the liberal arts."

The best evidence of the success of the movement can be found in this paragraph from the annual report of 1887, which tells what pursuits some of the graduates followed:

WHERE THE GRADUATES GO.

"Fifty who have gone out from the college have been engaged in teaching, one has entered the ministry, three have become editors and publishers of newspapers, three others have taken positions connected with journalism, ten have entered the civil service of the government, one while filling a position as instructor in a western institution has rendered important service to the coast survey as a microscopist, two have become accomplished draughtsmen in architects' offices, one has been repeatedly elected recorder of deeds in a southern city, and two others are recorders' clerks in the west.

"Another has been elected city treasurer and is at present cashier of a national bank, one has become eminent as a practical chemist and assayer, two have taken places in the faculty of their alma mater and are rendering valuable service as instructors, some have gone into mercantile and other offices, some have undertaken business on their own account, while not a few have chosen agricultural and mechanical pursuits in which the advantages of thorough mental training will give them a superiority over those not so well educated."

Congress has been liberal with the institution. In 1881 a fine gymnasium was completed, which cost $14,600. Most of the students in the college are graduates of the lower department of the institution, but not a few received their early education in separate local schools. The entire curriculum, including an introductory year, embraces a period of five years. Candidates for admission to the introductory class are examined in these subjects: The command of English as shown in oral or finger-spelled conversation; in rendering at sight paragraphs selected from school books and from newspapers; in extemporaneous English composition; arithmetic; history of the United States; history of England to the beginning of the reign of Henry VII; political geography; physical geography, and elements of natural philosophy.

The curriculum of the college is about the same as that of any other college. It includes mathematics, English, Latin, Greek, history, zoology, botany, chemistry, physics, physiology, French, German, logic, mental and moral science and political philosophy. The degrees which the college has conferred are: Bachelor of arts, bachelor of science, bachelor of philosophy, master of arts, master of science and doctor of philosophy.—New York Sun.

A Simple Plan.

Mr. Youngman (after long thought)—Is there any way to find out what a woman thinks of you without proposing?

Mr. Benedick (absently)—Yes; make her mad.—Good News.

An Aged Sea Gull.

Dick is expected at Brenton's reef lightship for the winter. Dick is only an aged sea gull, but aboard the lightship he is part of the ship's company from October to April. This bird has passed its winters at the ship for eighteen years, and now, as usual at this season of the year, the crew are watching for his return, with some forebodings that perhaps he had died of old age. Dick is perfectly tame and much respected by his human friends aboard ship.—Fall River News.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.
Locating or United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARIN PETITION FOR SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY AND REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of Charles D. Begole deceased.

IT APPEARING TO THE COURT, BY THE petition this day presented and filed by Thomas Parker, the Administrator of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, praying for an order of sale of the personal property and real estate of said estate, that it is necessary to sell the said personal property, and the whole of the real estate, or a portion of it, to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 24th day of March, 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Court, at the Court-house, in the town of Independence, in said county, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the personal property and the whole or so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the INYO INDEPENDENT, a newspaper printed and published in said county.

GEO. M. GILL,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated February 18th, 1891.

[ENDORSED.]

SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF INYO.

In the Matter of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased.

Order Fixing time and place for hearing petition for sale of Personal Property and Real Estate.

Filed February 18th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL,
Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Mullane, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his residence near the town of Big Pine, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Inyo, State of California.

RICHARD HESSIAN,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.

Dated February 13, 1891.

P. H. MACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing .....$2.00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

PIONEER BREWERY
INDEPENDENCE
BEER ICE COLD.
The Bar is supplied with the Best of all kind of Liquors and Cigars.
The Coolest Hall in the town. Call in see what comfort you can have this hot weather.
PHILIP GENRIG, PROPRIETOR

CROCKERS' HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee.
sep1-tf

J. W. Murphy.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13.....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 97⅞
Lead, 4.35
Copper, 14.60
Tin, 19.85
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

On Sunday next in the M. E. Church at Independence the service of song entitled "Little Minnie, or the Story of a Sister's Love," will be rendered by the choir. The service to commence at 7 o'clock. The story is a very pretty and affecting one, founded upon an incident of the late war.

Farmers are busy getting in their crops.

George Gilliam is down from Big Pine.

Easter Sunday occurs on the 29th of March.

Five feet of snow fell at Bodie during the late storm.

Fruit trees are full of buds and rose bushes are in leaf.

Ben Lasky and Pete La Barge were up from Lone Pine last Sunday.

Miss Lena Thompson has returned from a visit with her brother in Colusa County.

The pre-emption and timber culture land laws were repealed by the late Congress.

Thirty-three carloads of beef cattle were shipped from Reno to San Francisco on Monday.

L. Wood keeps a fine assortment of general merchandise and farmers will always get a square deal.

Pat. Downs has been packing out ore from the White Hill during the week for shipment to Selby & Co.

The cattlemen wear a broad smile of satisfaction. The weather has turned off warm and feed is coming up everywhere.

Bishop is to have a trotting race on July 4th, free for all horses owned at that place and Round Valley. Entries close on Monday.

Mr. Harry Jiggens started for Maxwell, Colusa county, last Tuesday. He expects to go into the grain and commission business and will probably remain a considerable time.

The remains of Senator Hearstleft Washington for California on a special car last Saturday. The funeral ceremonies will take place at Trinity Church, San Francisco, on Sunday.

Now is a golden opportunity to secure the finest piece of land under the Eastside canal. For the quality of it intending purchasers are referred to Superintendent McIver and the *Index*. Only six dollars an acre.

The Los Angeles Citrus Fair began last Monday. The exhibit is by far the largest of the kind ever collected in the State. The affair has been largely advertised, and visitors are present from all over the United States.

News was received at Independence yesterday that Mr. George Watterson had been elected Supervisor at Bishop. Mr. Watterson served in that capacity in Mono County, giving him experience, and he will be a strong and useful member on the Board.

Just as we are going to press word is brought in of the death of Thomas Parker. He was confined to his bed for two weeks past. He was unable to rally and died at 12 o'clock to-day. The funeral ceremonies will take place at 1 p. m. on Sunday under the auspicies of the Masonic fraternity.

Last Sunday Mr. John Reddy, Miss Katie Reddy and Miss R. Kelley met with a serious accident at Darwin. They were out driving and were thrown from the buggy. The young ladies were severely shaken and bruised, and Reddy's arm was fractured at the wrist.

Frequently on picking up a newspaper a big heading will be seen "Rev. A. B. Blank caned," or "Hon. C. D. Dash caned." You read the article expecting something rich and racy, only to find that some old stiff is presented with a two dollar and six bit mahogany with a rolled gold tip. Don't do it. It's disappointing and saddening.

Don't forget that the 17th of Ireland will be celebrated at Keeler next Monday evening. A thoroughly good time is always enjoyed at the balls given by Mr. and Mrs. Barnes. A number of Independence people have signified their intention of going down and many others will be present from Lone Pine, Darwin and other places.

Bert Rhine has been appointed Fair Director in place of N. Rhine resigned. Great shades of Jerry Rusk! What he doesn't know about agriculture would fill all the reports that have ever been published. And yet it is a safe bet that he will endeavor to run things from the start. Bert will be quite willing to save the other directors any trouble in managing the Fair.

Never before in the history of Los Angeles were there so many visitors within her borders. The many hotels and lodging houses of the city are thronged, and those in the country are full. The means of accommodating visitors here are now very liberal and excellent, yet they are taxed to their utmost capacity. Such a throng of people prior to six years ago could not have been housed or fed.—*Herald.*

New Form of Money Order.

The Postoffice Department has recently issued a new form of money order which is a great improvement over the old one. Heretofore the payee required identification which to a stranger in a large city was a means of considerable annoyance; but by means of the new form the payer can waive the right of identification of the payee, and payment can therefore be made by any one presenting the order.

A New Eastern Outlet.

The San Francisco Chronicle says the California and Nevada narrow-gauge railroad, in Alameda County, has been sold to eastern capitalists, who will change the road to a standard gauge and extend it across Nevada to Pioche, and thence to Grand Junction on the Colorado Midland. The name of the road will be changed to California, Nevada and Santa Fe, and it is the intention to build the shortest and most direct line to Kansas City and Chicago. The line from West Bend to Colorado Springs is to be finished, still further shortening the distance to the east.

Food For Reflection.

One of the first principles of political economy is this: From the moment the balance of trade is against any country from that moment the country is getting poorer. This fact is obvious and needs no argument. Ever since the completion of the C. & C. road seven years ago the balance of trade has been decidedly against Inyo county. This is a fact which cannot be denied and the inference is therefore plain. In its last issue the *Index* says that Inyo county is paying from $120,000 to $180,000 a year to the railroad company for freight alone. The *Index* being the recognized official paper of the railroad company the statement may be taken as very nearly correct. Just think for a moment that the small population of Inyo county, less than 4,000 souls, is taxed annually the enormous sum of $180,000, for which they do not receive one dollar in return, and the burden of course falls upon the farmer. In the face of this showing the farmer is politely invited to "quit growling and do something," by the railroad company through the *Index*. In other words, to patiently bear the burden of $180,000 a year and expect no relief. Last year Inyo County paid out for freight and supplies at the lowest estimate, $455,000. The total income from all sources was not to exceed $375,000. At the end of last year Inyo county was poorer by the sum of $80,000. Where was the deficit in part made up? By mortgages on farm property. Last year mortgages to the amount of over $60,000 on farm property were recorded in the office of the Co. Recorder, and about half of it was outside capital. In four years mortgages have increased over one hundred per cent. And yet farmers are asked to shut their eyes and mortgage their little holdings until they have nothing left upon which they can raise a dollar. Last year the assessed valuation of property in the county was over $30,000 less than the year before. Does this look like prosperity? Business men complain of the scarcity of coin. Every sensible person can see the reason for it. Every available dollar that the merchant and farmer can control must go for freight. Like death and taxes, freight bills wait for no man; $180,000 in hard coin must be forthcoming annually. With freight teams running to Mojave two-third of this large sum would be left in the Valley, and instead of being $80,000 poorer we would have been $40,000 richer. Merchant and farmer alike have felt the growing scarcity of coin. The above facts are the true reason. Were there no possible remedy for this evil nothing would be said; we should be compelled to make the best of it. But with a railroad to Mojave vast quantitities of hay, potatoes and fruit would find a ready cash market. All our beef cattle could be sold the moment they are in condition to kill. In is a crying shame that a country so blest as Inyo in the matter of soil and climate should become the prey of a vast tape-worn feeding upon its vitals and exhausting its every energy. The only chance of prosperity we can hope for is a railroad to Mojave or a recourse to teaming. And every day adds greater weight to this fact.

Copp's Settler's Guide, Revised.

Henry N. Copp, the Washington (D. C.) land lawyer, has revised and reprinted his Settler's Guide, the seventeenth edition. In view of the recent confusing legislation of Congress, this book is an indispensable assistant for all who are, or expect to be, interested in public land. Settlers will save money by purchasing it, and all who expect to take up land in the future should get posted and save expensive mistakes. A chapter, illustrated with numerous cuts, shows how to tell township, section, and quarter-section corners and explains the system of surveys. It gives full information about the homestead, pre-emption, timber culture, desert land, and other laws. It will tell you who is entitled to enter land; how continuous your residence must be; what improvements you must make; what affidavits you must swear to; about contests and on what grounds they can be commenced; also suggestions about State lands, stone and timber lands, mineral lands, desert entries, saline, railroad, coal, townsite and other lands. Its purchase will save you money and trouble, as erroneous statements circulated by conversation among settlers may, if acted upon, cost you a contest, perhaps your land and improvements. The price of the book is 25 cents. Address the author.

Buying Steers.

L. J. Rose, Jr., has been in the Valley during the past week buying up steers. It is his intention to drive them to his ranch in Ventura and fatten them for market. It is reported that he is buying two and three year-old steers for from nine to fifteen dollars per head. If this is true there must be very little profit to the cattlemen. With a railroad to Mojave every steer in the Valley could be fattened here at home and shipped to market. Under the present conditions they must be driven several hundred miles and put in condition for market. By this means the producer loses his just profits, and the farmer loses the market for his hay. With a railroad to Mojave every beef animal in the Valley would find a ready market. They would be fattened right here at home, and the farmer would receive good prices for his hay.

The thermometer registered 15° below zero at Bridgeport last week.

OFFICIAL.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Notice of Forfeiture.

TO H. P. LIVINGSTON, OR WHOEVER at present may represent his interest in the Caldera Mine, and Peter Meyer: You are hereby notified that I have expended One hundred [$100] dollars in labor and improvements upon the Caldera Lode, situated in Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county, California, as will appear by certificate filed in the office of the Recorder of said district for the year 1890, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Sec 1 in 2,324, Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31, 1890, and if within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under the provisions of said Section 2,324.

O. G. FUENTES.
Dated Cerro Gordo, January 2, 1891.

BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE AND REPAIRED.

THE BEST MATERIAL.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.

Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,
Independence.
nov 22-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

IRWINS' SALOON

[illegible] wards and Market Streets,

Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel. Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,

WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best.

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
dependence, Cal.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

☞Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and pric before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

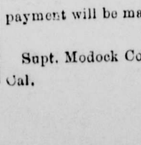
John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines, Liquors, & Cigars.



Snug little FORTUNES have been made at work for us by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some with over $500 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Full information FREE. Big pay for all. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

MONEY

Beginners earn from $97 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. Neither time nor money needed. Can work in spare time or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK

BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜

☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,

Watchmaker & Jeweler.

BISHOP, CAL.

Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.

I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE STEWART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer In GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT,

Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.	2:50 p. m
Hawthorne	5:50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Sodа Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:35a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7:25 a. m.
	No. 3.	No. 4.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Belleville	8:20 a. m	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m	1:25 a.m.
Basalt Creek	2:00p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord	2.45 p. m	10:40 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (67 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON.
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOL

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES, PEANUTS, WALNUTS, TOYS!

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE

Blacksmith Shop.

R. C. Spear, Prop'r

—ALL WORK ON—

MINING TOOLS, FARMING IMPLEMENTS & FREIGHTING OUTFITS

—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—

HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING

☞All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES, LIQUORS, & CIGARS

☞The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

GRAND BALL

GIVEN BY Mr. & Mrs. John Barnes AT THE Lake View Hotel, Keeler, Cal.

A WELCOME TO ALL.

BALL Monday, March 16th, (EVE OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.)

—MUSIC BY— Harmony Orchestra

TICKETS.....including Supper.....$3.00

THOMAS & HILL,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

FORBES & TOBEY,

HAWTHORNE, NEV.,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS.

DOORS, SHINGLES, SASH AND BLINDS, LATH, RUSTIC MOULDINGS, DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed Flooring.

sept 11-tf

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.

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NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

We'll write it down till everybody sees it

Till everybody is sick of seeing it

Till everybody knows it without seeing it—

that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head, catarrhal headache, and "cold in the head."

In perfect faith, its makers, the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., offers to pay $500 to any one suffering from chronic catarrh in the head whom they cannot cure.

Now if the conditions were reversed—if they asked you to pay $500 for a positive cure you might hesitate. Here are reputable men, with years of honorable dealing; thousands of dollars and a great name back of them and they say—"We can cure you because we've cured thousands like you—if we can't we'll pay you $500 for the knowledge that there's one whom we can't cure."

They believe in themselves. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide
In the strife of truth and falsehood
For the good or evil side.

A COMMON SENSE REMEDY.

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These plasters are not an experiment, they have been in use for over thirty years, and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by voluntary testimonials from those who have used them.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

Do not get up so many good ideas that you have no time to carry them into execution.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The cats that drive away mice are as good as those that catch them.

There is *nothing* (unless it be the sewing machine) that has lightened woman's labor as much as Dobbins' Electric Soap, *constantly* sold since 1864. All grocers have it. Have *you* made its acquaintance? Try it.

Hypocrisy—If you don't pay your debts you had better not talk too much in class meeting.

For Throat Diseases and Coughs, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," like all other *really good* things, are imitated, and purchasers should be careful to obtain the genuine article prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS.

A Definition—"Papa, what is a fad?" "A fad, my son, is somebody else's peculiarity."

INCREASED BUSINESS.

The PACIFIC BANK, of San Francisco, pursues the even tenor of its way, simply pointing to its $1,000,000 of paid up capital; its $800,000 of surplus fund, (showing a continued increase of surplus and growth of business, and payment of its regular dividends as large as ever, leaving business men to draw their own inferences.

DROPSY.

We call attention to those suffering with dropsy to the fair proposition of Dr. H. H. Green & Sons in their advertisement on this page. Try them; costs you nothing to do so.

Try Germea for Breakfast.

DR. AUGUST KŒNIG'S
HAMBURG BREAST TEA
(Hamburger Brustthee)
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
AND THE
Relief of Consumptive Patients.

THE GENUINE IS NEVER SOLD BY WEIGHT.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 packages $1.00) in stamps.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

DROPSY
TREATED FREE.
Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies
Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 10c. in stamps or pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

BEBEE;

or,

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

By "OUIDA."

It made her heart heavy. For the first time in her brief life the Broodhuis seemed to frown between her and the sun.

Undisturbed, he painted on and did not look at her.

The day was nearly done. The people began to scatter. The shadows grew very long. He painted, not glancing once elsewhere than at his study. Bebee's baskets were quite empty.

She rose, and lingered, and regarded him wistfully, he was angered, perhaps she had been rude! Her little heart failed her.

If he would only look up!

But he did not look up, he kept his handsome dark face studiously over the canvas of the Broodhuis. She would have seen a smile in his eyes if he had lifted them, but he never raised his lids.

Bebee hesitated; take the stockings she would not; but perhaps she had refused him too roughly. She wished so that he would look up and save her speaking first, but he knew what he was about too warily and well to help her thus.

She waited awhile, then took one little red moss rose bud that she had saved all day in a corner of her basket, and held it out to him frankly, shyly, as a peace offering.

"Was I rude? I did not mean to be, but I cannot take the stockings, and why did you tell me that falsehood?"

He took the rose bud and rose too, and smiled, but he did not meet her eyes.

"Let us forget the whole matter; it is not worth a sou. If you do not take the box leave it; it is of no use to me."

"I cannot take it."

She knew she was doing right. How was it that he could make her feel as though she were acting wrongly?

"Leave it, then, I say. You are not the first woman, my dear, who has quarreled with a wish fulfilled. It is a way your sex has of rewarding gods and men. Here, you old witch—here is a treasure trove for you. You can sell it for ten francs in the town anywhere."

As he spoke he tossed the casket and the stockings in it to an old decrepit woman, who was passing by with a baker's cart drawn by a dog; and, not staying to heed her astonishment, gathered his colors and easel together.

The tears swam in Bebee's eyes as she saw the box whirled through the air.

She had done right—she was sure she had done right.

He was a stranger, and she could never have repaid him, but he made her feel herself wayward and ungrateful, and it was hard to see the beautiful fairy gift borne away forever by the chuckling, hobbling, greedy old baker's woman. If he had only taken it himself she would have been glad then to have been brave and to have done her duty.

But it was not in his design that she should be glad.

He saw her tears, but he seemed not to see them.

"Good night, Bebee," he said, carelessly, as he sauntered aside from her. "Good night, my dear. To-morrow I will finish my painting; but I will not offend you by any more gifts."

Bebee lifted her drooped head and looked him in the eyes eagerly, with a certain sturdy resolve and timid wistfulness intermingled in her look.

"Sir—see, you speak to me quite wrongly," she said with a quick accent, that had pride as well as pain in it. "Say it was kind to bring me what I wished for—yes, it was kind, I know; but you never saw me till last night, and I cannot tell even your name; and it is very wrong to lie to any one, even to a little thing like me; and I am only Bebee, and cannot give you anything back, because I have only just enough to feed myself and the starling, and not always that in winter. I thank you very much for what you wish to do; but if I had taken those things I think you would have thought me very mean, and full of greed; and Antoine always said, 'Do not take what you cannot pay—not ever what you cannot pay—that is the way to walk with pure feet.' Perhaps I spoke ill, because they spoil me and they say I am too swift to say my mind. But I am not thankless—not thankless, indeed—it is only I could not take what I cannot pay. That is all. You are angry still—not now—no?"

There was anxiety in the pleading. What did it matter to her what a stranger thought?

And yet Bebee's heart was heavy as he laughed a little coldly, and bade her good day, and left her alone to go out of the city homewards. A sense of having done wrong weighed on her; of having been rude and ungrateful.

She had no heart for the children that evening. Mere Krebs was sitting out before her door shelling peas, and called to her to come in and have a drop of coffee. Krebs had come in from Vilvoorde fair and brought a stock of rare good berries with him. But Bebee thanked her and went on to her own garden to work.

She had always liked to sit out on the quaint wooden steps of the mill and under the red shadow of the sails, watching the swallows flutter to and fro in the sunset and hearing the droll frogs croak in the rushes, while the old people told her tales of the time of how in their babyhood they had run out, fearful yet fascinated, to see the beautiful Scots Grays flash by in the murky night, and the endless line of guns and caissons crawl back as a snake through the summer dust and the trampled corn, going out past the woods to Waterloo.

But to-night she had no fancy for it; she wanted to be alone with the flowers.

Though, to be sure, they had been very heartless when Antoine's coffin had gone past them, still they had sympathy; the daisies smiled at her with their golden eyes and the roses dropped tears on her hand, just as her mood might be, the flowers were closer friends after all than any human souls, and besides she could say so much to them!

Flowers belong to fairy land; the flowers and the birds, and the butterflies, are all that the world has kept its golden Age; the only perfectly beautiful things on earth, joyous, innocent, half divine, useless, say they who are wiser than God.

Bebee went home and worked among her flowers.

A little laborious figure, with her petticoats twisted high, and her feet wet with the night dews, and her back bowed to the hoeing and clipping and raking among the blossoming plants.

"How late you are working to-night, Bebee!" one or two called out as they passed the gate. She looked up and smiled; but went on working while the white moon rose.

She did not know what ailed her.

She went to bed without supper, leaving her bit of bread and bowl of goat's milk to make a meal for the fowls in the morning.

"Little ugly, shameful, naked feet!" she said to them, sitting on the edge of her mattress, and looking at them in the moonlight. They were very pretty feet, and would not have been half so pretty in silk hose and satin shoes, but she did not know that; he had told her she wanted those vanities.

She sat still a long while, her rosy feet swaying to and fro like two roses that grow on one stalk and hang down in the wind. The little lattice was open; the sweet and dusky garden was beyond; there was a hand's breadth of sky, in which a single star was shining; the leaves of the vine hid all the rest.

But for once she saw none of it.

She only saw the black Broodhuis; the red and gold sunset overhead; the gray stones, with the fallen rose leaves and crushed fruits; and in the shadow two dark, reproachful eyes, that looked at hers.

Had she been ungrateful?

The little tender, honest heart of her was troubled and oppressed. For once that night she slept ill.

CHAPTER VI.

All the next day she sat under the yellow awning, but she sat alone.

It was market day, there were many strangers. Flowers were in demand. The copper pieces were ringing against one another all the hours through in her leathern bag. The cobbler was in such good humor that he forgot to quarrel with his wife. The fruit was in such plenty that they gave her a leaf full of white and red currants for her noonday dinner. And the people split their sides at the Cheap John's jokes, he was so droll. No one saw the leaks in his kettles or the hole in his bellows, or the leg that was lacking in his milking stool.

Everybody was gay and merry that day. But Bebee's blue eyes looked wistfully over the throng, and did not find what they sought. Somehow the day seemed dull, and the square empty.

When the day was done Bebee gave a quick sigh as she looked across the square. She had so wanted to tell him that she was not ungrateful, and she had a little moss rose ready, with a sprig of sweetbrier, and a tiny spray of maiden hair fern that grew under the willows, which she had kept covered up with a leaf of sycamore all the day long.

No one would have it now.

The child went out of the place sadly, as the carillon rang. There was only the moss rose in her basket, and the red and white currants that had been given her for her dinner.

She went along the twisting, many colored, quaintly fashioned streets, till she came to the water side.

Bebee was fond of watching the brigs and barges, that looked so big to her, with their national flags flying, and their tall masts standing thick as grass, and their tawny sails flapping in the wind, and about them the sweet, strong smell of that strange, unknown thing, the sea.

But this dull day Bebee did not go down upon the wharf; she did not want the sailors' tales, she saw the masts and bits of bunting that streamed from them, and they made her restless, which they had never done before.

Instead she went in at a dark old door and climbed up a steep staircase that went up and up, as though she were mounting St. Gudule's belfry towers, and at the top of it entered a little chamber in the roof, where one square unglazed hole that served for light looked out upon the canal, with all its crowded craft, from the dainty schooner yacht, fresh as gilding and holystone could make her, that was running for pleasure to the Scheldt, to the rude, clumsy coal barge, black as night, that bore the rough diamonds of Belgium to the snow buried roofs of Christiania and Stromstad.

In the little dark attic there was a very old woman in a red petticoat and a high cap, who sat against the window, and pricked out lace patterns with a pin on thick paper. She was 85 years old, and could hardly keep body and soul together.

Bebee, running to her, kissed her.

"Oh, mother Annemie, look here! Beautiful red and white currants, and a roll. I saved them for you. They are the first currants we have seen this year. Me! oh, for me, I have eaten more than are good! You know I pick fruit like a sparrow, always. Dear mother Annemie, are you better? Are you quite sure you are better today?"

The little old withered woman, brown as a walnut and meager as a rush, took the currants, and smiled with a childish glee, and began to eat them, blessing the child with each crumb she broke off the bread.

"Why had you not a grandmother of your own, my little one?" she mumbled. "How good you would have been to her, Bebee!"

"Yes," said Bebee, seriously, but her mind could not grasp the idea. It was easier for her to believe the fanciful fily parentage of Antoine's stories. "How much work have you done, Annemie? Oh, all that? All that! But there is enough for a week. You work too early and too late, you dear Annemie."

"Nay, Bebee, when one has to get one's bread that cannot be. But I am afraid my eyes are failing. That rose, now, is it well done?"

"Beautifully done. Would the Baes take take them if they were not? You know he is one that cuts every centime in four pieces."

"Ah! sharp enough, sharp enough—that is true. But I am always afraid of my eyes. I do not see the flags out there so well as I used to do."

"Because the sun is so bright, Annemie, that is all. I myself, when I have been sitting all day in the Place in the light, the flowers look pale to me. And you know it is not age with me, Annemie."

The old woman and the young girl laughed together at that droll idea.

"You have a merry heart, dear little one," said old Annemie. "The saints keep it to you always."

"May I tidy the room a little?"

"To be sure, dear, and thank you too. I have not much time, you see; and somehow my back aches badly when I stoop."

"And it is so damp here for you, over all that water!" said Bebee as she swept and dusted and set to rights the tiny place, and put in a little broken pot a few sprays of honeysuckle and rosemary that she had brought with her. "It is so damp here. You should have come and lived in my hut with me, Annemie, and sat out under the vine all day, and looked after the chickens for me when I was in the town. They are such mischievous little souls, as soon as my back is turned one or other is sure to push through the roof, and get out among the flowerbeds. Will you never change your mind, and live with me, Annemie? I am sure you would be happy, and the starling says your name quite plain, and to is such a funny bird to talk to, you never would tire of him. Will you never come? It is so bright there, and green and sweet smelling; and to think you never even have seen it!—and the swans and all—it is a shame."

"No dear," said old Annemie, eating her last bunch of currants. "You have said so so often, and you are good and mean it, that I know. But I could not leave the water. It would kill me. Out of this window, you know, I saw my Jeannot's brig go away—away—away—till the masts were lost in the mists. Going with iron to Norway; the Fleur d'Epine of this town, a good ship, and a sure, and her mate; and as proud as might be, and with a little blest Mary in lead round his throat. She was to be back in port in eight months, bringing timber. Eight months—that brought Easter time. But she never came. Never, never, never, you know. I sat here watching them come and go, and my child sickened and died, and the summer passed, and the autumn, and all the while I looked—looked—looked; for the brigs are all much alike, and only her I always saw as soon as she hove in sight (because he tied a hank of flax to her mizzen mast); and when he was home safe and sound I spun the hank into hose for him; that was a fancy of his, and for eleven voyages, one on another, he had never missed to tie the flax nor I to spin the hose. But the hank of flax I never saw this time, nor the brave brig; nor my good man with his sunny blue eyes. Only one day in winter, when the great blocks of ice were smashing hither and thither, a coaster came in and brought tidings of how off in the Danish waters they had come on a waterlogged brig, and her hull riven in two and her crew all drowned and dead beyond any manner of doubt. And on her stern there was her name painted white, the Fleur d'Epine, of Brussels, as plain as name could be, and that was all we ever knew; what evil had struck her, or how they had perished, nobody ever told. Only the coaster brought that bit of beam away, with the Fleur d'Epine writ clear upon it. But you see I never know my man is dead. Any day—who can say?—any one of those ships may bring him aboard of her, and he may leap out on the wharf there, and come running up the stairs as he used to do, and cry, in his merry voice, 'Annemie, Annemie, here is more flax to spin, here is more hose to weave!' For that was always his homeward word, no matter whether he had had fair weather or foul, he always knotted the flax to his masthead. So you see, dear, I could not leave here. For what if he came and found me away? He would say it was an odd fashion of mourning for him. And I could not do without the window, you know. I can watch all the brigs come in, and I can smell the shipping smell that I have loved all the days of my life; and I can see the lads heaving, and climbing, and furling, and mending these bits of canvas, and hauling their flags up and down. And then who can say?—the sea never took him, I think—I think I shall hear his voice before I die. For they do say that God is good."

Bebee, sweeping very noiselessly, listened, and her eyes grew wistful and wondering. She had heard the story a thousand times; always in different words, but always the same little tale, and she knew how old Annemie was deaf to all the bells that tolled the time, and blind to all the whiteness of her hair and all the wrinkles of her face, and only thought of her sea slain lover as he had been in the days of her youth.

She did not speak at all as she finished sweeping the bricks, and went down stairs for a metal cruche full of water, and set over a little charcoal on the stove the old woman's brass soup kettle with her supper of stewing cabbage.

Annemie did not hear or notice; she was still looking out of the whole in the wall on to the masts, and the sails, and the water.

It was twilight.

From the barges and brigs there came the smell of the sea. The sailors were shouting to each other. The craft were crowded close, and lost in the growing darkness. On the other side of the canal the belfries were ringing for vespers.

"Eleven voyages one and another, and he never forgot to tie the flax to the mast," Annemie murmured, with her old wrinkled face leaning out into the gray air. "It used to fly there; one could see it coming up half a mile off—just a pale yellow flake on the wind, like a tress of my hair, he would say. No, no, I could not go away; he may come to-night, to-morrow, any time, he is not drowned, not my man; he was all I had, and God is good, they say."

"He was all I had, and God is good, they say."

Bebee listened and looked, then kissed the old shaking hand and took up the lace patterns and went softly out of the room without speaking.

When old Annemie watched at the window it was useless to seek for any word or sign of her; people said that she had never been quite right in her brain since that fatal winter noon sixty years before, when the coaster had brought into port the broken beam of the good brig Fleur d'Epine.

Bebee did not know about that, nor heed whether her wits were right or not.

She had known the old creature in the lace room where Annemie pricked out designs, and she had conceived a great regard and sorrow for her; and when Annemie had become too ailing and aged to go herself any longer to the lace maker's place, Bebee had begged leave for her to have the patterns at home, and had carried them to and fro for her for the last three or four years, doing many other little useful services for the lone old soul as well—services which Annemie hardly perceived, she had grown so used to them, and her feeble intelligence was so sunk in the one absorbing idea that she must watch all the days through and all the years through for the coming of the dead man and the lost brig.

Bebee put the lace patterns in her basket, and trotted home, her sabots clattering on the stones.

"What it must be to care for any one like that!" she thought, and by some vague association of thought that she could not have pursued, she lifted the leaves and looked at the moss rose bud.

It was quite dead.

CHAPTER VII.

As she got clear of the city and out on her country road, a shadow fell across her in the evening light.

"Have you had a good day, little one?" asked a voice that made her stop with a curious vague expectancy and pleasure.

"It is you!" she said, with a little cry, as she saw her friend of the silk stockings leaning on a gate midway in the green and solitary road that leads to Laeken.

"Yes, it is I," he answered as he joined her. "Have you forgiven me, Bebee?"

She looked at him with frank, appealing eyes, like those of a child in fault.

"Oh, I did not sleep all night," she said, simply. "I thought I had been rude and ungrateful, and I could not be sure I had done right, though to have done otherwise would certainly have been wrong."

He laughed.

"Well, that is a clearer deduction than is to be drawn from most moral uncertainties. Do not think twice about the matter, my dear. I have not, I assure you."

"No!"

She was a little disappointed. It seemed such an immense thing to her; and she had lain awake all the night, turning it about in her little brain, and appealing vainly for help in it to the sixteen sleep angels.

"No, indeed. And where are you going so fast, as if those wooden shoes of yours were sandals of Mercury?"

"Mercury—is that a shoemaker?"

"No, my dear. He did a terrible bit of cobbling once, when he made woman. But he did not shoe her feet with swiftness that I know of; she only runs away to be run after, and if you do not pursue her, she comes back—always."

Bebee did not understand at all.

"I thought God made woman," she said, a little awe stricken.

"You call it God. People three thousand years ago called it Mercury or Hermes. Both mean the same thing—mere words to designate an unknown quality. Where are you going? Does your home lie here?"

"Yes, onward, quite far onward," said Bebee, wondering that he had forgotten all she had told him the day before about her hut, her garden, and her neighbors. "You did not come and finish your picture today; why was that? I had a rosebud for you, but it is dead now."

"I went to Anvers. You looked for me a little, then?"

"Oh, all day long, for I was so afraid I had been ungrateful."

"That is very pretty of you. Women are never grateful, my dear, except when they are very ill treated. Mercury, whom we were talking of, gave them, among other gifts, a dog's heart."

Bebee felt bewildered; she did not reason about it, but the idle, shallow, cynical tone pained her by its levity and its unlikeness to the sweet, still, gray summer evening.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" he pursued. "The night is cool, and it is only 7 o'clock. I will walk part of the way with you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Speaker of the Nevada Assembly Becknell has instructed the Sergeant-at-Arms to refrain from selling spirituous or malt liquors in the Capitol during the session of the Legislature.

AN ILLUSTRATION

Of the value of extensive and judicious advertising of any article of undoubted merit is found in the remarkable success of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., which has simply been phenomenal, even in this age of great enterprises.

Organized a few years ago to manufacture a new and more perfect remedy than had ever been produced, a laxative with original and attractive features, prepared from delicious fruits and health-giving plants, one which would be pleasant and refreshing to the taste, as well as really beneficial to the system, the management very wisely concluded to select the leading newspapers throughout the United States to make known to the public the merits of the new remedy, Syrup of Figs. As happens with every valuable remedy, cheap substitutes are being offered to the public, but with the general diffusion of knowledge it is becoming more difficult each day to impose on the public. Health is too important to be trifled with, and reputable druggists will not attempt to deceive the public, as they all know that Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. of San Francisco, Cal., Louisville, Ky., New York, N. Y. Do not accept any cheap, non-advertised imitations if offered.

No after triumph brought such joy,
Although our beards be gray,
As, with our first watch, when a boy,
We were asked the time o'day.

DISORDERS WHICH AFFECT THE KIDNEYS

Are among the most formidable known. Diabetes, Bright's disease, gravel and other complaints of the urinary organs are not ordinarily cured in severe cases, but they may be averted by timely medication. A useful stimulant of the urinary glands has ever been found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which not only affords the requisite stimulous when they become inactive, but increases their vigor and secretive power. By increasing the activity of the kidneys and bladder, this medicine has the additional effect of expelling from the blood impurities which it is the peculiar office of those organs to eliminate and pass off. The Bitters is also a purifier and strengthener of the bowels, an invigorant of the stomach, and a matchless remedy for biliousness and fever and ague. It counteracts a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

Never speak ill of anybody; you can do just as much execution with a shrug of the shoulders or a significant look.

Dr. Wallace Ely has removed his offices to 215 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal., where he continues to give special attention to Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland and all diseases arising therefrom. Diabetes and Bright's Disease treated according to the latest approved method. Most cases can be treated successfully by correspondence. Consultations daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. WALLACE ELY, M. D., 215 Powell St., 3 doors from Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

At twenty the will reigns, at thirty the wit and at forty the judgment.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pains or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Portenfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

If you do a man a favor, do not let him know of it, or the chances are he will come back for another lift.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—
40 Years the Standard.
Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.
No other baking powder does such work.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, Free. A. J. Tower, Boston.

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!
As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda
is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures
CONSUMPTION,
SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.
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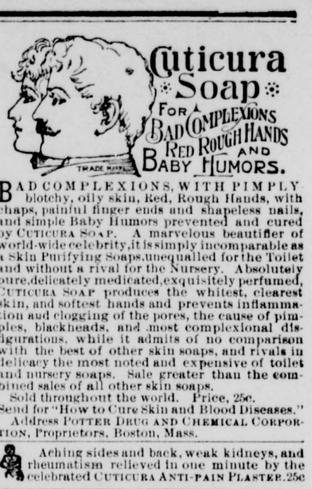

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THE KNOCK ALPHABET.

Acoustic Methods Used in Russian Prisons.

PRISONERS' MEANS OF COMMUNICATION

Words Represented by Knocks and Scratches.

And now for the "knock language," or "knock alphabet." There is a multitude of such alphabets at the various political prisons of Russia and Siberia, almost every prison having an alphabet of its own. The simplest system is: One knock at the wall signifies a, two knocks b, three knocks c, etc. But as the Russian grammar contains thirty-five letters, this system is tiresome and inconvenient, and to facilitate it various acoustic methods are used. A knock at a wall with the end of a finger sounds different from a knock with a knuckle. A thumb nail causes another peculiar sound. The sound of the palm of the hand is different from that caused by a fist. All the finger nails at once creates a peculiar sound of their own; the knuckles make the knock sound different than the finger ends, or the wrist, or elbow. Again various sounds can be elicited with every or several fingers at once, and the sound of a bass button or a penholder can also easily be distinguished. The formation of a knock alphabet further depends on the figures marked on the wall by the knocks. A straight line could easily be indicated by two knocks at different points, a triangle by three knocks, a quadrangle by four knocks, and so on. The time which elapses between the knocks is also taken into consideration, and some knocks often signify whole words and phrases.

WORDS AND PHRASES.

At the central prison of Belgorod, words frequently used were expressed by knock figures as follows: One knock with the end of the thumb signified yes; several knocks, repeated quickly one after another with the end of the thumb, signified no; a rectangle indicated by a knuckle, meant relatives; a square, friends, comrades, members of the same party; a straight line, what Russian prisoners call "volia," the outside, free world; two straight lines, Siberia; a triangle, prison; a bow, which was indicated by rubbing a brass button at the wall, prisoner; two parallel lines signified corridor; a vertical line, director; a crooked line, warder; a semicircle, mediator; a knock at the wall with the elbow, czar, and so on. Several knocks at the wall with the knuckles was a warning: "Don't knock, somebody is coming!" Two slow knocks at the wall signified: "Halloo, do you care to speak?" One knock with the knuckles and one with the ends of the fingers went for: "Wait, I am busy," and one knock with the whole palm signified: "Now, go on, I am ready to listen." I was expressed by a knock at the wall with the little finger; you, by a knock with the wrist.

Before entering into the minor details of the knock alphabet as it was in use at the central prison of Belgorod, a few preliminary remarks are deemed necessary. There are in the Russian alphabet hard and soft, long and short vowels, so called. Instead of giving their respective names, the approximately corresponding English vowels will be given below for the sake of convenience. The Russian g is pronounced like the English g in get. The Russian j like the French g or j in germain or jeunesse.

INGENUITY VS. THE CZAR.

The alphabet was composed as follows: One knock at the wall with the large finger stood for a, ia, or ya; two knocks with the same finger, e, ie, iou, or ye; one knock with two fingers, i, ie, ei, ea, or y; two knocks with two fingers, o, oa, io, or yo; one knock with the first finger joints, oo, ou, iu, or yoo. It must be said that for the sake of quickness the vowels were left out whenever it was possible. B or p was expressed by one knock at the wall with one knuckle, usually with that of the large finger; v or f by two knocks with one knuckle; g or k by one knock all knuckles, j or z by one knock with the thumb and the next finger put together, l or r by two knocks with the same, m or n by one knock with all fingers, s or sh by two knocks with all fingers, c, ts, or ch by one knock with the knuckles and one with the fingers, followed quickly one after another; kh or the German ch by one knock with a knuckle and one with a finger, sch or shtch was expressed by two quick snaps at the wall. As to figures, such were easily denoted by corresponding numbers of knocks. One knock with the middle joint of the large finger, a short pause, five knocks with the same slowly repeated, another pause, and two knocks with the fist went for 1,502, the 1st knocks indicating zeros, and so on.

As far as quickness is concerned, the above is the most convenient, if not the simplest, alphabet used in Russian prisons. It was not the product of a sudden discovery at the prison at Belgorod, but the result of modifications made gradually in the course of months. All sorts of systems were tried, not excepting the system used by telegraphers, that is, points and lines; or the so called figure system, that is, expressing, for instance, the twenty-fifth, twenty-eighth or thirty-third letter of the Russian alphabet by two and five, two and eight, or three and three knocks, with a pause between, but they all had to be given up. To make a line distinguishable it was necessary to rub some metal, for instance a brass button or chain joint, at the wall, but the sound was too sharp, and the warders could easily hear it. The figure system was too slow, monotonous and weary. Besides, the walls of the solitary cells of the Belgorod prison were of solid stone blocks, and this, perhaps, made the above system most available. Brick or wooden walls would have necessarily required a somewhat modified system. — Michael Malkoff in Chicago News.

Tricks of Chinese Traders.

A book might be written upon the palpable frauds and tricks, of which the Chinese trader is guilty. With a goose quill he blows up his mutton so that the veriest old scrag of a carcass looks fat and tempting. He tucks cobble stones into his heads of cabbage, which he sells by the pound. He sells dwarf orange trees loaded down with fruit, nine-tenths of which is cleverly wired on to branches which never fed and developed it. Or, if by accident, a hole has been knocked in the side of an old porcelain vase, he grinds the hole into some sort of shape, cleverly grinds, fits and glues any bit of old brick into the opening, and then so accurately reproduces in every detail and shade of color the outside decoration and glaze, that by the application of acid alone can the fraud be detected. The smallness of the profit to be derived from the fraud never deters him.—Chester Holcombe

GOING TO SCHOOL.

Burdette Pours Out Some Philosophy on a Painful Subject.

Dear little man, so you are back in school and you don't like it pretty well I don't think! Well, that's natural and boy like, but it isn't right. Going to school is great fun, after you are too old to go any more, which will be when you are old enough to die, and then I suppose you will go to another school. When I was your age I don't think I liked going to school a little bit, but that was because I didn't have very much sense when I was young. I only worked and studied about six or seven hours a day then, and had but three teachers to obey. I was the gladdest boy you ever knew, when I got out of school, and you never knew me. Since then I have been at work all the time, and have to obey more people than I ever saw in a school house at one time. The editor says if I don't have my composition ready by Friday night he won't have it at all, the foreman says he must have it in hand Friday morning or it won't go in, the proof reader says if he doesn't get the proofs Thursday night they will have to read themselves and the compositors—there are seventy-five or eighty of them—declare they will strike if I don't write more plainly and punctuate properly, and spell better. Then I used to recite before a small class, or the school at most, and now I have to read my composition and say my piece before all the subscribers. When I was a boy the teacher corrected me in the presence of the class, but now the critic, a terrible fellow he is, corrects me right out in print before everybody, and when I don't say my lesson to suit him doesn't he dust my jacket for me, though!

The way he makes the lint fly is a caution, and the worst of it is I daren't "holler," and so get over it; that would only make him worse, and beside everybody would laugh at me and cry, "Give him some more in the same place." He can—and does—say just as nice things as he does rough ones, but you have to dot your i's and cross your t's to earn his approval. Then I have to work for my landlord, and the grocery man and the tax collector and the shoemaker, and I don't know how many other people. I have to buy oil for the marching club of my party, and I have to march in the dust or the mud, and listen to long speeches and make some longer ones myself. I have to say "please" and "thank you," and say "sir" when I speak to the governor; I daren't go in my bare feet, and I've only been fishing once this year, and then I didn't stay long and didn't catch anything; at the table, no matter how hungry I am, I have to serve everybody else before I get a bite to eat myself, and I am always the last one waited on; a man down in Bogus Hollow says he is going to lick me for shooting his dog—and he looks like a man of his word, too—when everybody knows I'm afraid of a gun and couldn't hit a flock of barns anyhow, on a rest, and with globe sights; another man threatens to put me in jail if I don't pay a bill that I have three receipts for, and a poor widow woman in Rag alley, who takes in washing and gin, is going to sue me if I don't pay her $10 because my cow tore up her garden, when she has no garden and I never owned a cow in my life. I can't follow the circus procession, I can't stay home when I have the toothache, I can't get excused when the fish are biting; some of the boys in this great big school are bullies, and some of them are fools, and some of them are toadies, and some of them are sneaks, and some are liars, and some of them are great, big hearted, loving fellows, that you want to be with all the time, but they're so busy you can only snatch a word with them once in a long while. It isn't so very much different from your own school after all, only the discipline is more severe, and the Teacher is strict, while he is loving and gentle. But every time you break a rule you smart for it.

I don't wonder that some of the older pupils are glad, glad, glad, when their lessons are all said, and the blotted books are put away, and they are called up into the higher room, where they will be closer to the Master, and all the hard places in the old lessons will be explained away so lovingly and clearly that never a sigh will punctuate the recitation, and never a tear blister the pages that we blur and blunder over so stupidly and blindly now. Ah, my little man, you'd better learn to love your school; you'll never get out of it until they send word to the sexton that you have graduated. — Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Vivid Tale.

Years ago, when guano was first discovered as a fertilizer, an old friend of mine sent me a bottle full to experiment with. I didn't think much of it, but one day while in my garden planting some cucumber seed I thought of the guano, so I took it along with me into the garden and sat down on the ground, scratched a hole in the earth, put in my guano and on it placed my cucumber seed, covered both carefully with the soil, and while sitting there but a few moments I noticed the earth over the seeds begin to move, and at the same time the young cucumber plants made their appearance. It was such a strange occurrence that I sat perfectly dumfounded, forgetting everything else. The vines began to spring and grow off like magic, and when I began to raise up I found my feet entangled with the vines. I, however, forced myself to a standing position. By this time I was completely enveloped with the vines. I made for my knife and succeeded in cutting myself loose and made my escape. But what astonished me most was the fact that when I got over the excitement and went to return my knife to my pocket, I found my pockets full of young cucumbers which had formed in my pockets, since which time I have had no use for guano.—Lagrange (Ga.) Graphic.

A Sure Way.

"John," said Mrs. Bentley, "suppose you heard a noise down stairs and didn't know whether it was the dog or a burglar, would you be so cruel as to send me down to find out?"

"No, dear," said Mr. Bentley; "I have a better way than that. I'd wait until next morning. If the silver was gone, I'd know it was burglars, and if the silver was not gone, I'd know it was the dog."—Harper's Bazar.

Fatherly Forethought.

He—I must break off my engagement, Violet.

She—Why should you do that?

He—Well, your father has failed; how can he support a son-in-law in the style in which I have lived?

She—Why, you goose, he failed on purpose to meet the extra expense!—Harper's Bazar.

SCOTCH OIL MINES.

A Field that is only Waiting for a Chance.

SCOTTISH WELLS CAN NOT BE WORKED

Profitably, until American Wells Run Dry.

William Findlay, of West Calder, Scotland, which is in the ancient oil shale region of that country, has been making a tour of the Pennsylvania petroleum fields, and was in New York recently.

"I am more than amazed," said he, "at what I have seen. The petroleum of Scotland is mined like coal, and although I had read of the oil wells of America, I was not prepared for such a vast difference in the methods of oil production. The Scotch petroleum is not in the fluid state, but in a shale formation. The extracting of the products of this shale was for many years a most important industry, and is quite an extensive one yet; but the American oil, both illuminating and lubricating, is now set down in our markets cheaper than the Scotch oil can be produced, and how long our oil production will last is only a question of how long national pride will resist considerations of economy.

"The Scotch oil shale is black, and lies at a depth of about 400 feet beneath the surface. The shale producing regions are all between Edinburgh and Glasgow, and are known as the oil fields of West Calder. They are very extensive, and literally inexhaustible. That is one hope we have. The fluid oil of this country will undoubtedly become exhausted or greatly curtailed in production some time in the future. When your fields cease to pour out a quantity of oil that enables you to refine it, export it, and sell it in Scotland at a less figure than it cost us to extract the oil from the shales at the very threshold of Scotch markets, we will come to the front with our oil mines again, and know that whatever happens they can't be exhausted.

"When the oil fields of West Calder were being operated to a full capacity the shale refinery there, known as the Addiswell Oil works, and which cover seventy-five acres of ground, gave employment to over 2,000 men. In various parts of the field there were shale crushing works, not unlike your coal breakers, where the shale is run on being taken from the mines. It is broken up into small pieces and the crude oil extracted at the crushers. What we call crude oil you would call tar over here. The refiners take it and from it extract illuminating and lubricating oil, ammonia and wax. The latter is called paraffine in the oil trade of this country. The tar from a ton of shale will yield fourteen gallons of illuminating oil. This is subjected to four different acid distillations, each one much heavier than any the American fluid petroleum requires. The result is a clear, white high flash illuminant, as good as American kerosene, but four times as expensive. If the American product simply came in competition with our illuminating oil, the effect on our trade would not be of much consequence, as in that branch of the Scotch oil business is not where the profit lies. The lubricant, the ammonia, and the wax are the products which make the shale mines valuable. The American lubricating oil is cheaper, and those who use it say better than any. The latter altogether I can't agree with. Of course the American oil does not interfere with our ammonia products nor with our wax trade, but we can't afford to produce kerosene and lubricating oil to throw away in order that we may get at the ammonia and wax that the shale contains. I am forced to say, therefore, to use an Americanism, that the Scotch oil business is not booming at the present time."—New York Sun.

Women Barbers for Women.

On one of the women's streets of this town, where the petticoats are so thick that a man is almost as much out of place as he would be at a ladies' luncheon, there is a woman's barber shop. It has not a striped pole in front of it. It is too æsthetic for that, and the women find it in flocks without such vulgar aids. It is a woman's place in the fullest sense of the word, run by women and for women. It is the outcome of the usual long felt want.

Of course, there were always places where women could get their hair dressed, but when the universal bang demanded constant attention these great artists were apt to act as if such ministrations were beneath their attention. Then they charged enormously. The places where they trim bangs cheap were dubiously masculine; even if they set apart a place for women there were glimpses continually of dreadful, collarless, lathered male beings, and to the inexperienced feminine mind nothing seems so indecent as a man being shaved.

Still another question of decency came in. The fine ladies who have had their hair dressed ever since they were 12 years old, and who patronize men dressmakers and milliners, of course, have no sort of objection to men barbers, but lots of young women in a less exalted sphere find it quite dreadful to have a man fussing half an hour over their heads. "You know," said one not over lucidly, "with the dentist you don't mind, because he hurts you so dreadfully all the time, but with a barber it is different."—New York Graphic.

Proud of Muddy Trousers.

A citizen stood at the corner of Fifth and Main streets yesterday afternoon, and his trousers were spattered with mud. He looked down at them lovingly and his face beamed with joy. His smile was so broad it was almost audible, and many passers by stopped to remark on the blamed idiot who enjoyed getting his trousers covered with mud. But the smile never left the citizen's face.

"Why don't you get a bootblack to clean them?" the Gossiper asked.

"Clean them? Not for the world. I shall always keep these trousers just as they are. I shall cherish them as a precious relic to be shown to my children and grandchildren. That mud, see, was splashed on my trousers by a messenger boy who dashed by me on a run."—Kansas City Times.

The Senate's Gavel.

The gavel used by the presiding officers of the United States senate has been in use over fifty-six years. It is made out of an elephant's tooth and has no handle, nor did it ever have one.—Chicago Herald.

The Reason Why.

Johnsing—Wonner why Gus Slasher wa' so quiet like to-night when yo' beat him at de kyards, Sam?

Smif—Guess h'd lef' his razzer at home, chile; an' he knows I never do.—Judge.

A California Ostrich Farm.

Ostrich Farm is one of the attractions of this region, and one that no admirer of the feathery kingdom can well afford to forego visiting, though it does cost fifty cents to cross the enclosure, which consists of a broad board fence that completely prevents a ghost of a glimpse of those aristocratic birds. I say aristocratic, because they are beautiful, valuable, and far, far above the average fowl in size and majesty of mien; besides, they contribute to something more than the mere essentials of existence. The refinements of life are strikingly suggested in those high stepping, lofty eyed, soft plumaged creatures, that appear to have been formed for an ardent, exclusive, elegant atmosphere. The manager in charge of the birds, who superintended their journey from South Africa, informed me that there were sixty-three full grown ostriches and twenty two chicks on the farm at the present time. Great care must be exercised in the choice and quantity of their food. They are liable to indulge in overfeeding, which produces yellow fever. They are also subject to the disorders common to barnyard fowls.

They make their own nests, lay one egg every alternate day, equal in weight and contents to twenty-eight ordinary hen's eggs. Twenty four days are consumed by the hen in her retirement previous to hatching, and fifteen is the usual number her nest contains. The food consists of corn, alfalfa, cactus leaves shorn of their thorns and all kinds of fruit, grass or grain. Every nine months their feathers are plucked; fifty feathers is the number usually gathered at a time. Those of the male birds are white. The female birds yield a variety of colors, but they are not considered as valuable. A pair of ostriches is worth $1,000. They are sold only in pairs. Mr. Atherton (keeper of the birds) regards this climate as favorable to the ostrich industry, and expresses his belief that it will in time become quite as common here as in South Africa, where every land owner keeps his pair or two of beautiful birds.—California Cor. New York Post.

One of Col. Ingersoll's Daughters.

Only a few weeks ago Miss Eva Ingersoll distinguished herself by an act of personal bravery that was remarkable, not alone by reason of having been accompanied by a member of the gentler sex. The young lady is a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and she takes a very deep interest in the carrying out of the designs with which the association was formed. One day, as she sat looking out of the window over Fifth avenue, she saw a man beating a poor, shrunken, decrepit old horse attached to an ash cart. The young lady's sympathy was aroused at once, and with it her indignation. She went out into the street and asked the driver to abandon his ill treatment of the unfortunate brute under his charge. He told her to go to the devil, and as a means of self employment during her journey he continued to hammer the horse. Miss Ingersoll called upon a bystander to interfere. The bystander refused. She then exhibited her S. P. C. A. badge. The driver jeered at her and went on thumping the unfortunate horse.

Miss Ingersoll seized the bridle and was dragged along the pavements, to the great astonishment of a lot of people in masculine clothing, who looked on and said nothing. Finally a man rushed out from the sidewalk and stopped the procession. A policeman approached, the brutal driver was arrested, and the wretched old horse was turned over to the society. The animal was found to be in such a condition of illness that it was considered necessary to shoot it outright, and the driver was duly punished for his cruelty. A good many Fifth avenue fathers would have shrunk from the publicity occasioned by such an act on the part of his daughter. Col. Ingersoll didn't. He commended this brave and humane conduct, and so did pretty much everybody who knew about it.—New York World.

A Very Troublesome Language.

When first the Japanese learned from the Chinese the use of letters they, with characteristic ingenuity, adopted contracted forms of forty-seven Chinese characters to represent the syllables of their language, and at the same time with curious unwisdom adopted cursive forms of other characters to represent the same sounds. But, further, to make confusion worse confounded, they paid their instructors the compliment of taking over bodily their writing and their literature. There are thus three ways of writing Japanese—(one) with the forty-seven contracted Chinese or Katagana characters; (two) with the cursive forms of other Chinese or Hiragana characters; and (three) with the Chinese characters pure and simple. Every school boy has to learn these three systems, and his studies are complicated by the fact that while the first two systems are phonetic the third is mainly ideographic.

But we have not yet reached the end of the difficulties which surround Japanese writing. For although, as has just been said, the Chinese characters are mainly used ideographically, they may at the discretion of the writer be made to represent either the mere sounds of the Chinese words which they signify or the mere sounds of the Japanese words which they signify. To give an example—the Chinese character meaning "heaven," and pronounced Tien, when occurring in Japanese text may either be read according to an old Chinese pronunciation, Ten, "heaven," or as the Japanese word for the same meaning, Ame, or as simply representing the sounds of Ten or Ame, apart from their meaning. This is much as if our letters consisted of signs such, for instance, as &, which, let us suppose, might either be read "and" or "et," or as the syllables "and" or "et," and so be used in such combinations as h&, hand, or &ham, etham.—Saturday Review.

The Rattlesnake's Warning.

I am doubtless as little afraid of rattlesnakes as any one, for I have killed hundreds of them, and I know full well that, contrary to the understanding of mankind in general, the rattlesnake is the most peaceable member of the reptile family, and although possessing a death dealing power, he never uses that power except in self defense. I never knew one to strike unless he was trodden upon or provoked and injured in some way, and then the warning rattle comes first. He has no vicious qualities when not molested.

I have had horses nearly unseat me when this alarm was sounded near them, and I have seen 100 head of cattle, while being driven single file along a narrow trail, each in their turn jump three feet in the air as they passed over a rattler, and I have had a whole herd of cattle, 1,700 in number, stampeded by one of these reptiles suddenly springing his rattle under one of the leaders of the herd. Cor. New York Post.

STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

A Manager Chats About the Business.

MILLIONS REPRESENTED IN THE HOUSES

Summer Customers.—Removing Furniture.

The storage warehouse for the safe keeping of household furniture and articles of value of every description has become one of the permanent institutions of this city. It is said that the amount of property now in the custody of these storage warehouses will foot up into the neighborhood of $150,000,000. These warehouses are almost numberless, and are situated in nearly every section of Manhattan Island, especially where the population is of such a class that makes their presence practically a necessity, and they are of nearly every kind and quality to suit the surroundings. Some of them are absolutely fireproof; others claim to be fireproof, but have collapsed in a greater or less degree when put to the crucial test, while the third class makes little pretension in that direction, trusting to chance and a certain amount of careful watching to prevent their destruction by the flames.

It is at this season of the year that the capacity of the storage warehouse is tested to the utmost, for it is during the months of summer that so many city houses are closed while the occupants are away, and in a vast number of instances the owners prefer that their furniture and all their belongings should be cared for in the safest possible place. So to speak the storage warehouse has become the fashionable summer resort for the finest household goods of the city.

Through the courtesy of its manager, a reporter was permitted to examine one of the representative storage warehouses of this city. The building was, apparently, as indestructible as human ingenuity could devise. There was nothing in sight for the flames to feed upon, even if in some miraculous way they should chance to gain admission, for there were visible only stone, cement, iron and steel on walls, floor and ceiling. The various compartments in which were kept the thousands of dollars worth of goods entrusted to the care of the proprietors were all separated from the others so completely that a fire in one could not communicate with its neighbor.

"What people do you number among your patrons?" asked the reporter, when, after a tour of the building, the almost luxurious office of the manager was reached.

"Do you wish me to give you the names of our most prominent customers? Well, I regret that it is against our rules to do so. You can see that it would not be fair to divulge the names of those who favor us with their patronage, and, besides, the legal complications which might result would be likely to be serious."

"Why do the rich store their goods when they have houses of their own in which to keep them?"

"Well, for various reasons. Many prefer to leave their goods with us whenever they go to the country or seashore, knowing that they will be safer than in their own houses, while others are almost forced to do so from the stress of circumstances. I have in my mind one of the most prominent brokers on Wall street, who sold his house a week or two ago. It was a sudden transaction on his part, and he had made no provision for the disposal of his furniture, so he immediately sent it to us. Another similar case was that of the wife of one of the officers of the Chemical bank.

"The number of people who have gone to the seashore, to the mountains or to Europe this summer has been something wonderful, and within my experience I have seen nothing like it, and, I fancy, but a small proportion of the pleasure seekers have already gone. There are many of our patrons who do not store all their household effects during their three or four months of absence from town, but send us their silverware, bric-a-brac, paintings, bronzes, etc., for which we have especially prepared compartments.

"The age has advanced wonderfully with regard to the facility for removing furniture, so that in a measure the annoyance and loss which was occasioned under the old order of things is at a minimum now. Let me illustrate. Suppose that you had suddenly made up your mind to leave the city for an extended absence to-morrow morning, and had no time to attend to the removal of your goods today. You would have only to leave your order with us as to the time when you would be ready to have your furniture taken away, and our vans would be at your house in the morning. You could eat your breakfast in peace and comfort, your servants would not have even to make up the beds and the moment after you had started on your journey our workmen would be taking up your carpets, removing your pictures from the walls and carefully packing away your bric-a-brac. In a few hours your house would be absolutely denuded of everything, if you so desired, which would be safely stored away until your return. A day or two before your homecoming you could telegraph your expected arrival and the work of taking back your furniture would be carried forward as speedily as when it was taken away. Experienced hands would lay your carpets, while real artists in their work would hang your pictures and arrange your bric-a-brac and furniture, so that the moment you entered your house you would find it in better order than when you left it after breakfast on the day of your departure."

"What would you estimate as the value of the property in your custody at the present time?"

"It is difficult to make an exact estimate, but I should say that it is not less than $25,000,000."—New York Mail and Express.

Concerning Opium Culture.

In a few states the farmers have experimented a little with the white poppy, but we have not regarded opium as ever likely to cut much of a figure among our products. Mr. Pratt, the United States consul at Teheran, who has been studying opium culture in Persia, where a very fine article is produced, says he believes large regions in California and the southern states are well adapted to the cultivation of the white poppy, and, in view of the superior quality of Persian opium, he details the methods of cultivation in vogue there as a guide for our poppy raisers. Though the abuse of opium has made it, in the opinion of many, a disreputable drug, it serves a large number of useful purposes, and if we could raise what we require for legitimate uses opium culture would be a considerable addition to our wealth producing resources.—New York Sun.

A Physician's Fantasy.

There is a very well known physician in town who believes in the transmigration of souls. His theories in fact are not unlike those of the Buddhist, who believes that his soul has climbed to its present estate through successive dwellings in the bodies of brutes. The doctor is convinced that during his last incarnation he was a cat. Therefore he pays his respects to cats in every manner possible. His house is the asylum of "strays." He binds up their wounds, he restores their coats, he feeds and pets them and he has them by dozens.

When the house becomes overrun he will consent to let "good and reliable" families take some of his pets. In addition to these unfortunates the doctor has some aristocratic cats—cats with a pedigree. These are marvels of beauty and of pride, varying in color from the one of ebony coat to the lithe maltese and the tortoise shell, whose mew is musical above all others.

The scarf pins of the physician are cats made out of moonstones or agate, with ruby or topaz eyes. His cuff buttons are cats, and a sort of conventionalized cat presides over his stamp in the blank leaves of his library rooms. It is indeed his coat of arms, and silver and china both bear it. But the crowning curiosity is the enormous Persian cat which, stuffed, sits in a niche in the hall to remind the doctor of a perished pet.

It is but fair to say that this admiration for cats is no affectation on the part of the physician, who is a very sincere and simple man, but is really the result of a deep conviction. He has a theory concerning each of his friends, and the animals which he considers the ancestors of their souls are not always those which would be chosen if one had an opportunity of choosing.—Chicago Herald.

Didn't Know When He Was Well Off.

"There are men," said the melancholy looking individual, "who never know when they are well off. I speak from experience, for I am one of them. I once paid attention to a lovely young woman. She was so sweet that the flies would all go to her and leave me unmolested, and I used to sit with her for hours of a summer evening, and while the flies swarmed upon her I enjoyed perfect immunity from the rascals. But, alas! I didn't know when I was well off. In an evil moment I asked her hand in marriage, and she shook her head so decidedly when she replied in the negative that she shook all the flies off her, and then stalked out of the room, leaving me to be preyed upon by the varmints. If I had only been satisfied to let things remain as they were I might have passed through life peaceful and contented. But, as I said, there are men who never know when they are well off.—Boston Transcript.

A Bicyclist in China.

As we proceed down the street my appearance seems to stir the population up to a pitch of wild excitement. Merchants dart in and out of their shops, people in rags, people in tags and people in gorgeous apparel, buzz all about me and flit hither and thither like a nest of stirred up wasps. If curiosity has seemed to be rampant in other cities it passes all the limits of Occidental imagination in Ki-ngan-foo. Upon seeing me, everybody gives utterance to a peculiar spontaneous squeak of surprise, reminding me very much of the monkey's notes of alarm in the tree tops along the Grand Trunk road, India.

By the time we are half way along the street the whole city seems in wild tumult. Men rush ahead, peer into my face, deliver themselves of the above mentioned peculiar squeak and run hastily down some covergent alley way. Stall keepers hastily gather up their wares and shopkeepers frantically snatch their goods inside as they hear the tumult and see the mob coming down the street. The excitement grows apace, and the same wanton cries of "Fankwae! Fankwae!" that followed me through Kan-tchou-foo are here repeated with wild whoops and exultant cries. One would sometimes think that all the devils of Dante's inferno had gotten into the crowd and set them wild with the spirit of mischief.—Thomas Stevens in Outing.

The Harvest Trust.

Combinations among manufacturers seem to have become almost an epidemic in the East. Efforts to combine have lately been made, and are still being made by manufacturers in almost every line. This is especially true of manufacturers of farm implements and machinery. The most gigantic of these is the $35,000,000 harvester trust, of which Cyrus H. McCormick is President; Walter A. Wood, Vice-President; and William Deering, Chairman and Treasurer. This combination comprises all the leading manufacturers of harvesting machinery in the United States, excepting D. M. Osborne & Co., of Auburn, N. Y., who refused to enter it. This company is very strong, employing 1,600 men in their factory, and should this great trust materialize, their competition will cut no small figure, and we may look for interesting developments. Indications, however, now point to an immediate dissolution of this gigantic trust, owing to some legal complications presented by recent decisions in the "sugar trust" case in New York and the "gas trust" case in Chicago.—*Yamhill County Reporter.*

Lottery Mail Matter Seized.

CAMDEN, N. J., Jan. 21.—Postmaster Browning made his third seizure to-day of lottery mail matter addressed to residents of this city. The matter consisted of about seventy-five circulars of the Louisiana Lottery Company, stating that a drawing of the lottery would be held on the 17th day of February, and that all tickets drawing less than $1,000 would be cashed at an address in Boston, and those drawing over that amount would be cashed at New Orleans.

In accordance with the instructions he has received from Washington, Postmaster Browning forwarded the entire lot to Postmaster General Wanamaker.—*N. Y. Sun*, Jan. 22d.

FROM OVER THE SEA.

Articles of Commerce from the Tropics.

HOW THE HINDOOS GATHER THE COCOANUT

Ports Where Clearing Papers From America are Seldom Used.

The marine investigator at Sandy Hook, casting his eyes seaward the other day, spied something which unaccustomed eyes would not have seen. He clapped his glasses, fine double extra power ones, to his eyes and stood in a posture of scrutiny for many moments.

"It's a bark," says he, still focussing his glasses on the distant object.

A shadowy substance began to appear on the horizon. The eye of the landsman would have simply noted that something that sailed was approaching.

"She's Nova Scotian," was the laconic utterance that came from beneath the binoculars.

"Then it's the Strathay, now due," was the equally laconic outcome of a marine encyclopedia who stood near.

Pretty soon the bark's sails loomed up against the horizon and she came whooping along in a spanking breeze to the lower bay. She was the Strathay, ninety days from India's coral strand, and she bore a royal cargo. When Capt. Urquhart got his quarantine papers he brought his vessel in tow of a tug, her streamers flying, up to a Brooklyn pier, and a long sea voyage was ended.

The Strathay comes from ports whence clearing papers from America are seldom issued. She has been in the dismal and frightfully hot harbors of Alipee and Cochin, on the Malabar coast, in the southern part of India.

CEYLON'S SPICY BREEZES.

She had lain for days getting the spicy breezes of Ceylon at Columbo, and the blood heat rays of the sun, and there took in 1,000 barrels of plumbago. Then in southern India, where the man eating crockodile abounds, and sharks turn on their bellies and swallow men at a crunching gulp, she found 1,200 barrels of cocoanut oil, which will be evolved into American soap, and a great quantity of the matting that is made from the fibrous bark of the cocoanut. Then the Strathay was ready to make for civilization and New York, and she came along with some rip-roaring breezes, a great commerce bearer, under a foreign flag.

Only two or three vessels arrive from Alipee and Cochin in the course of a year. The freights of these are consigned to the firms who virtually monopolize trade from this quarter.

There are no harbors at these ports, and vessels are obliged to anchor two miles off in the open sea. Though havenless the land is fissured with many lagoons or backwaters. The country is low and sandy and covered with luxuriant vegetation and vast forests of palm trees. From the latter are obtained the chief commodities of commerce. The straight stemmed trees are from forty to eighty feet high, and the natives climb these with the aid of a short cord, connecting their big toes, which helps ascension by fitting them into grooves of the bark. After the nuts are knocked off the thick husks are separated from the inner shell by sharp iron spikes, and then laid in pits dug along the seashore, where the salt water macerates them. When the husks become sufficiently pliable they are taken out and beaten with clubs, which completely parts the fiber from the pithy portion. It is then thoroughly cleaned and dried, and known as khair or coir, and is twisted into yarn and then woven into matting. The kernels, by hydraulic pressure, yield the oil now so much used by American soap makers, as it produces soap capable of floating upon water. Thousands of Hindoos, male and female, are employed in these industries by the white merchants. They are very docile, exist on rice, fish and fruits, and receive equivalent to five or six cents for their daily wage.

SPECULATORS' MISTAKE.

Two or three years ago a great speculation took place in the raw fiber, and thousands of bales were imported and held with the expectation that it would figure largely in mattress stuffing and kindred uses. This was not realized, owing to the fiber's lack of elasticity, and speculators lost heavily. It is said that the French are beginning to make cuirasses of it for their ironclads, as it offers more resistance than steel to a cannon ball, and a greater value may be put upon it in the future.

Other articles of commerce seldom heard of come from this far off shore. Cus-cus, a fragrant root from which sachet powder is made; citronella and lemon grass oils, also used in perfumery; the button like seeds of nux vomica, containing the principle of strychnine; cardamoms, cinchona and turmeric, a yellow root used in dyeing, and which is said to be used in the adulteration of mustard.

Eight white people and 30,000 natives compose the population of Alipee. About seventy-five different castes are represented. The climate is tropical, but healthy. Melting eyes and well favored forms are reported to be characteristics of the Hindoo females. These are possibly enhanced by the limited inventory of apparel, a palm leaf or two covering the whole body. The sailors are not proof against their seductions, and rigorous measures have to be taken for their restraint. The mate of the Strathay, a bronzed Scotchman, said to a reporter sadly:

"Th' weemen played the deevil wi' the sailor lads! Ah, coodna gang asnoor the twinty days we were off th' port, for ma time was taken oop watchin' 'em! Why, mon, we had to fawsten the chield's hawnd an' fute, an' even then, wad ye think it, twa o' 'em breaks loose, jumps over the side and swums awa' to the shoor an' w' never clapt een on' 'em after!"—New York Evening Sun.

Photographing Female Criminals.

"Do you have trouble in getting female criminals photographed?" was asked of Inspector Byrnes.

"Very little. When told they must have their pictures taken they usually cry and make a fuss, but when the operation is about to be performed it is funny to see how quickly they dry their eyes and smooth down their hair, and prink up with a manifest desire to look as pretty as possible. This applies to nine cases out of ten."—New York Sun Interview.

Greenhouse Strawberries.

Greenhouse strawberries take about six weeks to fully ripen. A peculiarity of hothouse ripening is that instead of ripening first at the stem, gradually extending to the point, as is the case in the field berry, the greenhouse berry ripens at the point first.—Boston Budget.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY MARCH 20 ..... 1891.

The New England States are manifesting a very niggardly spirit toward the World's Fair. Californias appropriation of $300,000 exceeds the combined appropriations of all the six New England States. Tennessee appropriated $250,000, while Massachusetts appropriated only $90,000.

The death of John F. Swift deprives the Republican party of one of its ablest leaders, and the State of a thoroughly good man. He was untainted with political bossism, and so entirely independent as to interfere with greater political advancement. He was a man of high intellectual attainments and an author of considerable ability. His sudden death causes deep regret.

The following is an extract from a letter by Arthur McEwen, formerly of Virginia City, the most fearless political writer on the coast.

"It is a lucky thing for California, by the way, that Nevada has sent to the Senate such men as Stewart and Jones. The former has energy enough to represent half a dozen States, and the latter intellect sufficient to reflect honor on the whole coast. They are in reality the guardians of California's interests at the capital. In their case a senatorship is not what it usually is—the privilege of standing on a pedestal high enough to enable the whole country to see the purchaser's incapacity and gross vanity—a vanity as witless as that which moves the woman who displays with pride on the promenade the sealskin cloak which is the price of her chastity. That's the sort of toga now for sale at Sacramento."

There is a strong probality that Senator-elect Palmer of Illinois will be the next Democratic nominee for President. The Western States will exert a strong influence in the next National Convention, and in view of the unsettled condition of affairs in New York, and the factional differences there, it is quite likely that some Western man will be nominated. General Palmer did good service throughout the war and would receive a strong Grand Army following. He was elected Governor of Illinois as a Republican and resigned because of Federal interferance in placing Chicago under martial law after the fire. He has since been a Democrat. He is entirely acceptable to the Farmers' Alliance and would be a very strong candidate.

After balloting one hundred and fifty four times General John M. Palmer was declared elected United States Senator for Illinois. The legislature was composed of 101 Democrats, 100 Republicans and 3 Farmers Alliance, the balloting throughout standing just in that way. Palmer thus had a plurality of one, but a majority, or 103 votes were necessary to elect, and these were secured on the last ballot by two of the Alliance members voting for Palmer. At the last general election in Illinois all Democratic candidates for the Legislature were pledged to vote for Palmer, and all Democratic ballots bore for motto, "For United States Senator, John M. Palmer." The tallies of the popular vote showed that he was elected by 20,000 majority. The dead-lock was caused by the Republican hold over Senators. The election of Palmer was only fulfilling the popular will.

Last Monday the citizens of New Orleans arose in a body and summarily disposed of the Italian murderers of Chief of Police Hennessy. After a trial of twenty five days the jury failed to find a verdict of guilty in spite of the most direct evidence. A mass meeting was held by the leading citizens of the city, and the people assembled to the number of 3,000. Arms were supplied to responsible parties, the jail was taken by force and eleven of the brutal murderers were shot to death. The jurors who were bribed to render the verdict they did, are now hiding from the outraged public, and the man who effected the bribery is fleeing for his life. The present jury system is a strong incentive to crime, as the bribing of one man completely subverts the ends of justice. Hennessy had succeeded in bringing a number of Italian criminals to justice, and the Mafia, the Italian nihilist society, resolved upon his death, which was accomplished with systematic cunning. The transplanted of these foreign murderous societies will not be tolerated in the United States, as the execution of the anarchists in Chicago, and the late action of the people of New Orleans testifies.

Italy says she will send an iron-clad to enforce satisfaction from the United States for the execution of the New Orleans murderers. She may possibly need two of them before she gets through.

A CHEAP NEWSPAPER PLANT.

Twenty Dollars Purchased an Office and Good Will in Wyoming.

"Bought a newspaper for $20?"

"That's what I said," replied a tall, lame man with a G. A. R. button. "Young Smidgely went out to Nebraska in 1877, about the time Bill Nye started his Boomerang in Laramie, Wy., and bought out the Lone Tree Courier, good will, office fixtures, plant and everything, for $20. He sold the same paper in two years for $6,250."

"Great financier?"

"Yes; a judicious combination of finance and journalistic instinct. Smidgely arrived in Lone Tree with only $25, and put up at a hotel where the two men—or rather boys—who owned the paper boarded. One of them was a printer—the younger one; the other was a stock man up on the Loup river who didn't know an em quad from a tripenny lath nail. The price asked for The Courier was $1,400. Smidgely looked the office over, said he'd take it, paid the boys $20 down, pulled off his coat and went to work. There was of course a mortgage on the outfit. I never saw a country paper in that state without one. One note of $700 was due the next week. Smidgely got out a rattling good paper—it was a weekly. The first issue showed up signs of improvement, and then he went down and introduced himself to the county treasurer.

Before he left he got that official to promise to use his influence with the county commissioners in getting the tax list to publish, and finally succeeded in borrowing $800 on the promise of a good bonus on the tax list fat. The list came to $1,100, all clear money by the way, and then Smidgely got the county commissioners to publish the official proceedings of the board—something that had never been done before—and this at 40 cents an inch, he fatted up to be worth at least $50 a week—all net gain. The whole town fell dead in love with Smidgely, advertising rolled in, they elected him justice of the peace, sent him to the legislature and boomed him for all there was in sight. Well, when the man came along, as I said, Smidgely sold out for $6,250, went to Denver and sunk the whole in some mining speculation. Every word of this story is true, and it shows the possibilities which are always looming up in young states for young, enterprising men."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Much Virtue in Gulf Water.

Probably you never heard of it before, but the water of the Gulf stream is confidently believed by certain old people on Staten Island to be a sovereign remedy for disorders of the stomach. They drink half a glassful after each meal, smack their lips, and in about three days they get well. So they say. So pilots and other seafaring men who get out to the Gulf stream are frequently importuned to bring in jugs of the gulf water for the invalids. There is a saloon keeper down there whose faith in this sort of thing is unlimited, and he has been besieging for about three years a certain pilot of his acquaintance to bring him in some of the water. But the pilot always forgot.

The other day, however, he tickled the old man almost to death by bringing him three jugs of the precious liquid. The saloon keeper began to brace up at once, and three days later he chased the pilot half way around the island to overwhelm him with gratitude.

"So it did you good, did it?" says the pilot.

"Good?" says the old man. "Why, bless you, my boy, it has added ten years to my life. I feel like a youngster again. I'll bet I can beat you in a foot race right here."

And the pilot did not smile nor jibe nor jeer. But when the flood tide had been running about an hour that evening he went softly down to the end of Stapleton pier, drew out a tin bucket and dipped up about a gallon of the limpid stream. And the next morning the saloon keeper was overjoyed to get two more jugs of Gulf stream water from his thoughtful friend.

"It's kind of a shabby trick," says the pilot apologetically, "but as long as there are buckets handy around Stapleton I guess Uncle Josh needn't go without Gulf stream water."—New York Herald.

Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

A well known novelist of this city was telling how he finds his plots. "I have found nearly all of them in real life by intercourse with people in all sorts of society. There are no plots to be drawn from the imagination that are equal in interest to those that can be learned by knowing the actual experiences of many of our men and women. Here in New York you can hear of plenty of lovelorn damsels and bold swains; you can find heroes and heroines a-plenty; you can hear of marvelous adventures; you can find people whose career has been romantic; you can hear of intrigues and their denouement; you can meet characters who would shine on the printed page; you can easily find in the actual experience of your acquaintances all the material needed for tragical tales or humorous yarns. Why, the best plot I ever wrote up was not of my invention, but was in the story of her own life given me by my cook."—New York Sun.

The Value of Cathartics.

Paradoxical as it may seem cathartics are remedies for diarrhœa as well as constipation. That is, in the earliest stage of diarrhœa the first thing needed is to wash out the intestinal canal. Castor oil has peculiarities which recommend it for this purpose. In most cases if the intestines are properly freed and the diet is restricted for a few days to bland foods the diarrhœa will subside without further treatment. If it does not small doses of paragoric will generally greatly favor a cure.—Boston Herald.

A daughter of Gen. Rosecrans is an Ursuline nun, who until recently was assigned to the convent at Santa Rosa, Cal. Fifteen years ago she was one of the most charming and most popular of the society ladies of Cincinnati.

Steel Tanks for Storing Grain.

A new method of storing grain is being introduced. Steel tanks are filled with grain and by a suction pump the air is partly exhausted and a quantity of carbonic acid gas admitted.—Lewis-

FOUND DESERTED ON A STONE.

A Touching Story of the Child of the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Every woman in the land has bowed down before "John Halifax, Gentleman," but how many know much of the life of the woman whose brain child he was? There is in it a little romance that I am sure many will like to hear. Married to a gentleman who was a cripple, Mrs. Muloch Craik lived an idyllic life at a beautiful country home a few miles from a county town. She heard one day, quite incidentally, that a baby had been found on a stone at the cross roads, that it had been taken to the town hall, and that all the gentry about were going to look at it because it was such a sweet little child. So, following the example of her neighbors, she went too. Looking up into the sweet, sympathetic face of the famed authoress, the little baby smiled and put out its wee hands.

Dinah Muloch Craik could not resist this, and so she determined to take the child for her very own. Quickly it was wrapped up, and it became her baby. Devoted to it, she was yet determined as it grew older it should never have its heart hurt by being told the story of its birth and adoption; so as soon as the little girl was able to understand, it was lovingly whispered to her that she had been found on the large stone which stood in the center of the hall, and which always was decorated with flowers, and that God had put her there that her mother might find her. As soon as she grew old enough it became her daily duty to cut the flowers and arrange them to make beautiful this great rock that had been dug up from the cross roads and brought there.

To her it represented the place where the hands of the angels had rested when they laid her down. Curiously enough, the child became very proud of the way in which she had reached the dear mother who cared for her as lovingly and as tenderly as if she were really her own flesh and blood. Her birthday was the day on which she was found, and when the tenth one came around and a child's party was given her she was heard asking one little girl, "How old are you?" The other one answered, "I was born nine years ago." "Oh!" answered the baby, "you were born like other children, but I am better than that; I was found just where God had placed me." The childish pride was as amusing as it was pathetic.

The years have gone by, the eyes of the good mother are closed forever to the sights of this world, but the child she cared for lives in the great town of London and remembers, and when the mother of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and of this girl stands before Almighty God, don't you think that he will say, "As ye have done it unto the least of these, so I will unto you."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Women on Another Star.

In Camille Flammarion's last romance of the stars some quaint and interesting fancies are given regarding the planet Mars. The poet-astronomer imagines that in our next starry neighbor the density is so slight that material substances are very light, and that thus the living beings corresponding to ourselves are vastly more ethereal, delicate and sensitive than the inhabitants of earth. Dwelling farther from the sun than we, their optic nerve is more powerful, and that fact, together with superior magnetic and electric influences, creates senses unknown to us and unimaginable by us. Everything is so much less ponderable, so much more unsubstantial than with us, he goes on to fancy, that the people there might be called thinking and living winged flowers, for in the tenuous atmosphere wings had the first chance at development, rather than a more terrestrial method of getting about, evolution having taken place in a series of winged species, and the people living as much on the air and on aerial plants as on the ground.

Here also the density of the body and its weight being so slight, all organisms are very light and delicate, no other food being taken than that drawn from the atmosphere; thus the female sex is the predominating one, living on the airs of spring and the perfume of flowers, the absence of gross food preventing gross ideas and clarifying the intellect to an immense power, while an unspeakable charm is exercised by these women in the flattering of their wings and in the kiss of a mouth that never has eaten. —Harper's Bazar.

Special Delivery Stamps.

He was a stamp fiend, young and precocious. The plain American stamp had no interest for him. He was making a collection of foreign ones, and so when they sent him down to the postoffice for a package he did not pay much attention, but brought it home and handed it over, and skipped out to play tag. Next day they showed him a new sister who had arrived. He looked at her with some curiosity.

"Say, where did she come from?"

"Oh, from heaven."

"From heaven! I know. That was the package I brought from the postoffice yesterday, and I never knowed anything about it."

"Yes."

"Golly! why didn't you save me the stamps?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Sacrilegious Robber.

A stranger entered the Church of the Assumption, Brooklyn, one Saturday morning, and, borrowing a rosary from the sexton, knelt in apparent prayer. When the sexton, who had been out, returned a few minutes later the stranger had vanished. So had two silver chalices, two silken stoles and two prayer books. Chase was given and the fellow was caught. Upon his person was found the booty taken from the church, as well as three silver coffin plates bearing the inscription, "Rest in Peace."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Merely Eccentric.

Visitor—Who is that crazy fool?

Host—He is not a crazy fool. He is merely eccentric.

Visitor—Rich, eh?—Good News.

A Queer Find.

A few days ago a young woman over in Jersey City lost one of the silver tips from her pocketbook. She made a vigorous search in her home and along the way of her daily travel without finding any trace of it. Four days afterward she met a friend who noticed that one of the silver corners of the pocketbook was gone. Laughing the friend put her hand into her pocket, saying, "I believe I've just found a silver tip that will fit your pocketbook." And it not only did fit, but it was none other than the very tip she had lost.—New York Evening

EVENING AT THE FARM.

Pale twilight rises and with hurried pace
Fast follows where the sun has kissed the sand;
With misty touch conceals his last warm trace,
And blows her softening dusk breath o'er the land.

The drowsy bird note dies upon the breeze;
Shy flowrets lock their faces from the dew;
The shadow falls no longer from the trees
Where sport tired lambkin rests, or sober ewe.

The barnyard clamor ceases, kine are fed;
The sad flecked dull horse munches in his stall;
The watch dog turns him to his straw lined shed,
Nor deaf through sleep to faintest danger call.

Within the farm house porch in dreamy mood,
The day worn toiler takes his well earned rest,
While laddies youngsters watch with round eyes skewed
To catch the dustman in his evening quest.

It is the hour for silent spirit hands
To speed with white winged prayer—now perfect grown,
As day's long Labor, folds his weary hands,
Nor yet has Sabbath Slumber to his throne.
—Josephine Pacet, Spoons in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

She Caught a Mouse.

Sunday evening a gentleman and his wife, who live on a street pretty near the tunnel, attended evening service at the Fourth church and took seats in the gallery. The service was about half over when they were annoyed by a continued tittering and scuffling back of them, and looking around they saw several girls standing upon the seats, while a number more were moving uneasily about as if trying to avoid some danger. Just then the word "rats," uttered in a stage whisper, partially solved the trouble, and the man turned toward his wife. His wife is mortally afraid of rats and mice, and the mention of the word "rats" at her to thinking.

Presently the people in the gallery began to leave, but the scuffling continued until the lady whispered to her husband that they, too, had better go. So they arose and left, and the lady breathed freer when she reached the street. When they arrived at home they were laughing at the incident, when the lady screamed and jumping into a chair grasped something in the folds of her dress. "It's the mouse," she said to her husband as she clung to her garment.

She was right, too, but it was dead, probably from the clutch she gave in her excitement.—Hartford Courant.

Editor Warner on the Slot Machine.

Charles Dudley Warner, while moralizing upon a well known tendency of modern times in Harper's, has something to say regarding the possible future development of some recent familiar inventions. "Perhaps," says he, "we may expect a further development of the 'slot' machine. By dropping a cent in the slot one can get his weight, his age, a piece of chewing gum, a bit of candy or a shock that will energize his nervous system. Why not get from a similar machine a 'good business education,' or an 'interpretation' of Browning, or a new language, or a knowledge of English literature? But even this would be crude.

"We have hopes of something from electricity. There ought to be somewhere a reservoir of knowledge, connecting by wires with every house, and a professional switch tender, who, upon the pressure of a button in any house, could turn on the intellectual stream desired. There must be discovered in time a method by which not only information, but intellectual life, can be infused into the system by an electric current. It would save a world of trouble and expense."

Long Prayers.

An Irish priest at Ballymagan told the following story of his bishop. His lordship and a chaplain came to see the Passion play. They would fain have had a room each, but this was not possible. They knelt down separately to say their prayers by their little cots, and presently it crossed the mind of the chaplain that it would not be well to make his orisons shorter than the bishop's, and he glanced over his shoulder to see if his lordship was about to make an end.

The bishop, presumably anxious not to scandalize his chaplain by the shortness of his prayers, also glanced over his shoulder and waited. The process was repeated several times. Both supplicants were very fervent, and in time both fell asleep. They were found in the morning on their knees still and sleeping.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Quite a Traveler for a Turtle.

W. E. Hellenbrand, of Oldtown, came into possession of a turtle lately at Pushaw, which bore upon it the evidence of having reached years of discretion and of having been—for a turtle—quite a traveler. It was marked "J. W. Sewall, 1871," and Mr. Sewall remembers that when camping in his boyhood on Pushaw lake he found the turtle near the outlet and cut his name upon its shell. The animal was found a short time ago in the "Therofare," near Orson island, some sixteen miles from its former place of capture, showing that it had traveled on its average about a mile each year. Mr. Hellenbrand's son Walter marked it and released it for further adventure.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

The Oldest Place in America.

"Do you know the oldest place in all America?" said Gen. John R. Henderson, of St. Louis, to a circle of friends. "I don't mean the oldest town in the country or on the continent, but the land first found on the western hemisphere. No? Well, I thought not. It is Mount Marcy, in the Adirondack mountains. Agassiz and other geologists have figured out that Mount Marcy was the point of land that made its appearance first above the water when the western hemisphere was evolved."—Chicago Herald.

The Longest Passage on Record.

The British ship Hospodar, Capt. Thomason, arrived in port Oct. 16 after a passage of 171 days from London, England, via Rio Janeiro 131 days and Valparaiso 60 days. The passage of the Hospodar is the longest one ever made by a vessel between the two ports. She left London on June 29, 1889, and on Dec. 27 was reported at Rio Janeiro with rigging damaged and the captain sick. On Dec. 30 word was received that the vessel had been dismasted. The captain went home and the mate, Thomason, took command. New rigging was sent out from England, and after refitting the Hospodar sailed on March 18 for this port. On Aug. 5 she put into Valparaiso and sailed again the same day. Capt. Thomason states that he does not know exactly where the vessel was when she was dismasted, as the captain took her logbook home with him. He says that he put into Valparaiso, being short of provisions.—San Francisco

Barking of Dogs.

In writing of the native dogs of Central America Frederick Boyle brings forward a theory as to how dogs form the habit of barking. He was discussing with an old resident of the country some traits of the "coyote," as the native wolf is called, but which more nearly resembles the dog.

Dogs will never go wild so long as they can find a master to serve, and more especially trained dogs. The coyote never barks, and only gallops when pursued. In regard to the first of these points, says Mr. Byam, a remark made by an old Indian struck me.

"Why won't these coyotes bark like other dogs?" I asked him, pointing to one I was trying to reclaim, "and why do they only howl and the pups grunt?"

His answer was, "He won't learn."

"Not learn?" said I. "What do you mean?"

"No," he replied, "not learn, for if he were of an honest breed he would bark, to try and imitate his master, or at all events the other dogs, but all barking proceeds from dogs imitating their master's shout. The master shouts to frighten away cattle from his maize field—the dog barks directly; the master shouts to drive in cattle to the corral, and the dog barks also. In fact, the dog imitates his master when he barks; he tries to speak, but cannot."

I give this curious observation as the only attempt I ever heard to account for the barking of our tame dogs. No wild breeds make any noise except howling and snarling, nor under the best circumstances will they learn to bark until the third or fourth generation, a length of trial which Mr. Byam does not appear to have given the coyote.

A Thief Detector.

"When we started I noticed," said one of a party of jewelers who had camped in the wilds of Canada, "that one of our number was incumbered with a large box. The second day in camp two watches disappeared, and each member of the party began to look upon the others with silent suspicion. Finally, as the thefts were repeated, a meeting was called, and every man pleaded not guilty. No one up to that time suspected the honest French Canadian lad we had engaged as a servant. He was questioned and also entered a prompt and emphatic denial. We all believed his protestations of innocence except the man with the box.

"'Gentlemen,' said he, 'somebody in the party took those watches, and I propose to find out who. I have here a thief detector,' pulling out an electric battery and winking at the crowd. 'If there is a thief among us this will point him out.' Every man took his turn at the battery. The boy watched the performance in wonder. He had never seen such a queer arrangement before, but as everybody who touched the coils escaped without harm he stepped bravely to the front when it came to his turn and took hold. A sudden change came over him. The owner of the battery had turned on its full force, and the victim gave a yell of pain and horror, and fell to the ground screaming: 'Save me! save me! I took 'em, but I'll never do it again!'"—Jewelers' Weekly.

The Armenian Houses.

The Armenian houses of Armenia proper are by no means comfortable. The poorer classes have homes that would hardly be considered fit for cows in America, and in fact the cow lives with the family. The floors are below the level of the roadway, and there are little windows about the size of portholes. Most of the houses are of one story, and it is not uncommon to build a house against the side of a hill, so that there will be no back wall. Stepping down into the house you find the cow stable on one side and on the other the kitchen and the private apartments of the family.

Each room has a stone fireplace, and all the cooking is done with cow dung mixed with straw. There are no tables and few chairs, and it is a curious thing that a large part of the heat of the room comes from the animal heat produced by the cattle in the stable which adjoins the kitchen. The houses of the wealthy and middle class of Armenians are more comfortable, and in the big Turkish cities you will find Armenians occupying palaces. In the country, however, they have few of the comforts of Christendom, and the chief furniture consists of a divan running around three sides of the room covered with Persian rugs and resting on a carpet of gray felt.—Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

How to Water a Horse.

Feed the horse regularly, giving him an even quantity. Do not water him on top of his dinner till he is fall as a barrel and then drive him off at a smart gait while his insides are churned into a malt house pressure, ready by effervescence to burst. Give a horse sparingly of water on the road. Many ladies seem to think it "fun to see him drink" at a wayside trough till he is ready to drop. Be careful of the wayside "gift of humanity," the stone trough. If the horse has been a long time on the road, it is kind to allow him to dip his lips in the cooling water and swallow two or three mouthfuls, but no more, unless you wish to "founder" him, that is, make him unsound in his forelegs for life. You may even kill him, if the water comes from a very cold spring. Do the watering mostly at home is my rule.—New York Weekly.

Calling the House Roll.

It is the custom for the clerk calling the roll to prefix the word "Mister" to each name, but before he has gone far he begins to retrench his expense of vocal powers. This leads to some strange combinations of sound. In the beginning he calls "Mr. Abbett," "Mr. Adams," "Mr. Alderson," and a few more distinctly enough, but by the time he reaches the C's he begins to telescope the title, and calls "M'ster Cannon," "M'ster Carter," and so on. When he has gone a little further he drops off some more, and it becomes "'ster Fitch," "'ster Flower," "'ster Gear," etc. This holds holds out pretty well into the H's, but at last the two words become one, and "Mr. Hopkins" and "Mr. Houk" sound like "Stropkins" and "Stronk." Down in the M's it undergoes another change. The sound of the "r" is lost, and "Mr. Mason," "Mr. McAdoo" and "Mr. Morrow" become "Stumason," "Stumacadoo" and "Stumorrow." This goes on through the O's and the P's, "Mr. Oates" being "Stoates" and "Mr. Peel" coming out "Stupheel." In the R's it shifts a little, and "Mr. Ray" becomes "Stray," while "Mr. Rife" is "Strife."—Washington Post.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C.E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
LISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.
Obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "Independent" Building, Independence, Inyo county, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

EDWIN J. WOODIN, M.D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND, Sec.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
Independence.
Nov 30-tf

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. F. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12-tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated to keep good time. Jewelry made to order. Prices reasonable and guaranteed.
At all times on any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARIN PETITION FOR SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY AND REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of Charles D. Begole deceased.

IT APPEARING TO THE COURT, BY THE petition this day presented and filed by Thomas Parker, the Administrator of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, praying for an order of sale of the personal property and real estate of said estate, that it is necessary to sell the said personal property, and the whole of the real estate, or a portion of it, to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 24th day of March, 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Court, at the Court-house, in the town of Independence, in said county, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the personal property and the whole or so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the INYO INDEPENDENT, a newspaper printed and published in said county.

GEO. M. GILL.
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated February 18th, 1891.

[ENDORSED.]

SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF INYO.

In the Matter of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased.

Order Fixing time and place for hearing petition for sale of Personal Property and Real Estate.

Filed February 18th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL.
Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Mullane, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his residence near the town of Big Pine, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Inyo, State of California.

RICHARD HESSIAN.
Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.

Dated February 13, 1891.

P. H. MACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK ..... PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

PIONEER BREWERY
INDEPENDENCE
BEER ICE COLD.
The Bar is supplied with the Best of all kinds of Liquors and Cigars.
The Coolest Hall in the town. Call in, see what comfort you can have this hot weather.
PHILIP GENRIC, PROPRIETOR

CROCKERS' HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee.

J. W. Murphy.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. F. MAIRS, Proprietor.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 99¾
Lead, 4.37
Copper, 14.60
Tin, 19.85
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

Rev. W. J. Winsor will preach on Sunday at the Fort at 10 o'clock, at Independence at 11 a.m., at Georges Creek at 2:30, and Lone at 7 p.m.

Rev. J. Smith will preach at Independence at 7 p. m.

On Monday evening Mr. Winsor will lecture at Lone Pine at 7 o'clock. Subject, "London, and my work in the East End."

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach at Keeler on Wednesday evening, March 25th, at 7 o'clock, in the dining room of the Lake View Hotel.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY, March 14th.

Estate of E. M. Goodale, deceased—Will proved, and order filed for publication of Notice to Creditors.

Davis vs. Keys—Filed Complaint, and issued Summons.

THURSDAY, March 19th.

Varney vs. Varney—Filed decree of divorce.

Estate of Thomas Parker, deceased—Filed petition for probate of will.

Estate of John Mullane, deceased—Filed petition for sale of real estate and personal property.

MARRIED.

McLEAN—WIMBERLY—At Independence, March 17th, 1891, at the parlors of the Norman House, by Rev. H. J. Winsor Mr. Neil McLean and Miss Laurie Wimberly.

DIED.

PARKER—At Independence, March 13th, Thomas Parker, aged 84 years and 5 months.

DIERKSON—At Lone Pine, March 18th, Peter Dierkson, aged about 65 years.

Maud S. will be bred to Ansel, by Electioneer.

John Dormer has sold his interest in the Stockton *Republican*.

Paul Myrtengreen is in charge of the Palace saloon at Keeler.

Jake Miller has been rusticating at Big Pine during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Conklin have returned to their ranch at Black Rock.

Captain J. D. Channell has been visiting at Independence during the week.

There was a sudden snow squall Wednesday evening lasting about an hour.

John Anton came up from Keeler last Tuesday morning and returned next day.

Three car-loads of ore and a car-load of marble went north last Tuesday morning.

Mr. J. Willett is steadily recovering from his recent illness and will soon be around again.

Jack Smith who killed Percy Williams at Fresno last fall has been convicted of manslaughter.

The *Index* evidently didn't know there was a ball at Keeler in celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

Silver and lead are again rising. Lead quotations are considerably higher than two weeks ago.

Dan Williams has been in poor health for some time past and has gone on a visit to Olancha to recuperate.

There will be a lively competition in the colt races this year. Several youngsters are already being handled.

L. J. Rose Jr. and Fred Holbert passed through town last Tuesday on the way to Ventura with a band of beef cattle.

Neil McLean has joined the roll of Benedicts. "Sidy" and his estimable wife have our heartiest congratulations.

Frank Fitzgerald went north on Thursday morning on his way to San Francisco. He expects to remain about two weeks.

R. Love and T. F. A. Connelly were down from Bishop early in the week to attend a meeting of the Fair Directors.

Now that it has been decided to hold the Fair at Bishop why not have a grand 4th of July celebration at Independence.

Pat Downs has been very ill for a week past, and as yet has made no improvement. No serious result, however, is apprehended.

L. A. Anger intends starting for Mojave in a few days with a load of passengers. He will bring back with him a fine lot of rooted grape vines.

Supervisor Steward was down from Big Pine to attend the special meeting on Monday. He has about recovered from his late attack of rheumatism.

Jake Kilrain succeeded in tiring Godfrey out at the end of the forty-third round. The fight occurred in the California Club, San Francisco, last Friday evening.

Mrs. Celayo died of consumption at Lone Pine last Friday and was buried Sunday. She possessed a very amiable disposition and leaves many friends to mourn her loss.

It is reported that there are seven entries for the trotting race at Bishop on the 4th of July. Scott's horse, one of Birchim's and Young's Truckee Jr. being among the number.

Peter Dierkson died at Lone Pine Wednesday night, and was buried to-day. He was an old resident of Lone Pine, having followed the business of shoemaker there for many years.

Dead Celestials.

Last Tuesday morning an old Chinaman known as "Doc" died at Independence and was buried at the Chinese cemetery below town the same day. On Wednesday night another Chinaman known as "Charley" died and was buried to-day. Charley leaves a wife to mourn his death, and on visiting the house yesterday she was found weeping bitterly. On the floor a new piece of matting was spread, and on this the deceased was laid out, the body being covered with white linen. The eyes were open, giving the corpse a life-like appearance. The lips were drawn away from the teeth, between which a four-bit piece was clenched. A tub of earth was placed at his feet, and in it were stuck a number of burning punks. Arranged in a half circle around the tub were dishes of food and Chinese dainties. His shoes were placed beside him. Presently a Chinaman covered the eyes with small pieces of brown paper apparently wet with some solution and spread a large red silk handkerchief over the face. He stated that the dead man was forty-six years old, that he had been ailing for some time, but that a very severe cold had hastened his death. The custom of placing a coin in the mouth of the departed was practiced by the Greeks, who believed that it was collected by Charon when he ferried the manes across the river Styx. As the Chinese are the oldest race, the custom probably originated with them.

St Patrick's Day at Keeler.

In point of attendance the ball given at Keeler by Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes was the most successful yet had. The day was very pleasant, and a large number of people drove over from Lone Pine. There was a car filled with those who went from Independence and Lone Pine by rail. Dancing commenced at 9 o'clock and was continued untill 12, when an intermission of 2 hours was taken for supper. The dining room was again cleared, and the light fantastic was continued until 5 o'clock of "St. Patrick's Day in the morning." Music was rendered by the Harmony Orchestra of Independence. Mr Cameron gave complete satisfaction calling, and under the management of Mr. Frank Fitzgerald as floor director the whole affair passed off in a quiet and orderly manner. The thoroughly good time enjoyed by the participants will be the strongest inducement for them to attend next year.

A Bright Outlook.

Candelaria still continues to be a thrifty mining camp. The monthly payroll amounts to sixty thousand dollars. There is sufficient ore in sight in the Mt. Diablo to supply the milling capacity for a long time. There is a large force of men constantly employed at the Holmes. An English Company erected a leaching plant last fall and is working the old dumps so profitably that it is expected the work will be considerably increased this spring. A new pipe line will also be laid, the present line being inadequate to supply the demand. The water is carried a distance of twenty-eight miles. Captain Channell, Superintendent of the Princess, states that his company is prospecting and opening up new ground but not taking out any ore at present. The future of Candelaria is very bright a fact of much interest to the people of this Valley, as most of our produce can be marketed there.

Correspondence.

ED. INDEPENDENT—*Dear Sir:* Last Saturday night after the Good Templars had adjourned, and as the members were passing through town on their way home, a crowd of drunken hoodlums congregated on the porch of the Big Pine Hotel, "making night hideous" by their yells and foul language, no doubt intended for the ears of the Good Templars. They went so far with their insults as to place an obstruction across the road, which might have resulted seriously, as a good many persons had to pass that way. But fortunately, no one was hurt. These same hoodlums have upon various occasions attempted to interrupt the meetings of the Good Templars. These scoundrels should be brought to justice. They are a disgrace to the community they live in, and a curse to the world in general. Yours etc.,

GOOD TEMPLAR.

Directors' Meeting

A meeting of the Fair Directors was held at Independence last Tuesday. Officers were elected for the ensuing term as follows: President, E. Robinson; Secretary, C. W. Crag; Treasurer, Henry Rume. It was determined to hold the Fair this year at Bishop, the date being not yet fixed. All sectional difference should now be laid aside, and the people of the entire county unite to make the Fair a complete success.

We have received a copy of the last edition of Bishop's A. B. C. Guide, To the traveling public the book is invaluable as it gives complete information as to routes of travel, fare and time tables. It also contains valuable information for all business men. It is issued monthly, subscription price, $2.50 per annum. Address, 429 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

By a recent decision of Judge Wallace the famous resort in San Francisco known as Woodward's Gardens is to be sold. The grounds will be divided, and thus one of the old-time pupular institutions of California will disappear.

Mr. Harry Boland sent to San Francisco and secured a pretty decoration for the Cerro Gordo delegation to the St. Patrick's festivities. It was a little green bird neatly mounted and makes a pretty souvenir of the occasion.

Now is a golden opportunity to secure the finest piece of land under the Eastside canal. For the quality of it intending purchasers are referred to Superintendent McIver and the *Index*. Only six dollars an acre.

The Board of Supervisors met in special session last Monday and canvassed the returns of the Supervisor election in the second district. Mr. George Watterson was declared elected by a handsome majority.

Should the Fair Directors conclude to hang up a sufficient purse for a half mile and repeat, there will be a very exciting race between Pickpocket, Sagebrush and Hayseed. Which one would sell favorite?

Judge Hannah is making constant improvement on his Fish Springs property, in the way of fencing and putting out orchards. In a few years it will be about the best fruit farm in the Valley.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,

Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROBATE NOTICE

Notice for publication of time appointed for proving will, etc.

In the matter of the Estate of Thomas Parker deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 4th day of April A. D. 1891, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court-Room of said Court, at the town of Independence, in the County of Inyo, State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said Thomas Parker, deceased and for hearing the application of John Shepherd and S. G. Gregg for the issuance to them of letters testamentary thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated March 19th, 1891.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of John Mullane deceased.

Order to show cause why an Order of sale of real estate and personal property should not be made.

Richard Hessian Sr. the Executor of the last will and testament of John Mullane, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate and all the personal property of said deceased, for the purposes therein set forth, it is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Saturday, the 18th day of April, 1891 at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Court room of said Court, at the Court House in the town of Independence, in the said County of Inyo, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executor to sell all of the real estate and all of the personal property of the said deceased. And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Inyo Independent, a newspaper published and printed in the said County of Inyo.

GEO. M. GILL,
Judge of said Superior Court.
Dated March 19th, 1891.

[ENDORSED.]

In the Superior Court of the County of Inyo State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John Mullane deceased.

Order to show cause why an order of sale of Real Estate and Personal Property should not be made.

Filed March 20th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL,
Clerk.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1891.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
[SEAL]
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Forfeiture.

TO H. P. LIVINGSTON, OR WHOSEVER at present may represent his interest in the Caldera Mine, and Peter Meyer: You are hereby notified that I have expended One hundred [$100] dollars in labor and improvements upon the Caldera Lode, situated in Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county California, as will appear by certificate filed in the office of the Recorder of said district for the year 1890, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2324 Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31, 1890, and that within 90 days from the date hereof, in pursuance of said section, you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under the provisions of said Section 2324.

O. G. FUENTES.
Dated Cerro Gordo, January 2, 1891.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner

WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed Flooring.
sept 11-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

IRWINS' SALOON
Corner Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence, Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb21-tf

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. We start you. Neither capital nor experience needed. You can work in spare time or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,

WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

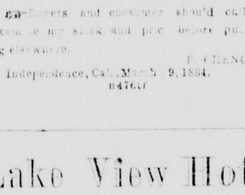
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best.

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.



Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Miners and consumers should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891.
84767

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

Sung little FORTUNES have been made at work for us by Anna Page, Neville, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Ionia, Mich. See our Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some men earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work, and live at home, wherever you are, even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Entirely unknown among you. Reader, if you want business at which persons can make great pay, write for our NEW and WONDERFUL Full particulars FREE. Address at once, BEST & CO., Box 488, PORTLAND, MAINE.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,

Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BIG POP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points

Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,
Watchmaker & Jeweler.
BISHOP, CAL.

Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.

I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE STEWART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,
GROCERIES
MINERS
Supplies

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.		From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
		Leave—		Arrive—
Mound House		11:30 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Dayton		12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska		2:05 p. m.		2:50 p. m.
Hawthorne		5:50 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning		7:05 p. m.		9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs		8:05 p. m.		9:15 a. m.
Belleville		9:15 p. m.		7:50 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar.	10:00 p. m.	Lv.	7:25 a. m.
		No. 3. Leave—		No. 4. Arrive—
Belleville		8:25 a. m.		5:25 p. m.
Benton		11:50 a. m.		1:55 p. m.
Bisson Creek		2:00 p. m.		11:15 a. m.
Alvord		2:45 p. m.		10:45 a. m.
Indendence		4:20 p. m.		8:50 a. m.
Lone Pine		5:10 p. m.		7:40 a. m.
Keeler	Ar.	5:55 p. m.	Lv.	7:00 a. m.

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (32 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (Tuesdays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downieville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc.

AT

L. WOOL

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE
Blacksmith Shop.
R. C. Spear, Prop'r

—ALL WORK ON—

MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS

—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—

HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING

All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES,
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

The people at the World's Dispensary of Buffalo, N. Y., have a stock-taking time once a year and what do you think they do? Count the number of bottles that've been returned by the men and women who say that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery or Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription didn't do what they said it would do.

And how many do you think they have to count. One in ten? *Not one in five hundred!*

Here are two remedies—one the Golden Medical Discovery, for regulating and invigorating the liver and purifying the blood; the other, the hope of weakly womanhood, and they've been sold for years, sold by the million bottles; sold under a *positive guarantee*, and not one in five hundred can say:

"It was not the medicine for me!"

And—is there any reason why you should be the one? And—supposing you are what do you lose? *Absolutely nothing!*

"You keep your age well," he said to Miss Oldmaid. "And yet they say a woman cannot keep a secret," she smiled in reply.

AN UNDISPUTED TEST OF MERIT.

A medicine that has been a household remedy for over fifty years and used in that time by more than 150,000,000 persons must have great merit. Such a medicine is found in BRANDRETH'S PILLS. This fact illustrates the value of these pills better than any statement of the proprietors. It will be observed that the dose required to cure is small. One or two pills taken every night for ten or twenty days will cure dyspepsia, costiveness, rheumatism, liver complaint, all female complaints and weaknesses.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

He sued for her hand—did the dude—
In a moment exceedingly rash;
And he in turn is being sued,
And she's after ten thousand in cash.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE BLIND.

Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his *New Treatment* for the cure of all diseases of the Eye: *—Cataract, Defective Vision, Inflammation*, etc., etc., without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

For further particulars address with stamped envelope, R. J. LA GRANGE, M. D., 215 Powell St., third door from Geary, San Francisco, Cal.

Office Hours, 11 till 3.

Larkin—Martens are the most stylish of birds. Gazzam—How so? Larkin—They wear swallow-tails.

DISORDERS WHICH AFFECT THE KIDNEYS

Are among the most formidable known. Diabetes, Bright's disease, gravel and other complaints of the urinary organs are not ordinarily cured in severe cases, but they may be relieved by timely medication. A useful stimulant of the urinary glands has ever been found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which not only affords the requisite stimulous when they become inactive, but increases their vigor and secretive power. By increasing the activity of the kidneys and bladder, this medicine has the additional effect of expelling from the blood impurities which it is the peculiar office of those organs to eliminate and pass off. The Bitters is also a purifier and strengthener of the bowels, an invigorant of the stomach, and a matchless remedy for biliousness and fever and ague. It counteracts a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

An Unappreciative Wife—Slimmy—Just going out to see a man in death. Mrs. Slimmy—Well, don't look in the mirror.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The barbed-wire men have formed a pool. They prefer that to sitting on their individual fences until they become wealthy.

Did you ever go within a mile of a soap factory? If so you know what material they make soap of. Dobbins' Electric Soap factory is as free from odor as a chair factory. Try it once. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

Something of an Acrobat—Wooden—Yes, as you say, Miss Smilax' eyes and hair are very fine, but I think her crowning glory is her feet.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

USE St Jacobs Oil
The Great REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES
SPRAINS & STRAINS
BURNS SCALDS
STIFFNESS.
Stiff Neck, Soreness
also SORE THROAT
WOUNDS, CUTS, SWELLINGS
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

BEBEE;

or,

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

By "OUIDA."

"I am in a hurry because I have Annemie's patterns to do," said Bebee, glad that he spoke of a thing that she knew how to answer. "You see, Annemie's hand shakes, and her eyes are dim, and she pricks the pattern all awry and never perceives it; it would break her heart if one showed her so, but the Baes would not take them as they are; they are of no use at all. So I prick them out myself on fresh paper, and the Baes thinks it is all her doing, and pays her the same money, and she is quite content. And as I carry the patterns to and fro for her, because she cannot walk, it is easy to cheat her like that, and it is no harm to cheat so, you know." He was silent.

"You are a good little girl, Bebee, I can see," he said at last, with a graver sound in his voice. "And who is this Annemie for whom you do so much—an old woman, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, quite old; incredibly old. Her man was drowned at sea sixty years ago, and she watches for his brig still, night and morning."

"The dog's heart! No doubt he beat her, and had a wife in fifty other ports."

"Oh, no," said Bebee, with a little cry, as though the word against the dead man hurt her. "She has told me so much of him. He was as good as good could be, and loved her so, and between the voyages they were so happy. Surely that must have been sixty years now, and she is so sorry still, and still will not believe that he was drowned."

He looked down on her with a smile that had a certain pity in it.

"Well, yes; there are women like that, I believe. But be very sure, my dear, he beat her. Of the two, one always holds the whip and uses it—the other crouches."

"I do not understand," said Bebee.

"No—but you will."

"I will? When?"

He smiled again.

"Oh—to-morrow, perhaps, or next year—or when Fate fancies."

"Or rather—when I choose," he thought to himself, and let his eyes rest with a certain pleasure on the little feet, that went beside him in the grass, and the pretty fair bosom that showed ever and again, as the frills of her linen bodice were blown back by the wind and her own quick motion.

Bebee looked also up at him; he was very handsome, and looked so to her, after the broad blunt characterless faces of the Walloon peasantry around her. He walked with an easy grace, he was clad in picture like velvets, he had a beautiful poetic head, and eyes like deep brown waters, and a face like one of Jordaen's or Rembrandt's cavaliers in the galleries where she used to steal in of a Sunday, and look up at the paintings, and dream of what that world could be in which those people had lived.

"You are of the people of Rubes' country, are you not?" she asked him.

"Of what country, my dear?"

"Of the people that live in the gold frames," said Bebee, quite seriously. "In the galleries, you know. I know a charwoman that scrubs the floors of the Arenberg palace, and she lets me in sometimes to look; and you are just like those great gentlemen in the gold frames, only you have not a hawk and a sword, and they always have. I used to wonder where they came from, for they are not like any of us one bit, and the charwoman—she is Lisa Dredel, and lives in the street of the Pot d'Etain—always said, 'Dear heart, they all belong to Rubes' land—we never see their like nowadays.' But you must come out of Rubes' land, at least, I think so, do you not?"

He caught her meaning; he knew that Rubes was the homely abbreviation of Rubens that all the Netherlanders used, and he guessed the idea that was reality to this little lonely, fanciful mind.

"Perhaps I do," he answered her with a smile, for it was not worth his while to disabuse her thoughts of any imagination that glorified him to her. "Do you not want to see Rubes' world, little one? To see the gold and the grandeur, and the glitter of it all?—never to toil or get tired?—always to move in a pageant?—always to live like the hawks in the paintings you talk of, with silver bells hung round you, and a hood all sewn with pearls?"

"No," said Bebee, simply. "I should like to see it—just to see it, as one looks through a grating into the king's grape houses here. But I should not like to live in it. I love my hut and the starling, and the chickens, and what would the garden do without me?—and the children, and the old Annemie? I could not anyhow, anywhere be any happier than I am. There is only one thing I wish."

"And what is that?"

"To know something; not to be so ignorant. Just look! I can read a little, it is true; my Hours, and the letters, and when Kreks brings in a newspaper I can read a little of it—not much. I know French well, because Antoine was French himself and never did talk Flemish to me; and they, being Netherlanders, cannot, of course, read the newspapers at all, and so think it very wonderful indeed in me. But what I want is to know things, to know all about what was before ever I was living. St. Gudule, now—they say it was built hundreds of years before, and Rubes, again—they say he was a painter king in Antwerpen before the oldest, oldest woman like Annemie ever began to count time. I am sure books will tell you all those things, because I see the students coming and going with them; and when I saw once the millions of books in the Rue du Musee I asked the keeper what use they were for, and he said, 'To make men wise, my dear.' But Gringoire Bac, the cobbler, who was with me—it was a fete day—Bac, he said, 'Do not you believe that, Bebee; they only muddle folks' brains; for one book tells them one thing and another book another, and so on till they are dazed with all the contrary lying; and if you see a bookish man, be sure you see a very poor creature, who could not hoe a patch, or kill a pig, or stitch an upper leather were it ever so.' But I do not believe that Bac said right. Did he?"

"I am not sure. On the whole, I think it is the truest remark on literature I have ever heard, and one that shows great judgment in Bac. Well?"

"Well—sometimes, you know," said Bebee, not understanding his answer, but pursuing her thoughts confidentially; "sometimes I talk like this to the neighbors, and they laugh at me. Because Mere Krebs says that when one knows how to spin and sweep and make bread and say one's prayers and milk a goat or a cow it is all a woman wants to know this side of heaven. But for me, I cannot help it—when I look at those windows in the cathedral, or at those beautiful twisted little spires that are all over our Hotel de Ville, I want to know who the men were that made them—what they did and thought—how they looked and spoke—how they learned to shape stone into leaves and grasses like that—how they could image all those angel faces on the glass. When I go alone in the quite early morning or at night when it is still—sometimes in winter I have to stay till it is dark over the lace—I hear their feet come after me and they whisper to me close, 'Look what beautiful things we have done, Bebee, and you all forget us quite. We did what never will die, but our names are as dead as the stones.' And then I am so sorry for them and ashamed. And I want to know more. Can you tell me?"

He looked at her earnestly; her eyes were shining, her cheeks were warm, her little mouth was tremulous with eagerness.

"Did any one ever speak to you in that way?" he asked her.

"No," she answered him. "It comes into my head of itself. Sometimes I think the cathedral angels put it there. For the angels must be tired, you know, always pointing to God and always seeing men turn away. I used to tell Antoine sometimes. But he used to shake his head and say that it was no use thinking; most likely St. Gudule and St. Michael had set the church down in the night all ready made, why not? God made the trees, and they were more wonderful, he thought, for his part. And so perhaps, they are, but that is no answer. And I do want to know. I want some one who will tell me—and if you come out of Rubes' country as I think, no doubt you know everything, or remember it."

He smiled.

"The free pass to Rubes' country lies in books, pretty one. Shall I give you some?—nay, lend them, I mean, since giving you are too willful to hear of without offense. You can read, you said?"

Bebee's eyes glowed as they lifted themselves to his.

"I can read—not very fast, but that would come with doing it more and more, I think, just as spinning does—one knots the thread and breaks it about a million times before one learns to spin as fine as cobwebs. I have read the stories of St. Anne, and of St. Catherine, and of St Luven fifty times, but they are all the books that Father Francis has and no one else has any among us."

"Very well. You shall have books of mine, easy ones first; and then those that are more serious. But what time will you have? You do so much; you are like a little golden bee."

Bebee laughed happily.

"Oh! give me the books and I will find the time. It is light so early now. That gives one so many hours. In winter one has so few one must lie in bed, because to buy a candle you know one cannot afford except of course a taper now and then, as one's duty is, for our Lady or for the dead. And you will really, really, lend me books?"

"Really—I will. Yes. I will bring you one to the Grande Place to-morrow, or meet you on your road there with it. Do you know what poetry is, Bebee?"

"No."

"But your flowers talk to you?"

"Ah! always. But then no one else hears them ever but me, and so no one else ever believes."

"Well—poets are folks who hear the flowers talk as you do, and the trees, and the seas, and the beasts, and even the stones; but no one else ever hears these things, and so, when the poets write them out, the rest of the world say, 'That is very fine, no doubt, but only good for dreamers; it will bake no bread.' I will give you some poetry—for I think you care more about dreams than about bread."

"I do not know," said Bebee; and she did not know, for her dreams, like her youth, and her innocence, and her simplicity, and her strength, were all unconscious of themselves, as such things must be to be pure and true at all.

Bebee had grown up straight, and clean, and fragrant, and joyous as one of her own carnations, but she knew herself no more than the carnation knows its color and its root.

"No, you do not know," said he, with a sort of pity; and thought within himself, was it worth while to let her know?

If she did not know, these vague aspirations and imaginations would drop off from her with the years of her early youth, as the lime flowers drop downward with the summer heats. She would forget them. They would linger a little in her head, and perhaps, always wake at some sunset hour or some angelus chime, but not to trouble her. Only to make her cradle song a little sadder and softer than most women's was. Unfed, they would sink away and bear no blossom.

She would grow into a simple, hardy, hard working, God fearing Flemish woman like the rest. She would marry, no doubt, some time, and rear her children honestly and well, and sit in the market stall every day, and spin and sew, and dig and wash, and sweep, and brave bad weather, and be content with poor food to the end of her harmless and laborious days—poor little Bebee!

He saw her so clearly as she would be—if he let her alone.

A little taller, a little broader, a little browner, less sweet of voice, less soft of skin, less flower like in face, having learned to think only as her neighbors thought, of price of wood and cost of bread, laboring cheerily but hardly from daybreak to nightfall to fill hungry mouths, forgetting all things except the little curly heads clustered round her soup pot, and the year-old lips sucking at her breasts.

A blameless life, an eventless life, a life as clear as the dewdrop, and as colorless, a life opening, passing, ending in the little green wooded lane, by the bit of water where the swans made their nests under the willows; a life like the life of millions; a little purer, a little brighter, a little more tender, perhaps, than those lives usually are, but otherwise as like them as one ear of barley is like another as it rises from the soil, and blows in the wind, and turns brown in the strong summer sun, and then goes down to the sod again under the sickle.

He saw her just as she would be—if he let her alone.

But should he leave her alone?

He cared nothing, only her eyes had such a pretty, frank, innocent look like a bird's in them, and she had been so brave and bold with him about those silken stockings; and this little ignorant, dreamful mind of hers was so like a blush rosebud, which looks so close shut, and so sweet smelling, and so tempting fold within fold, that a child will pull it open, forgetful that he will spoil it forever from being a full grown rose, and that he will let the dust, and the sun, and the bee into its tender bosom—and men are true children, and women are their rosebuds.

Thinking only of keeping well with this strange and beautiful wayfarer from that unknown paradise of Rubes' country, Bebee lifted up the vine leaves of her basket.

"I took a flower for you today, but it is dead. Look—to-morrow, if you will be there, you shall have the best in all the garden."

"You wish to see me again then?" he asked her. Bebee looked at him with troubled eyes, but with a sweet, frank faith that had no hesitation in it.

"Yes! you are not like anything I ever knew, and if you will only help me to learn a little. Sometimes I think I am not stupid, only ignorant—but I cannot be sure unless I try."

He smiled. It was listlessly amused, the day before he had tempted the child merely because she was pretty, and to tempt her in that way seemed the natural course of things, but now there was something in her that touched him differently; the end would be the same, but he would change the means.

The sun had set. There was a low, dull red glow still on the far edge of the plains—that was all. In the distant cottages little lights were twinkling. The path grew dark.

"I will go away and let her alone," he thought. "Poor little soul! it would give itself lavishly, it would never be bought. I will let it alone; the mind will go to sleep and the body will keep healthy and strong and pure, as people call it. It would be a pity to play with both a day, and then throw them away, as the boy threw the pear blossom. She is a little clod of earth that has field flowers growing in it. I will let her alone, the flowers under the plow in due course will die, and she will be content among the other clods—if I let her alone."

At that moment there went across the dark fields, against the dusky red sky, a young man with a pile of brushwood on his back, and a hatchet in his hand.

"You are late, Bebee," he called to her in Flemish, and scowled at the stranger by her side.

"A good looking lad—who is it?" said her companion.

"That is Jeannot, the son of old Sophie," she answered him. "He is so good—oh, so good, you cannot think; he keeps his mother and three little sisters, and works so very, very hard in the forest, and yet he often finds time to dig my garden for me, and he chops all my wood in the winter."

They had come to where the road goes up by the king's summer palace. They were under great hanging beeches and limes. There was a high gray wall, and over it the blossoming fruit boughs hung. In a ditch full of long grass little kids bleated by their mothers. Away on the left went the green fields of colza, and beetroot, and trefoil, with big forest trees here and there in the midst, and, against the blue low line of the far horizon, red mill sails, and gray church spires, dreamy plaintive bells far away somewhere were ringing the sad Flemish carillon.

He paused and looked at her.

"I must bid you good night, Bebee—you are near your home now."

She paused too and looked at him.

"But I shall see you to-morrow?"

There was the wistful, eager, anxious unconsciousness of appeal as when the night before she had asked him if he were angry.

He hesitated a moment. If he said no, and went away out of the city wherever his listless and changeful whim called him, he knew how it would be with her: he knew what her life would be as surely as he knew the peach would come out of the peach flower rosy on the wall there, life in the little hut; among the neighbors; sleepy and safe and soulless—if he let her alone.

If he stayed and saw her on the morrow he knew too, the end as surely as he knew that the branch of white pear blossom which in carelessness he had knocked down with a stone on the grass yonder, would fade in the night and would never bring forth its sweet, simple fruit in the sunshine.

To leave the peach flower to come to maturity and be plucked by a peasant—or to pull down the pear blossom and rifle the buds?

Carelessly and languidly he balanced the question with himself, whilst Bebee, forgetful of the lace patterns and the flight of the hours, stood looking at him with anxious and pleading eyes, thinking only—was he angry again, or would he really bring her the books and make her wise, and let her know the stories of the past?

"Shall I see you to-morrow?" she said wistfully.

Should she?—if he left the peach blossom safe on the wall, Jeannot the wood cutter would come by and by and gather the fruit.

If he left the clod of earth in its pasture with all its daisies untouched, this black browed young peasant would cut it round with his hatchet and carry it to his wicker cage, that the homely brown lark of his love might sing to it some stupid wood note under a cottage eave.

The sight of the strong young forester going over the darkened fields against the dull red skies was a feather that suffices to sway to one side a balance that hangs on a hair.

He had been inclined to leave her alone when he saw in his fancy the clean, simple, mindless, honest life that her fanciful girlhood would settle down into as time should go on. But when in the figure of the woodman there was painted visibly on the dusky sky that end for her which he had foreseen, he was not indifferent to it; he resented it; he was stirred to a vague desire to render it impossible.

If Jeannot had not gone by across the fields he would have left her and let her alone from that night thenceforward; as it was—

"Good night, Bebee," he said to her. "To-morrow I will finish the Broodhuis and bring you your first book. Do not dream too much or you will prick your lace patterns all awry. Good night, pretty one."

Then he turned and went back through the green dim lanes to the city.

Bebee stood a moment looking after him, with a happy smile, then she picked up the fallen peach bough and ran home as fast as her feet would take her.

That night she worked very late watering her flowers, and trimming them, and then ironing out a little clean white cap for the morrow, and then sitting down under the open lattice to prick out all old Annemie's designs by the strong light of the full moon that flooded her hut with its radiance.

But she sang all the time that she worked, and the gay, pretty, wordless songs floated across the water and across the fields, and woke some old people in their beds as they lay with their windows open, and they turned and crossed themselves, and said, "Dear heart!—this is the eve of the ascension, and the angels are so near we hear them."

But it was no angel, only the thing that is nearer heaven than anything else—a little human heart that is happy and innocent.

Bebee had only one sorrow that night. The peach blossoms were all dead—and no care could call them back even for an hour's blooming.

"He did not think when he struck them down," she said to herself, regretfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

They've Lost Millions.

A thief undiscovered belongs as much to the outfit of a phenomenally famous singer as her indispensable rouge pot. The lack of a perfect shape does not signify, but the lack of a thief would be ruin. Adelina Patti has been robbed by night and by day, in Europe and America, on shore and at sea, in hotels and on railway trains. Carlotta Patti and Christine Nilsson and—but why mention names.

An incredible amount of diamonds and jewels have disappeared in this way without ever turning up again. But the lady artists are forgiving. They do not prosecute the thieves. They do not go to the police. They do not offer rewards. Perhaps they know that the gold in their throats can easily be coined, and that their rippling notes can soon be changed into rows of pearls. They are easy going and soon forget their loss. A royal present to a lady artist which does not get stolen has missed its object, and cases have indeed occurred where presents which were never given were stolen.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Double Sashes for Railway Cars.

In consequence of the decided addition to the comfort of travelers of double sashes in passenger cars by reason of the prevention of the admission of cold air in winter and dust in summer several railway companies have decided to use double windows altogether in the future, and this conclusion has probably been hastened by the fact that many of their best day coaches and chair cars rival special cars in the richness of their plushes and interior decorations, and they cannot afford to have such fittings rapidly destroyed by the dust.

The comparative ease with which a car fitted with double windows can be heated in winter is also a consideration. They not only prevent cold air leaking in where it is not wanted, but they also interpose a layer of comparatively still air between the warm air in the car and the cold atmosphere outside, thereby preventing the loss of considerable heat by conduction and convection.—New Orleans Picayune.

To what do I attribute my success in burlesque opera? Well, I imagine that it is principally due to the manner in which I work. I like the stage and love to act. From the moment I appear I enter with zest into the fun of the performance, and the humor is all from the heart. And what comes from the heart is always convincing.—Francis Wilson in Kate Field's Washington.

The floating island in Sadawga lake, in the town of Whittingham, Vt., is one of the most remarkable freaks of nature and one of the greatest curiosities in the world. The island contains over a hundred acres, and it actually floats upon the top of the water.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Remarkable Statement of Personal Danger and Providential Escape.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers, entire.

To the Editor Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat:

SIR: On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and, at times, neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared on the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I had at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover, I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe *more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys.* This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive features of its own, (indeed, it often developes without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity) but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy, or heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore everyone who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30.

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Judge—Hem! Your verdict seems decidedly mixed. Foreman of the Jury—Yes, your honor. It's in accordance with your evidence.

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

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ALASKA'S DEAD CITY.

Story of a Deserted and Ice Covered Town.

THE TOUGH YARN OF AN ALASKA MINER

He Claims to Have Seen the Original of the Muir Glacier Mirage.

Since the story of the Muir glacier mirage first became known your correspondent has made every effort to get substantial news concerning it, but beyond the statements of Professor Willoughby, and the word of one or two who had seen the mirage, nothing tangible could be obtained. By the steamer Eider, which arrived recently at Victoria from the north, came a miner, who left the vessel at that port, and did not go on to San Francisco, as he at first intended. From this miner, who is a very intelligent man, a most remarkable story was obtained, and the first description of the Silent City is here given.

George H. Kershon is the name given by the narrator of the tale.

Kershon is a hardy looking man, with a well knit frame, indicative of an ability to withstand physical hardship, while his clear, blue eyes are a surety that whatever he undertakes he will carry through.

"Yes," he said, "I think I am the first white man who ever gazed on the frozen city of the north. In the summer of 1888 I was one of a party of six who left here to go north prospecting. Of the other five I know not where they are. We took the steamer to Juneau, where we left her, buying a small sloop to take our kits up to Yukon. After several weeks of awful toil we reached a fork.

"I was for going up this fork and prospecting, but the other five were against it; but as I was determined to go I left the party, engaged an Indian canoe, with two bucks, and started up off this unknown fork. We had a terrible time. The stream narrowed in between high cliffs and shot with dizzy swiftness down the gulches, making it necessary to tow the canoe by means of a line from the banks, two doing this while the third man rested.

"After that it was a bit easier. The river broadened out and the country was more level. The banks were well wooded and game was plentiful. We kept on like this, always going north, when after six weeks a range of mountains were sighted. At length we reached the wild country again, and the stream, which had been subdividing itself into lesser ones, soon became too difficult to navigate. This was almost at the foot of the mountain range spoken of. Here I determined to camp for the winter, and good quarters were found.

"Before long the cold came, and at times it was impossible to stir from cover. Especially was this the case when the wind blew. At other times it was fairly comfortable, although the lack of sun made it gloomy enough.

"One day I determined to try to scale one of the mountains near us, as I got so tired and weary with being penned up in such a confined place. This idea I put before the Indians. One of them said he would go with me; the other would not risk it, so he was left in camp.

"We went right up the line of the frozen river, which, being a solid mass of ice, made a good roadway. Following this for about twenty miles, at a pretty steep rise, we reached a plateau between the foothills and high range. Here the stream ended and we started to climb one of the big hills. After a lot of hard work we reached a point near the summit. A wonderful view was had from here, but the strangest thing was a city in one of the valleys.

"You may bet I was surprised to see it. At first I thought it was some fantastic arrangement of the ice and snow which had assumed the form of a city, but examination with a glass showed that such was not the case, it being too regular in appearance.

"It was a city, sure enough.

"Determined to see more of it, I commenced to work downward, although the buck was rather frightened, he evidently not considering it 'good medicine.' After several hours of hard work I reached the outskirts of this mysterious city, and found that this place was laid out in streets, with blocks of strange looking buildings, what appeared to be mosques, towers, ports, etc., and every evidence of having been built by art.

"The whole was of solid ice, or seemed to be, but blows from a hatchet on one of the walls disclosed the fact that beneath this barrier of ice was some sort of building material. It looked to be wood, but of stonelike hardness, and apparently petrified.

"The silence around the place was something ghostly. Not the slightest sound broke the awful stillness of the place, which, added to the weird look of the empty streets, made it grewsome enough. I soon got tired of investigating the city, as the streets were blocked in many places with huge masses of ice, rendering passage almost impossible. The buck, too, became uneasy, and we started on the return trip, reaching camp the next day, tired, but satisfied that we had been the first men to gaze on that silent city for centuries.

"After spring had broke I made some strikes in nugget gold at the headwaters of the river, working with the Indians through the summer months, leaving camp for the Yukon about the end of August. We reached the river all right, the trip down being easy, and in due time I got back to Juneau, where I took the steamer for the south.

"It was while I was at Juneau I saw newspapers with an account of the mirage seen at Muir glacier. I did not make any allusions to this, though, as I did not think any one would believe me, but I am positive that the mirage of Muir glacier is the reflection of the frozen city found by me."—Cor. Juneau Times.

Too Much Good Luck.

"If you ever happen to find a silver dollar in the course of your travels, you let it lie right where it is when you see it," said a jolly young broker.

"Coming down on the elevated a few days ago," he continued, "I noticed something bright wedged in between the basketwork seat to the wooden arm. I poked it out with my knife blade and found my prize to be a silver dollar. I had never found any money before, and I felt so good that when I got off the train I stepped into a cigar store and bought four cigars for $1, instead of three for a quarter, as usual. That noon at luncheon I felt awfully thirsty, and, being $1 ahead, I ordered a bottle of claret. Later, buoyed up by the same thought, I asked the boys to take something, and the round cost me ninety cents. When it came time to go home the elevated trains were crowded, so I thought I'd spend my dollar for a hansom cab and drive home, stopping at a theatre, where, on account of my find, I bought tickets of a speculator instead of at the office. I told my wife about my luck and showed her the identical dollar, which I had saved. She was delighted, and insisted upon having the piece smoothed off on one side and the place and date of my good fortune inscribed thereon, the carrying out of which conceit cost me $2.50. Altogether, I should think my find cost me nearly $10; so take my advice, and if you run across any stray dollars don't pick 'em up."—New York Sun.

Garments of the Eskimo.

The Eskimo costume consists in summer of sealskins, and in winter of reindeer skins, the latter being always worn in duplicate, one set with the fur next the body, the other with the fur outside, an arrangement that is even better than the famous one of Brian O'Lynn, who, according to the old song, having no breeches to wear, got him a sheepskin to make him a pair, and then—

With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,
He was fine and warm was Brian O'Lynn.

The pattern of their garments varies not a whit from generation to generation. The coat, which does not button but is hauled on over the head, has a large capuchin, in Eskimo language, "amook," at the back of the neck. The only difference between the coats of the men and the women lies in the latter being graced with a tail, both "fore and aft," so to speak, upon which the feminine fondness for ornamentation is indulged to the full extent of the wearer's means, so that they may be seen adorned with numerous rows of beads and bits of brass or copper, such things as the works of a clock not being despised, for instance. A very popular form of decoration consists of tablespoons, which they break in two and arrange in various devices, grouping the handles in one place and the bowls in another.—J. Macdonald Oxley in American Magazine.

A Blow at Iced Tea.

"Give me a tenderloin well done, some Lyonnaise potatoes and some celery."

"Yes, sir."

"And, waiter, bring me some iced tea."

"The worst thing you could drink," remarked a doctor who was taking lunch with a reporter.

"How is this?"

"First, the cold water is not good for your stomach, and then as a preventive from any epidemic it is well to boil all fluids used for drinking purposes. Tea taken hot is more wholesome than iced tea. To prove this just look at the Chinese. Their population is enormous, but it could never have increased to the present number if epidemics had ravaged that empire as they have those of the west. The Chinese are a healthy people in spite of their indescribably filthy surroundings. I attribute this to their use of tea as a beverage. This is the only redeeming feature of their lives. They do not drink it iced, but hot, and to make it they have to boil the water. In the presence of an epidemic of cholera, typhoid fever or dysentery the wisest precaution to take is to boil all fluids used for drinking purposes."—New York Mail and Express.

Made Productive by Irrigation.

A young New Englander, who went out to Colorado a few years ago to engage in cultivating the soil, remarked here the other day that it was for a long time incomprehensible to him that what was apparently the most barren and sterile land in that country became the most productive by irrigation. "It was only by hard study and investigation," said he, "that I at last became satisfied as to the process of nature by which this result was brought about. Farms taken up in the sage brush looked unpromising enough, but with watering became immensely productive. The soil was full of alkali. The action of the water was to decompose it and convert it into a fertilizer. It was literally a 'Presto change,' and almost in a night the result was effected. Such land continues productive right along, if properly cultivated, and yields in rotation crops of oats, barley, potatoes, wheat, grass and vegetables the same as elsewhere. It is for reclaiming these waste lands that immense irrigating canals have been built, one of them nearly 100 miles long, to bring the water down from the mountains."—New York Tribune.

The Borderland of Bribery.

The custom of paying eminent barristers large retainers to hold their tongue, and not appear on the other side, has the features of own cousin to a bribe, especially if any jurist so committed stifles his convictions and looks on quietly to see injustice done. I was informed by the treasurer of a Massachusetts railroad, fifty years ago, that to get ahead of the parties wishing to tap it with a rival road, he ran with all haste to Daniel Webster's office across the way. Webster, who had been already approached, but not retained, in the adverse interest, and who, perhaps, preferred the new comer's cause, answered, in guttural tones, that made the treasurer stare: "There are no bones broken, there is no blood spilt;" and put the retainer of 500 easily earned dollars in his vest pocket.—Rev. Dr. Bartol in The Forum.

Protection Against Cold.

It is well known that paper is a great protection against the cold. On the frontier miners and woodsmen preserve large sheets of wrapping paper and newspapers to put between the covering blankets when there is an insufficiency of bed covering in the hotels or camps. An excellent protection out of doors for the chest when wearing the dress suit, with the low cut vest exposing a portion that is generally well covered by the fashionable high cut coat and vest, is a few folds of paper underneath the overcoat. Many roadsters in driving put a few folds of paper across the chest underneath the overcoat as well as at the back, and find effectual protection against the cold winds that prevail at this season. The paper is like a wall in completely protecting the wearer.—New York Times.

PRODUCING AN OPERA.

Manager Aronson Tells How it is Done.

THE PREPARATIONS TAKE MANY WEEKS.

How the Parts are Cast.—Plans for Scenery and Music.

To the uninformed the placing of an opera upon the stage may seem a comparatively trifling matter, but it is really a laborious undertaking, involving months of preparation. As soon as I have decided what my next production is to be my scene painter, stage manager and musical conductor are called into consultation. The painter immediately constructs the models of the scenery called for, while the others and myself begin our consideration of the score. Playing over the music, we decide upon the proper allotment of the principal roles. This gentleman for the tenor, that one for the bass; this lady for the soprano, that one for the contralto, and so on through the minor characters and into the chorus. Instances frequently occur in which it is necessary to employ a double chorus, such as where, without sufficient delay to permit a change of costume, one contingent of young ladies appear in one scene as peasants and in the next as sailors.

Having assigned the characters and selected the chorus, I have the music of the parts hektographed and a copy given to each of the sopranos, tenors, contraltos, bassos and so on. The drill of these people is continued until the various parts are fairly grounded by the conductor, after which he turns them over to an assistant, who continues the task until those who have the least sense of time and tune have thoroughly acquired a knowledge of the music.

DRILLING THE CHORUS.

Of course it is desirable that a chorister should be a trained musician to start with; but sometimes a conductor finds it less difficult to teach one who is entirely ignorant of music, from the fact that such a one usually works industriously, learning his task perfectly, and rarely thereafter deviating from a true rendering. The feminine portion of a chorus is mainly selected for the voice and appearance.

The voice is the primary consideration among the masculine members, but we do make a point of assigning the characters of soldiers to men of tall stature, and those of civilians and peasants to persons of ordinary height.

While the chorus is pursuing its labors with the assistant the conductor devotes his attention to the principals, and after each person has had individual rehearsing the duos and trios are brought together and rehearsed until they have mastered everything.

At about this period we usually call a rehearsal to decide upon the positions, entrances and exits, arranging what is technically known as the "business" of the opera and forming effective and picturesque groupings of the characters and chorus. When this has been perfected we rehearse the opera as a whole, and by this means the principals learn where their music occurs in the action of the play and the choruses discover where their work fits in.

So we go on until the construction of the opera is completed and all its component parts are dovetailed together, as one may say.

As I consider the orchestra a most important factor of the success of any opera, forming the basis upon which the whole fabric is built, this department demands and receives my particular attention. I have the members of mine brought together about midway in the preparation for a new production.

FINAL REHEARSALS.

While all this has been going on the scene painter has been busy in his department, the property men have been preparing the appointments, the carpenters have devised the mechanical contrivances, and the gas engineer has arranged for the proper distribution of the lights and the colored mediums or glasses by means of which he can produce certain desired effects. The costumers, wig makers and boot makers have taken the measurements of principals and chorus.

A week before the date of a production I order a dress rehearsal, so that each partaker can be individually inspected, and changes that are advisable can be made at once. A good deal of discretion and good judgment is necessary to a manager in distributing the various parts to persons who will effectively fill them. Physical fitness must be considered.

Thus, women of elegance, dignity and repose of manner should be selected to represent court ladies, while arch, piquant little bodies do nicely for waitresses and peasants, and young ladies of not too feminine proportions are given a chance to wear a doublet and hose.

If it can be arranged on the night just previous to a new work being brought out, we give a full dress rehearsal, intending it to be in every department equivalent to a first night's performance, and we exert every effort to enable the artists to have an unbroken rest on the day of production. Such in brief is the modus operandi of bringing out an opera.—Rudolph Aronson in Kate Field's Washington.

Blister Beetles in Abundance.

A green insect called the "Spanish fly" has achieved a reputation in medicine. Reduced to a powder it is applied most effectively as a blister, inflaming the skin through the operation of an active principle which the powder contains called "cantharidin." Precious few people are aware, however, that ordinary potato bugs dried and powdered have an equal virtue of the same description. Furthermore, there are ever so many other insects which supply this cantharidin. For example, there are fifteen known species of "blister beetles" in this country which serve the same purpose.—Washington Star.

THE PLASTER PARIS BANDAGE.

How That Valuable Auxiliary to Surgical Science Was Invented.

Let me tell you a story and at the same time give you the history of the plaster Paris bandage. You must understand first that the inventions of plaster Paris, starch, glue and paste bandages are of recent date. During the late war they were unknown, and the first place in which they figured in surgical science was in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, when the Bavarian splint was first used. The Bavarian splint, which suggested to an American doctor the use of plaster Paris, was a contrivance made to fit closely to the limb. It had a seam up the back, and when removed was split down the front and opened like a book. It could then be used again on a limb of similar dimensions—but to our story.

About the year 1870 a gentleman from New York was making his way to Chicago, where he was going to give personal superintendence to a lawsuit in which he was the plaintiff. If he lost the suit he would lose his all. He had but a day to finish his journey, when, as fate would have it, he slipped on the street in Cleveland, O., and broke his leg. The poor man was in great distress. Everything he had was involved in the Chicago lawsuit. He sent for his doctor and told him that he had decided to continue the journey, even at the risk of his life, stating at the same time the reasons why the journey was so imperative.

The doctor, who happened to be an ingenious fellow, had just been reading about the Bavarian splint, and at once sent for a dentist whom he had seen a few days before making plaster Paris molds of teeth. The dentist came, and both went to work on the limb. They first wrapped it securely with cloth bandages, then buried the entire limb in a mass of the plaster Paris. As soon as it hardened the man was assisted to rise, and a great portion of the surplus plaster was cut off, reducing the bulk. A pair of crutches were secured and the injured man, with his limb securely bound, boarded the train the next morning, to his infinite satisfaction. Of course he won the suit and indirectly hastened an invention that has proved a great value to the medical world.—Interview in Cincinnati Times-Star.

Cast Iron Bricks.

What are termed hollow cast iron bricks are the invention of an Erfurt mechanic. As the name indicates they are made of regular brick form and size, the walls being 0.12 inches thick, but no mortar or other binding material is intended to enter into their use, the method of fastening adopted being as follows: The upper and lower sides of the brick are provided with grooves and protecting ribs, which fit into one another easily and perfectly, so as to make a uniform and complete union or combination.

There are in addition two large circular openings in the upper side of each brick, arranged to receive suitably formed projections on the lower side of the brick above, one of these projections being also hooked shape, thus securing a more secure hold; and in order that the joints be made and remain air and water tight a fluid is applied to the surface of the bricks with a brush. The non-conducting air spaces in the bricks, and the ease with which they may be put together and taken apart without injuring them, are cited as special advantages in their favor as a substitute for ordinary bricks and brick construction.—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

How He Spent His Vacation.

A young man employed in a big retail dry goods store was granted a vacation. It was expected that he would hie to the mountains or go to the shore. The first morning he was free he walked through the store leisurely, nodding to his comrades behind the counters, but speaking to no one. He then made his exit. The second day he was an hour later, but he passed in review his toiling associates, and then went out. This he repeated for six days. When he returned on Monday he was asked why this strange behavior. He replied that he had felt for a long time a desire to do as he pleased in the store, and he had now been able to do so, and he added: "I'm satisfied and ready to go to work again—better satisfied than if I had climbed mountains or bathed in the surf."—Boston Journal.

All Stanley's Fault.

Not long ago a mother looked over the shoulder of her little girl who was groaning about a difficult lesson. The book was open at the map of Africa, and the mother exclaimed:

"Why, how that map has changed since I was a child! Then it had only a few towns about the coast, and all the middle was a blank. We didn't have to learn much about the map of Africa in those days."

"I know it," cried the little girl, almost in tears, "and it's all the fault of that dreadful Mr. Stanley!"—Exchange.

A Lucky Fellow.

Mrs. Sharptongue (querulously)—Here you are earning next to nothing, and our old neighbor, Mr. Quickwit, is making $10,000 a year.

Mr. S.—Lucky fellow, that Quickwit. He's got a job as traveling salesman, and is away from home ten months in the year.—New York Weekly.

The longest day of the year has 19 hours at St. Petersburg, 17 hours at Hamburg, 16 1-4 hours at London, 15 hours at New York and 3 1-2 months at Spitzbergen.

MEXICAN NEWSPAPERS.

An Example of the Enterprise Displayed.

EXTRAORDINARY IDEAS OF JOURNALISM.

Reading the Sunday Paper on Saturday Evening.

"El Nacional y Tiempo de manana!" Now, there's enterprise for you. "The National and Times of to-morrow." To-morrow, mind you, and this in a land where the flies are said to roost low of nights from sheer laziness. Have you anything like it in your so called enterprising New York?

It sort of knocks out the stranger in this land of pulque and tortillas to find that he can read, or rather could read if he understood Spanish, Sunday's paper while he reclines at ease in a big armchair on Saturday evening. It takes all the conceit out of him, and the next day he doesn't carry his head near so high. It is only after he has mastered the language that his old time confidence returns, and the American eagle flaps his wings as lustily as ever to his eyes, for when he is able to read to-morrow's paper today he finds that it is really today's paper of yesterday, or day before yesterday, or week before last.

NO CONCEPTION OF NEWS.

To be sure the paper is dated to-morrow, but if he finds any news of today in it he puts it down as an exceptional case, and when night after night, from 7 o'clock in the evening until 3 o'clock in the morning, he hears the cry, "El Nacional y Tiempo de manana!" he comments on it in the darkness with a plentiful sprinkling of swear words, for the Mexican newsboy's cry is exceptionally shrill and penetrating, and makes sleep a stranger to the nervous man's eyes. Queer institution is the newspaper here in this land of queer institutions. The word newspaper is really a libel on the genuine article, as we know. Newspaper men have absolutely no conception of news, and the much coveted "beat" of New York journalism is an unknown factor in Mexico.

And the people seemed to be perfectly contented with this sort of thing. I have seen The Monitor Republicano, the chief daily paper of the republic, come out, time after time, without a single item of original news. Everything in its news columns was copied from its local contemporaries and full credit was given. This is the practice among all the papers. They make up their local news by taking the few original items that appear in the columns of their competitors. By going carefully through the columns of the city exchanges they manage to fill the space given to "news," so called, and as each paper is enabled to get at least an item or two of something fresh every day, they manage between them to keep the pot boiling and fill from three to five columns. Frequently I have seen an item traveling about for two or three weeks, going from paper to paper as the editors happened to find it. That sounds very funny, doesn't it? Just imagine the cry of "chestnuts!" that would soar heavenward if anything of the kind was attempted in your city. It's all a matter of education, however, and after awhile you learn not to mind it—in fact, you rather like it. I do. It saves an awful amount of wear on the nerves, and you need only read one paper to get absolutely all the news that has been printed, if you only wait long enough. All you require is patience, and you somehow or other accumulate a wonderful stock of it here after a short residence.

THE ENTERPRISE DISPLAYED.

About the funniest illustration—that is funny to you New Yorkers, I mean—of the enterprise displayed by the papers here in laying the news before their readers, occurred some time ago, when Mexico experienced the severest earthquake shocks of which there is any record. Houses were shaken down in different parts of the city, the aqueduct was broken, cutting off the water supply, the great cathedral was cracked, bridges were ruined and the people were almost scared to death. This occurred at 11:30 o'clock on a Saturday night. In your city you newspaper people would have worked your reporters nearly to death and strained the nerves of everybody in the establishment for the purpose of getting a full and complete story of the earthquake and the damage in Sunday morning's paper. Here the Sunday papers had been printed many hours before, and such a thing as an extra or anything of the kind for Sunday was not even dreamed of. As there are no Monday papers—nobody works on Sunday except a few storekeepers—it was Tuesday's papers that were looked to for the news.

On Tuesday El Monitor Republicano informed its expectant readers in about twelve lines, that on Saturday night there had been a very severe earthquake which had done much damage. Its staff of reporters was busily at work investigating the damage, and in a day or two the paper would lay its complete account before the public. And it did on Thursday morning, just five days after the shock. This paper has made a great fortune for its proprietor; its advertising rates are enormous, and the advertising department is more arbitrarily conducted than that of the most independent journal in America. It will print no cuts of any kind or at any price. It will accept no advertisement for stipulated days or for consecutive insertions. The best that you can do, if you want to advertise in its columns, is to secure a contract for a given number of insertions, the dates to be decided by the publishers without consulting you. And this only by paying in advance for all the insertions, some of which may not be given for months afterward. Not a line of paid matter can be secured in the reading columns for love or money. Hundreds of dollars of advertisements are lost daily because the publisher will not increase the size of his paper, which is a four page sheet. Its circulation is about 4,000, and no effort has ever been made to increase it. Like every other newspaper—God save the mark!—in this city and throughout the republic, El Monitor Republicano closes its forms at 6 o'clock in the evening.

Think of that, you overworked news slaves of the place known as "God's country!"—City of Mexico Cor. New York Press.

No Venomous Beetles.

Of more than 40,000 species of beetles widely diffused over the earth's surface not one is known to be venomous, or possessed of a sting. Butterflies and moths have no mouths to eat with, only a proboscis to extract sweet juices from flowers. Neither do they grow after assuming the winged state. When in the caterpillar state they are voracious eaters. A company of some species will strip a whole tree within a single day.—St Louis Republic.

A NATIONAL LITERATURE.

Where We Should Look for a Reflection of Popular Character.

It is as natural for a young people to copy older ones as for an infant to imitate motions and sounds. In the course of nature the infant passes beyond the stage of imitation. When a nation born in the throes of revolution has attained, through years of heroic youth and manhood, the dignity that is ours today as the greatest republic on earth, its life may reasonably be expected to exhibit individuality. For a reflection of the character of a people we look to its literature. Nothing is better able to show forth the daily life and the spirit of a nation than its fiction. The novel and the short story of all lands, merely in their national significance, afford a study of wonderful interest.

The American life of today is a copy of nothing. It is absolutely unique. Nor is it lacking in the most decided elements of romance and of the picturesque. Where its spirit has been caught—perhaps best by Hawthorne—it has yielded everything essential for the most stirring effects. If it were not so—if we had no originality—our writers had better remain copyists, for when they cease to be that they would become nothing. It is to be confessed that our literature has been too long of that character which is worse than silence—of sustained mediocrity. Too long our novelists have gone abroad for their subjects; too long our people have gone abroad for their novelists.

Let the writers look at home for their subjects, and when they have grasped the spirit of American national life they will find a burst of appreciation on the part of the people. But let the writer that would be successful rid himself of the idea that novels of the New York drawing rooms are American stories. The attempt now being made to foist them as such, either on us or on those who judge us by our fiction, is a shameful fraud. Let him get out among the people, breathe American air, look over American fields, acquaint himself with American flowers and birds, visit American cities, and he will find springing up around him material for the best literature the world has seen.

This national life is already being pictured in our short stories. As yet no great novelist is with us, but we have become the best short story tellers in the world. Those who are to inaugurate an American literature are in training. And the dawning of it signifies the reality of our national life, strong, secure, everywhere an inspiration to the cause of human freedom.—Chicago News.

Not Worth Counting.

In California, it is said, they have no smaller coin in circulation than a nickel. People in that land of sudden fortunes and wholesale incomes cannot appreciate the turning of a penny or even the chase of the "nimble sixpence." A San Francisco paper illustrates the contempt of Californians for pennies by the following:

"Give me silver for this, please," said an Eastern tourist yesterday, as he dumped a double handful of one cent pieces on the counter of a prominent money broker.

"I don't want them. They're not worth counting. I wouldn't give fifty cents on the dollar for them," was the reply.

"I never took them but once, and then I had to. A fellow owed me five dollars, and after repeated duns offered payment in coppers. The next day he came in, and shoving a copper cent in my hand asked me to give him credit for that amount upon the debt.

"He kept that up, making a payment of one cent every morning, noon and night—three cents every day—until I accumulated a cigar box full of coppers. They're here yet, and they'll stay here until some one comes along who has more time than money. I won't count them."

Coffee Dying Out.

"The time is not far distant when coffee will have ceased to be the beverage of the people." This declaration was made by Mr. J. J. Grinlinton, who has been a resident of the island of Ceylon for thirty years. Mr. Grinlinton says there is a marked decadence in coffee raising both in Ceylon and Brazil. He also says:

"Some few years ago a fungus parasite attacked the plant and is gradually killing it out. Not only is this true in Ceylon, but it is also the case in Brazil and elsewhere. People must learn to take tea instead. You have noticed that the price of coffee has been gradually ascending. It will continue to do so, and the time is not far distant when the plant will have died out."—Cor. New York Herald.

A $35,000 Notched Stick.

"Here is quite a curiosity," said a Washingtonian, producing a stick two feet in length and curiously notched and split. "There are seven notches," said he. "This is a certificate of deposit issued by the Bank of England over 100 years ago. A stick was taken, notched and split. One piece was given to the depositor, who had to produce it and match the other piece to get his money. It defies forgery and fraud. This stick represented a deposit of £7,000."—Washington Post.

There Are Little Monsters.

A Michigan paper tells of the capture of a fifty-pound turtle in an inland lake, and refers to the creature as a monster. Turtles weighing 300, 400 and 500 pounds are by no means rare on the gulf coast, and so there must be two kinds of monsters—big and little.—Detroit Free Press.

DEATH FROM FREEZING.

A Traveler Describes his Experience.

STRANGE AND DELICIOUS SENSATIONS.

From Martigny to the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

On the particular occasion referred to, I started from Martigny at 6 a. m. and intended to traverse the thirty miles to the hospice of the Great St. Bernard before night. Time being of consequence, I thought it prudent, so as to get to the summit of the pass before dark, not to stop for a meal to be cooked at Orsieres or Liddes, but pressed forward to the last place before the snow tramp commenced, the Cantine de Proz. There I met with a young nobleman and his guide. After an interchange of inquiries, and an offer on my part of some chocolate and biscuits to the other travelers, as the cantine was hard up that day in eatables, we set out together, and had crossed the Plan de Marengo without any presentiment of what was going to happen. The first indication of something wrong was the peculiar appearance which my surroundings seemed to assume. Everything looked hazy to my vision—even the snow and the rocks lying about looked as if enveloped in a fog, although the afternoon was beautifully clear. Then I felt that I must sit down and enjoy it; but the guide's flask of kirschwasser set me going again. Very soon, however, the former feeling returned; but the same treatment temporarily recovered me. At last I took to stumbling along, fell down several times, and at length could not help myself. My companions urged me in vain to arouse to one more effort, but it was useless.

The guide's experience was now of the utmost service. Divining the exact state of the case, and what might happen, he took a very sensible course. Leaving the marquis to see to me, he hurried forward to meet the two monks who always came down from the hospice at a particular hour each day, so as to obtain their efficient help. On their arrival, the marquis either went on, on his own account, or was requested to go forward with the news. Anyhow, I was informed the next day that his report was, that "M. le —— had perished in the snows." In the meantime the two monks and guide took me in hand, and, shaking me up, made my hands clasp a belt around the guide's waist, and each of the monks took an arm. The former acted as a substitute for horse power and the two latter as wheels. As for myself I was fast becoming a dead weight. Between the cantine and the hospice there is a space of seven and a half miles of very rough walking, uphill, of course, and with a depth of several feet of snow where the cantonniers had not cleared a path. I suspect that my deliverers had a very difficult task, over at least five miles, to keep me from getting into that sleep from which there is no waking.

The sensations of that journey during occasional gleams of consciousness will never be erased from my mind. Is there such an essence of ecstatic delight as elixir mortis? If there is, it must have been something like it, or the very thing itself, which I enjoyed that day. No words can possibly express the surpassing desire which I felt to sit down and enjoy my felicity—and sleep. But my inexorable friends knew that sleep meant death; and though my repeated appeals of "Doucement, doucement," were plaintive enough, they were met by redoubled efforts to force me onward, even when my own legs would not move any longer. The collapse was complete. During the sustained efforts of the three men, I had but momentary glimpses of consciousness. I remember seeing two somethings, black, one on each side, but very indistinct. These, of course, were the friendly monks. The one overwhelming idea that filled my mind then was how to get to that sleep, that blissful euthanasia which poets have sung about, but which my companions were doing their best to rob me of, just when I had got it within my grasp.

Another lucid interval occurred just as we approached the door of the hospice, for I saw two or three of the dogs; and then I was lost again, till I found myself in the large room, surrounded by several of the canons. One administered some extract of orange flowers, and that was followed by some warm broth. Then another tugged off my boots, socks, etc., and between them, somehow or other, they got me into bed. (This particular room would not have been mine if I had gone as an ordinary traveler usually does. I am under the impression that it was looked upon as the best bedroom, being the one used by Napoleon Bonaparte when he stopped at the hospice en route to the Italian campaign.) In the night I woke, breathing very quickly and very hard. The room itself had the appearance of being one mass of cotton wool. Congestion of the lungs had got hold of me now, and I felt very ill indeed. But, however, the next morning I did what the monks had ineffectually tried to impress upon me the night before, and I made an effort. My first duty to others was to see the excellent guide and make him a due acknowledgment; and as the noble and heroic monks, who live only for others, would not hear of anything but thanks, I had recourse to the tronc of the church. To the three men I am, humanly speaking, indebted for my life. A grateful heart need never be ashamed of its precious burden.—Chambers' Journal.

Experience in Congress.

To go through congress is like going through a university course. Within the halls of the Capitol there are freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors in the school of statecraft, and it often takes some several terms past the senior one before they become statesmen and adepts in diplomacy. Then they become valuable counselors to the executive and judiciary departments.

With the fund of legislative perspicacity gained by long training, as the scholar learns his Greek roots, they become valuable servants, shining lights and representatives of American institutions, fit to stand forth before the world in their advocacy of the theory of American republicanism.—Birmingham Age.

Those Bob-Tailed Dress Coats.

Berty—Don't you think I'm brave to come out in it, Awthur? It's awfully short, you know.

Arthur—Why don't you put some "inducer" on it?

Berty—What's "inducer?"

Arthur—That new preparation to make the hair grow.

Berty—There's no hair on this coat.

Arthur—Pardon me, old boy! I thought you were talking about your mustache.—Tid Bits.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY MARCH 27..... 1891.

Four members of the Nevada Legislature have been hanged in effigy for supporting pernicious bills. The punishment is an improvement upon the form adopted by the Vigilantes.

When a granddaughter of Queen Victoria was married to a brother of the Czar of Russia the thought arose that peace might be established between the rival nations. But the news comes now that the Princess is being brutally persecuted by her husband and his relatives because she refuses to adopt Russian custom and religion. All classes in England are indignant over the matter and are clamoring for any form of interference that will relieve their countrywoman from the semi-barbaric treatment of the Russians.

The San Francisco "Call" evidently realizes that a Democratic administration is necessary to remove the corruption now extant in politics. Speaking of the present Legislature it says: "It is now in a mood to disregard the pledge made to keep the appropriations down to the fifty-cent limit. We do not suppose that it is of any use to appeal to the party feeling of the Republican majority. The extreme probability that the Republican party will be defeated next year if the Republican Legislature disregards its pledge would not deeply affect the average Republican boodler. A good many of the men how making laws for us at Sacramento have no use for a party that puts a limit on expenditure.

The death of General Johnston reduces the number of surviving Generals of the war to about seven. On the Confederate side Generals Beauregard and Longstreet still live; on the Union side the reaper has not yet smitten Generals Butler, Banks, Rosecranz, Schurz or Gillmore. The sickle cannot long be delayed. The three first-named are respectively 76, 74 and 75 years of age; and the last-named, who was regarded as a boy when his genius caused him to be entrusted with the bombardment of Forts Pulaski and Sumter, is a veteran of 66. Thirty years have elapsed since the war broke out; at the start few officers under 35 or 40 were placed in command of army corps; such men must be 65 or 70 if they still survive. Joe Johnston himself had served as a Colonel in the army in the war with Mexico and was 84 when he died on Saturday.

The election of Hon. Charles N. Felton to the United States Senate may be regarded by the people of California as a successful move in the direction of clean politics. Mr. Felton was elected to that honorable position solely upon his merits. The joint Legislature after several days spent in balloting concluded that he was the ablest and best man for the place. Though Mr. Felton resides in the northern part of the State, the people of the southern part may rest assured their interests will meet with his careful and earnest consideration. In developing the oil wells in Los Angeles County he has built up an industry that has incalculably benefited that section. His experience in Congress will enable him to do more for us than perhaps any man we could select from our own district, and that he will labor unceasingly for our welfare, we may rest assured. His record for the next two years will surely make him the strongest possible candidate to succeed himself before the next Legislature.

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Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully
Equal to the Best.
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
[Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

THE NEW BALLOT LAW

AN ACT TO AMEND SECTIONS 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1257, 1258, AND 1259 OF THE POLITICAL CODE, AND TO ADD FOUR NEW SECTIONS THERETO, TO BE NUMBERED 1213, 1514, 1215, and 1216, ALL IN RELATION TO THE CONDUCT OF ELECTIONS IN THIS STATE.

The People of the State of California, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Section 1185 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1185. All ballots cast in elections for public officers within this State shall be printed and distributed at public expense as hereinafter provided. The printing of general tickets and cards of instruction to electors of each county, and the delivery of the same to the election officers, shall be a county charge, the payment of which shall be provided for in the same manner as the payment of other county expenses; and the printing and delivering of "municipal tickets," and also in case of separate elections for city, city and county, or town officers, the printing and delivering of cards of instruction shall be a charge upon the respective city, city and county or town in which such "municipal tickets" and cards of instruction are to be used, the payment of which shall be provided for in the same manner as the payment of other city, city and county or town expenses.

SEC. 2. Section 1186 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1186. Any convention, as hereinafter defined, held for the purpose of making nominations for public office, and also electors, to the number hereinafter specified, may nominate candidates for public offices to be filled by election within the State. A convention, within the meaning of this act, is an organized assemblage of delegates representing a political party which, at the last election before the holding of such convention, polled at least 3 per cent. of the entire vote of the State, county, district or other political division for which the nomination is made; provided, that in any county, township, city or district wherein no general election shall have been held after its organization, a convention of any party polling at least 3 per cent. of the votes cast in the precincts composing such county, township, city or district shall have the same power, and its nominations the same effect as though such county, township, city or district had been organized before the next preceding general election.

SEC. 3. Section 1187 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1187. All nominations made by any such convention shall be certified as follows: The certificate of nomination, which must be in writing, shall contain the name of each person nominated, his residence and the office for which he is nominated, and shall designate the party or principle which such convention represents. It shall be signed by the chairman and secretary of such convention, who shall add to their signatures their respective place of residence, and make oath before an officer authorized to administer the same, that the matter stated in such certificate is true to the best of their knowledge and belief, and a certificate of the oath shall be annexed to the certificate of nomination.

SEC. 4. Section 1188 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1188. A candidate for public office may be nominated otherwise than by a convention in the manner following: A certificate of nomination containing the name of the candidate to be nominated, with the other information required to be given in the certificates provided for in Section 1187 of this code, shall be signed by electors residing within the district or political division for which candidates are to be presented, equal in number to at least ½ per cent. of the entire vote cast at the last preceding election in the state, district or political division for which the nomination is to be made; provided, that 1,000 signatures shall be sufficient for the nomination of a candidate for any office in the State. Said signatures need not all be appended to one paper, but each signer shall add to his signature his place of residence, giving the street and number, when he resides in a city. One of the signers of each such certificate shall swear that the statements therein made are true to the best of his knowledge and belief, and a certificate of such oath shall be annexed. Such a certificate, when made as above prescribed, shall have the same effect as a certificate of nomination made by a party convention.

SEC. 5. Section 1189 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1189. Certificates of nomination shall be filed with the Secretary of State for the nomination of candidates for offices to be filled by the electors of the entire State, or for members of the State Board of Equalization, State Board of Railroad Commissioners, or House of Representatives. Certificates of nomination shall be filed with the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town for the nomination of any candidate for an office under the government of any city or town, to be filled by the electors of such city or town. For all other nominations to public offices, certificates of nomination shall be filed with the clerks of the respective counties wherein the offices are to be filled by the electors; and where the district or political division embraces more than one county, such certificate must be filed with the Clerk of the county in which the candidate resides, and the name of each such candidate as specified in the certificate of nomination shall be certified by said County Clerk to the County Clerks of the other counties within the district or political division, not less than fifteen days before the day of election.

SEC. 6. Section 1190 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1190. No certificate of nomination shall contain the name of more than one candidate for each office to be filled. No person shall join in nominating, under the provisions of this code, more than one nominee for each office to be filled, and no person who has voted in a convention for or against a candidate for any office shall join in nominating, in any manner, any other nominee for that office, and no person shall accept a nomination to more than one office.

SEC. 7. Section 1191 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1191. The Secretary of State shall preserve in his office for the period of two years all certificates of nomination filed therein under the provisions of this code, and each County Clerk shall preserve in his office for a like period all certificates of nomination filed therein under the provisions of this code, and each Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town shall for a like period preserve in his office all certificates of nomination filed therein under the provisions of this code.

SEC. 8. Section 1192 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1192. Certificate of nomination required to be filed with the Secretary of State shall be filed not more than sixty days and not less than forty days before the day fixed by law for the election of the persons in nomination when the nomination is made by convention, and not more than sixty days and not less than thirty days before the day of election when the nomination is made by electors as provided in Section 1188 of this code. Certificates of nomination required to be filed with the County Clerks, or with the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any city or town, shall be filed not more than fifty nor not less than thirty days before the day of election, when the nomination is made by a convention, and not more than fifty days nor less than twenty days before the day of election when the nomination is made by electors. Should a vacancy in the list of nominees of a convention occur, such vacancy may be filled by the convention, or if it has delegated to a committee the power to fill vacancies, such committee may, upon the occuring of such vacancy, proceed to fill the same; provided, that no nomination shall be made or certified at a period before the day of election less than the minimum number of days provided for filing certificates of nomination made under this code. The chairman and secretary of the convention, or of such committee, shall thereupon make and file with the proper officer a certificate setting forth the cause of the vacancy, the name of the person nominated, the office for which he was nominated, the name of the person for whom the new nominee is to be substituted, the fact that the committee was authorized to fill vacancies, and such further information as is required to be given, in an original certificate of nomination. When a certificate to fill any vacancy shall be filed with the Secretary of State, he shall in certifying the nomination to the various County Clerks, insert the name of the person who has been thus nominated to fill a vacancy in the place of that of the original nominee. Any person whose name has been presented as a candidate, may, at least five days before the making of the publication of the nominations prescribed in this section, cause his name to be withdrawn from nomination by filing with the Secretary of State and County Clerk his request therefor in writing, signed by him and acknowledged before the County Clerk of the county in which he resides, and no name so withdrawn shall be printed on the ballot.

SEC. 9. Section 1193 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1193. Not less than twenty-five days before an election to fill any public office, the Secretary of State shall certify to the County Clerk of each county within which any of the electors may by law vote for candidates for such office, the names of each person nominated for such office, as specified in the certificate of nomination filed with the Secretary of State.

SEC. 10. Section 1194 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1194. At least ten days before an election to fill any public office, the County Clerk of each county shall cause to be published, in at least two newspapers of general circulation within the county, the nominations to office certified to him by the Secretary of State, and also all those filed with the County Clerk. He shall make not less than two such publications in each of such newspapers before election day, one of such publications being made upon the last day upon which such newspaper is issued before the day of election. The list of nominations published by the County Clerks of the respective counties shall be arranged in the order and form in which they will be printed upon the ballot. The Clerk or the Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town with whom the names of any candidates have been filed shall publish in the same manner the list of nominations filed with him; but where only one newspaper is printed in any county, city or town, then publication in such newspaper shall be deemed sufficient, and where no newspaper is printed in such county, city or town, publication shall be made through any newspaper designated by the Board of Supervisors of said county, or the legislative body of such city or town, and by posting copies of the ballot in three of the most public places in such county, city or town not less than ten days before the day of election.

SEC. 11. Section 1195 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1195. Whenever a proposed constitutional amendment, or other question, is to be submitted to the people of the State for the popular vote, the Secretary of State shall duly, and not less than twenty-five days before election, certify the same to the Clerk of each county of the State; and the Clerk of each county shall include the same in publication provided for in Section 1194 of this code.

SEC. 12. Section 1196 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1196. Except as in this code otherwise provided, it shall be the duty of the County Clerk of each county to provide printed ballots for every election of public officers, except elections for city or town officers, in which electors or any of the electors within the county participate, and to cause to be printed in the appropriate ballot the name of every candidate whose name has been certified to, or filed with the County Clerk, in the manner provided for in this code. Ballots other than those printed by the respective County Clerks, or the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town, according to the provisions of this code, shall not be cast nor counted at any election. It shall be the duty of the County Clerk of any consolidated city and county to provide separate ballots for every election for city and county officers in which the electors or any of the electors of such city or county participate, and to cause to be printed in such separate ballots the name of every candidate for a city and county office, whose name has been filed with the said County Clerk in the manner provided in this code. It shall be the duty of the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town to provide separate ballots for every election for city or town officers in which the electors, or any of the electors, of such city or town participate, and to cause to be printed in such separate ballots the name of every candidate whose name has been filed with such Clerk or Secretary in the manner provided for in this code. All ballots shall be of the necessary size and shape to contain the names of all the candidates, together with the necessary blank spaces hereinafter provided for, and shall be printed on tinted paper furnished by the Secretary of State. It shall be the duty of the Secretary of State to obtain and keep on hand a sufficient supply of paper for ballots, and to furnish the same in quantities ordered to any County Clerk, or Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town upon payment by them of the cost of such paper. Such paper shall be a water marked with a design to be furnished by the Secretary of State, in such manner that the said water mark shall be plainly discernible on the outside of such ballot when folded according to law. Such design shall be kept secret from all persons not engaged in the preparation, printing or distribution of the paper so marked until the day of election. Such design shall be changed for each general election, and the same design shall not be used again at any general election within the space of 14 years, but at any special or special election paper marked with the design used at the previous election may be used. Nothing in this code contained shall prevent any voter from writing upon his ballot the name of any person for whom he desires to vote for any office, and such vote shall be counted the same as if printed upon the ballot and marked as voted for.

SEC. 13. Section 1197 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1197. All ballots printed by County Clerks, other than the separate ballots containing the names of candidates for city and county offices printed by the County Clerks of consolidated cities and counties shall be headed "General Ticket"; and all ballots printed by County Clerks of consolidated cities and counties, containing the names of candidates for city and county offices, and all tickets printed by the Clerks or Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town, shall be headed "Municipal Ticket." Under the heading of all general tickets, the respective number of the Congressional, Senatorial and Assembly district in which the ballot or ticket is to be voted shall be printed, together with the following direction to voters: "To vote for a person [stamp], a cross (X) in the square at the right of the name." Opposite the line of each office shall be printed a direction to the voter specifying the number of persons to be voted for for that office, and opposite each constitutional amendment or other question to be voted upon in separate lines the words "yes" and "no." All municipal tickets containing the names of candidates for ward or district offices, in addition to such direction to voters, shall have the number of the ward or district in which such ticket is to be voted printed thereon. All municipal tickets shall be printed upon paper of a different tint from that of the general tickets. Each ballot so perforated that it shall extend from top to bottom, one-half inch from the right-hand side of such ballot, and upon the half-inch strip thus formed there shall be no printing except the numbers of the ballot, which shall be upon the back of such strip in such manner that it shall appear on the outside when the ballot is folded. The number on each ballot shall be the same as that on the corresponding stub, and the ballots and stubs shall be numbered consecutively in each county. All ballots shall be 18 inches in length and 4½ in width, and as many times such width as shall be necessary to contain the names of all candidates nominated. Where the names of candidates are printed in separate columns, columns shall be separated by heavy rules; and each ballot shall have the names of candidates shall each be separated by a rule extending to the extreme right of the column. All ballots shall be printed in plain Roman type, and shall contain the name of every candidate whose nomination for any office specified in the ballot has been certified to and filed according to the provisions of this code, and no other name; [and there shall be added to all the names of candidates their party or political organization.] The names of the candidates for each office shall be arranged under the designation of the office, in alphabetical order, according to surname. [Except that the names of candidates for the office of electors for President and Vice-President shall be arranged in groups as presented in the several certificates of nomination, and the voter may vote for the whole of said group by making one mark after such group.] There shall be left at the end of the list of candidates for each office as many blank spaces as there are persons to be elected to such office in which the voter may insert the name of any person not printed upon the ballot for whom he desires to vote as candidate for such office; and the names and the blank spaces on the whole ticket shall be consecutively numbered, the figures being placed on the left-hand side of such names and blank spaces. There shall be a margin on the right-hand side of the names, at least one-half of an inch wide, so that the voter may clearly indicate, in the way to be hereinafter pointed out, the candidate and candidates for whom he wishes to cast his ballot; the county, city or town in which each candidate resides may be printed in small type on the right-hand side of his name. Whenever any question is to be submitted to the vote of the people, it shall also be printed upon the ballot in such a manner as to enable the electors to vote upon such question in the manner hereinafter provided. At the head of each ballot shall be printed in separate lines the names of all political parties which have filed certificates of nomination of candidates in accordance with Sections 1186 and 1187 of this code, thus: "Regular Republican Ticket", (straight) opposite the names of each party, and on the same line therewith, there shall be a margin similar to that herein required, to be left opposite the name of each candidate, in which the voter may place the mark in the manner specified in Section 1205 of this code, if he desires to vote for all the candidates of such party, but a ballot so marked shall not be counted if it [be stamped in any other place] except to indicate a vote or votes upon a constitutional amendment or other question.

SEC. 14. Section 1198 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1198. All ballots, when printed, shall be bound in stub-books of 100 ballots each. A record of the number of ballots printed by them shall be kept by the respective County Clerks, and by the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of each incorporated city or town.

SEC. 15. Section 1199 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1199. The County Clerk of each county shall provide for each election precinct in the county not less than one hundred sample ballots for every city or incorporated city and every precinct registered in the election precinct; and in case of a consolidated city and county, an equal number of municipal tickets when any city and county officers are to be elected; and the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town shall furnish a like number of municipal tickets when any city or town officer is to be elected.

SEC. 16. Section 1200 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1200. Whenever it shall appear by affidavit that an error or omission has occurred in the publication of the name or description of the candidates nominated for office, or in the printing of the ballots, the Superior Court of the county, or the Judge thereof, shall, upon application by any elector, by order, require the County Clerk to correct such error, or to show cause why such error should not be corrected.

SEC. 17. Section 1201 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1201. Before the opening of the polls at any election within any county, the County Clerk of the county shall cause to be delivered to the Boards of Election of each election precinct which is within the county, and in which the election is to be held, at the polling place of the election precinct, the proper number of general tickets to be used in the election precinct, in sealed packages, with marks on the outside, clearly designating the precinct or polling-place for which they are intended, and the number of ballots inclosed, and in case of a consolidated city and county, also a like number of municipal tickets; and the Clerk or Secretary of any incorporated city or town shall in like manner cause to be delivered the proper number of municipal tickets. The County Clerk, Clerk or Secretary shall prepare a receipt for each polling-place, enumerating the packages and stating the time and day and date when the same were delivered by him to the Inspectors of Election. The Inspectors of Election shall sign said receipt upon receipt of the packages, which shall forthwith be returned and filed. The County Clerk, Clerk and Secretary respectively shall have authority to employ such messengers as may be necessary to insure the safe and expeditious delivery of the ballots to the Inspectors or Judges of Election, as provided in this code, and the Board of Supervisors, or other board or body having the control of elections, shall allow such messengers a reasonable compensation for their services, to be paid as other election expenses are paid. In case of the prevention of an election in any precinct by the loss or the destruction of the ballots intended for that precinct, the Inspector or other election officer for that precinct shall make an affidavit setting forth the fact, swear to the same before an officer authorized to administer oaths, and transmit it to the Governor of this State. Upon receipt of such affidavit the Governor may order a new election in such precinct, and upon the application of any candidate for any office to be voted for by the electors of such precinct the Governor shall order a new election in such precinct.

SEC. 18. Section 1202 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1202. At the same time and in the same manner as Inspectors and Judges of Election are now appointed in this State, two ballot clerks for each election precinct in the State shall be appointed, whose duty it shall be to have charge of the ballots on the day of election, and to furnish them to the voters in the manner hereinafter provided. Such ballot clerks shall possess the same qualifications, and shall be paid the same compensation, as Inspectors of Elections. In making appointment of such ballot clerks, one of them shall be taken from the political party that polled the largest number of votes at the last preceding election and the other from the party that polled the next largest number of votes at such election. They shall act as additional Clerks of Election when the polls are closed, and they shall serve until the votes are counted and the returns are signed; provided, that whenever a general and municipal election shall be held at the same time, there shall be appointed one additional Inspector, one additional Judge, and two additional clerks in the manner now provided by law.

SEC. 19. Section 1203 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1203. All offices upon whom is imposed by the law of the State the duty of designating polling places shall cause such polling places to be suitably provided with a ballot-box, to be marked on the outside, "general tickets," and when any city, city and county or town officers are to be elected a second ballot-box, to be marked on the outside "municipal tickets," and shall also provide a sufficient number of places, booths or compartments at or in which voters may conveniently mark their ballots, so that in the marking thereof they may be secured from the observation of others, and a guard-rail shall be so constructed and placed that only such persons as are inside said rail can approach within six feet of the ballot-boxes and of such booths or compartments. The arrangements shall be such that the ballot-boxes or the box-booth or compartments shall be hidden from the view of those just outside the said guard-rail. The number of such voting booths or compartments shall not be less than one for every 100 persons or fraction thereof, who may vote in the precinct. No person other than election officers, receiving, preparing or depositing their ballots shall be permitted to be within said rail before the closing of the polls except by authority of the Board of Election, and then only for the purpose of keeping order and preventing fraud. Each of said voting booths or compartments shall be kept provided with proper supplies and conveniences for marking the ballots.

SEC. 20. Section 1204 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1204. Any person desiring to vote shall give his name and address to one of the ballot clerks, who shall then, in an audible tone of voice, announce the same, and if the other ballot clerk finds the name on the register, he shall in like manner repeat the name and address, whereupon a challenge may be interposed, as provided in Section 1230 of this code. If the challenge be overruled, the ballot clerk shall give him a ticket, and the clerk shall write on the register, opposite the name of the voter, the number of the general ticket given him, and also the number of the municipal ticket, if voted on, when any city, city and county or town officer is to be elected; and the voter shall be allowed to enter the place inclosed by the guard-rail, as above provided. The ballot clerk shall deliver to the voter the proper ballots, and where any city, city and county or town officers are to be elected, also one municipal ticket; and only one ballot of each kind.

SEC. 21. Section 1205 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1205. On receipt of his ballot the elector shall forthwith, and without leaving the inclosed space, retire alone to one of the polling booths or compartments provided to prepare his ballot. He shall prepare his ballot by marking a cross after the name of the person or persons for whom he intends to vote, thus, X; provided, however, that any elector who desires to vote for an entire party ticket, may mark a cross as above described against the political designation of such party, and shall be deemed to have voted for all the candidates nominated by such party for use at a constitutional amendment or other question submitted to the vote of the people, by marking in the appropriate margin, a cross (X) against the answer upon the question he desires to give, thus, X. He shall then fold the ballot so as to conceal the marks upon the same, which will hereby appear on the outside, and be provided by the officers aforesaid, or by him code required to furnish election supplies, for each booth or compartment provided for the marking of ballots, with a pen or other suitable instrument for marking and fastening the ballot, and shall fold the ballot in such a manner that the number on the ballot shall appear on the outside thereof, without displaying the marks on the face thereof, and shall keep it folded until he has voted. He shall then, without exhibiting it, deliver it folded to the Inspector, who shall announce in an audible tone of voice the name of the voter and the number of his ballot. The ballot clerk having the register in charge, if he finds the name of the voter, and that the number marked opposite the name of the voter is the same, shall in like manner repeat the name and number, and shall mark opposite the name the word "voted." The Inspector shall then separate the numbered from the ballot, and shall deliver the latter to the ballot clerks. All ballots voted shall be immediately deposited.

SEC. 22. Section 1206 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1206. Not more than one person shall be permitted to occupy any one booth at one time, and no person shall remain in or occupy a booth longer than shall be necessary to prepare his ballot, and in no event longer than five minutes.

SEC. 23. Section 1207 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1207. Any voter who shall spoil a ballot shall return such spoiled ballot to the ballot clerks and receive another one in its place, one at a time, being required to return one of the ballots thus returned shall be immediately cancelled, and, with those not distributed to the voters, shall be returned with the registered list and ballots, as now provided in Sections 1238 and 1239 of this code. If any voter who does not vote the ballot delivered to him shall, upon leaving the polling place, return such ballot to the Ballot Clerks having charge of the ballots, who shall immediately cancel the same and return them in the same manner as spoiled ballots. The Ballot Clerks shall account for the ballots delivered to them by returning a sufficient number of unused ballots to make up, when added to the number of official ballots cast and the number of spoiled ballots returned, the number of ballots originally received, and it shall be the duty of the officers receiving such returned ballots to compel such an accounting.

SEC. 24. Section 1208 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1208. Any elector who declares, under oath, to the presiding election officer that he cannot prepare his ballot without assistance by reason of physical disability, he is unable to mark his ballot, shall, upon request, receive the assistance of any one of the officers of election that he may choose in the marking thereof, and such officer shall thereafter give no information regarding the same.

SEC. 25. Section 1209 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1209. No member of the Board of Election shall deposit in the ballot-box any ballot from which the slip containing the number of the ballot has not been removed by the Inspector.

SEC. 26. Section 1210 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1210. The County Clerk of each county, or in case of separate city or town elections, the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of such city or town shall cause to be printed on plain white paper, without water-mark or indorsements (except the words "sample ballot") at least as many copies of the form of ballot provided for use in each voting precinct as there shall be registered voters in such precinct. Such copy shall be designated "sample ballots," and shall be furnished to registered voters at the office of such Clerk or Secretary five days before the day fixed by law for such election, and at any time during such five days; provided, that not more than one sample ballot shall be furnished to any one voter. Such Clerk or Secretary shall cause to be printed, in large, clear type, on cards, instructions for the guidance of electors in obtaining and marking their ballots. He shall furnish twelve such cards to the Board of Election in each election precinct in his county, at the same time and in the same manner as the printed ballots and sample ballots. The Board of Election shall post at least one of such cards in each booth or compartment provided for the preparation of ballots, and not less than three of such cards at other places in and about the polling places on the day of election. Sections 1214 and 1215 of this code and Section 61 of the Penal Code shall also be printed on each of said cards.

SEC. 27. Section 1211 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1211. In canvassing the votes any ballot which is not made as provided in this act shall be void, and shall not be counted; but each such ballot must be preserved and returned with the other ballots. Any name written upon a ballot shall be counted for the office under which it is written, whether or not a cross is marked after it. If a voter marks more names than there are persons to be elected to an office, or if for any reason it is impossible to determine the voter's choice for any office to be filled, his ballot shall not be counted for such office.

SEC. 28. Section 1212 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1212. Any person entitled to vote at a general election held within this State shall, on the day of such election, be entitled to absent himself from any service or employment in which he is then engaged or employed for the period of two consecutive hours, between the time of opening and the time of closing the polls; and such voter shall not, because of so absenting himself, be liable to any penalty, nor shall any deduction be made on account of such absence from his usual salary or wages.

[Amend Section 1257 of the Political Code to read as follows:

After the polls are thus signed, the board must proceed to open the ballots and count and ascertain the number of votes cast for each person voted for. All the ballots must be taken out of the ballot-box, one at a time, and opened by one of the members of the board, and as so taken out, the straight ballots must be placed in separate piles, according to their respective ticket headings, vignettes, or other designations in manner as follows, to wit: All the straight ballots of each such party must be placed in a separate pile, and straight undesignated ballots must be placed in a separate pile in a like manner. When all the straight ballots shall have been so placed in piles, the number of ballots in each such pile must be carefully, correctly and distinctly counted aloud by a member of the board, in presence of the board and of the bystanders, whereupon an official record must be made by each clerk of the total number of ballots in each such pile. Immediately thereafter all straight ballots, according to their respective headings, vignettes or other designations, shall be distinctly read by such clerks, and the official total of such pile so made by clerks shall be read in connection with the office for which he is a candidate, and said total shall be so credited to such candidate. Immediately thereafter all straight ballots must be by one of the Judges strung upon one string in such a manner that all the straight ballots of each party shall be in direct succession and immediate proximity upon said string, and all such straight ballots thereupon be securely bound together by said string and replaced in the ballot-box.

All the ballots, other than straight ballots, of each separate political or other party must be placed in a pile. When all the ballots shall have been so placed in a pile the number of ballots in each such pile must be carefully, correctly and distinctly counted aloud by a member of the board in the presence of the board and of the bystanders, whereupon an official record must be made by each clerk of the total number of ballots in such pile. Immediately thereafter all the ballots, other than straight ballots, must be by one of the Judges strung upon one string in such a manner that all the ballots, other than straight ballots, shall be in direct succession and immediate proximity upon said string, and all such ballots, other than straight ballots, shall thereupon be securely bound and replaced in the ballot-box. Immediately thereafter such pile of ballots, other than straight ballots, must be taken out one at a time by one of the members of the board, and the name of each person marked in the ballots as voted for shall be distinctly read in connection with the office for which he is a candidate. After the ballots, other than straight ballots, have been so counted, and an official record, as heretofore mentioned, made, all ballots rejected for illegality must be strung upon said string of ballots, other than straight ballots; whereupon all the ballots thus strung shall be securely bound and be replaced in the ballot-box.]

SEC. 29. Section 1258 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1258. The ballots so strung down each office to be filled and the name of each person marked in each ballot as voted for to fill such office, and keep the number of votes by tallies as they are read aloud.

SEC. 30. Section 1259 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

Sec. 1259. The ballots so strung as the names marked on them as voted for are read, must be strung on a string by one of the judges, and must not thereafter be examined by any person, but must, as soon said are counted, be carefully sealed in an envelope, each member of the board writing his name across the seal.

SEC. 31. Four new sections are hereby added to the Political Code, to be numbered, respectively, 1213, 1214, 1215 and 1216, as follows:

Sec. 1213. No person shall falsely make, or fraudulently deface or destroy any certificate of nomination, or any part thereof, or alter any certificate of nomination, knowing the same to be false, or any part thereof to be falsely made, or suppress any certificate of nomination which has been duly filed, or any part thereof, or make, use, keep or furnish to others, except as in this code so directed, any ballot purporting to be an imitation of a ballot paper, or disclose the same to any person not engaged in making, printing or distribution of ballot paper or ballots.

Sec. 1214. No person shall, during an election, remove or destroy any of the supplies or other conveniences placed in the election booths or compartments, as provided in this code, for the purpose of enabling the voter to prepare his ballot. No person shall, during an election, remove, tear down or deface the cards printed for the instruction of voters.

Sec. 1215. No officer of election shall disclose to any person the name of any candidate for whom any elector has voted. No officer of election, nor any person, shall do any electioneering on election day within one hundred feet of the polling place. No person shall remove any ballot from any polling place before the closing of the polls. No person shall apply for or receive any ballot at any election precinct other than that in which he is entitled to vote. No person shall show his ballot after it is marked to any person in such a way as to reveal the contents thereof, or the name or names of the candidate or candidates for whom he has marked his ballot; nor shall any person, except a member of the Board of Election, receive from any voter a ballot prepared for voting, or any other than such ballot, or solicit the voter to show the same. No person shall ask another at a polling place for whom he intends to vote. No voter shall receive a ballot from any other person than one of the judges of election; nor shall any judge give more than a ballot to any elector, nor any other than the one he has received from the ballot clerk. No person shall place any mark upon his ballot by which it may be afterward identified as the one voted by him.

Sec. 1216. In all counties, and cities and counties, in this State, having a Registrar of Voters and a Board of Election Commissioners, the duties imposed on the County Clerks by this code upon the County Clerks and other officers, in relation to matters of election and polling places, shall be exercised and performed by such Registrar of Voters and Board of Election Commissioners, and all certificates of nomination required to be filed with, or be issued by, County Clerks shall be made to the Registrar of Voters.

SEC. 32. This act shall take effect on the 1st day of July, 1891.

Easily Opened a Burglar Proof Safe.

Mind Reader Johnstone's feat of opening a Chicago hotel safe was outdone in Sioux Falls, S. D., by a 16-year-old boy, Ed M. Sanders. The county officials have just taken possession of the new court house, and young Sanders has been at work in the building as a plumber's assistant.

County Treasurer Swenson, Chairman McKee, and a number of other county officials were in the treasurer's room, and were congratulating themselves that the county now had a burglar proof vault which would defy all attempts to open it. Young Sanders happened along and made the remark that he could open the safe himself. Chairman McKee smiled at the young man's bluff and offered to make him a present of $5 if he would open the safe. The young man replied that he was too busy at that time to undertake the job. Mr. McKee offered to increase the amount to $10, whereupon the young man accepted.

The young man then left the room, and County Treasurer Swenson proceeded to close the vault doors and to securely lock them. The youthful imitator of Johnstone was brought in and set about his task. He asked all present to keep very quiet, and, placing his ear against the door of the safe, commenced operations. His sensitive ear caught every fall of the tumblers, and in less than five minutes the young man, with a smile on his face, threw open the door. The $10 was handed him, and the county commissioners will insist upon the safe company taking out the vault, as the company had guaranteed the vault to be perfectly burglar proof.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

Parental Gloom in Our Homes.

Boys and girls are often spoiled by parental gloom. The father never unbends. The mother's rheumatism hurts so she does not see how little Maggie can ever laugh. Childish curiosity is denounced as impertinence. The parlor is a parliament, and everything in everlasting order. Balls and tops in that house are a nuisance, and the pap that the boy is expected most to relish is geometry, a little sweetened with the chalk of blackboards. For cheerful reading the father would recommend "Young's Night Thoughts," and Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs."

At the first chance the boy will break loose. With one grand leap he will clear the catechisms; he will burst away into all riotous living. He will be so glad to get out of Egypt that he will jump into the Red sea. The hardest colts to catch are those that have a long while been locked up. Restraints are necessary, but there must be some outlet. Too high a dam will overflow all the meadows.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.
Mine obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo county, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
Nov 30-tf Independence,

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, Cal.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Watches of all descriptions repaired and regulated. Jewelry made to order. Work guaranteed.
At the old stand in the Owens Valley House, the most reasonable prices. Also agent for the "Mechanics' Hall," Los Angeles.
FRED BURKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of John Mullane deceased.

Order to show cause why an Order of sale of real estate and personal property should not be made.

Richard Hessian Sr. the

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 99½
Lead, 4.37
Copper, 14.60
Tin, 19.85
Sugar, .06¾
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence at 7 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

MONDAY, March 23, 1891.

Davis vs. Keys—Demurrer overruled and two days allowed to answer.

TUESDAY, March 24, 1891.

Estate of C. D. Begole, deceased—Filed affidavit of publication.

WEDNESDAY, March 25, 1891.

Davis vs. Keys—Filed answer to concomplaint.

DIED.

HEROD.—At Bakersfield, March 25th, Mrs. James Herod, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Crocker of Big Pine.

Showery weather during the week.

General Joseph E Johnston is dead.

J. R. Moffet was in town yesterday.

The trout law is out next Wednesday.

Jake Miller got back from Big Pine last Tuesday.

Archie Farrington has gone to San Francisco.

An alliance has been formed between France and Russia.

Peach and apricot trees look like so many huge bouquets.

Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, died at New York last Saturday.

Charley Huile has been laid up for the past two weeks with the grippe.

Jeff Ziglar and Pete Meyer, who were ill from the grippe, are around again.

George Wood has been confined to his bed for the past week with la grippe.

To-day being Good Friday services were held at 10 a. m. at the M. E. church.

Mat. McDonald and John Reilly came in from Darwin on yesterday morning's train.

J. W. P. Laird Esq. returned to Independence from Sacramento on Wednesday's train.

The Waite Hill is at present deserted. Keys, Thorpe and Davis have been in town for the past week.

In this week's issue will be found the full text of the new ballot law. It should be carefully read by every voter.

James Peregrine was down from Bishop several days this week on land business. He returned home yesterday.

Look out for the Easter service at Independence next Sunday at 7 p. m. The children are preparing addresses and song.

O. I. Mairs is clearing a large tract of ground for planting potatoes. This is about the most profitable crop that can be planted.

Isaac Otis arrived attived at independence last Monday from Sonoma. He is looking around the Valley with a view to locating here.

D. Nerney came down from Fish Spring yesterday to secure medical attendance for his wife, who has been quite ill for some time past.

P. W. Forbes Esq. has been elected Representive of Inyo Lodge, No. 391 I. O. O. F., to the Grand Lodge which meets in San Francisco next May.

The *Index* says it is published in the interest of the people. The people are glad to know it. If it did not say so the people would never have found it out.

Smith, the popular livery man at Bishop, came down yesterday with a load of drummers. The latter gentry managed to smash their buggy at Big Pine, but no one was injured.

Billy Daugherty, well known to Inyoites and a former County Clerk, is at present employed as telegraph editor on the Reno *Gazette* and has recently been writing some interesting reminiscences of old times for that paper.

Word was brought from Darwin yesterday that Frank Fitzgerald had been elected Supervisor in the Fifth District. As the main industry of that section is mining, the election of Mr. Fitzgerald is very appropriate, for he has for many years been identified with mining ventures there. The miners will have an energetic representative in "Fitz".

A telegram was received at Big Pine yesterday announcing the death of Mrs. James Herod at Bakersfield. It is with great regret that we chronicle the death of this estimable lady. She resided in Big Pine for about three years and leaves a large circle of friends to lament her early taking away. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Crocker, left immediately for Bakersfield.

A Useful Member

Hon. C. H. Groves of Humboldt came down from Carson Saturday evening. He enjoys the reputation of having been a very useful and active member of the late Legislature, and one of the busiest members of that body. In addition to his legislative duties he acted as the Carson reporter for the *Gazette* and other papers of the State, and won for himself an enviable reputation for the correct and reliable manner in which he reported the proceedings of the Legislature. The *Gazette* takes pleasure in acknowledging the courtesies received from and rendered by him, and bespeaks for him a hearty reception when he returns to his constituents in Humboldt county.—*Reno Gazette.*

SOME FACTS ABOUT WEATHER FORECASTS.

The Branch Office of the National Weather Service, Division of the Pacific, was opened at San Francisco, March 1st, 1885, and is the only office of its kind in the country outside of the central office at Washington, D. C. It was established for the purpose of providing, in the most direct and practical manner, an opportunity for the people of the Pacific Coast to receive all of the benefits that may be derived from the work of the Signal Service. The main object was to prepare and distribute through the Press and by telegraph, weather forecasts for the Pacific Coast States, and warn vessels of the approach of storms dangerous to shipping off the coast. Also to make special forecasts of rain, frosts, floods and local storms. Such work had been carried on at the central office in Washington many years for the eastern portion of the United States, and it was believed that the time had come for the organization of a Pacific Coast Weather Service, with headquaters at the metropolis of the coast, and at a place centrally located for the convenient receipt and distribution of telegraphic reports. To properly apply the forecasts to definite areas of country the Pacific coast was divided into three districts, designated officially as follows: North Pacific Region (embracing western Oregon and western Washington). Middle Pacific Region (embracing the western portion of California north of parallel 37 degrees north, or an east and west line cutting the northern edge of the Bay of Monterey). South Pacific Region (embracing the western portion of California south of parallel 37 degrees north). On May 1st, 1886, an order was issued from Washington changthe districts to State areas, and thereafter the weather forecasts were made for the following regions: Washington (embracing the entire State). Oregon (embracing the entire State). Northern Califoraia (embracing that portion of the State north of the latitude of 35 degrees or an east and west line passing through the central portion of Lake Tulare). Southern California (embracing that portion of the State south of the latitude of 36 degrees.) There have been several changes in the hours at which the forecasts have been prepared for issue, dependent upon the hours of meteorological observation and the convenience of the Press. Observations are now taken throughout the United States at 8 a. m. and at 8 p. m., 75th meridian time, which corresponds to 5 a. m. and 5. p. m., Pacific time. The weather forecasts are issued from the San Francisco office about 9:30 a. m and 6:30 p. m. daily. An earlier hour cannot be selected because of the want of telegraphic facilities in concentrating the reports at San Francisco from all parts of the Pacific Coast States. The language of the forecasts must largely conform to the official instructions issued from the central office at Washington.

Forecasts of higher or lower temperature are made each morning with reference to the expected minimum temperature of the following morning, and each evening with reference to the maximum temperature expected on the following afternoon. The forecasts of stationary temperature indicate a change of four degrees or less from March to October inclusive, and six degrees or less for the remaining months of the year. In the cast of higher or lower temperature a change of one degree or more is sufficient to verify the forecast. A cold wave, in general terms, is defined to be a fall in temperature over an extensive area of 20 degrees in 24 hours or 20 degrees in 48 hours and to the freezing point or below. Warnings of cold waves are issued when it it is expected that the area affected will extend over 100,000 square miles in extent and in well defined cases for a lesser area; forecasts of fair weather mean an entire absence of rainfall but not necessarily an absence of clouds. Forecasts are usually made for a period of 24 hours, but whenever the meteorological conditions are so decided as to dominate the present and are expected to materially modify coming weather over any extensive part of the country, forecasts are made for periods of 36, 48 and 72 hours. Generally speaking, it is more difficult to forecast accurately the weather of summer than that of winter because of the absence in the former season of well defined storm-centers, most of the precipitation being the result of local changes in temperature and wind direction. For a similar reason it is more difficult to forecast the changes of a moderate storm than of those which attend a severe one, because in the latter case the laws of cyclonic development and progression are more closely adhered to, which permits the principle of weather forecasting to be applied with greater success.

JOHN P. FINLEY
Lieutenant 19th Infantry, S. C.

Improvement In Roadsters.

The Agricultural Fair has worked a marked improvement in our roadsters. Since the first Fair several trotting bred stallions have been brought into the Valley, and already their produce are showing up. In 1887 the free-for-all trot was won by Echo; time, 3:36. In 1888, by Ned; time, 3:20. In 1889, by George W. Patchen; time, 2:55. In 1890, by Fred B.; time, 2:44. These horses were all imported, but this year it is quite likely that the honor will rest with a home-bred colt. Truckee Jr. and Patsy will stand an equally good chance to walk off with the prize.

Grand Ball.

The Odd Fellows of Independence will give a grand ball at the Agricultural Pavilion on Monday evening, April 27th, in honor of the 72d anniversary of their order. By an arrangement made between the Lodges at Bishop and Independence the annual celebration is held alternately at the two places. Last year the Independence members were royally entertained at Bishop, and they will spare no effort nor expense to requite the honor. The large pavilion is an unexceptional floor for dancing, and the best music obtainable will be procured. The ball is free, and a cordial welcome extended to all. Free busses will be run from the depot to town to accomodate all who come by train.

Now is a golden opportunity to secure the finest piece of land under the Eastside canal. For the quality of it intending purchasers are referred to Superintendent McIver and the *Index*. Only six dollars an acre.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

P. H. MACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

IRWINS' SALOON

Wards and Market Streets,
Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Forfeiture.

TO H. P. LIVINGSTON, OR WHOEVER at present may represent his interest in the Caldera Mine, and Peter Meyer: You are hereby notified that I have expended One hundred [$100] dollars in labor and improvements upon the Caldera Lode, situated in Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county, California, as will appear by certificate filed in the office of the Recorder of said district for the year 1890, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2324 Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31, 1890, and within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under the provisions of said Section 2324.

O. G. FUENTES.

Dated Cerro Gordo, January 2, 1891.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.

WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed
Flooring.
sept 11-tf

72 I. O. O. F. 72

—THE—
72d Anniversary of I. O. O. F
—Will be Celebrated by a—
GRAND BALL
—AT THE—
Agricultural Pavilion, Independence,
—ON—
Monday Evening, April 27, 1891.
Admission Free to All!

FLOOR MANAGER.....Bertrand Rhine.

FLOOR DIRECTORS.....N. E. CONKLIN, G. H. LEWIS, J. W. MURPHY, ROBERT O'NEAL, B. F. GRAY

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ROUND VALLEY: C. F. Wildasinn, H. Evans
BISHOP: John Bourland, Robert O'Neal; P. P. Keough, O. H. Hill; J. H. Bulpitt, I. P. Yaney.
BIG PINE: S. G. Gregg, J. C. Schalten; L. Newman, J. R. Eldred
CERRO GORDO: Pat. Clinton
INDEPENDENCE: Walter James Jr., E. Robinson; P. W. Forbes, C. W. Craig; Dr. J. D. Blair, P. H. Mack; J. E. Shepherd
LONE PINE: J. R. Moffett, R. C. Spear
KEELER: Thos. Boland, B. F. Gray; John Anton, Sam. Levy; Finley Bedford.

Free transportation to and from trains and to pavilion.

Supper at Norman House.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.,
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $75 to $150 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDIS
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891.
0476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.
First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.
THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.
PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Address orders and packages to
HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
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J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
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OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful attention given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,
WASSON & WASSON,
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NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.
FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BIS OP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.
Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.
Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St
In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable
S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
Customers supplied on all points
Of the C. & C. Railroad.
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,
Watchmaker & Jeweler.
BISHOP, CAL.
Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.
Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.
I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE STEWART HOUSE.
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies
PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT
Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p m.	5:10
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10
Wabuska	2:05 p m.	2:50
Hawthorne	5:50 p. m.	11:10
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:55
Sodа Springs.....	8:05 p. m.	9:15
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.	7:5
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7:2
	No. 3.	No
	Leave—	Arrives—
Belleville.....	8:20 a m	5:2
Benton	11:50 a m	1
Bisnop Creek	2:00p. m.	11
Alvord.....	2.45 p. m	10:0
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.	8:2
Lone Pine.....	5:10 p. m	7:4
Keeler.....	Ar 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:0

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (70 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downs, Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Mountain, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc.
AT
L. WOOL
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.
CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE
Blacksmith Shop
R. C. Spear, Prop'r
—ALL WORK ON—
MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS & FREIGHTING OUTFITS
—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING
All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel
BEER, WINES
LIQUORS and CIGARS
All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS
The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE
Is always at the disposal of visitors at the Palace Saloon. sept 12 tf

Copyright, 1890.

Help yourself

if you're a suffering woman, with the medicine that's been prepared especially to help you—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will do it where others fail. For all the diseases peculiar to the sex—dragging-down pains, displacements, and other weaknesses, it's a *positive* remedy. It means a new life, and a longer one, for every delicate woman. In every case for which it's recommended, it gives satisfaction. It's *guaranteed* to do so, or the money is refunded.

It improves digestion, invigorates the system, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, produces refreshing sleep, dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both flesh and strength. It is a legitimate *medicine*—not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to sour or ferment in the stomach and cause distress. As *peculiar* in its marvelous, remedial results as in its composition. Therefore, don't be put off with some worthless compound easily, but dishonestly, recommended to be "just as good."

A treasure which time cannot blot
Is matrimonial peace;
But he must be an argus—not
Who culls his golden fleece.

EMINENT TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes:

"40 ORANGE ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
Feb. 11, 1890.

"I have used ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS for some years for myself and family and, as far as able, for the many sufferers who come to us for assistance, and have found them a genuine relief for most of the aches and pains which flesh is heir to. I have used ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS for all kind of lameness and acute pain and, by frequent experiments, find that they can control many cases not noticed in your circulars.

"The above is the only testimonial I have ever given in favor of any plaster, and if my name has been used to recommend any other it is without my authority or sanction."

Nothing Like Success—Success is the card that wins. Even the successful fool is applauded, while the philosopher who fails is hissed.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cold, Cough, or over-fatiguing the voice. These symptoms (which, if neglected, often result in a chronic trouble of the Throat) are allayed by the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

Too Tonic—"Why do you object to German opera? It is full of vigor; it brees me right up." "That's my objection to it; it is Teutonic."

THE PACIFIC BANK

Has issued its quarter Centennial statement, which is indeed an interesting circular, and proves in figures that the past year has been the most prosperous one the BANK has ever had, with a capital of $1,000,000, and surplus of $800,000. It is a matter upon which all Californians may be congratulated, that the Bank still has the same able and conscientious President, Dr. R. H. McDonald.

Doubts gather thickly, like bees from a hive,
When the other man answers, "Well, I'll raise it five."

Dr. Wallace Ely has removed his offices to 215 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal., where he continues to give special attention to Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland and all diseases arising therefrom. Diabetes and Bright's Disease treated according to the latest approved methods. Most cases can be treated successfully by correspondence. Consultations daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. WALLACE ELY, M. D., 215 Powell St., 4 doors from Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

Ancestry is like homœopathic medicine, the older it is diluted the greater the potency.

All that we can say as to the merits of Doobins' Electric Soap, prides into *nothingness* before the story it will tell you *itself*, of its own *perfect* quality, if you will give it *one* trial. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

Second Sight—"Theirs was a case of love at first sight." "Why didn't they marry?" "They changed their minds at second sight."

Try Germea for Breakfast.

THAT'S IT.

St. Jacobs Oil The Great Remedy CURES RHEUMATISM.

18 Hill Street,
San Francisco, Cal.,
April 23, 1890.

"Having been severely afflicted with rheumatism, my mother and daughter with sore throat, we have, by the use of St Jacobs Oil, been cured."
LOUIS IMHAUS.

—FOR— PAIN,

CURES NEURALGIA.

Ellenville, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1890.

"I suffered with neuralgia, bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and soon recovered. I treated a sprained ankle with same results."
THOS. M. VAN GORDER.

CURES SCIATICA.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19, 1889.

I suffered a long time with sciatic pains in the hips; found no relief till I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured me.
CHAS. A. FULDA.

ALSO CURES
Promptly and Permanently
LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES.

IMPORTANT TO FRUIT GROWERS.

Protect Your Trees from Sunburn, Borers, Rabbits, Etc., by using

THE PACIFIC TREE PROTECTOR.

(Patent Applied for). At a cost of from 1 to 2 cents per tree. It is the only perfect Tree Protector and is being used by many of the largest growers in the United States. Waterproof, adjustable and convenient; saves time, trouble and expense. Write for samples. PACIFIC ROLL PAPER CO., Pacific Coast Agents, 30 and 32 First Street, S. F., Cal.

WANTED!

A THOROUGHLY HONEST WOMAN, IN whose trust we may place a stock of goods for sale on commission. Address, stating age, experience and references,
W. B. Co., 220 Sansome St., S. F.

BEST TREE WASH.
Greenbank Insecticide, powdered Caustic Soda, etc.
BEST SHEEP WASH.
Calvert's Carbolic. Prices reduced. T. W. JACKSON & CO., Sole Agents, 104 Market St., S. F.

USE NEW WELLINGTON COAL.

S. F. N. U. No. 453. New Series No. 8

BEBEE;

OR,

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

By "OUIDA."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Can I do any work for you, Bebee?" said black Jeannot in the daybreak, pushing her gate open timidly with one hand.

"There is none to do, Jeannot. They want so little in this time of the year—the flowers," said she, lifting her head from the sweet peas she was tying up to their sticks.

The woodman did not answer; he leaned over the half open wicket, and swayed it backward and forward under his bare arm. He was a good, harmless, gentle fellow swarthy as charcoal and simple as a child, and quite ignorant; having spent all his days in the great Soignies forests making fagots when he was a little lad, and hewing down trees or burning charcoal as he grew to manhood.

"Who was that seigneur with you last night, Bebee?" he asked, after a long silence, watching her as she moved.

Bebee's eyes grew very soft, but they looked up frankly.

"I am not sure—I think he is a painter—a great painter prince, I mean—as Rubes was in Antwerpen; he wanted roses the night before last in the cathedral."

"Who was that seigneur with you last night, Bebee?"

"But he was walking with you?"

"He was in the lane as I came home last night—yes."

"What does he give you for your roses?"

"Oh—he pays me well. How is your mother this day, Jeannot?"

"You do not like to talk of him?"

"Why should you want to talk of him?—he is nothing to you."

"Did you really see him only two days ago, Bebee?"

"Oh, Jeannot!—did I ever tell a falsehood?—you would not say that to one of your little sisters."

The forester swayed the gate to and fro drearily under his folded arms.

Bebee, not regarding him, cut her flowers, and filled her baskets, and did her other work, and set a ladder against the hut and climbed on its low roof to seek for eggs, the hens having green tastes sometimes for the rushes and lichens of its thatch. She found two eggs, which she promised herself to take to Annemie, and looking round as she sat on the edge of the roof, with one foot on the highest rung of the ladder, saw that Jeannot was still at the gate.

"You will be late in the forest, Jeannot," she cried to him. "It is such a long, long way in and out. Why do you look so sulky? and you are kicking the wicket to pieces."

"I do not like you to talk with strangers," said Jeannot, sullenly and sadly.

Bebee laughed as she sat on the edge of the thatch, and looked at the shining gray skies of the early day, and the dew wet garden, and the green fields beyond, with happy eyes that made the familiar scene transfigured to her.

"Oh, Jeannot, what nonsense! As if I do not talk to a million strangers every summer! as if I could ever sell a flower if I did not! You are cross this morning—that is what it is."

"Do you know the man's name?" said Jeannot, suddenly.

Bebee felt her cheeks grow warm as with some noonday heat of sunshine. She thought it was with anger against blundering Jeannot's curiosity.

"No! and what would his name be to us, if I did know it? I cannot ask people's names because they buy my roses."

"As if it were only roses!"—

There was the length of the garden between them, and Bebee did not hear as she sat on the edge of her roof with that light dreamful enjoyment of air and sky and coolness, and all the beauty of the dawning day, which the sweet vague sense of a personal happiness will bring with it to the dullest and the coldest.

"You are cross, Jeannot, that is what it is," she said after awhile. "You should not be cross; you are too big and strong and good. Go in and get my bowl of bread and milk for me, and hand it to me up here. It is so pleasant. It is as nice as being perched on an apple tree."

Jeannot went in obediently and handed up her breakfast to her, looking at her with shy, worshiping eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his hatchet and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"You will be seeing that stranger again?" he asked her.

"Yes!" she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes; not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeannot, now, you are so late. I will come and see your mother to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeannot. Days are too short to snip them up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spoils the fleece by snapping at it sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Bebee having delivered her little piece of wisdom, broke her bread into her milk and ate it, lifting her face to the fresh winds and tossing crumbs to the wheeling swallows, and watching the rose bushes nod and toss below in the breeze, and thinking vaguely how happy a thing it was to live.

Jeannot looked up at her, then went on his slow, sad way through the wet lavender shrubs and the opening buds of the lilies.

"You will only think of that stranger, Bebee, never of any of us—never again," he said, and wearily opened the little gate and went through it, and down the daybreak stillness of the lane. It was a foolish thing to say; but when were lovers ever wise?

Bebee did not heed; she did not understand herself or him; she only knew that she was happy; when one knows that, one does not want to seek much further.

CHAPTER IX.

Her stranger from Rubes' land was a great man in a certain world. He had become great when young, which is perhaps a misfortune. It indisposes men to be great at their maturity. He was famous at 20, by a picture hectic in color, perfect in drawing, that made Paris at his feet. He became more famous by verses, by plays, by political follies and by social successes. He was faithful, however, to his first love in art. He was a great painter, and year by year proved afresh the cunning of his hand. Purists said his pictures had no soul in them. It was not wonderful if they had none. He always painted soulless vice; indeed, he saw very little else.

One year he had some political trouble. He wrote a witty pamphlet that hurt where it was perilous to aim. He laughed and crossed the border, riding into the green Ardennes one sunny evening. He had a name of some power and sufficient wealth, he did not fear long exile. Meanwhile he told himself he would go and look at Scheffer's Gretchen.

The King of Thule is better, but people talk most of the Gretchen. He had never seen either.

He went in leisurely, traveling up the bright Meuse river, and across the monotony of the plains, then green with wheat a foot high, and musical with the many bells of the Easter kermesses in the quaint old world villages.

There was something so novel, so sleepy, so harmless, so mediæval, in the Flemish life, that it soothed him. He had been swimming all his life in salt sea fed rapids, this sluggish, dull canal water, mirroring between its rushes a life that had scarcely changed for centuries, had a charm for him.

He stayed awhile in Antwerpen. The town is ugly and beautiful; it is like a dull, quaint grès de Flandre jug, that has precious stones set inside its rim. It is a burger ledger of bales and barrels, of sale and barter, of loss and gain, but in the heart of it there are illuminated leaves of missal vellum, all gold and color, and monkish story and heroic ballad, that could only have been executed in the days when art was a religion.

He gazed himself into an homage of Rubens, whom before he had slighted, never having known (for, unless you have seen Antwerp, it is as absurd to say that you have seen Rubens as it is to think that you have seen Murillo out of Seville, or Raffaelle out of Rome); and he studied the Gretchen carefully, delicately, sympathetically, for he loved Scheffer, but, though he tried, he failed to care for her.

"She is only a peasant, she is not a poem," he said to himself, "I will paint a Gretchen for the Salon of next year."

But it was hard for him to portray a Gretchen. All his pictures were Phryne—Phryne in triumph, in ruin, in a palace, in a poorhouse, on a bed of roses, on a hospital mattress, Phryne laughing with a belt of jewels about her supple waist, Phryne lying with the stones of the dead house under her naked limbs—but always Phryne. Phryne, who living had death in her smile, Phryne, who lifeless had blank despair on her face; Phryne, a thing that lived furiously every second of her days, but Phryne a thing that once being dead was carrion that could never live again.

Phryne has many painters in this school, as many as Catherine and Cecilia had in the schools of the Renaissance, and he was chief amidst them.

How could he paint Gretchen if the pure Scheffer missed? Not even if, like the artist monks of old, he steeped his brushes all Lent through in holy water.

And in holy water he did not believe.

One evening, having left Antwerpen ringing its innumerable bells over the grave of its dead Art, he leaned out of the casement of an absent friend's old palace in the Brabant street that is named after Mary of Burgundy; an old casement crusted with quaint carvings and gilded round in Spanish fashion with many gargoyles and griffins and illegible scutcheons.

Leaning there, wondering with himself whether he would wait awhile and paint quietly in this dim street, haunted with the shades of Memling and Maes, and Otto Veneris and Philip de Champagne, or whether he would go into the east and seek new types, and lie under the red Egyptian heavens and create a true Cleopatra, which no man has ever done yet—a young Cleopatra, ankle deep in roses and fresh from Cæsar's kisses—leaning there, he saw a little peasant go by below, with two little white feet in two wooden shoes, and a face that had the pure and simple radiance of a flower.

"There is my Gretchen," he thought to himself, and went down and followed her into the cathedral. If he could get what was in her face he would get what Scheffer could not.

A little later, walking by her in the green lanes, he meditated: "It is the face of Gretchen, but not the soul—the Red Mouse has never passed this child's lips. Nevertheless"—

"Nevertheless"—he said to himself and smiled.

For he, the painter all his life long of Phryne living and of Phryne dead, believed that every daughter of Eve either vomits the Red Mouse or swallows it.

It makes so little difference which—either way the Red Mouse has been there.

And yet, strolling there in the dusky red of the evening, towards this little rush covered hut, he forgot the Red Mouse and began vaguely to see that there are creatures of his mother's sex from whom the beast of the Brocken slinks away.

But he still said to himself, "Nevertheless."

"Nevertheless," for he knew well that when the steel cuts the silk, when the hound hunts the fawn, when the snake wooes the bird, when the king covets the vineyard, there is only one end possible at any time. It is the strong against the weak, the fierce against the feeble, the subtle against the simple, the master against the slave, there is no equality in the contest, and no justice—it is merely inevitable, and the issue of it is written.

CHAPTER X.

The next day she had her promised book hidden under the vine leaves of her empty basket as she went homeward, and though she had not seen him very long or spoken to him very much, she was happy.

The golden gates of knowledge had just opened to her, she saw a faint, far off glimpse of the Hesperides gardens within, of the dragon she had never heard, and had no fear.

"Might I know your name?" she had asked him wistfully, as she had given him the rose bud, and taken the volume in return that day.

"They call me Flamen."

"It is your name?"

"Yes, for the world. You must call me Victor, as other women do. Why do you want my name?"

"Jeannot asked it of me."

"Oh, Jeannot asked it, did he?"

"Yes; besides," said Bebee, with her eyes very soft and very serious, and her happy voice hushed, "besides, I want to pray for you of course, every day; and if I do not know your name, how can I make Our Lady rightly understand? The flowers know you without a name, but she might not, because so very many are always beseeching her, and you see she has all the world to look after."

He had looked at her with a curious look, and had bade her farewell, and let her go home alone that night.

Her work was quickly done, and by the light of the moon she spread her book on her lap in the porch of the hut and began her new delight.

The children had come and pulled at her skirts and begged her to play. But Bebee had shaken her head.

"I am going to learn to be very wise, dear," she told them. "I shall not have time to dance or to play."

"But people are not merry when they are wise, Bebee," said Franz, the biggest boy.

"Perhaps not," said Bebee, "but one cannot be everything, you know, Franz."

"But surely you would rather be merry than anything else?"

"I think there is something better, Franz. I am not sure. I want to find out; I will tell you when I know."

"Who has put that into your head, Bebee?"

"The angels in the cathedral," she told them; and the children were awed and left her, and went away to play blind man's buff by themselves, on the grass by the swan's water.

"But for all that the angels have said it," said Franz to his sisters, "I cannot see what good it will be to her to be wise, if she will not care any longer afterwards for almond ginger bread and currant cake."

It was the little tale of "Paul and Virginia" that he had given her to begin her studies with, but it was a grand copy, full of beautiful drawings nearly at every page.

It was hard work for her to read at first, but the drawings enticed and helped her, and she soon sank breathlessly into the charm of the story. Many words she did not know; many passages were beyond her comprehension; she was absolutely ignorant, and had nothing but the force of her own fancy to aid her.

But though stumbling at every step, as a lame child through a flowery hillside in summer, she was happy as the child would be, because of the sweet, strange air that was blowing about her, and the blossoms that she could gather into her hand, so rare, so wonderful, and yet withal so familiar, because they were blossoms.

"I am going to learn to be very wise, dear."

With her fingers buried in her curls, with her book on her knee, with the moon rays white and strong on the page, Bebee sat entranced as the hours went by; the children's play shouts died away; the babble of the gossip at the house doors ceased; people went by and called good night to her; the little huts shut up one by one, like the white and purple convolvulus cups in the hedges.

Bebee did not stir, nor did she hear them; she was deaf even to the singing of the nightingales in the willows, where she sat in her little dark porch, with the ivy dropping from the thatch above, and the wet garden ways beyond her.

A heavy step came tramping down the lane. A voice called to her:

"What are you doing, Bebee, there this time of the night? It is on the strike of twelve."

She started as if she were doing some evil thing, and stretched her arms out and looked around with blinded, wondering eyes, as if she had been rudely wakened from her sleep.

"What are you doing up so late?" asked Jeannot; he was coming from the forest in the dead of night to bring food for his family; he lost his sleep thus often, but he never thought that he did anything except his duty in those long, dark, tiring tramps to and fro between Soignies and Laeken.

Bebee shut her book and smiled with dreaming eyes, that saw him not at all.

"I was reading—and, Jeannot, his name is Flamen for the world—but I may call him Victor."

"What do I care for his name?"

"You asked it this morning."

"More fool I. Why do you read? Reading is not for poor folk like you and me."

Bebee smiled up at the white, clear moon that sailed above the woods.

She was not awake out of her dream. She only dimly heard the words he spoke.

"You are a little peasant," said Jeannot roughly, as he paused at the gate. "It is all you can do to get your bread. You have no one to stand between you and hunger. How will it be with you when the slug gets your roses, and the snail your carnations, and your hens die of damp, and your lace is all wove awry, because your head runs on reading and folly, and you are spoilt for all simple pleasures and for all honest work?"

She smiled, still looking up at the moon, with the drooping ivy touching her hair.

"You are cross, dear Jeannot. Good night."

A moment afterwards the little rickety door was shut, and the rusty bolt drawn within it; Jeannot stood in the cool summer night all alone, and knew how stupid he had been in his wrath.

He leaned on the gate a minute; then crossed the garden as softly as his wooden shoes would let him. He tapped gently on the shutter of the lattice.

"Bebee—Bebee—just listen. I spoke roughly, dear—I know I have no right. I am sorry. Will you be friends with me again?—do be friends again."

She opened the shutter a little way, so that he could see her pretty mouth speaking.

"Oh, Jeannot, what does it matter? Yes, we are friends—we will always be friends, of course—only you do not know. Good night."

He went away with a heavy heart and a long drawn step. He would have preferred that she should have been angry with him.

Bebee, left alone, let the clothes drop off her pretty round shoulders and her rosy limbs, and shook out her coils of hair, and kissed the book, and laid it under her head, and went to sleep with a smile on her face.

Only, as she slept, her fingers moved as if she were counting her beads, and her lips murmured:

"Oh, dear Holy Mother, you have so much to think of—yes, I know—all the poor, and all the little children. But take care of him; he is called Flamen, and he lives in the street of Mary of Burgundy; you cannot miss him; and if you will look for him always, and have a heed that the angels never leave him, I will give you my great cactus flower—my only one—on your feast of Roses, this very year. Oh, dear Mother, you will not forget!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Author of Lorna Doone.

R. D. Blackmore lives in great retirement at his pretty villa residence, "Shortwood," close to Teddington station, which latter place, by the way, is an innovation not at all to the taste of the veteran novelist, who built his home before the station existed, and now regrets its proximity. Mr. Blackmore's hobby is his garden. In front there is a trimly kept lawn, surrounded by flourishing beds where rhododendrons, picotees, roses of every hue and old fashioned country flowers vie with each other in abundance. Behind is the fruitful orchard, his great pride, where strawberries, currants, stone fruits, pears and apples are to be found in such plenty that much of it is sold in the fruit markets.

It has always been Mr. Blackmore's custom to work a few hours daily in his garden, and this seems to be his favorite recreation. Mr. Blackmore is now over 70 years of age, and a widower. His two nieces reside with him. In figure he is rather short and thick set, with white hair and whiskers; his face is strongly lined, and the blue eyes and bushy eyebrows are very characteristic. He reminds one somewhat of "Uncle Corny" in his latest work, "Kit Kitty," the hero of which, strangely enough, is a market gardener living at one of the river villages a little higher up than Teddington.—Toronto Mail.

A Brief Wedding.

A certain Georgia editor, who is also a real estate agent, a building and loan association director, an attorney at law, clerk of the town council and pastor of the village church, was recently asked to marry a couple. He was in a great hurry, and the couple surprised him in the middle of a heavy editorial on the tariff. "Time is money," said he, without looking up from his work. "Do you want her?" The man said yes. "And do you want him?" The girl stammered an affirmative. "Man and wife," cried the editor. "One dollar. Bring me a load of wood for it—one-third pine, balance oak."—Atlanta Constitution.

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester N. Y. *Democrat and Chronicle*, was recently republished in this paper and was a subject of much comment. That the article caused even more commotion in Rochester, the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well-known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days since which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal enquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed necessary.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious.

"The medical profession has been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a Hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner, who was visited at his establishment on N. St. Paul street, spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease had increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80 its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off, and is taking off every year, for while many are dying apparently of paralysis and apoplexy, they are really victims of kidney disorder, which causes heart disease, paralysis, apoplexy, etc. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys;' and in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured."

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'there goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true if I had not fortunately used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor? was asked Dr. S. A. Lattimore, one of the analysts of the State Board of Health."

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir, I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and harmless."

The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henion's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, but that it can be cured if taken in time.

"So you imagine the next world will be much like this one?" "Why, yes. There will be lots of red-hot politicians there, I imagine."

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RECORDS OF A PREHISTORIC PEOPLE.

The Wonders of Easter Islands.—Massive Ruins.

The Caroline islands, which are now recognized as belonging to Spain, though the Germans tried to annex them a few years ago, form one of the largest archipelagos of the Pacific, covering a sea area of more than 2,000 miles, and comprising over 500 separate fragments of land. Some of these islets are mere rocks, many are uninhabited and a few are very populous. Excepting those at the eastern end of the chain, and the large island of Yap at the western end, they have been rarely, some of them never, visited by white men, unless in the dubious form of "beach combers."

Kusaie, sometimes called Strong island, is about fifty miles in circumference, is of basaltic formation, has a large extent of high ground, and boasts of two excellent harbors. The people are reputedly industrious and peaceable—for South Sea islanders—and they have a king of their own. They belong, to all appearance, to the Polynesian race, but travelers have declared that they seem capable of a higher civilization than the average Polynesian. It is remarkable that the chiefs communicate by signs and speech not understood by the common people.

LITTLE EASTER ISLAND.

If we traverse some few thousand miles of ocean to the very eastern outskirts of Polynesia we shall find the little island called Easter island, which is barely ten miles long by four miles broad, which has no trees, no running water, and very little about it to attract settlers. It is of volcanic origin, and one of the extinct craters is over 1,000 feet high.

Yet this physically uninteresting island, peopled by Polynesians of the fair type, such as are found in the Society islands, is the greatest mystery of the Pacific. It is covered with remains of some prehistoric people of whom every record but that preserved in stone seems to have vanished.

At the southwest end of this little island there are to be found the ruins of nearly a hundred stone houses, built in regular lines and facing the sea. The walls of these houses are five feet thick and over five feet high, built of layers of flat stones and lined inside with flat slabs. Internally the houses measure about forty feet long by thirteen feet wide, and they are roofed over with slabs overlapping like tiles. The inside walls are painted in three colors—red, black and white—with figures of birds and mystic beasts and faces and geometrical figures. In one of these houses was found a curious stone statue eight feet high and weighing about four tons, which is now in the British museum.

The sea cliffs near this ancient settlement are carved into grotesque shapes not unlike the paintings on the walls, and the coast is marked with hundreds of these strange sculptures.

Again, on each headland of the island there is an enormous stone platform, built of hewn blocks of great size, fitted together without cement. They are built on sloping ground, presenting on the seaward side a wall face twenty or thirty feet high and two or three hundred feet long, and on the landward side a wall of about three feet in height rising from a level terrace.

These platforms have evidently had to do with the religious practices of the early settlers, whoever they were; for upon all of them are large stone pedestals which have supported images, and on some of them broken images are still to be seen. On one platform fifteen images were found, in size ranging from three to thirty-five feet in height. They are of human shape, representing the upper part of the body only, with arms and hands close to the sides. The heads are cut flat to allow of crowns being placed on them, which crowns seem to have been made, not of the same material as the statues, but of red tufa. This has been traced to an extinct crater within a few miles of the houses, and on the brink of this crater a large number of crowns were found, finished and ready for removal before some strange fate depeopled the island of these ancient worshipers.

The images themselves are made of gray lava, which is only found at quite another crater at the other end of the island. At this crater, called Otouli, there are several finished and partly finished images, just as they were left by the workmen. It is remarkable that the present natives have small wooden images carved out of a hard, dark wood, but these images are hideous and differ altogether from the dignified statues of the platforms.

The present inhabitants are simply tattooed savages, who are more than suspected to have a taste for cannibalism. They live in long, low houses, in shape like an upturned canoe, with only a single opening about two feet square, wholly unlike the massive stone villages we have described. There may have been wood on the island at one time, for the natives are well provided with clubs and spears, and they also use a double headed paddle which has not been observed elsewhere in the Pacific. But, on the other hand, they may have brought these implements with them, for they have a tradition that their great-great-grandfathers emigrated from the island of Rapaiti, about 2,000 miles away, and just south of the Austral group. Be this as it may, they call their present abode Rapahui, or Great Rapa, to distinguish it from what they call their former home.—Cassell's Magazine.

When grapes are served do not spit out the stones, but eject them from the mouth into the half closed hands, from whence they should be transferred as unostentatiously as possible to the plate.

THE SECRET MOURNER.

They bore him on to his grave in the heart of the busy town;
And with furtive footsteps following I watched them lay him down:
The mourners, many and sad—though they wept there one and all,
The tears that fell were as naught to mine, that could not fall.

We loved each other dearly, in a day that is distant now,
But something got to his ear, and he suddenly changed somehow—
A something got to his ear, I never could gather what—
And he kept away from thence, and his love for me was not.

I hid my grief in my heart, and bore it as best I might;
There was never darkness yet but had some relieving light;
And I found a balm in the thought that, although his love was gone,
I could follow him secretly, and in secret still love on.

And this I've done through the years that have come and gone since then
(So far the love of women surpasses the love of men);
I've hung on his track to the last, for I only ceased today,
And from his grave in the town I turned in my woe away.

Earth now looks lone in my eyes, yet I am not all cast down;
I have firm faith that at last I shall somewhere grasp Love's crown!
That when the end shall have come, whatever is good and true
Will receive its just reward, and a love like mine its due.

—James Dawson.

Glycerine as a Wool Preservative.

In order to make wool tissues water proof manufacturers have to expose the fabric to temperatures as high as 266 to 284 degs. Fahrenheit, and it has been found that the tissue thus treated loses all its resistance. Up to 230 degs. there is no change in wool or woolen goods, but when heated to 266 degs. or above both turn yellow and show evidences of combustion. By a series of experiments Mr. J. Perzog, an eminent French analytical chemist, has discovered a new process by means of which wool threads and fabrics may be made to retain their durability and original resistance under high temperature during the process of manufacture.

Acting upon the established fact that glycerine greatly prevents evaporation of humidity, Mr. Perzog saturated some woolen fabrics with a solution containing 10 per cent. of glycerine, and exposed them to high temperatures. The fabrics thus treated showed not the slightest change under a temperature of 284 degs. Fahrenheit, and they retained 13 per cent. of the glycerine. The discovery of this simple principle removes one of the greatest difficulties with which manufacturers of waterproof fabrics have had to contend.—Philadelphia Record.

About Torpedo Boats.

The next most important thing to speed in a torpedo boat is the quick turning, and for this purpose the larger Normand, Schicau and Yarrow boats have two rudders, one in the usual place at the stern and one under the bow. Mr. Thornycroft has another device. He puts two curved rudders near the stern and the propeller is between them, so that when the rudders are turned together, the water which the propeller is driving astern is turned a little to one side and helps to push around the boat.

The latest idea in torpedo boats is to have their launching tubes mounted on turn tables on deck instead of being fixed in the bow. With this improvement a boat will not have to steam straight at her enemy, stop, launch its torpedo and then turn to run away; but it can train its tube on the big ship as if the tube were a gun, and launch the torpedo while rushing past at full speed. This would be less dangerous for the torpedo boat, for it would not afford the men on the ship a good aim at her.—John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.

An Odd Coincidence.

An old friend (call him W.) relates how, while he was in Florida, his watch stopped. Since it was a very good watch and had never stopped before, and had been duly wound the evening before, W. was much surprised that it wouldn't go. By and by the head of the house (call him B.) came in. "Will you please give me the time?" said W. "Certainly," said B., and pulled out his watch. B. had a timepiece which was entirely trustworthy, not given to irregularities of any kind. He pulled it out of his pocket. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "my watch is stopped; that's queer." They compared the two watches, and they had stopped at the same hour and at the same minute, and why they had stopped neither man was able to discover.—Boston Transcript.

A Clever Youngster.

Little Kitty Clover is the most brazen of beggars.

"Grandma, will you please lend me your gold beads?" she asked, for perhaps the seventh time that week.

Grandma patiently took them from the drawer, and said, with her usual mildness, as she gave them to the child:

"Try not to ask for them any oftener than you can help, Kitty."

"No'm," said Kitty, adding, as a clever solution of the difficulty occurred to her, "If you don't like to lend 'em, grandma, you could give 'em to me and then I needn't ask!"—Youth's Companion.

First Settlers of Virginia.

Dr. Stephen B. Weeks, of Johns Hopkins university, has made a special study of the early Virginia settlements under Sir Walter Raleigh. He maintains that it can be shown by legendary and historical evidence that the earliest English settlers in the New World were not massacred, as is generally supposed, but were absorbed by the tribe of Croatan Indians, and their descendants are still to be found in North Carolina.—Baltimore American.

Misnamed.

"Misfit photographs for sale!" is written up over the door of a certain photographer's. Why "misfits?" One might be more inclined to set them down as mis-takes!—Judy.

THE CATTLE INDUSTRY.

The Methods of the Irrepressible Cowboy.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

"Texas Runs" and "Round ups"—Losses of a Hard Winter.

The progress and success of the cattle industry in the west has been marvelous. For many years the business was conducted almost entirely by individuals, and so widened and prospered that in a few years the cattle kings were almost as numerous and opulent as the famous "bonanza kings." They had a personal supervision over their range and stock, and as the circle of their dominion broadened the "round up" and the line riders found here and there fields of all the game animals which in former times swarmed over the country. Indian tradition told them that away back in the forties a certain winter had left no living creature for spring to make glad with her balmy air and green grass. So the idea was born to them that it would be well to take in partners while the business was yet in its glory. So friends in the east were written to concerning the profits and small costs of cattle raising. Individuals purchased half, third or fourth interests in the ranges or herds, as the case might be, and then came about the formation of syndicates and companies. For several years the increase was simply immense, and the trail from Texas became one continuous stream of animal life, emptying itself upon the plains of Wyoming, Montana and Dakota.

The profits were large. Each successive "beef round up" brought to the eastern market thousands of head of cattle, comparing favorably with the "pampered corn fed" stock of Nebraska and Illinois. Newspaper writers set forth the business in the most glowing colors; magazines gave facts and figures with elaborate care; money flowed in from the great commercial centers; new companies were formed every day, and the festive cowboy grew apace and flourished his six shooter with impunity, while his employers sat by their warm fires in ease. Did not the cowboys look after their interests on the stormy range? So they must not be curbed, even if they did sometimes make things lively in these little western towns. In those days the owners of small herds had no rights these reckless fellows were bound to respect. A regularly recorded brand was the only thing that insured anything like safety to the flocks. Indeed, it was no unusual thing to see during the spring round up a half dozen men, mounted on broncbos, ride up to a farmer's gate, open it and gallop pell mell across the pasture and "round up" his whole herd of tame cows. If there was any doubt in their minds about the brand on a creature the lassoes were taken from their places on the saddle, there were a few dextrous flings of the rope in the air and then the animal was stretched upon the ground. May be it was the children's pet heifer, but for fear of hurting her the hot iron in the timid hand had pressed too lightly, and and there was no mark on the hide. So she was a "maverick," and regardless of threats and persuasions, she was driven away to starve to death the next winter on a bare range.

But the day of retribution was coming. The spring of 1886 opened up clear and bright, with but little rain to call forth the grass from the whole earth. During the whole summer there was a terrible drought, and the hot winds swept over the parched plains, shriveling up and killing all sorts of vegetation. The grass was as dry and brown in June as if the frosts of autumn had already come and locked up a goodly supply of nourishment in the dead looking blades for hungry cattle during the long winter months. But the old frontier men knew that there were too many cattle on the range, and that, even if the grass was good enough to keep them during the summer and fall, a great many must die in the cold storms of winter. In September and October there was a larger drive from the south than ever before. Cold weather set in early in November, and continued until 500,000 cattle had perished from starvation. In every little gulch might have been seen cattle staggering from weakness as they vainly tried to nibble the short grass to prolong their tortured existence a few hours longer. But at last they lay down in the snow, and soon the stupor came on which took their value from the cattlemen's pockets.

Now, however, the order of things has changed, and it is the man of small herds who has the advantage. It is acknowledged by men who ought to know that in the future the only way to raise cattle successfully will be to feed and shelter them well in winter, and either close herd or pasture them during the warm seasons. The ranges are fast becoming settled by industrious men, and the land which a few years since formed part of valuable ranges now produces good crops of wheat, oats and corn.

In regard to this, a cattle man well known throughout the west said to your correspondent a few days since: "The day of the 'round up' is practically over; from this time on we will either have to watch our cattle or lose 'em."

Another prominent member of the stock association said: "Yes, it will not be many years before large herds will be a thing of the past. One or two years will put an end to the round up, and the business will be in the hands of local men."

On being told that your correspondent had questioned one man about the loss last winter, he laughed and voluntarily said: "Well, I don't know that I blame any one interested in the matter for not wanting to talk about it, but there is no use in trying to keep it secret any longer. Seventy-five per cent. of all the cattle is somewhere near it, though 80 may be nearer. One firm made a drive of 20,000 in the fall, and in the spring found a scarce 1,500; another of 5,000 numbered but 500 after the 'round up.' The greatest loss was in cows that had been, or were, sucking calves. The calf 'round up' was very small, because the cows were nearly all dead. No, it wouldn't do any good to provide a little shelter for them. If a creature once gets into an old shack during a storm it will stay there until the elements are at peace or it starves to death. Anyway, cattle are strange animals. Where a horse will paw away two feet of snow, and when chilly, take a little run by way of exercise, a cow will get discouraged and stay in the place without food or water until she dies.—Sun Dance (Wy. T.) Cor. Chicago Times.

A Norwich (Conn.) minister announced from the pulpit on a Sunday that he would give $1.50 if the young men in the gallery would take seats down stairs. They did so and the money was paid.

How He Got Even.

A young man failed to receive an invitation to a surprise party to which many that he knew were specially invited. He brooded over it awhile and then stole a march on all the others by inviting the young lady in whose honor the party was to go with him to the theatre. Not knowing of any other arrangement she gladly accepted, and after the performance he suggested a lunch, thereby making the other party, kept waiting for her return, literally one of surprise.—Boston Times.

You Can't Most Always Tell

Sweet maid, what anxious thoughts to-night
Keep you lingering here on the stair?
Are you thinking of eyes that with love's deep light
Pleaded with yours a share?

Ah, no! A far more important thing
Troubled the throbbing brain,
As up the winding stairs she swept,
Daintily holding her train.

She was wondering if, at the coming ball,
With a little artistic taste,
She could make that look like another dress,
By wearing a different waist.

—Life.

Feathers in Flat Cars.

"I heard a good story the other day pertaining to one of the best known railroad men in the northwest. It seems when he first started out in the business he was made station agent, operator, etc., at a point a few miles distant from Cincinnati. He was young, verdant and exceedingly fresh for a youth of his immature years. It was also the general opinion that his knowledge of the science of railroading was somewhat limited. So one balmy spring afternoon it was determined to make the test. Accordingly one of the heaviest shippers of the town walked into the office and solemnly inquired the tariff on loose feathers shipped on flat cars.

A careful perusal of the tariff sheets was made in vain; but being anxious to oblige the shipper he promptly wired to the general freight agent of the road asking the rate. And it was not until the emphatic, not to say profane, answer of the general freight agent was received that the absurdity of the thing dawned upon his mind. But it taught him a lesson that he has never forgotten to this day.—Minneapolis Tribune.

An Afflicted Man.

"You look hard today, Bingley."

"I feel hard. Didn't get a wink of sleep all night."

"How was that?"

"Had the toothache."

"I was awake all night too. A fellow in the next room was playing a jewsharp."

"Great Scott! I imagined that I suffered."—Nebraska State Journal.

For a Game Dinner.

Young Housekeeper—Have you canvas back duck?

Butcher—No, but I have some nice geese.

Young Housekeeper—Very well, you may send a nice canvas back goose.—Life.

The Letter That Never Came.

A letter with the following address has just been sent to the dead letter office:

Sylvester Brown, a web faced scrub
To whom this letter wants to go,
Is chopping wood for his grub
In Silver City, Idaho.

—New York Tribune.

No Time to Lose.

Convalescent (to physician)—I see your bill, doctor, calls for ten dollars. How much do you charge a visit?

Physician—Two dollars.

Convalescent—But you only called three times.

Physician—Five times, my friend, three times for treatment and twice for my money.

Convalescent—I guess I had better hurry and pay up.—Epoch.

Theory and Practice.

Foreman—What was that disturbance on the stairway a minute ago?

Editor—Oh, that old bore of a Quinby called on me and I kicked him out.

"Good scheme. Now you'll have to write a column of stuff for me.

"Here's an article you can use. It is headed 'Politeness Pays.'"—Nebraska State Journal.

The Reason He Is Rich.

"I see that the proprietor of a hotel in Washington is worth $13,000,000," said a banker to a friend.

"Well, that's not to be wondered at."

"Why so?"

"Because he used to be a porter in the house he now owns."—Hotel Mail.

In Mourning.

Mother—I am surprised, dear, to see you at the piano so soon after the death of your dear Uncle James, and "White Wings," too!

Daughter—Yes, mamma, but I'm only playing on the black keys.—New York Sun.

Patience Exhausted.

Collector—This is the last time I shall call for the amount of this bill.

Delinquent—Yes?

Collector—Yes. The next time I shall stand out in the street and yell for it.—Life.

NEVADA ROAD AGENTS.

A Story of the Early Days of Staging.

SHIPPING BULLION IN MOLASSES.

A Millionaire's Son Traced by a Wheel Mark on an Overcoat.

"Stage robbing was almost a legitimate business in early days," said an old Comstocker.

"The express company lost a great deal of money in that way, and at last James Gannon was sent up to Virginia to break up the business. He was a shrewd man, and he devised more schemes for outwitting the road agents than you ever heard of. He sent treasure in sacks of potatoes, which were loaded on prairie schooners, and even the drivers never suspected that they were carrying anything more valuable than potatoes. I have known him to drop a bar of bullion into a cask of molasses and send it through safely, when he knew the agents were watching for it. It was Gannon who thought of sending shotgun messengers on the stages, and he made them carry their guns with the muzzles resting on their toes, so that they didn't dare to fall asleep. He broke up stage robbing as a branch of the general merchandise business by making it too risky.

"While I was keeping a saloon in Virginia City, Clem Lee and three other fellows, whose names have slipped my memory, came into the camp and started a big faro game close to my place. They had $20,000 in the drawer, and I think they had got hold of the coin by holding up a stage. They did a big business and were making plenty of money.

"It was the custom then to close up the games at 12 o'clock on Sunday night. Clem and one of his partners came to me and asked me to mix them up two bottles of cocktails. He wanted them in champagne bottles and had the labels scratched off. I wondered what all that meant, and I found out later. I also noticed that Clem Lee had borrowed a light overcoat from Charlie Dexter.

"As soon as their place was closed, Clem and his partner mounted their horses on B street and rode out of town. Clem was riding a horse that he hired from the chief of police. All the animals were good, and as soon as they were out of town they had a chance to show their speed. The four horsemen spurred down the Geiger grade in the darkness at a terrific rate. If you have been over that road, you know what a gallop down the grade on a dark night means. It is a steep and winding road through the mountains. The turns are sharp and, where it runs through Dead Man's Gulch, a slip over the edge would send horse and rider to kingdom come in no time.

"The four gamblers flew over that road to Washoe faster than anybody ever went before, and made the thirty-four miles in less time than I would dare to tell. At Washoe they had four good horses staked out, and it did not take them long to shift saddles, try my cocktails, mount and start off again. They knew what they were after, and they did not miscalculate time or distance.

"In those days the stage companies had good stock, and when the Reno stage came along six horses were making it spin. Four men sprang into the road, and one of them shouted to the driver to stop. The driver could not pull up short, and the men had barely time to spring aside and avoid the wheels. Clem Lee leveled his revolver and fired, and one of the leaders fell dead. The other horses tumbled over the one that was down, and the stage was stopped, but not before a deputy sheriff on the box had pulled a gun and sent a ball through Clem's partner, Dick.

"The passengers were ordered out and ranged in line, the driver threw down the box, and while the plunder was being gathered up one of the robbers said to the disarmed deputy sheriff: 'I think we ought to kill you, my friend.' Clem Lee interfered and said: 'No; there's been enough bloodshed. Let him alone.' The stage was put to rights, everybody got aboard, and it was driven away, covered while in sight by the robbers' guns.

"The three gamblers buried their dead pal, but where they dug his grave nobody knows. Then they mounted their horses, rode at desperate speed back to Washoe, changed horses there and pushed on up the Geiger grade to Virginia City, where they arrived at 9 o'clock in the morning and immediately went to bed. They felt pretty safe, as nobody would suspect them of having made such a trip in so short a time. They could not have made it without a relay of horses, and even then they had to ride like devils.

"But there was one little circumstance that was insignificant in appearance and fatal in fact. When Clem Lee sprang aside to avoid the stage he raised his right arm and covered the driver with his pistol. The forward wheel of the coach grazed the under side of his arm and ground into the sleeve a streak of mud that nothing could wipe out. A lady in the coach was looking out of the window, and as the coach passed Lee she saw the mark made by the wheel on his coat sleeve.

"When she reached Virginia City, and, with the other passengers, was questioned by Gannon, she said: 'Look for a man with a wheel mark on the sleeve of his light overcoat. That mark was made by a rapidly turning wheel, and no brush ever was made that will take it out.'

"Gannon strolled up C street, and Charlie Dexter came along with his light overcoat on. Gannon glanced at his sleeve, saw the wheel mark and gathered him in. Of course, it didn't take Dexter long to remember who had his coat on the night of the robbery, and the three gamblers were captured and sent to prison. One of them (I shan't say which) was the son of a famous philanthropic millionaire of Washington."—New York Star.

Women and Their Dogs in Paris.

Women here, as in London, have an insatiable mania for carrying or leading by chain pug dogs of all degrees of ugliness. One afternoon, during a shower of rain, one was seen walking along the Quai Jemmapes, where a number of workmen had just finished discharging a cargo of coal from a barge. The lady held in one hand an umbrella, with which she carefully protected from the least drop of wet an ugly little dog with a gorgeous blue ribbon round its neck. By her side trotted her daughter, a little girl about 3 years old, her shoes not so waterproof as they might have been, who, deprived of the protection of the umbrella monopolized by the dog, was rapidly getting drenched.

As she was about to cross the bridge which spans the canal one of the coal heavers went up to her and said, "Allow me, madam, to relieve you of your dog, so that you may carry your girl to the other side." The woman accepted the offer, but when the party arrived at the other end of the bridge the coal heaver threw the pug into the canal, telling its mistress at the same time, "That's a lesson to you not to shelter a dog while your child is getting wet."

The woman screamed and soon a crowd collected, to whom she pathetically narrated the assassination of her pet. Two policemen at her instigation took the coal heaver to the station, but the superintendent declined to formulate any charge against him. All she could do, he told her, was to bring a civil action for the value of her dog. She left the station "apparently much dissatisfied with the decision."—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

All Watches Compasses.

A few days ago I was standing by an American gentleman when I expressed a wish to know which point was the north. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it, and pointed to the north. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to his watch. "All watches," he replied, "are compasses." Then he explained to me how this was. Point the hour hand to the sun, and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure 12 on the watch. For instance, suppose that it is 4 o'clock. Point the hand indicating 4 to the sun and 2 on the watch is exactly south.

Suppose that it is 8 o'clock. Point the hand indicating 8 to the sun and the figure 10 on the watch is due south. My American friend was quite surprised that I did not know this. Thinking that very possibly I was ignorant of a thing that every one else knew, and happening to meet Mr. Stanley, I asked that eminent traveler whether he was aware of this simple mode of discovering the points of the compass. He said that he had never heard of it. I presume, therefore, that the world is in the same state of ignorance. Amalfi is proud of having been the home of the inventor of the compass. I do not know what town boasts of my American friend as a citizen.—London Truth.

A Farmer on a Bicycle.

The New England farmer of today is much given to the covered carriage and horse that holds his head high. I suspect that the reliable but somewhat deliberate ox satisfied his ancestors. I met one farmer near Holyoke driving his cow home from the pasture on a bicycle—that is, the man was on a bicycle and the cow was ahead of him on foot, though she looked as if she would appreciate a bicycle, too, as he was speeding her along on a rather lively trot. I stopped him and asked him if there was any show for a farmer to make money in that section, and while the patient cow leaned against a tree and caught her breath he replied that there was none whatever.

His grandfather had made money on the farm, he said, but he could not. Then he called to the cow to "hump herself," and went spinning down the road with the long suffering beast making desperate efforts to keep from being run over. It occurred to me that perhaps his grandfather did not pick the stones off the farm with a bicycle and a pair of tongs.—Cor. New York Tribune.

Impure Ice.

The Massachusetts board of health has examined 76 samples of water and 336 samples of ice from 58 localities, with the result of showing that, contrary to general belief, ice may be nearly as impure as the water from which it forms. The crystallization of the water forces out the color, salt, and most of the matter in solution, and clear ice from polluted sources may be comparatively free from impurities and the probability of hiding disease germs.

But in snow ice and ice formed by flooding the impurities become entangled, so that freezing gives no purification. The public is warned by the board, therefore, that ice is unsafe for domestic purposes when obtained from a source polluted by sewage beyond that which would be allowable in drinking water, and that in general it is much safer to use for drinking water and for placing in contact with food that portion of the ice that is clear.—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Historic Cradle.

The Emperor William, his brothers and sisters, his children and all his Hohenzollern ancestors born since 1722 have been successively rocked in the family cradle of that illustrious house or enthroned thereon during the court procession which adds splendor to each royal christening. The ancient couch is a clumsy structure of old oak, richly carved, round whose four sides is cut in large Roman characters the text, "He hath given his angels charge over thee, that they keep thee in all thy ways."—Harper's Bazar.

Editorial Courtesy.

Editor (to Miss Oldgirl, aged about forty)—Your work shows promise, madam, but do you know that good literary work is seldom done by a woman until she is 30 or 35? Several years hence you will be able to write available articles.

Miss Oldgirl (as she leaves)—That was the most delightful man I ever met.—West Shore.

ASHES OF THE DEAD.

Preserving the Remains of the Departed.

CREMATION STEADILY GROWING IN FAVOR.

Something About the Urns Used by the Ancients.

Urns for the ashes of the dead are more in demand now than ever before in modern times. Their manufacture has become an important industry in the potteries of East Liverpool, O., about forty miles west of this city. As cremation grows in popularity the necessity for these vases increases. At first some difficulty was experienced in keeping the ashes of the human body free from foreign materials. Even in ancient periods that was a problem. The Greeks used a shroud of asbestos, the Egyptians one of amianth and even the scientific Mr. Eassie suggested a zinc coffin, that metal being volatile. But earthen urns were most generally used. Yet great care was taken to protect these urns from the ravages of weather and intruders. The Romans had a chamber partitioned off purposely for sepulchral uses. It was known as the columbarium, and was surrounded by small holes or niches, in which the urns were deposited. The columbarium resembled the dove cote of today. Tombs of this description were chiefly owned by the wealthy families for depositing the ashes of their slaves and dependents. Several of them are still to be seen at Rome. One, discovered in recent years, contained two urns in every niche, with the names of the persons whose ashes were there inscribed over them.

ANCIENT AND MODERN URNS.

And so in the United States today urns of earthenware are exclusively used after incinerations. The potters of East Liverpool have a separate line of apparatus for their manufacture, and put into the vessels the very best kind of materials, so that they may be preserved an indefinite length of time. Care is taken to have the fastenings for the covering perfectly air tight. Two designs of urns are made for the trade. One is wholly plain, the other is ornamented with flourish lines, the representation of ivy leaves, or, in a few instances, with scriptural figures. These varieties are intended to suit the different intentions of keeping the urn in the houses of the living, inclosing it in the vaults in the cemeteries, or interring it in ordinary graves. All three methods of final disposition are pursued in this country. One very rich and influential family, formerly residents of this city, keep the urn containing the ashes of the father wrapped in an American flag and sitting upon the top of his old secretary in the library. The ashes of others who have been cremated in Pittsburg have been simply buried in the graveyards or placed in mausoleums. There used to be a custom among the Digger Indians of scattering the ashes to the winds, or to smear them with gum upon the heads of the mourners. But among civilized people the urn is the symbol of refinement, even in a doctrine that is questionable to many.

THE COST OF INCINERATION.

These potteries of East Liverpool are but a short distance across the country from the first crematory ever erected in the United States. That is at Washington, Pa., only thirty miles from St. Pittsburg. It was put up by Dr. Julius Le Moyne not more than twelve years ago. For two years afterward the incinerations which were conducted there attracted widespread attention on the subjects being brought from prominent families all over the country. So rapidly has cremation progressed in favor of Americans since then that today there are furnaces in operation at Lancaster, Pa., Buffalo, N. Y., and Pittsburg, Pa. One society, which has also erected a crematory at Fresh Pond, L. I., has about 300 members. Similar societies exist in nearly all the large cities, and so common have incinerations become that half of them are never heard of. The use of natural gas in burning the body at the furnace in Pittsburg has so largely reduced the cost of an incineration and the attendant ceremonies that expense is, now no hindrance to the method, at least in this city. In other places, where they have not got the wonderful fuel we have, the cost, although higher, does not exceed $7 for the incineration and $45 for the whole service. It is said, however, that in Japan the natives have reduced the cost to $1.

EGYPTIAN VASES.

As intimated above, the most prevalent material in all ages for vases for the ashes of the dead has generally been baked clay. Multitudes of Greek sepulchral urns have, after a lapse of more than fifteen centuries, been brought to light at a time when learned men can appreciate them and gather from them valuable information in history and archæology. Egyptians made these earthen vases at such early times that they are contemporary with the pyramids themselves. But the most remarkable Egyptian pottery for burial purposes was the so called porcelain, made of fine sand, or frit, loosely fused together, and covered with a thick silicious glaze of blue, green, white, purple or yellow color. Objects were not only made out of this material for the dead, but for the toilet of the living, too. But for the first object they were used most. They were exported from Egypt to the neighboring countries, and are found alike in the tombs of the Greek isles, the sepulchers of Etruria and the graves of Greece. Most of the figures of deities, the sepulchral ones deposited with the dead, and a few vases for household purposes were made of this porcelain. It was at a later period that figures of deities were modeled in terra cotta. The objects most remarkable in this material for size are the large coffins found at Warka (supposed by some to be the Ur of the Chaldees), with oval covers, and ornaments of the Sassanian period.—Pittsburg Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The invention of an instrument to which the name barothermotelemeter has been given is announced. Its purpose is to enable observers to take readings as often as desired, and by a single wire, from barometers and thermometers placed at great heights or distances without the necessity of the observer being resident where the instruments are placed, thereby saving much expense and enabling observations to be taken at points where residence might be impossible.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY APRIL 3 1891

The "Record Union" says that Eastern visitors were carefully kept swap from the Capitol during the closing days of the Legislature, and that on the last night of the session the House was transformed into a dance house of the lowest order, and the Senate resembled a concert dive. These scenes can have but one result, and that is to bring free institutions into discredit and generate contempt for the laws enacted in such a Legislature. There is merit everywhere and always in manly self-control and decency and dignity, but this merit seems not to have been amongst the few gifts and graces of the late Legislature.

We have from the first regarded as very important and dangerous the new law under which the President of the United States, or rather his Secretary of the Treasury, is authorized to refuse to issue to anybody gold bullion for exportation to foreign countries. As few other papers we have seen appear to look upon that law in the same light, we have entertained the hope that our fears were groundless. One of these few is the Alexandria "Gazette", which says,

"The refusal of the Government, not only to supply importers with gold bars with which to pay for foreign goods, but also to redeem silver certificates with gold coin, naturally suggests the idea that it is not as assured of the maintenance of its gold fund as it desires to be, and just as naturally induces a tendency to gold-hoarding on the part of the people."

The same paper lays the blame of such legislation upon the Republican party.

But will silver be able to maintain its present status under such circumstances? We constantly opposed during the last session of Congress any measure that would discredit silver—for example, a law providing for coinage any less than all the silver that might be brought into the mints. Nothing less than free coinage—nothing else than free coinage—can make silver the equal of gold. How would such a law—that is, a law providing for the coining of so many millions of dollars per month—have enabled silver to weather the storm which is now beating against the metal? How could anything except disaster result from the Government's refusal to issue gold bullion for exportation? This measure is supposed to have been resorted to in the interest of silver, but if so, it was resorted to under a misapprehension of the condition of things that would follow its enactment into a law. It is a kindred measure to the one which authorizes the partial coinage of silver.

We await with interest the result of the Secretary's gold policy. Possibly it may not be so objectionable as we have supposed it to be.—Richmond, Va. Dispatch

FOR SALE CHEAP.

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THE NEW BALLOT LAW

AN ACT TO AMEND SECTIONS 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1257, 1258, AND 1259 OF THE POLITICAL CODE, AND TO ADD FOUR NEW SECTIONS THERETO, TO BE NUMBERED 1213, 1214, 1215, and 1216, ALL IN RELATION TO THE CONDUCT OF ELECTIONS IN THIS STATE.

The People of the State of California, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Section 1185 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1185. All ballots cast in elections for public officers within this State shall be printed and distributed at public expense as hereinafter provided. The printing of general tickets and cards of instruction to electors of each county, and the delivery of the same to the election officers, shall be a county charge, the payment of which shall be provided for in the same manner as the payment of other county expenses; and the printing and delivering of "municipal tickets," and also in case of separate elections for city, city and county, or town officers, the printing and delivering of cards of instruction shall be a charge upon the respective city, city and county or town in which such "municipal tickets" and cards of instruction are to be used, the payment of which shall be provided for in the same manner as the payment of other city, city and county or town expenses.

SEC. 2. Section 1186 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1186. Any convention, as hereinafter defined, held for the purpose of making nominations for public office, and also electors, to the number hereinafter specified, may nominate candidates for public offices to be filled by election within the State. A convention, within the meaning of this act, is an organized assemblage of delegates representing a political party which, at the last election before the holding of such convention, polled at least 3 per cent. of the entire vote of the State, county, district or other political division for which the nomination is made; provided, that in any county, township, city or district wherein no general election shall have been held after its organization, a convention of any party polling at least 3 per cent. of the votes cast in the precincts composing such county, township, city or district shall have the same power, and its nominations the same effect as though such county, township, city or district had been organized before the next preceding general election.

SEC. 3. Section 1187 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1187. All nominations made by any such convention shall be certified as follows: The certificate of nomination, which must be in writing, shall contain the name of each person nominated, his residence and the office for which he is nominated, and shall designate the party or principle which such convention represents. It shall be signed by the chairman and secretary of such convention, who shall add to their signatures their respective places of residence, and make oath before an officer authorized to administer the same, that the matter stated in such certificate is true to the best of their knowledge and belief, and a certificate of the oath shall be annexed to the certificate of nomination.

SEC. 4. Section 1188 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1188. A candidate for public office may be nominated otherwise than by a convention in the manner following: A certificate of nomination containing the name of the candidate to be nominated, with the other information required to be given in the certificates provided for in Section 1187 of this code, shall be signed by electors residing within the district or political division for which candidates are to be presented, equal in number to at least 3 per cent. of the entire vote cast at the last preceding election in the state, district or political division for which the nomination is to be made; provided, that 1,000 signatures shall be sufficient for the nomination of a candidate for any office in the State. Said signatures need not all be appended to one paper, but each signer shall add to his signature his place of residence, giving the street and number, when he resides in a city. One of the signers of each such certificate shall swear that the statements therein made are true to the best of his knowledge and belief, and a certificate of such oath shall be annexed. Such a certificate, when made as above prescribed, shall have the same effect as a certificate of nomination made by a party convention.

SEC. 5. Section 1189 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1189. Certificates of nomination shall be filed with the Secretary of State for the nomination of candidates for offices to be filled by the electors of the entire State, or for members of the State Board of Equalization, State Board of Railroad Commissioners, or House of Representatives. Certificates of nomination shall be filed with the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town for the nomination of any candidate for an office under the government of any city or town, to be filled by the electors of such city or town. For all other nominations to public offices, certificates of nomination shall be filed with the Clerks of the respective counties wherein the offices are to be filled by the electors; and where the district or political division embraces more than one county, such certificate must be filed with the Clerk of the county in which the candidate resides, and the name of each such candidate as specified in the certificate of nomination shall be certified by said County Clerk to the County Clerks of the other counties within the district or political division, not less than fifteen days before the day of election.

SEC. 6. Section 1190 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1190. No certificate of nomination shall contain the name of more than one candidate for each office to be filled. No person shall join in nominating, under the provisions of this code, more than one nominee for each office to be filled, and no person who has voted in a convention for or against a candidate for any office shall join in nominating, in any manner, any other nominee for that office, and no person shall accept a nomination to more than one office.

SEC. 7. Section 1191 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1191. The Secretary of State shall preserve in his office for the period of two years all certificates of nomination filed therein under the provisions of this code, and each County Clerk shall preserve in his office for a like period all certificates of nomination filed therein under the provisions of this code.

SEC. 8. Section 1192 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1192. Certificate of nomination required to be filed with the Secretary of State shall be filed not more than sixty days and not less than forty days before the day fixed by law for the election of the persons in nomination when the nomination is made by convention, and not more than sixty days and not less than thirty days before the day of election when the nomination is made by electors as provided in Section 1188 of this code. Certificates of nomination required to be filed with the County Clerks, or with the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any city or town, shall be filed not more than fifty nor not less than thirty days before the day of election, when the nomination is made by a convention, and not more than fifty days nor less than twenty days before the day of election when the nomination is made by electors. Should a vacancy in the list of nominees of a convention occur, such vacancy may be filled by the convention, or if it has delegated to a committee the power to fill vacancies, such committee may, upon the occuring of such vacancy, proceed to fill the same; provided, that no nomination shall be made or certified at a period before the day of election less than the minimum number of days provided for filing certificates of nomination made under this code. The chairman and secretary of the convention, or of such committee, shall thereupon make and file with the proper officer a certificate setting forth the cause of the vacancy, the name of the person nominated, the office for which he was nominated, the name of the person for whom the new nominee is to be substituted, the fact that the committee was authorized to fill vacancies, and such further information as is required to be given in an original certificate of nomination. When a certificate to fill any vacancy shall be filed with the Secretary of State, he shall in certifying the nomination to the various County Clerks, insert the name of the person who has been thus nominated to fill a vacancy in the place of that of the original nominee. Any person whose name has been presented as a candidate, may, at least five days before the making of the publication of the nominations prescribed in this section, cause his name to be withdrawn from nomination by filing with the Secretary of State and County Clerk his request therefor in writing, signed by him and acknowledged before the County Clerk of the county in which he resides, and no name so withdrawn shall be printed on the ballot.

SEC. 9. Section 1193 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1193. Not less than twenty-five days before an election to fill any public office, the Secretary of State shall certify to the County Clerk of each county within which any of the electors may by law vote for candidates for such office, the names of each person nominated for such office, as specified in the certificate of nomination filed with the Secretary of State.

SEC. 10. Section 1194 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1194. At least ten days before an election to fill any public office, the County Clerk of each county shall cause to be published, in at least two newspapers of general circulation within the county, the nominations to office certified to him by the Secretary of State, and also all those filed with the County Clerk. He shall make not less than two such publications in each of such newspapers before election day, one of such publications being made upon the last day upon which such newspaper is issued before the day of election. The list of nominations published by the County Clerks of the respective counties shall be arranged in the order and form in which they will be printed upon the ballot. The Clerk or the Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town with whom the names of any candidates have been filed shall publish in the same manner the list of nominations filed with him; but where only one newspaper is printed in any county, city or town, then publication in such newspaper shall be deemed sufficient, and where no newspaper is printed in such county, city or town, publication shall be made through any newspaper designated by the Board of Supervisors of said county, or the legislative body of such city or town, and by posting copies of the ballot in three of the most public places in such county, city or town not less than ten days before the day of election.

SEC. 11. Section 1195 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1195. Whenever a proposed constitutional amendment, or other question, is to be submitted to the people of the State for the popular vote, the Secretary of State shall duly, and not less than twenty-five days before election, certify the same to the Clerk of each county of the state; and the Clerk of each county shall include the same in publication provided for in Section 1194 of this code.

SEC. 12. Section 1196 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1196. Except as in this code otherwise provided, it shall be the duty of the County Clerk of each county to provide printed ballots for every election of public officers, except elections for city or town officers, in which electors or any of the electors within the county participate, and to cause to be printed in the appropriate ballot the name of every candidate whose name has been certified to, or filed with the County Clerk, in the manner provided for in this code. Ballots other than those printed by the respective County Clerks, or the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town, according to the provisions of this code, shall not be cast nor counted at any election. It shall be the duty of the County Clerk of any consolidated city and county to provide separate ballots for every election for city and county officers in which the electors or any of the electors of such city or county participate, and to cause to be printed in such separate ballots the name of every candidate for a city and county office, whose name has been filed with the said County Clerk in the manner provided in this code. It shall be the duty of the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town to provide separate ballots for every election for city or town officers in which the electors, or any of the electors, of such city or town participate, and to cause to be printed in such separate ballots the name of every candidate whose name has been filed with such Clerk or Secretary in the manner provided for in this code. All ballots shall be of the necessary size and shape to contain the names of all the candidates, together with the necessary blank spaces hereinafter provided for, and shall be printed on tinted paper furnished by the Secretary of State. It shall be the duty of the Secretary of State to obtain and keep on hand a sufficient supply of paper for the ballots, and to furnish the same in quantities ordered to any County Clerk, or Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town upon payment by them of the cost of such paper. Such paper shall be water marked with a design to be furnished by the Secretary of State, in such manner that the said water mark shall be plainly discernible on the outside of such ballot when folded according to law. Such design shall be kept secret from all persons not engaged in the preparation, printing or distribution of the paper or ballots until the day of election. Such design shall be changed for each general election, and the same design shall not be used again at any general election within the succeeding 14 years, but at any special or separate local election, paper marked with the design used at the previous election may be used. Nothing in this code contained shall prevent any voter from writing upon his ballot the name of any person for whom he desires to vote for any office, and such vote shall be counted the same as if printed upon the ballot and marked as voted for.

SEC. 13. Section 1197 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1197. All ballots printed by County Clerks, other than the separate ballots containing the names of candidates for city and county offices, printed by the County Clerks of consolidated cities and counties shall be headed "General Ticket"; and all ballots printed by County Clerks of consolidated cities and counties, containing the names of candidates for city and county offices, and also all tickets printed by the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town, shall be headed "Municipal Ticket." Under the heading of all general tickets, the respective number of the Congressional, Senatorial and Assembly district in which such ticket is to be voted shall be printed, together with the following direction to voters: "To vote for a person [stamp], a cross (X) in the square at the right of the name." Opposite the name of each office shall be printed a direction to the voter specifying the number of persons to be voted for for that office, and opposite each constitutional amendment or other question to be voted upon in separate lines the words "yes" and "no." All municipal tickets containing the names of candidates for ward or district offices, in addition to such direction to voters, shall have the number of the ward or district in which such ticket is to be voted printed thereon. All municipal tickets shall be of a color or tint different from that of the general ticket. On each ballot a perforated line shall extend from top to bottom, one-half inch from the right-hand side of such ballot, and upon the half-inch strip thus formed there shall be no printing except the number of the ballot, which shall be upon the back of such strip in such position that it shall appear on the outside when the ballot is folded. The number on each ballot shall be the same as that on the corresponding stub, and the ballots and stubs shall be numbered consecutively in each county. All ballots shall be 18 inches in length and 9½ in width, and as many times such width as shall be necessary to contain the names of all candidates nominated. Where the names of candidates are printed in separate columns such columns shall be separated by heavy rules; and on all ballots the names of candidates shall each be separated by a rule extending to the extreme right of the column. A clear space of one inch in plain Roman type, and shall contain the name of every candidate whose nomination for any office specified in the ballot has been certified to and filed according to the provisions of this code, and no other name; [and there shall be added to all the names of candidates their party or political organizations.] The names of the candidates for each office shall be arranged under the designation of the office, in alphabetical order, according to surname. [Except that the names of candidates for the office of electors for President and Vice-President shall be arranged in groups as presented in the several certificates of nomination, and the voter may vote for the whole of said group by making one mark after such group.] There shall be left at the end of the list of candidates for each office as many blank spaces as there are persons to be elected to such office in which the voter may insert the name of any person not printed upon the ballot for whom he desires to vote as candidate for such office; and the names and blank spaces on the whole ticket shall be consecutively numbered, the figures being placed on the left-hand side of such names and blank spaces. There shall be a margin on the right-hand side of the names, at least one-half of an inch wide, so that the voter may clearly indicate, in the way to be hereafter pointed out, the candidate and candidates for whom he wishes to cast his ballot; the county, city or town in which each candidate resides may be printed in small type on the right-hand side of his name. Whenever any question is to be submitted to the vote of the people, it shall also be printed upon the ballot in such a manner as to enable the electors to vote upon such question in the manner hereinafter provided. At the head of each ballot shall be printed in separate lines the names of all political parties which have filed certificates of nomination of candidates in accordance with Sections 1186 and 1187 of this code, thus: "Regular Republican Ticket", (straight); opposite the names of each party, and on the same line therewith, there shall be a margin similar to that herein required, to be left opposite the name of each candidate, in which the voter may place the mark in the manner specified in Section 1201 of this code, if he desires to vote for all of the candidates of such party, but a ballot so marked shall not be counted if it [be stamped in any other place] except to indicate a vote or votes upon a constitutional amendment or other question.

SEC. 14. Section 1198 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1198. All ballots, when printed, shall be bound in stub-books of 100 ballots each. A record of the number of ballots printed by them shall be kept by the respective County Clerks, and by the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of each incorporated city or town.

SEC. 15. Section 1199 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1199. The County Clerk of each county shall provide for each election precinct in the county not less than one hundred general tickets for every day of election or ballot-box registered in the election precinct; and in case of a consolidated city and county, an equal number of municipal tickets when any city and county officers are to be elected; and the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of any incorporated city or town shall furnish a like number of municipal tickets when any city or town officer is to be elected.

SEC. 16. Section 1200 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1200. Whenever it shall appear by affidavit that an error or omission has occurred in the publication of the name or description of the candidates nominated for office, or in the printing of the ballots, the Superior Court of the county, or the Judge thereof, shall, upon application by any elector, by order, require the County Clerk to correct such error, or to show cause why such error should not be corrected.

SEC. 17. Section 1201 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1201. Before the opening of the polls at any election within any county, the County Clerk of the county shall cause to be delivered to the Boards of Election of each election precinct which is within the county, and in which the election is to be held, at the polling-place of the election precinct, the proper number of general tickets to be used in the election precinct, in sealed packages, with marks on the outside, clearly designating the precinct or polling-place for which they are intended, and the number of ballots inclosed, and in case of a consolidated city and county, also a like number of municipal tickets; and the Clerk or Secretary of any incorporated city or town shall in like manner cause to be delivered the proper number of municipal tickets. The County Clerk, Clerk or Secretary shall prepare a receipt for each polling-place, enumerating the packages and stating the time and day and date when the same were delivered by him to the Inspectors of Election. The Inspectors of Election shall sign said receipt upon receipt of the packages, which shall forthwith be returned and filed. The County Clerk, Clerk and Secretary respectively shall have authority to employ such messengers as may be necessary to insure the safe and expeditious delivery of the ballots to the Inspectors or Judges of Election, as provided in this code, and the Board of Supervisors, or other board or body having the control of elections, shall allow such messengers a reasonable compensation for their services, to be paid as other election expenses are paid. In case of the prevention of an election in any precinct by the loss or the destruction of the ballots intended for that precinct, the Inspector or other election officer for that precinct shall make an affidavit setting forth the fact, swear to the same before an officer authorized to administer oaths, and transmit it to the Governor of this State. Upon receipt of such affidavit the Governor may order a new election in such precinct, and upon the application of any candidate for any office to be voted for by the electors of such precinct the Governor shall order a new election in such precinct.

SEC. 18. Section 1202 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1202. At the same time and in the same manner as Inspectors and Judges of Election are now appointed in this State, two ballot clerks for each election precinct in the State shall be appointed, whose duty it shall be to have charge of the ballots on the day of election, and to furnish them to the voters in the manner hereinafter provided. Such ballot clerks shall possess the same qualifications, and shall be paid the same compensation, as Inspectors of Elections. In making appointments of such ballot clerks, one of them shall be taken from the political party that polled the largest number of votes at the last preceding election and the other from the party that polled the next largest number of votes at such election. They shall act as additional Clerks of Election when the polls are closed, and they shall serve until the votes are counted and the returns are signed; provided, that whenever a general and municipal election shall be held at the same time, there shall be appointed one additional Inspector, one additional Judge, and two additional clerks in the manner now provided by law.

SEC. 19. Section 1203 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1203. All offices upon whom is imposed by the law of the State the duty of designating polling places shall cause such polling places to be suitably provided with a ballot-box, to be marked on the outside, "general tickets," and when any city, city and county or town officers are to be elected a second ballot-box, to be marked on the outside "municipal tickets," and shall also provide a sufficient number of places, booths or compartments at or in which voters may conveniently mark their ballots, so that in the marking thereof they may be screened from the observation of others, and a guard rail shall be so constructed and placed that only such persons as are inside said rail can approach within six feet of the ballot-boxes and of such booths or compartments. The arrangements shall be such that the supply of paper for the box-boards or compartments shall be hidden from the view of those just outside the said guard-rail. The number of such voting booths or compartments shall not be less than one for every fifty electors qualified to vote in the precinct. No person other than electors engaged in receiving, preparing or depositing their ballots shall be permitted to be within said rail before the closing of the polls except by authority of the Board of Election, and then only for the purpose of keeping order and enforcing the law. Each of said voting booths or compartments shall be kept provided with proper supplies and conveniences for marking the ballots.

SEC. 20. Section 1204 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1204. Any person desiring to vote shall give his name and address to one of the ballot clerks, who shall then, in an audible tone of voice, announce the same, and if the other ballot clerk finds the name on the register, he shall in like manner repeat the name and address, when upon challenge may be interposed, as provided in Section 1206 of this code. If the challenge be overruled, the ballot clerk shall give him a ticket, and the clerk shall write on the register, opposite the name of the voter, the number of the general ticket given him, and also the number of the municipal ticket given him, when any city, city and county or town officer is to be elected; and the voter shall be allowed to enter the place inclosed by the guard-rail, as above provided. The ballot clerk shall then hand out one general ticket, and where any city, city and county or town officers are to be elected, also one municipal ticket; and only one ballot of each kind.

SEC. 21. Section 1205 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1205. On receipt of his ballot the elector shall forthwith, and without leaving the inclosed space, retire alone to one of the places, booths or compartments provided to prepare his ballot. He shall prepare his ballot by marking a cross after the name of the person or persons for whom he intends to vote, but, however, that any elector, who desires to who desires to vote for an entire party ticket, may mark a cross as above described against the political designation of such party, and shall then be deemed to have voted for all persons nominated by such party, and in case of a constitutional amendment or other question submitted to the vote of the people, by marking in the appropriate margin, a cross (X) against the answer which he desires to give. Such marking shall be done only with a stamp, which will insure the ready detection of such ballot, and shall be provided by the officers who are by this code required to furnish election supplies, for each booth or compartment provided for the marking and preparation of ballots. Before leaving such booth or compartment the elector shall fold his ballot in such a manner that the number of the ballot shall appear on the outside thereof, without displaying the marks on the face thereof, and shall keep it folded until he has voted. Having folded his ballot the voter shall deliver it folded to the Inspector, who shall announce in an audible tone of voice the name of the voter and the number of his ballot. The Ballot Clerk having the register in charge, if he finds the name to correspond with the number marked opposite the voter's name on the register, shall in like manner repeat the name and number, and shall mark opposite the name the word "voted." The Inspector shall then separate the upper from the ballot, and shall deposit the ballot in the Box. The numbers of all ballots voted shall be immediately destroyed.

SEC. 22. Section 1206 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1206. Not more than one person shall be permitted to occupy any one booth at one time, nor no person shall remain in or occupy a booth longer than is required to prepare his ballot, and in no event longer than ten minutes.

SEC. 23. Section 1207 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1207. Any voter who shall spoil a ballot shall return such spoiled ballot to the Ballot Clerk and receive another one in its place, one at a time, not to exceed three in all. All the ballots thus returned shall be immediately canceled, and, with those not distributed to the voters, shall be returned with the registered list and ballots, as now provided in Sections 1236 and 1237 of this code. Every elector who does not vote the ballot delivered to him shall, before leaving the polling place, return such ballot to the Ballot Clerks having charge of the ballots, who shall immediately cancel the same and return them in the same manner as spoiled ballots. The Ballot Clerks shall account for the ballots delivered to them by returning a sufficient number of unused ballots to make up, when added to the number of official ballots cast and the number of spoiled ballots returned, the number of ballots given to them, and it shall be the duty of the officers receiving such returned ballots to compel such an accounting.

SEC. 24. Section 1208 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1208. Any elector who declares, under oath, to the presiding election officer that he cannot read, and that by reason thereof, or that by reason of physical disability, he is unable to mark his ballot, shall, upon request, receive the assistance of any one of the officers of election that he may choose in the marking thereof, and such officer shall thereafter give no information regarding the same.

SEC. 25. Section 1209 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1209. No member of the Board of Election shall deposit in the ballot-box any ballot from which the slip containing the number of the ballot has not been removed by the Inspector.

SEC. 26. Section 1210 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1210. The County Clerk of each county, or in case of separate city or town elections, the Clerk or Secretary of the legislative body of such city or town shall cause to be printed on plain white paper, without water-mark or indorsements (except the words "sample ballot") at least as many copies of the form of ballot provided for use in each voting precinct as there shall be registered voters in such precinct. Such copy shall be designated "sample ballots," and shall be furnished to registered voters at the office of such Clerk or Secretary five days before the day fixed by law for such election, and at any time during such five days; provided, that not more than one sample ballot shall be furnished to any one voter. Such Clerk or Secretary shall cause to be printed, in large, clear type, on cards, instructions for the guidance of electors in obtaining and marking their ballots. He shall furnish twelve such cards to the Board of Election in each election precinct in his county, at the same time and in the same manner as the printed ballots and sample ballots. The Board of Election shall post at least one of such cards in each booth or compartment provided for the preparation of ballots, and not less than three of such cards at other places in and about the polling places on the day of election. Sections 1214 and 1215 of this code and Section 61 of the Penal Code shall also be printed on each of said cards.

SEC. 27. Section 1211 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1211. In canvassing the votes any ballot which is not made as provided in this act shall be void, and shall not be counted; but each such ballot must be preserved and returned with the other ballots. Any name written upon a ballot shall be counted for the office under which it is written, whether or not a cross is marked after it. If a voter marks more names than there are persons to be elected to an office, or if for any reason it is impossible to determine the voter's choice for any office to be filled, his ballot shall not be counted for such office.

SEC. 28. Section 1212 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1212. Any person entitled to vote at a general election held within this State shall, on the day of such election, be entitled to absent himself from any service or employment in which he is then engaged or employed for the period of two consecutive hours, between the time of opening and the time of closing the polls; and such voter shall not, because of so absenting himself, be liable to any penalty, nor shall any deduction be made on account of such absence from his usual salary or wages.

[Amend Section 1257 of the Political Code to read as follows:

After the lists are thus signed, the board must proceed to open the ballots and count and ascertain the number of votes cast for each person voted for. All the ballots must be taken out of the ballot-box, one at a time, and opened by one of the members of the board, and as so taken out, the straight ballots must be placed in separate piles, according to their respective ticket headings, vignettes, or other designations in manner as follows, to wit: All the straight ballots of each such party must be placed in a separate pile, and straight undesignated ballots must be placed in a separate pile in a like manner. When all the straight ballots shall have been so placed in piles, the number of ballots in each such pile must be carefully, correctly and distinctly counted aloud by a member of the board, in presence of the board and of the bystanders, whereupon an official record must be made by each clerk of the total number of ballots in such pile. Immediately thereafter all straight ballots must be by one of the Judges strung upon one string in such a manner that all the straight ballots of each party shall be in direct succession and immediate proximity upon said string, and all such straight ballots thereupon be securely bound together by said string and replaced in the ballot-box.

All the ballots, other than straight ballots, of each separate political or other party must be placed in a pile. When all the ballots shall have been so placed in a pile the number of ballots in such pile must be carefully, correctly and distinctly counted aloud by a member of the board in the presence of the board and of the bystanders, whereupon an official record must be made by each clerk of the total number of ballots in such pile. Immediately thereafter all the ballots, other than straight ballots, must be by one of the Judges strung upon one string in such a manner that all the ballots, other than straight ballots, shall be in direct succession and immediate proximity upon said string; and all such ballots, other than straight ballots, shall thereupon be securely bound and replaced in the ballot-box. Immediately thereafter such pile of ballots, other than straight ballots, must be freed from such twine or other fastening without removal from the ballot-box, and such ballots must be taken out one at a time by one of the members of the board, and the name of each person marked in the ballots as voted for shall be distinctly read in connection with the office for which he is a candidate. After the ballots, other than straight ballots, have been so counted, and an official record, as heretofore mentioned, made, all ballots rejected for illegality must be strung upon separate strings of other than straight ballots; whereupon all the ballots thus strung shall be securely bound and be replaced in the ballot-box.]

SEC. 30. Section 1258 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1258. Each clerk must write down each office to be filled and the name of each person marked in each ballot as voted for to fill such office, and keep the number of votes by tallies as they are read aloud.

SEC. 31. Section 1259 of the Political Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 1259. The ballots, as soon as the names marked on them as voted for are read, must be strung on a string by one of the judges, and must not thereafter be examined by any person, but must, as soon as all are counted, be carefully sealed in a strong envelope, each member of the board writing his name across the seal.

SEC. 32. Four new sections are hereby added to the Political Code, to be numbered, respectively, 1213, 1214, 1215 and 1216, as follows:

SEC. 1213. No person shall falsely make, or fraudulently deface or destroy any certificate of nomination, or any part thereof, or file any certificate of nomination knowing the same or any part thereof to be falsely made, or suppress any certificate of nomination which has been duly filed, or any part thereof, or make, use, keep or furnish to others, except as in this code so authorized, any water-mark in the paper of any ballot paper, or disclose the same to any person not engaged in making, printing or distribution of ballot paper or ballots.

SEC. 1214. No person shall, during an election, remove or destroy any of the supplies or other conveniences placed in the voting booths or compartments, as provided in this code, for the purpose of enabling the voter to prepare his ballot. No person shall, during an election, remove, tear down or deface the cards printed for the instruction of voters.

SEC. 1215. No officer of election shall disclose to any person the name of any candidate for whom any elector has voted. No officer of election, nor any person, shall do any electioneering on election day within one hundred feet of any polling-place. No person shall receive any ballot from any polling-place before the closing of the poll. No person shall apply for or receive any ballot at any election precinct other than that in which he is entitled to vote. No person shall show his ballot after it is marked to any person in such a way as to reveal the contents thereof, or the name or names of the candidate or candidates for whom he has marked his ballot; nor shall any person, except a member of the Board of Election, receive from any voter a ballot prepared for voting, or any other than a ballot, or solicit the voter to show the same. No person shall ask another at a polling-place for whom he intends to vote. No voter shall receive a ballot from any other person than one of the ballot clerks; nor shall any other person than a ballot clerk deliver a ballot to such voter. No voter shall deliver to the Board of Election, or to any member thereof, any ballot other than the one he has received from the ballot clerk. No voter shall place any mark upon his ballot by which it may be afterward identified as the one voted by him.

SEC. 1216. In all counties, and cities and counties, in this State, having a Registrar of Voters and a Board of Election Commissioners, the powers conferred and the duties imposed in this code upon the County Clerks and other officers, in relation to matters of election and polling-places, shall be exercised and performed by such Registrar of Voters and Board of Election Commissioners, and all certificates of nomination required to be made to County Clerks shall be made to the Registrar of Voters.

SEC. 33. This act shall take effect on the 1st day of July, 1891.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON
wards and Market Streets,
Independence, Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

CROCKERS' HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee.
sept1tf

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address,
P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal.
P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-Officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
Re-obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)

Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday	January 24th
"	February 21st
"	March 21st
"	April 18th
"	May 23rd
"	June 20th
"	July 18th
"	August 15th
"	September 12th
"	October 17th
"	November 14th
"	December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
nov 26-tf Independence.

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanks' Hall," Lone Pine
FRED BURKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of John Mullane deceased.

Order to show cause why an Order of sale of real estate and personal property should not be made.

Richard Hessian Sr. the Executor of the last will and testament of John Mullane, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate and all the personal property of said deceased, for the purposes therein set forth, it is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Saturday, the 18th day of April, 1891 at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Court room of said Court, at the Court House in the town of Independence, in the said County of Inyo, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executor to sell all of the real estate and all of the personal property of the said decedent. And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Inyo Independent, a newspaper published and printed in the said County of Inyo.

GEO. M. GILL.
Judge of said Superior Court.
Dated March 19th, 1891.

[ENDORSED.]

In the Superior Court of the County of Inyo State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John Mullane deceased.

Order to show cause why an order of sale of Real Estate and Personal Property should not be made.

Filed March 20th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL,
Clerk.

PROBATE NOTICE

Notice for publication of time appointed for proving will, etc.

In the matter of the Estate of Thomas Parker deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 4th day of April A. D. 1891, at ten o'clock a. m.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 99¼
Lead, 4.37
Copper, 14.60
Tin, 19.85
Sugar, .06¾
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence at 7 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

TUESDAY, March 31, 1891.

Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased—Letters testamentary to Thomas J. and Maggie Goodale filed.

DIED.

HERTEL—At Cerro Gordo March 31st, John Hertel, native of Germany, aged 47 years.

CORDOVA—At Lone Pine, March 31st, Jesus Cordova.

JONES—At Lone Pine, March 31st, George W. Jones, native of Wales, aged about 43 years.

FISHER—At Citrus, March 31st, Fred Fisher, aged about 30 years.

John Fiehman came up from Keeler on yesterday's train.

There are twenty-seven men employed at the marble quarry.

The telegraph line from town to the station is to be repaired.

E. H. Edwards and John Lubken were up from Lone Pine last Tuesday.

Joe Schalten came down from Big Pine on Wednesday and returned yesterday.

Supervisors meet next Monday. It is expected that a full Board will be present.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Goodale of Fish Springs were in town during the week.

P. H. Mack Esq. has removed to the residence formerly occupied by Judge Conklin.

W. T. Bunney of Bishop will act as office Deputy at Independence for Assessor Chalfant.

Mrs. Yandell and daughter came down from Bishop last week and will reside at Independence.

The Misses Stuart started on Tuesday morning for Los Gatos, where they expect to remain for some time.

Supervisor Stewart came down from Big Pine last Monday to attend the special session. Mrs. Stewart accompanied him.

Will the friends please note that the Lone Pine Sunday School opens at 10 a. m. each Sunday. At Independence they begin at 2 p. m.

Charley Turner received a box from friends below on the 1st. Some of the boys are curious as to the contents. Wonder what it was?

The Crocker Bros. have sold their hotel and livery stable at Big Pine to Tom Williams of Mono Lake. Mr. Williams will take possession May 1st.

Johnny Irwin is the happy possessor of an Albenton filly, the first of the season, out of Biddy by Bismark, grand-dam, Jewel by Kingsley.

La Grippe has broken out again with great violence in the East. The death rate at Chicago last week was unprecedented in the history of the city.

The Supervisors met last Monday and canvassed the vote of the 5th District. It resulted in Mr. Fitzgerald's election, he having received 36 out of 38 votes.

Word was received at Inderendence on Monday that Dan Williams was very ill at Lone Pine. W. R. Johnson went down immediately to assist in caring for him.

Mr. Charles Luce goes north on to-morrow's train on his way to Sacramento. He will return to Verdi for a while and expects to be back here during the coming summer

A private letter received from Bakersfield states that Hon. A. R. Conklin is giving great satisfaction as Superior Judge of Kern County. He is an indefatigable worker and has won the confidence and respect of the people.

Supervisor Fitzgerald is expected to arrive in Independence on Monday evening from San Francisco. He is accompanied by a daughter of the late John C. Eddy, who comes here on business connected with the estate of the deceased.

Philip Gehrig's lease of the Independence Brewery expired on Tuesday, and he has located at Keeler. Joseph Fernbach will henceforth assume control of the institution. Mr. Fernbach says he expects a a first class brewer up from San Francisco in a few days, and an A1 beverage will be manufactured for customers.

It is proposed by the Camp Independence people to give a social at the residence of A. N. Bell next Friday evening for the purpose of obtaining funds to continue the school. Mr. Charles Turner has given excellent satisfaction as a teacher, and the people wish to retain him as long as possible. The object is a worthy one, and a pleasant evening will surely be enjoyed.

Among the bills approved by Governor Markham is one which relates to the use of tobacco in any form by persons under the age of 16 years. It is as follows: "Every person who sells or gives or furnishes in any way to another who is in fact under the age of 16 years any tobacco or any preparation of tobacco is guilty of a misdemeanor and on conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $100; provided, however, that this section shall not be deemed to apply to articles furnished on presentation of prescriptions from physicians authorized by law to practice medicine, nor to persons who supply such articles to their own children, nor to sales made to such minors upon written consent of the parents or guardians of such minors first obtained in writing by the vendor."

A DESERT MYSTERY.

The Breyfogle Mine Found At Last.

There is not a miner or old settler in the southern part of the State who is not familiar with the the story of the famous Breyfogle mine. It ranks with the Gunsight, the Pegleg and the Lost Cabin legends. Like them it has cost dozens of lives, and so unsuccessful and fatal have proved the many expeditions made in search of the mine that it has come to be regarded by many as a myth. Briefly, for the information of those who have never heard the tale, the story goes that away back in the early fifties a party in which was a man named Breyfogle set out for California by way of the Southern Utah road, a route which lay through the southern portions of Utah and Nevada, skirted Death Valley, traversed the Mojave desert and finally terminated in either the San Bernardino or Los Angeles valleys.

Breyfogle was something of a miner in his way, and while prospecting in a wild and forbidding region he found a place where he could literally dig great nuggets of gold out of the decomposed quartz or cement, as he called it, with his knife. As he described the place, there was a large deposit of an exceedingly rich character enough to make the whole party wealthy. He returned to the camp, but the travelers were short of provisions and water, the Indians were troublesome, and there was no time to waste in mining. They pushed on toward their destination, but between the Indians and thirst only a few of them ever reached civilization. Breyfogle told his story, exhibited the nuggets he had dug out and carefully preserved, and then spent the rest of his life in a fruitless search for the deposit. Others who heard the story followed his example, and for upward of forty years the Breyfogle mine has been a veritable will-o'-the wisp, luring men to destruction in the terrible deserts of Southeastern California and Southwestern Nevada.

Something like two months ago George Montgomery, an experienced miner well known in the Wood river region of Idaho, was on a prospecting trip in the region to the southeastward of Death valley. It should be premised that the old Utah road after leaving San Bernardino city runs through the Cajon pass and then strikes off in a northeasterly direction across the Mojave desert, passing Resting Springs, the Kingston mountains, and then traversing the Pahrump valley. This valley lies just on the boundary line between California and Nevada and has a general northwesterly one southeasterly course, the Kingston mountains lying to the west and the Pahrump range to the east.

While prospecting in the mountains last named and at the upper end of the valley Montgomery made a discovery early in January which bears every indication of being the long sought Breyfogle mine, or, at least one exactly similar. But the location answers to that given by Breyfogle, while the gold has been found just as he said—so plentiful that it could be dug out in nuggets with a knife.

One ledge located by Montgomery is eight feet wide, and has been traced by its outcroppings for a distance of 9,000 feet. In the decomposed surface rock the gold is found almost like plums in a pudding. Pieces of quartz picked out are from a quarter to a half bright yellow gold, while, with a hand-mortar the lucky discoverer pounded out a yeast powder can full of nuggets of various sizes. All along the ledge free gold is found in quantities that astonish the oldest prospectors and which seem scarcely credible.

After making several locations Montgomery spread the news of his discovery, the result being that some thirty or forty miners are now at work in the valley, while others are hurrying in from various directions. Montgomery himself packed up as large a quantity of the richest specimens as he could carry and made his way across the desert to Daggett, the nearest railroad point, 160 miles away. From there he came to San Francisco, where he is getting tools, supplies, etc., to open the mines. He will return at the earliest practicable moment, put up a small mill and go to work getting out ore.

To the question whether he was looking for capital or a purchaser Mr. Montgomery returns an emphatic negative. The mines, he says, are the richest he ever saw, and he is satisfied that he can realize a fortune by working them. There ought to be plenty of placer gold in the gulches leading from the ledges that have been discovered, but no effort has been made to find any. All the miners yet in the camp are busy on the quartz claims they have located. On one claim taken up by Montgomery a cross-cut has been pushed for twenty feet across the vein without striking the hanging wall, and it is free milling ore all the way.

Besides the deposits of gold, some rich silver veins have been found, assays from which run over a hundred ounces to the ton. Lead and copper also abound, but at present gold is the sole object of search.

There is plenty of mesquite wood for fuel in the valley within three or four miles of the newly-discovered camp, while in the mountains fifteen miles away are forests which afford abundance of timbering material. Water can be had at a moderate depth in Pahrump valley, while at Ash Meadows, fifteen miles away, are streams which could be utilized for power.

The camp has been named Montgomery in honor of its discoverer, and a meeting has been called for April 1st to organize a mining district under the laws governing such cases. It is emphatically what is known as a "poor man's camp." The ore is of a character that can be readily worked with hand mortar or arastra, while there is almost a certainty of rich placer deposits.

The nearest railroad point to the Pahrump valley is Daggett, on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. From that point it requires four days to make the journey of 160 miles in a northwesterly direction. There is a good road, and water at frequent intervals. Feed, however, must be carried for animals., and no one should for a moment think of undertaking the journey on foot. A party numbering several well-known mining men from this city is now en route, having left early last week. Included in the number are Messrs. Murphy, Grant, William Irving, Brydon, Callahan, McDonald and others. From the specimens shown and from other corroboratory details they are confident that the discoveries will turn out well.

In any event the Breyfogle mystery seems to have been solved, and perhaps this fact will give another stimulus to the search for the Gunsight and the Pegleg mines.—*Chronicle.*

A number of miners in and about Candelaria are thinking of leaving for the scene of the alleged discovery of the Breyfogle mine on the California and Nevada line, about 250 miles south of here. The Carson & Colorado Railroad has conveyed a number of San Francisco mining men to the southward the past ten days, who were bound for the reported strike.—*Chloride Belt, Candelaria.*

Correspondence.

LONE PINE, April 1st, '91.

ED. INDEPENDENT: *Dear Sir:*—A man by the name of Geo. W. Jones who has been working at Cerro Gordo for the past year died here last night of La Grippe. He leaves a wife and two children living in Stockton, California. He was aged about 43 years and a Welchman by birth.

Jack Hertel, an old time Cerro Gordo-ite, was preparing to leave the Hill yesterday for the valley, and when at the store of Henry Boland he expired.

On account of the water being so near the top of the ground in the Lone Pine cemetery, the people have buried several of the dead near the road going to the depot. This, of course, was only for the time being. A location has been made, and in future the cemetery will be west of the Lucas ranch and near the foot of the mountain, where it will always be high and dry.

Our old friend, D. H. Williams, has been and is now unconscious; has been so for the past 55 hours. A change must certainly come soon.

Martin Mee is at the home of Mr. John Dodge. He is quite well and has the best of care, as has also D. H. Williams under the care of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stewart of the Whitney House.

Nearly the whole population here are having or have had the La Grippe.

J.

Staying With It

Sheriff Gorman is determined to break up the practice of selling whiskey to the Indians. By constant vigilance the traffic has become almost suspended at Independence. On Tuesday Under-Sheriff Holland discovered a drunken Indian in town and promptly ran him in. He was obdurate for a while but yesterday confessed that he had obtained his whiskey from Felix Gomez at Lone Pine. Holland went to Lone Pine Wednesday, arrested the man and brought him up for trial. Residents of Lone Pine say that the Gomez dwelling is a constant rendezvous for Indians and that he purchases considerable whiskey. The evidence in the case is Indian testimony, and whether a conviction is secured or not it will serve to render the fire-water venders more cautious, and constant arrests will in time break up the detestable practice.

Fatal Accident

Fred Fisher, an employee of the Marble Company at Swansea, was struck by a falling slab and fatally injured last Monday. He was placed upon a hand-car en route for Independence and died just after leaving Citrus station. His remains were brought to town, and John Baxter, J. P., held an inquest Wednesday morning. The verdict rendered by the jury was to the effect that it was an unavoidable accident, and no blame attaches to any one. One arm was severed from the body and both legs were broken. Charles Luce made suitable arrangements for a decent burial, and the remains were interred on Tuesday afternoon, services being rendered at the grave by Rev. J. H. Wansor. A brother of the deceased lives at Sacramento.

Now is a golden opportunity to secure the finest piece of land under the Eastside canal. For the quality of it intending purchasers are referred to Superintendent McIver and the *Index*. Only six dollars an acre.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Forfeiture.

TO H. P. LIVINGSTON, OR WHOEVER at present may represent his interest in the Caldera Mine, and Peter Meyer: You are hereby notified that I have expended One hundred [$100] dollars in labor and improvements upon the Caldera Lode, situated in Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county, California, as will appear by certificate filed in the office of the Recorder of said district for the year 1890, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2,324 Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31, 1890, and if within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under the provisions of said Section 2,324.

O. G. FUENTES.

Dated Cerro Gordo, January 2, 1891.

72 I. O. F. 72

THE

72d Anniversary of I. O. O. F

Will be Celebrated by a

GRAND BALL

AT THE

Agricultural Pavilion, Independence,

ON

Monday Evening, April 27, 1891.

Admission Free to All!

FLOOR MANAGER.....Bertrand Rhine.

FLOOR DIRECTORS.....N. E. CONKLIN, G. H. LEWIS, J. W. MURPHY, ROBERT O'NEAL, B. F. GRAY

INVITATION COMMITTEE

ROUND VALLEY: C. F. Wildasinn, H. Evans

BISHOP: John Bourland, Robert O'Neal, P. P. Keough, O. H Hill, J. H. Bulpitt, I. P. Yaney.

BIG PINE: S. G. Gregg, J. C. Schalten, L Newman, J. R. Eldred

CERRO GORDO: Pat. Clinton

INDEPENDENCE: Walter James Jr., E. Robinson, P. W. Forbes, C. W. Craig, Dr. J. D. Blair, P. H. Mack, J. E. Shepherd

LONE PINE: J. R. Moffett, R. C. Spear

KEELER: Thos. Boland, B. F. Gray, John Anton, Sam. Levy, Finley Bedford.

Free transportation to and from trains and to pavilion.

Supper at Norman House.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDIS
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and pric before purchasing elsewhere.
E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.
First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.
THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines, Liquors, & Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.
PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Address orders and packages to
HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
RENO, NEVADA.
m30-tf

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will presen the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.
FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.
Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.
Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St
In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable
S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO., Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
Customers supplied on all points Of the C. & C. Railroad.
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,
Watchmaker & Jeweler.
BISHOP, CAL.
Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.
Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.
I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE STEWART HOUSE.
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.
Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies
PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.
CARSON & COLORADO R R
TAKING EFFECT
Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1 Leave—	To Mound House. No. 2. Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m	5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2.55 p. m.	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Luning	7.05 p. m.	9 55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:55 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7 2 a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a m	1:35 a. m.
Bisnop Creek	2:00p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord	2.45 p. m	10 00 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8 30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (37 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON, General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D A BENDER, General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOL
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.
CANDIES, PEANUTS, WALNUTS, TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE
Blacksmith Shop.
R. C. Spear, Prop'r
—ALL WORK ON—
MINING TOOLS, FARMING IMPLEMENTS & FREIGHTING OUTFITS
—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—
HORSE SHOEING, CARRIAGE WORK, GENERAL REPAIRING
All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel
BEER, WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS
All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS, & CIGARS
The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!
Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 tf

Takes 1000 people to buy Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, at 50 cents a bottle, to make up $500.

One failure to cure would take the profit from 4000 sales.

Its makers profess to cure "cold in the head," and even chronic catarrh, and if they fail they pay $500 for their over-confidence,—

Not in newspaper words but in *hard cash!* Think of what confidence it takes to put that in the papers—and *mean* it.

Its makers believe in the Remedy. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

After all, the mild agencies are the best. Perhaps they work more slowly, but they work *surely*. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an *active* agency but *quiet* and *mild*. They're sugar-coated, easy to take, never shock nor derange the system and half their power is in the mild way in which their work is done. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. Twenty-five cents a vial. Of all druggists.

Time changes in so queer a way,
It quite deceives a dunce;
To-day will soon be yesterday—
Yet to-morrow it was once!

DISORDERS WHICH AFFECT THE KIDNEYS

Are among the most formidable known. Diabetes, Bright's disease, gravel and other complaints of the urinary organs are not ordinarily cured in severe cases, but they may be averted by timely medication. A useful stimulant of the urinary glands has ever been found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which not only affords the requisite stimulus when they become inactive, but increases their vigor and secretive power. By increasing the activity of the kidneys and bladder, this medicine has the additional effect of expelling from the blood impurities which it is the peculiar office of those organs to eliminate and pass off. The Bitters is also a purifier and strengthener of the bowels, an invigorant of the stomach, and a matchless remedy for biliousness and fever and ague. It counteracts a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

It is the man that never advertises who discovers that he gets more dust on his goods than in his cash drawer.

Those who use Dobbins' Electric Soap each week (*and their name is legion*) save their clothes and strength, and let the *soap* do the work. Did *you* ever try it? If not, *do so* next Monday *sure*. Ask your grocer for it.

Something of an Acrobat—Wooden—Yes, as you say, Miss Smilax' eyes and hair are very fine, but I think her crowning glory is her feet.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Innocent—Why do the gentlemen always go out between the acts at the opera? Wiseacre—My brother says to get an opera glass.

Dr. Wallace Ely has removed his offices to 215 Powell st., San Francisco, Cal., where he continues to give special attention to Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland and all diseases arising therefrom. Diabetes and Bright's Disease treated according to the latest approved method. Most cases can be treated successfully by correspondence. Consultations daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. WALLACE ELY, M. D., 215 Powell St., 4 doors from Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

The Texas *Siftings* puts it this way: Never do to-day what some one else will do for you to-morrow.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay, and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

If serpents are of thoughts possessed,
With envy Brenhardt's must be green
As they reflect how much more blest
Were those that fed on Egypt's Queen.

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.*

"A penny for your thoughts," she said
And then he deemed it strange,
After his inmost thoughts she'd read,
That she should ask for change.

WANTED.—A thoroughly honest woman, in whose trust we may place a stock of goods for sale on commission. Address, stating age, experience and references, W. B. Co., 220 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

$5.00 PER DAY easily made by addressing J. P. Parker, 310 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

BEST TREE WASH.
Greenbank Insecticide, powdered Caustic Soda, etc.
BEST SHEEP WASH.
Calvert's Carbolic. Prices reduced. T. W. JACKSON & CO., Sole Agents, 104 Market St., S. F.

BEBEE;

or,

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

By "OUIDA."

CHAPTER XI.

Bebee was a dreamer in her way, and aspired to be a scholar, too. But all the same, she was not a little fool.

She had been reared in hardy, simple, honest ways of living, and would have thought it as shameful as a theft to have owed her bread to other folk.

So, though she had a wakeful, restless night, full of strange phantasies, none the less was she out in her garden by daybreak; none the less did she sweep out her floor and make her mash for the fowls, and wash out her bit of linen and hang it to dry on a line among the tall, flaunting hollyhocks that were so proud of themselves because they reached to the roof.

"What do you want with books, Bebee?" said Reine, the sabot maker's wife, across the privet hedge, as she also hung out her linen. "Franz told me you were reading last night. It is the silver buckles have done that; one mischief always begets another."

"Where is the mischief, good Reine?" said Bebee, who was always prettily behaved with her elders, though, when pushed to it, she could hold her own.

"The mischief will be in discontent," said the sabot maker's wife. "People live on their own little patch, and think it is the world; that is as it should be—everybody within his own, like a nut in its shell. But when you get reading, you hear of a swarm of things you never saw, and you fret because you cannot see them, and you dream, and dream, and a hole is burnt in your soup pot, and your dough is as heavy as lead. You are like bees that leave their own clover fields to buzz themselves dead against the glass of a hothouse."

Bebee smiled, reaching to spread out her linen; she said nothing.

"What is it talking to them?" she thought; "they do not know."

Always the neighbors and friends of her infancy seemed so far, far away; creatures of a distant world that she had long left; it was no use talking, they never would understand.

"Antoine should never have taught you your letters," said Reine, groaning under the great blue shirts she was hanging on high among the leaves. "I told him so at the time. I said: 'The child is a good child, and spins, and sews, and sweeps, rare and fine for her age—why go and spoil her?' But he was always headstrong. Not a child of mine knows a letter—the saints be praised! nor a word of any tongue but our own good Flemish. You should have been brought up the same. You would have come to no trouble then."

"I am in no trouble, dear Reine," said Bebee, scattering the potato peels to the clacking poultry, and she smiled into the face of the golden oxlips that nodded to her back again in sunshiny sympathy.

"Not yet," said Reine, hanging her last shirt.

But Bebee was not hearing; she was calling the chickens, and telling the oxlips how pretty they looked in the borders; and in her heart she was counting the minutes till the old Dutch cuckoo clock at Mere Krebs'—the only clock in the lane—should crow out the hour at which she went down to the city.

She loved the hut, the birds, the flowers; but they were little to her now compared with the dark golden picturesque square, the changing crowds, the frowning roofs, the gray stones, and the delight of watching through the shifting colors and shadows of the throngs for one face and one smile.

"He is sure to be there," she thought, and started half an hour earlier than was her wont. She wanted to tell him all her rapture in the book—no one else could understand.

But all the day through he never came.

Bebee sat with a sick heart and a parched little throat, selling her flowers and straining her eyes through the tumult of the square.

The whole day went by, and there was no sign of him.

The flowers had sold well; it was a feast day; her pouch was full of pence—what was that to her?

She went and prayed in the cathedral, but it seemed cold and desolate and empty; even the storied windows seemed dark.

"Perhaps he is gone out of the city," she thought; and a terror fell on her that frightened her, it was so unlike any fear that she had ever known—even the fear when she had seen death on old Antoine's face had been nothing like this.

Going home through the streets she passed the cafe of the Trois Freres that looks out on the trees of the park, and that has flowers in its balconies, and pleasant windows that stand open to let the sounds of the soldiers' music enter. She saw him in one of the windows. There were amber and scarlet and black; silks and satins and velvets. There was a fan painted and jeweled. There were women's faces. There was a heap of purple fruit and glittering sweetmeats. He laughed there. His beautiful Murillo head was dark against the white and gold within.

Bebee looked up—paused a second—then went onward with a thorn in her heart.

He had not seen her.

"It is natural, of course—he has his world—he does not think often of me—there is no reason why he should be as good as he is," she said to herself as she went slowly over the stones.

She had the dog's soul—only she did not know it.

But the tears fell down her cheeks, as she walked.

Fasting, next day at sunrise she confessed to Father Francis:

"I saw beautiful rich women, and I envied them; and I could not pray to Mary last night for thinking of them—for I hated them so much."

But she did not say:

"I hated them because they were with him."

Out of the purest little soul, love entering drives forth candor.

"That is not like you at all, Bebee," said the good old man, as she knelt at his feet on the bricks of his little bare study, where all the books he ever spelt out were treatises on the art of bee keeping.

"My dear, you never were covetous at all, nor did you ever seem to care for the things of the world. I wish Johan had not given you those silver buckles; I think they have set your little soul on vanities."

"It is not the buckles; I am not covetous," said Bebee; and then her face grew warm. She did not know why, and she did not hear the rest of Father Francis' admonitions.

CHAPTER XII.

But the next noon time brought him to the market stall, and the next also, and so the summer days slipped away, and Bebee was quite happy if she saw him in the morning time, to give him a fresh rose, or at evening by the gates, or under the beech trees, when he brought her a new book and sauntered a while up the green lane beside her.

An innocent, unconscious love like Bebee's wants so little food to make it all content. Such mere trifles are beautiful and sweet to it. Such slender stray gleams of light suffice to make a broad, bright, golden noon of perfect joy around it.

All the delirium, and fever, and desire, and despair, that are in maturer passion, are far away from it; far as is the flash of the meteor across sultry skies from the blue forget-me-not down in the brown meadow brook.

It was very wonderful to Bebee that he, this stranger from Rubes' Fairyland, could come at all to keep pace with her little clattering wooden shoes over the dust and the grass in the dim twilight time. The days went by in a trance of sweet amaze, and she kept count of the hours no more by the cuckoo clock of the mill house or the deep chimes of the Brussels belfries; but only by such moments as brought her a word from his lips, or even a glimpse of him from afar, across the crowded square.

She sat up half the nights reading the books he gave her, studying the long, cruel polysyllables and spelling slowly through the phrases that seemed to her so cramped and tangled, and which yet were a pleasure to unravel, for sake of the thought they held.

For Bebee, ignorant, little, simple soul that she was, had a mind in her that was eager, observant, quick to acquire, skillful to retain; and it would happen in certain times that Flamen, speaking to her of the things which he gave to her to read, would think to himself that this child had more wisdom than was often to be found in schools.

Meanwhile he pondered various studies in various stages of a Gretchen, and made love to Bebee—made love at least by his eyes and by his voice, not hurrying his pleasant task, but hovering about her softly, and mindful not to scare her, as a man will gently lower his hand over a poised butterfly that he seeks to kill, and which one single movement, a thought too quick, may scare away to safety.

Bebee knew where he lived in the street of Mary of Burgundy; in an old palace that belonged to a great Flemish noble, who never dwelt there himself; but to ask anything about him—why he was there? what his rank was? why he stayed in the city at all? was a [illegible] her thoughts.

Psyche, if she had been as simple and loyal as Bebee was, would never have lighted her own candle; but even Psyche would not have borrowed any one else's lamp to lighten the love darkness.

To Bebee he was sacred, unapproachable, unquestionable; he was a wonderful, perfect happiness that had fallen into her life; he was a gift of God, as the sun was.

She took his going and coming as she took that of the sun, never dreaming of reproaching his absence, never dreaming of asking if in the empty night he shone on any other worlds than hers.

It was hardly so much a faith with her as an instinct; faith must reason ere it know itself to be faith. Bebee never reasoned any more than her roses did.

The good folks in the market place watched her a little anxiously; they thought ill of that little moss rose that every day found its way to one wearer only; but after all they did not see much, and the neighbors nothing at all. For he never went home to her, nor with her, and most of the time that he spent with Bebee was in the quiet evening shadows, as she went up with her empty basket through the deserted country roads.

Bebee was all day long in the city, indeed, as other girls were, but with her it had always been different. Antoine had always been with her up to the day of his death; and after his death she had sat in the same place, surrounded by the people she had known from infancy, and an insult to her would have been answered by a stroke from the cobbler's strap or from the tinker's hammer. There was one girl only who ever tried to do her any harm—a good looking, stout wench, who stood at the corner of the Montagne de la Cour with a stall of fruit in the summer time, and in winter time drove a milk cart over the snow. This girl would get at her sometimes and talk of the students, and tell her how good it was to get out of the town on a holiday, and go to any one of the villages where there was Kermesse and dance, and drink the little blue wine, and have trinkets bought for one, and come home in the moonlight in a char-a-blanc, with the horns sounding, and the lads singing, and the ribbons flying from the old horse's ears.

"She is such a little close sly thing!" thought the fruit girl sulkily. To vice, innocence must always seem only a superior kind of chicanery.

"We dance almost every evening, the children and I," Bebee had answered when urged fifty times by this girl to go to fairs and balls at the wineshops. "That does just as well. And I have seen Kermesse once at Malines—it was beautiful. I went with Mere Dax, but it cost a great deal! I know, though she did not let me pay."

"You little fool!" the fruit girl would say, and grin, and eat a pear.

But the good honest old women who sat about in the Grande place hearing, had always taken the fruit girl to task when they got her by herself.

"Leave the child alone, you mischievous one," said they. "Be content with being base yourself. Look you, Lisette—she is not one like you to make eyes at the law students, and jester the painter lads for a day's outing. Let her be, or we will tell your mother how you leave the fruit for the gutter children to pick and thieve, while you are stealing up the stairs into that young French fellow's chamber. Oh, oh! a fine beating you will get when she knows!"

Lisette's mother was a fierce and strong old Brabantoise, who exacted heavy reckoning with her daughter for every single plum and peach that she sent out of her dark sweet smelling fruit shop to be sunned in the streets, and under the students' love glances.

So the girl took heed, and let Bebee alone.

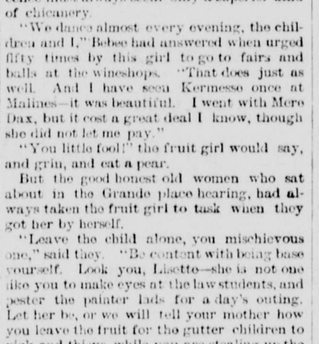
"What should I want her to come with us for?" she reasoned with herself. "She is twice as pretty as I am; Jules might take to her instead—who knows?"

So that she was at once savage and yet triumphant when she saw, as she thought, Bebee drifting down the high flood of temptation.

"Oh, oh, you dainty one!" she cried one day to her. "So you would not take the nuts and mulberries that do for us common folk, because you had a mind for a fine pine out of the hothouses! That was all, was it? Eh, well—I do not begrudge you. Only take care; remember, the nuts and mulberries last through summer and autumn, and there are heaps of them on every fair stall and street corner; but the pine—that is eaten in a day, one spring time, and its like does not grow in the hedges. You will have your mouth full of sugar an hour—and then, oh!—you will go famished all the year."

"I do not understand," said Bebee, looking up, with her thoughts far away, and scarcely hearing the words spoken to her.

"Oh, pretty little fool! you understand well enough," said Lisette, grinning, as she rubbed up a melon. "Does he give you fine things? You might let me see!"



"Oh, pretty little fool! You understand well enough."

"No one gives me anything."

"Chut! you want me to believe that. Why, Jules is only a lad and his father is a silk mercer and only gives him a hundred francs a month, but Jules buys me all I want—somehow—or do you think I would take the trouble to set my cap straight when he goes by? He gave me these ear rings, look. I wish you would let me see what you got."

But Bebee had gone away—unheeding—dreaming of Juliet and of Jeanne d'Arc, of whom he had told her tales.

He made sketches of her sometimes, but seldom pleased himself.

It was not so easy as he had imagined that it would prove to portray this little flower like face, with the clear eyes and the child's open brow. He who had painted Phryne so long and faithfully had got a taint on his brush—he could not paint this pure, bright, rosy dawn—he who had always painted the glare of midnight gas on rouge or rags. Yet he felt that if he could transfer to canvas the light that was on Bebee's face he would get what Scheffer had missed. For a time it eluded him. You shall paint a gold and glistening brocade, or a fan of peacock's feathers, to perfection, and yet, perhaps, the dewy whiteness of the humble little field daisy shall baffle and escape you.

He felt, too, that he must catch her expression flying, as he would do the flash of a swallow's wing across a blue sky; he knew that Bebee, forced to studied attitudes in an atelier, would be no longer the ideal that he wanted.

More than once he came and filled in more fully his various designs in the little hut garden, among the sweet gray lavender and the golden disks of the sunflowers; and more than once Bebee was missed from her place in the front of the Broodhuis.

The Varnhart children would gather now and then open mouthed at the wicket, and Mere Krebs would shake her head as she went by on her sheepskin saddle, and mutter that the child's head would be turned by vanity; and old Johan would lean on his stick and peer through the sweet brier, and wondered stupidly if this strange man who could make Bebee's face beam over again upon that panel of wood could not give him back his dead daughter who had been pushed away under the black earth so long, long before, when the red mill had been brave and new, the red mill that the boys and girls called old.

But except these no one noticed much.

Painters were no rare sights in Brabant.

The people were used to see them coming and going, making pictures of mud and stones, and ducks and sheep, and of all common and silly things.

"What does he pay you, Bebee?" they used to ask, with the shrewd Flemish thought after the main chance.

"Nothing," Bebee would answer, with a quick color in her face, and they would reply in contemptuous reproof, "Careless little fool; you should make enough to buy you wood all winter. When the man from Ghent painted Trine and her cow, he gave her a whole gold bit for standing still so long in the clover. The Kreibs would be sure to lend you her cow if it be the cow that makes the difference."

Bebee was silent, weeding her carnation bed; what could she tell them that they would understand?

She seemed so far away from them all—those goods friends of her childhood—now that this wonderful new world of his giving had opened to her sight.

She lived in a dream.

Whether she sat in the market place taking copper coins, or in the moonlight with a book on her knees, it was all the same. Her feet ran, her tongue spoke, her hands worked; she did not neglect her goat or her garden, she did not forsake her house labors or her good deeds to old Annemie; but all the while she only heard one voice, she only felt one touch, she only saw one face.

Here and there—one in a million—there is a female thing that can love like this, once and forever.

Such an one is dedicated, birth upwards, to the Mater Dolorosa.

He had something nearer akin to affection for her than he had ever had in his life for anything, but he was never in love with her—no more in love with her than with the moss rosebuds that she fastened in his breast. Yet he played with her, because she was such a little, soft, tempting, female thing; and because, to see her face flush and her heart heave, to feel her fresh feelings stir into life, and to watch her changes from shyness to confidence, and from frankness again into fear, was a natural pastime in the lazy golden weather.

That he spared her as far as he did—when after all she would have married Jeannot anyhow—and that he sketched her face in the open air, and never entered her hut and never beguiled her to his own old palace in the city, was a new virtue in himself for which he hardly knew whether to feel respect or ridicule; anyway it seemed virtue to him.

So long as he did not seduce the body it seemed to him that it could never matter how he slew the soul—the little, honest, happy, pure, frank soul, that amidst its poverty and hardships was like a robin's song to the winter sun.

"Hoot, toot, pretty innocent, so you are no better than the rest of us," hissed her enemy, Lisette, the fruit girl, against her as she went by the stall one evening as the sun set. "Prut! so it was no such purity after all that made you never look at the student lads and the soldiers, eh!—You were so dainty of taste, you must needs pick and choose, and, Lord's sake, after all your coyness, to drop at a beckoning finger as one may say—pong!—in a minute, like an apple over ripe! Oh, he, you sly one!"

Bebee flushed red, in a sort of instinct of offense; not sure what her fault was, but vaguely stung by the brutal words.

Bebee walked homeward by him, with her empty baskets; looked at him with grave wondering eyes.

"What did she mean? I do not understand. I must have done some wrong—or she thinks so. Do you know?"—

Flamen laughed, and answered her evasively:

"You have done her the wrong of a fair skin when hers is brown, and a little foot while hers is as big as a troopers; there is no greater sin, Bebee, possible in woman to woman."

"Hold your peace, you shrill jade!" he added, in anger to the fruiterer, flinging at her a crown piece, that the girl caught, and bit with her teeth with a chuckle. "Do not heed her, Bebee. She is a coarse tongued brute, and is jealous, no doubt."

"Jealous!—of what?"

The word had no meaning to Bebee.

"That I am not a student or a soldier, as her lovers are."

As her lovers were! Bebee felt her face burn again. Was he her lover then? The child's innocent body and soul thrilled with a hot, sweet delight and fear commingled.

Bebee was not quite satisfied until she had knelt down that night and asked the Master of all poor maidens to see if there were any wickedness in her heart, hidden there like a bee in a rose, and if there were, to take it out and make her worthier of this wonderful new happiness in her life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some Causes of Headache.

Neuralgic headaches are the expression of an immense number of irregularities and diseases. Decayed teeth are frequent causes, and in not a few instances severe headaches of this sort are clearly due to teeth so slightly decayed that only a dentist can detect the defect.

Headaches, especially those in which the pain is felt most in the forehead, are frequently caused by inequalities in the eye. And often very slight defects, scarcely appreciable to the victim, are sufficient to cause them. Many persons have one normal eye, while the other is slightly abnormal.

In such cases there is considerable strain if the eyes are used much in reading, which is especially liable to cause headache. The only remedy in these cases is, of course, a proper pair of glasses. Headache from defective sight is not always limited to the region of the forehead, for sick headache is frequently associated with it.—Boston Herald.

THE LONE WOMAN.

No city in the United States can show as many women doing business for themselves and living in comfortable circumstances as San Francisco. And why? Go ask at least one-half of them. They will tell you their money is taken care of for them at the PACIFIC BANK, whose motto is "True in trusts."

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It has been fully demonstrated that Cannon's Sheep Dip is superior to all others. It is sold by J. W. Grace & Co., 430 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

Henpecked husbands are a unit in favor of the closure rule. Closure means shut up.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE BLIND.

Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his *New Treatment* for the cure of all diseases of the Eye: *—Cataract, Defective Vision, Inflammation*, etc., etc., without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

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Office Hours, 11 till 8.

The devil never asks anybody to go further than the next corner to begin with.

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G. W. Messenger, 216 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

"I was a great sufferer for many years with chills and fever, and tried remedies of all kinds, but found no relief until a friend of mind told me to buy a box of BRANDRETH'S PILLS and take them as directed. I used two boxes and believe that I am cured, as I have not been troubled with them for the past year. I cheerfully recommend them to all who suffer."

Ladies can defend the wearing of corsets on economic grounds—there is less waist.

Beware of imitations of the genuine Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

Try Germea for Breakfast.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.
Superior to every other known.
Used in Millions of Homes—
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Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

No other baking powder does such work.

A Brawny Bargee at the Helm.

To-day it is raining in torrents. He knows by experience the value of a "Fish Brand Slicker." It is his sole article of dress, and to him worth drawers, shirt, coat, vest, and pants. He'll tell you tales by the hour of storms lasting days and nights when that "Slicker" made up the whole difference between comfort and misery; and all for a mere trifle from his week's pay. Why don't you buy one for yourself? To realize how little it costs, think how long it lasts. It will outwear four suits of clothes. Better get one to-day, before you forget it. A day's delay may cause a month of sickness, and cost a hundred times the price of a Slicker. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

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100 lbs.	Nails, assorted sizes	3 25
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One two-ounce bottle Vaseline Pomade	15 "
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream	15 "
One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice	10 "
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented	10 "
One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented	25 "
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline	25 "
	—$1.10

Or for stamps any single article at the price named.

If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASELINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents.

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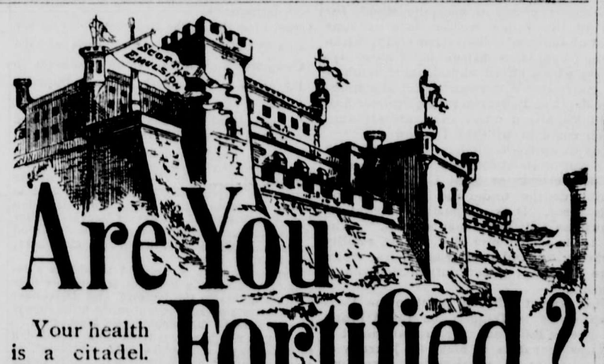

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CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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Paid up in Cash	$333,333.33
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San Francisco, California, Jan'y 1, 1891.

Statement, Jan. 1st, 1891.

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Solvent Bills Receivable	$2,952,318.54
Banking House and other Real Estate	277,061.33
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Capital Stock	$1,000,000.00
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Undivided Profits	3,824.10
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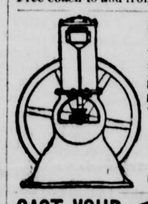

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1891.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

VOL. XXII. NO. 43. INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CAL., APRIL 10, 1891. WHOLE NO. 1067.

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

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A GIRL'S TRUE SPHERE.

Marriage not the Only Course for her.

MISTAKES IN NOTIONS OF GIRLHOOD.

Judge Pryor's Wife Tells How Girls Should be Trained.

What have women done? I know what these fingers have done. To remember all carries me back to Virginia through the most exciting pages of American history. They were trained to do elegant embroidery and to play well the best classical music. During the Civil war and since they have done everything that fingers could do. In war times they plaited and sewed my children's hats, made all their garments, even little kid and cloth boots, while their father was in prison.

After the struggle, in the experiment we made to earn a living, these hands copied briefs for the lawyer, then too poor to afford a clerk, the while sewing for the seven dear children. They made every robe from the christening to the bridal for my two elder daughters, and the work in which they have engaged since has been most varied.

Woman's sphere is where the Lord has placed her. We all deplore the conditions that reduce young children and tender women to hard labor for which they have neither fitness nor strength, but I believe that things adjust themselves in the end and we mold circumstances till we find our level. Home is a sweet place, but it is not the only place, nor are maternal the only duties of womanhood. Life is made up of a series of conditions, and the talents of men and women are equally varied.

I deny that woman needs a special training for what you are pleased to term the profession of motherhood. Maternal love is innate. It is a part of woman's nature. She may be a hoiden in her youth, a heartless lover or a treacherous friend, false to every trust, and still be a good mother. Even the savage brute is kind to her young, and will risk her life in protecting it. I believe that the training and education necessary to the perfect development of womanhood will fit the girl for any sphere in life she chooses to enter.

I do not believe that marriage is all this world holds for the sex, nor that a wife should round herself to the four walls of her home. It is necessary for the height and breadth and freshness of its atmosphere that she go out, mix with the elements and become imbued with the spirit, the progress, the thought that is accelerating the motion of the earth.

The world is moving with a velocity so great that one cannot afford to stand still, and the mother must be up and about and around, even if she is obliged to take her little brood with her, to watch the swelling tide. I am always so glad to welcome the young woman in any new line. When I take up the newspaper I begrudge the valuable space given to the reports of the Four Hundred. I do not care to read about their coats of arms, their coaches and coquetry. I want to know what the brave, bright, gifted young men and women are doing and thinking about and striving for.

This talk about girls losing their femininity and unsexing themselves in industrial enterprises I think idle and senseless. The very word "unsex" is to me a misnomer, and if a woman becomes coarse and bold and rough in business, in the art world or in the industrial school she would not be a lady in a parlor or a gentlewoman in any condition. The decollete dress does not make a woman vulgar.

The girl who stands behind the counter to serve us and the one who stands behind the footlights to entertain us may have the same nobility of purpose and the same lofty principles as the one privileged to ill use and criticise her. It is barely possible that our ladies do go to Delmonico's for dinner or supper, that they are even reckless enough to sip a glass of wine, and at the same time be as intrinsically worthy and noble as the woman in quiet russet garments who views the scene from the other side of the window.

That our girls want training there is not a doubt, neither has the inability of some mothers been questioned. They don't want piano lessons unless there is an inborn love of music. The piano has been the ruination of more than one generation of women. Another fallacy is the hitherto universal tendency to direct all energies to marriage. In the south as soon as a daughter reached her young ladyhood the mother at once proceeded to refurnish the house.

The girl went to the hair dresser and had her tresses arranged in a dozen different ways to find out which would be the most becoming style; colors were tried against her pretty face to get "her color;" she took her beauty naps, and from every source, even the old servant, a hint "to be sweet."

In discussing a new acquaintance one heard that she was very "beautiful and clever and nice, but she was not pretty." Being what we called "pretty" was considered a superior virtue, and everything in the girl's training tended to this one characteristic.

The victim was being decked for the sacrifice, although the fond mother would never admit that she was busy at the art of matchmaking. Prepare a girl for the altar, for the duties of a wife and mother, before even a lover has presented himself? There is not only drollery to such a situation, but the tinge of indelicacy. I believe in giving the girl the advantages of good training and leaving her to decide whether she is better fitted for the inner or the outer world, for the home or the professional life.—Mrs. Gen. Pryor in New York World.

For rheumatism, take half a glassful of lemon juice for ten nights. Always take it when getting into bed at night. Wear flannel next to the skin, and in cold weather sleep in warm blankets.

A Dangerous Experiment.

Great Advertiser in New York)—Does Mr. Topnotch, the proprietor of The Daily Metropolitan, live here?

Servant—Yes, but he can't be seen today. He's very low from an awful shock.

"Eh! Ferryboat collision, railroad accident"—

"Worse nor that. Two days ago he hired an editor from the wild west, sir, and this morning the paper had something in that gave the poor master an awful shock. I didn't see it, but the doctor said it was an 'original idea,' whatever that is. I hope it ain't catchin'".—Omaha World.

Not Perpetual Motion.

Soulful Youth (languidly)—Do you sing "Forever and Forever?"

She (practically)—No, I stop for meals.—Life.

Two Ways for Sunday.

"Do you sell hand painted pictures here?" asked a lank woman, in an avenue picture gallery.

"Yes, ma'am, we do," said the obliging picture dealer, rolling his hands a la Lady Macbeth, "any particular style?"

"You bet! Particular style is just what I'm after. Some folks out our way bought a picture here that hung two ways for Sunday. That's the kind I want."

"Two ways for Sunday? I don't think I understand you, ma'am."

"You don't look as if you did. Well, when they fust got it they hung it up and it was the nicest picture of all out doors. You ever see a real hand painted land escape?"

"Yes."

"On Sunday they turned it up side down, and it was one of them foreign cathedral churches, with fourteen steeples and a religious atmosphere. Now, I want one just like it, for if them stuck up Poppers can have one, I can. Trot it out."

The picture dealer struck a compromise on one that represented a fine scene in winter, and an ice palace in summer, but he said it was a close call.—Detroit Free Press.

It Does Not Always Work.

Here are two stories of Maine sheriffs. The first was a little Aroostook man, and one day he went with a warrant to arrest a certain farmer. He found him in the field and made known his errand. "All right," said the farmer, a big burly fellow, "I'm ready," and with that he lay down at full length on the ground. "But you don't expect me to carry you, do you?" asked the sheriff. "Certainly; you must take my body, you know." "Will you wait till I get a team?" "Can't say," and the upshot was that the sheriff went back without his prisoner. The other sheriff was a Franklin county man, likewise small, but plucky. He was sent to arrest a notorious offender, a 200 pounder, and found him on the hillside. Grinning at the officer, he lay back on the grass, saying, "If you get me you'll have to take me." Quick as a wink the sheriff grabbed the fellow by his feet and started down hill with him as fast as he could go, and the bumping the big man got soon shook all the fun out of him and he begged to be allowed to walk quietly by the side of the sheriff.—New York Sun.

Worthy a Monument.

"Say, undertaker, I want to buy the finest coffin you have."

"Who's dead?"

"Old Aunt Eliza, the colored woman who lived south of town. She was over 115 years of age."

"How did she come to die?"

"Sickness and poverty."

"How is it that so fine a coffin is wanted?"

"Oh, the grateful neighbors contributed to it. You see she never claimed to have been a servant to George Washington."—Nebraska State Journal.

Punishing a Boy.

"Bobby," said his mother sternly, "you go into the back yard and stay there. I'll teach you to open the front gate without permission."

Bobby went into the back yard, and was so quiet and good that at the end of an hour his mother relented and told him that he could play on the sidewalk a little while if he wouldn't go into the street.

"Ma," he said, "can't I play in the back yard a little while longer?"—New York Sun.

In Great Luck.

Friend—Was your uncle's will satisfactory to you, Brown?

Brown—Perfectly so; I'm a lucky dog! He left his entire fortune to an insane asylum.

Friend—You mean that you are an unlucky dog.

Brown—No, I don't; the other relations are going to contest the will, and I'm to be the attorney.—Life.

Sound Logic.

Fogg, the eminent lawyer (who has a weakness for charging high fees), to nephew who has been speculating—What! you paid $2 for one rabbit, Bobby?

Bobby (seven years old)—Yes, sir.

Fogg—Why didn't you consult your uncle?

Bobby (who has heard of his uncle's fame)—Then it might have cost me $5.—The Idea.

Embarrassing.

Aunt Jane—Ugh! When I was your age, Matilda, ladies of rank and position didn't have their photographs exposed in the shop windows.

Matilda (always anxious to agree)—Of course not, Aunt Jane. I suppose photography wasn't invented then!—Punch.

The Lapse of Time.

"Barn dances are getting to be very fashionable in the western states," says an Indianapolis paper. This must be different from the old fashioned barn dance, where the tout ensemble was a muscular old man, a boy and strap.—New York World.

What Follows.

A hew and cry usually follow the small boy's acquisition of a pocketknife.—Binghamton Leader.

A HUMAN BLOODHOUND.

How the Savage Follows and finds his Victim.

THE CAMP FIRE'S DEADLY EVIDENCE.

A Graphic Account of an Almost Trackless Pursuit.

"Hist!"

A single Indian has been following the right hand bank of the Rio Pecos river where it trends to the angle of the Chico mountains, New Mexico.

Fort Sumner is 50 miles to the south, Santa Fe 100 to the north. It is a wild, weird country, with the staked plains sweeping right up to the water of the Pecos from the east, and the country to the west is forest, ravine, valley and desolation.

In a dip of the earth, and still further shielded by great bowlders, the Indian has found a few charred sticks and a handful of ashes—relics of a camp fire. He springs to the cover of a rock, and for a quarter of an hour nothing is seen or heard of him. Instinct taught him that—the same instinct that any wild animal has. By and by he carefully rises into view and steps forward to examine the ashes.

"Ugh!"

It rained three days before. The ashes are dry. The black sticks preserve their gloss. A twig broken from a bush is still bleeding. A bone in the ashes is broken to get at the marrow. This is Wednesday, and the hour is 10 o'clock in the forenoon. That fire was built Monday noon. The prints of a boot heel are numerous. It was a white man. The prints are exactly alike. There was but one man—scout, hunter or prospector. He was heading up the stream.

"Ugh!"

Everything is clear to the Indian in five minutes, and he picks up the trail. It is forty-six hours since that fire was lighted—at least forty-four since the white man left it behind. That is an old trail, but here is a human bloodhound. Nature has made him to endure heat, cold and fatigue as if he were an animal. He has the cunning of a fox, the ferocity of a panther and a vindictive persistency which nothing but death can discourage.

There is no trail—nothing which the keenest dog could follow. But the Indian glides forward like a shadow, looking only at the lay of the ground. A man who travels without fear takes the easiest road. A man who is not pursued travels slowly. To the right—to the left—over rocks—across rills—up hill—down hill—never flagging, no matter what the obstructions, and at the end of three hours he turns sharply to the left, penetrates the cedars for a few yards and comes to a halt before another camp fire. A branch among the ashes gives out a faint smoke. The ashes are still warm. The fire was built Monday night, and over its flame the white man cooked his Tuesday breakfast. This is Wednesday at 1 o'clock. The white man has been moving slowly.

Half an hour for rest and a bite to eat and the Indian moves forward again. Here and there as he flies along he sees a broken branch—the moss torn from a rock—the leaves disturbed—plenty of signs that some one has passed that way. The scent is too old for a bloodhound; neither panther nor wolf could read the signs. In three hours he has reached another camp fire. It was built near a spring bubbling out of the rocks, and water was thrown on the flames to quench them.

It was not thoroughly done, however. Fire clings to several sticks, and the earth under the ashes is warm. The fire was built Tuesday night. The white man left it about 8 o'clock this (Wednesday) morning. It is now 4 o'clock p. m. He is only eight hours ahead, and there are still three hours of daylight.

Has he traveled fast or leisurely? Is he a dozen miles away or only three or four? The question is answered before the Indian has pursued the trail half a mile. The white man has stopped to break off a piece of rock with his hammer. He is a prospector. He goes up this ravine half a mile and returns. He leaps this creek to examine the face of the cliff—passes an hour or more inspecting the sand and gravel in the bed of the creek. It is a locality of promise. There is no hurry.

"Ugh!"

It is twilight in the forest—night in the canyons and gorges. The Indian has no trail to follow, but there is an instinct which leads him on. He knows he is close on the quarry. He moves swiftly but stealthily. There are rocks and bushes and limbs and vines and pitfalls, but he seems to see them in the darkness as well as in the light. The flame of a camp fire has caught his eye.

A man clothed in the course garments of a miner sits with his back to a rock. On the fire at his feet his meat is toasting and his coffee is boiling. The silence about him is that of the grave. His surroundings are bowlders, cliffs, ledges, ravines, trees. It is a wild, weird spot. Nature was in a vindictive mood when she made it. One sitting here alone at high noon would feel a chill of loneliness. The man looks into the fire. For a moment his thoughts are elsewhere. Of a sudden that mysterious something, that current which passes between life and death, electrifies him, and with his gaze riveted into the darkness beyond the fire he springs to his feet.

Too late! The Indian is not thirty feet away, but before he can lay a hand on the body life has departed. When a bullet strikes the human heart life is measured by seconds and fractions of seconds.—Detroit Free Press.

An old piece of zinc is the best thing that there is with which to mark trees in an orchard. Make this six or eight inches long, tapering at the end, and write on it with a common lead pencil. The writing grows more distinct year by year. This label can have the tapering end wound around the trunk or a branch and loosened as it grows.

A Hero of Antietam.

At the terribly hard fought battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam) Paul Conrad was desperately wounded, receiving a canister shot in the left shoulder which scraped every rib in his body. The ball entered just above the point of the shoulder blade and passed perpendicularly down the back to the waist, where it was found and cut out by the surgeons, but not until eighteen hours had passed after the wound was received. Though the ball weighed not more than ten ounces, Mr. Conrad said that after several hours had passed he felt as if he had a ten-pound ball, a cannon and carriage in his back, so great was the shock to his system. Upon his recovery from his wound, he rejoined his battalion and served gallantly to the end of the war participating in all the great battles with the Army of Northern Virginia.

Born in New Orleans, in the year 1843, he entered the Confederate army soon after attaining to manhood and his record as a soldier was as enviable and gallant as that of any of Louisiana's sons who wore the gray. He served with distinction to the end of the war. He was a member of Capt. Henry St. Paul Chasseurs a Pied, a part of the Army of Northern Virginia, and is one of but a few of the survivors of that famous command. The company left New Orleans April 22, 1861, for Pensacola. Thence they went to Virginia, and other companies being attached, St. Paul's Battalion was formed. Their first big fight was at Seven Pines, where more than half the command were killed or wounded—among the former being young Bourges, Conrad's first cousin.

He is and always has been strictly speaking a man of the people. Of a genial and pleasant disposition and possessing rare business qualifications he is eminently fitted to fill the responsible position to which he has been elected. He is an honest, upright and faithful business man, whose word is as good as his bond.

The Board of directors of The Louisiana State Lottery Company have elected Mr. Paul Conrad president, vice Dr. M. A. Dauphin, deceased.

Mr. Conrad has practically managed the affairs of this great corporation for the past five or six years. He has been an attache of the company in various capacities since 1870, and has earned the good will, confidence and respect of all with whom he has come in contact.—*Mobile Register.*

Chestnuts in France.

Chestnut trees are very abundant in the southern parts of Europe, and the fruit is one of the principal articles of food among the poor. This is true not only in France, but in Spain, Italy, Switzerland and Germany. In Italy the kernels are ground, and the meal is used for thickening soups and even for bread. The authors of "Our Home in Aveyron" were struck with the importance of this crop.

"Ah, mademoiselle, it is quite a boon when the chestnuts are in season," remarked a friend one day. So it is, for they help very much in the composition of fresh dishes for the table. They are, of themselves, cooked in about fifteen different ways, and very delicious some of the dishes are.

More important is the fact that chestnuts are really the principal food of the inhabitants where the tree abounds. So state the government statistics, but this refers of course to the peasantry pure and simple, who, however, form the vast majority of the inhabitants.

In the month of October the chestnut harvest begins. Before and after school hours the grave children troop to the woods to pick up the fallen fruit. They carry empty sacks to the hilltops, gathering the fruit and filling the sacks as they descend.

Each sack becomes too heavy for the children to carry, and is dragged about by two or three until it is full. They do not attempt to carry the sacks home, but are met by some grown up relative, who relieves them of their burden.

The animals get their share of the fruit, and a peasant woman will sit for an hour or two in front of her door leisurely cutting up chestnuts into little bits for her small stock of poultry, which fight and scramble for the tidbits she throws to them.—Youth's Companion.

Always a Deeper Depth.

"I boarded a Third avenue car at Forty-second street, in New York, the other day," said a Pittsburg financier, "and stood on the front platform furtively smoking a cigar. We'd gone a block or two when a voice I knew somewhat said, 'Well, Fred, how are you?' I turned and looked about me. There was nobody on the platform but the driver, and he was looking at his horses, apparently not minding me at all. I was still wondering where the voice had come from when the driver looked me full in the face and said, 'You don't know me, do you?'

"I confessed I didn't, although I added, 'Your voice is familiar.'

"'It ought to be,' he said, 'for I've talked to you by the hour. I'm Bill ——,' and he mentioned a name that used to be pretty familiar in some Pittsburg circles, and especially among sports. The last time I had seen him he wore four big diamonds in his shirt front—which was usually soiled—and was reported to have made a tidy sum in the show business—circuses, prize fights and the like, for Bill was not particular. I asked him how he came to be driving a street car, and all he would answer me was 'Hard luck.'

"I had to get off at the next corner, but I told him where I was stopping and asked him to call. He didn't—too proud, I guess, for though his diamonds were gone his nerve seemed to have staid by him.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Ancient Church Bell.

The Methodists of Lumpkin, Ga., have a new church bell, the old one being cracked and worn out. It's time the old bell had a rest, for it was cast in 1600, and has in its time summoned to worship men of varying creeds in the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain and America.

Detailed Instructions.

New Girl—An' how long should I leave this thing called a "blower" tight up agin the open fireplace?

Experienced Servant—Lave it until it do be hot enough to burn the skin off y'r fingers when ye touch it. Thin lift it off.—Philadelphia Record.

A MODEL'S EXPERIENCE.

A Woman who has Posed for Famous Artists.

SHE PREFERS TO POSE AS VENUS.

Many Women's Heads Painted on her Shoulders.

A homely visaged, well formed Italian woman, about 35 years of age, occupies a suit of rooms on Greene street, and gets a living by doing fancy needle work and taking lodgers. Her name is Margharita Campelli. Her husband, formerly a tenor singer, but latterly an organ grinder, died two years ago, leaving her his name and just enough money to buy a black veil. As for his burial, that was paid by the city. But Margharita was not to be cast down. She had seen better days. She would see them again. The result is that she is now comfortably situated, and is growing more prosperous every year.

Years ago, before time cross plowed her face with wrinkles, Margharita was the pride of Paris, and earned a luxurious living by posing as a model for sculptors and painters. She was able to earn anywhere from 100 to 500 francs a week "on her shape" alone, and on her rounded shoulders and above her well molded limbs rest the faces of some of the most celebrated belles and heiresses, and, for that matter, queens and princesses of Europe. In short, her body was the form in which the celebrated Parisian artists breathed the breath of life and beauty, and having done this, they surmounted the trunk with the heads of their patrons, all of whom were pleased to be associated with her symmetry, which none of them possessed.

THREE DOZEN MADONNAS.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although attired in a simple "Mother Hubbard" satine wrapper, the "human form divine" which she possessed was so very apparent that it was quite evident the artists had made no mistake in their selection.

"I don't look much like a Madonna, do I?" was her smiling greeting as she stuck out a wet hand for the reporter to grasp. "I think I am more nearly akin to Venus rising from the sea just now, and I have sat for both many a day."

"Which do you like the better, Venus or the Madonna?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, Venus, to be sure, though Madonna posings paid me better; but they were too stiff. I don't like standing all the forenoon on a marble slab holding a 'dummy' baby to my breast. It makes my arms ache. I was never lucky enough to be a mother, and this fondling of infants comes hard. Still, I did pretty well. I have been the model for at least three dozen Madonnas in my day. Six of them are now in Rome. Nearly twenty are still in France, and the rest have gone to England and America. Last year I saw myself in three different attitudes in as many paintings at a 'loan exhibit' in New York. I was told the cost of those three pictures was $20,000. I wish I had the money, but I am no artist. I am only a model. Still, I like to know that the rich people admire me, even if they do not know who I am."

"Now tell me about the Venus," said the reporter.

"Ah! but that was gay. I liked to be Venus. I acted natural, you see. I just sat down and threw out my arms and gave myself up to love. One artist paid me 500 francs for six days' sitting for Venus. One hundred dollars! Just think of it! It was the easiest money I ever earned. But he got 40,000 francs for the job, so he need not complain."

"Have you been a model for anything but Madonnas and Venuses?" was asked.

WELL LOADED SHOULDERS.

"Yes, indeed. Let me tell you. I went to Paris in 1873 and danced in a theatre. Daytimes I sat as a model for at least twenty artists, and had my figure painted in all kinds of postures and attitudes. I was Proserpine in two pictures, Helen of Troy in five, Œnone in two, Hecuba in three, Rachel in one, Minerva in four, Andromeda in one, and so on through all the list of celebrated historical, biblical and mythologic characters. I worked as a model and got good pay until 1884, when I was married, and my husband objected to my getting a living that way."

"What was your husband's occupation?"

"He was a musician."

"How long ago did he die?"

"Last year. He heard there was a big field for musicians in America, and came over, hoping to make a fortune. His failure broke his heart. Since his death I have tried to get work as a model here, but your artists do not seem to care for me. I am afraid I am getting old and embonpoint."

"How many faces are now on your shoulders, do you suppose?' was asked.

"Over 300. It is somewhere near 400, if I remember rightly. There are three of the Rothschild women, Mrs. Mackay, Judie and the ex-Empress Victoria of Germany among them. Bernhardt wanted me to act as a model for her pictures, but the artist convinced her that she was too skinny. Sarah Bernhardt is a beautiful woman for all that, and just as liberal as sunlight."

"Did you ever act as a model for an American woman?"

"Yes, five or six in all. Mr. Bennett brought a woman to Palero's studio while I was a model. I think her name was Bell, and she was a sister or relative of Mr. Bennett. I also sat as a model for a relative of Minister Bancroft when he was in Germany."

"Anybody else?"

"I remember a few more, but the names are gone. The Americans who go to Paris to get their portraits made do not patronize the best artists as a rule, though they pay big prices. It is shameful how you people are deceived by cheap artists. They have plenty of money, and should get the best. The fact is, they are imposed upon by cheap work." She chatted pleasantly about French art for a few minutes longer and then resumed her household duties.—Boston Cor. Globe-Democrat.

A Bad Streak of Luck.

Philadelphia Doctor (despondently)—Just my luck. I have only recently succeeded in becoming the regular family physician of the Westends, and now they have taken steps to render further employment of a doctor unnecessary, or nearly so.

Wife—Why, my dear, what have they done?

"They have bought a filter."—Philadelphia Record.

Got There Too Late.

A citizen yesterday stood on the steps of a Griswold street bank gazing at something across the street. While thus occupied a pedestrian halted, ascended a step or two, and after taking off his hat, said:

"Being, you know, as I haven't had anything to eat for two days, I didn't know but you could spare me a dime."

The citizen did not lower his eyes by an inch.

"Presume the cashier gave you all bills, you know," continued the man, "but if you'd be pleased to hunt around in your pockets I've no doubt you'd find a dime."

Not a sign that he was heard or seen.

"I would take it as a great favor, I assure you. Purty tough, you know, to tackle a job on an empty stomach. I've got $50 worth of work waiting for me as soon as I can get a meal."

And yet no sign.

"It's only a loan, you know. A loan to be returned to-morrow. I hate to ask it, Colonel, but there's no other way for me. If you should happen to have a quarter it would be all the same—a loan."

The colonel seemed hewn out of marble.

"Hope you'll excuse me," continued the man, "but I happened to see you as I passed. There's no particular hurry, you know, but the sooner I get the money the sooner I can fill up and go to work."

The colonel now made a move to raise his umbrella.

"The cashier would doubtless change a bill for you if you are broke for silver. This is a fine rain, colonel! Things must be looking nice in the country! Make it a half, colonel, and I'll be around Saturday."

The colonel descended the steps as rigid as a poker.

"I'll take your address," said the man as he followed behind, "because I'm very particular about paying borrowed money. I might telegraph to my brother in Buffalo, but he might not be at home, you know. Now, colonel, if you would be so kind as to hand me out"——

The colonel joined the procession and disappeared. After looking up and down the street for a minute the tramp said:

"I might as well quit right here. Some one has worked this town before on my patent racket, and he didn't even leave a good name behind."—Detroit Free Press.

Wonders of Progress.

Returned Prodigal (in Vermont)—I used to live here, but everything is so changed I can't find my way. Can you direct me to Bullfrog Hollow, Mud Pond or Skeeter Swamp? If I can get to any one of them I can strike the old road to the farm.

Native—It's a lucky thing you met me, for hardly any one knows them places by the old names. Your Daddy Doodles boy, ain't you?

"Yes."

"The old man'll be glad to see ye. He's sold most o' the farm to the city folks and is livin' on his money, but he's in the old house yet. Just you follow this bridal path to Prospect Terrace, then go around Crystal lake to the Garden of the Gods an' you'll strike the road leading past the Palisades Summer hotel. Just throw a handkerchief over your face when ye enter the Garden of the Gods. That uster be Skeeter Swamp."—Omaha World.

A Suggestion.

Fond Wife—Dear, I am to be present at the Simmons fancy dress party. It's a sort of a masquerade, you see, and I don't know what on earth to wear.

Horrid Man—Why couldn't you put your hair up in three Psyche knots and go as a hat rack?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Better Than Ether.

Surgeon—Now, my man, I am about to amputate your foot.

"Well, go ahead."

"I would advise you to submit to being placed under the influence of an anæsthetic."

"Hang your anæsthetic! But I'll tell you what I wish you would do."

"Well?"

"Have somebody bring me the score of the ball game by innings while you're at work."—Nebraska State Journal.

A Wise Youth.

Big Sister—Bobby, you are wanted to do an errand.

Bobby—Tell ma I haven't got time to do it now.

Big Sister—Father says you must do it at once.

Bobby—Oh, it's for pa, is it. Then I guess I had better find time.—The Epoch.

A Strange Combination.

A man in Wisconsin some time ago wrote to The Tribune on stationery, the printed heading of which proclaimed him to be a "dealer in stoves and dinner bells;" but this curious combination is eclipsed by the Connecticut man who is announced as a "dealer in oysters, clams and gent's furnishing goods."—New York Tribune.

Strange.

"This is very strange," remarked Billy Bliven, thoughtfully after he had tasted the contents of the butter dish. "Very strange, indeed."

"What is strange?"

"That such delicate, pale butter should turn out to be so robust."—Merchant Traveler.

No Broken Lots Taken.

Citizen—Officer, I've had my watch stolen.

Policeman—A gold one?

Citizen—No, a Waterbury.

Policeman—Well, just stand here a moment, and the thief will come back after the suit of clothes.—New York Sun.

Ha! Ha!

"Why is Sunday put at the head of the Allegheny battery list?" asked the snake editor.

"Don't know," replied the horse editor.

"Because he is the first of the week."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Proper Action.

Medical Professor (to students)—In a case which you find difficult to diagnose correctly, what is the proper course to take?

Student—Look wise and say nothing.—The Epoch.

THE PATE DE FOIE GRAS.

History of the Favorite Dish of the French.

DEATH OF ITS GREATEST MAKER.

How the Goose Livers are Made Fat.—Story of Dumas.

At Colmar, in Alsace, died in his 71st year a worthy bourgeois named Jean Mangold, who, in the opinion of all save some members of the medical profession, deserved well, not only of his own country, but of the whole world. Colmar, the antique Columbaria of the Romans, next to Strasburg, is unsurpassed for the fabrication of "pates de foie gras." The friends of the late M. Mangold, indeed, who was for many years the leading pastry cook at Colmar, claim that his pies were even superior to those made at Strasburg. M. Mangold was a poet to boot, and composed a large number of local idyls, satires, vaudevilles and songs for music. But it will be with his pies, and not with his poems in his hand that he will probably go down to postesity.

It might be desirable in the outset to stigmatize as wholly apocryphal the story to which Alexandre Dumas the elder, in his "Dictionnaire de Cuisine," has given currency as to the horrible tortures inflicted on the Alsatian geese in order to fatten their livers to the degree required by the pastry cooks. Starting with the postulate that the liver of the bird can only be fattened by the tumefaction of that organ, and that for pie making purposes the goose livers should be ten or twelve times the normal size, the author of "Monte Cristo" goes on to say that the wretched bipeds are nailed by their web feet to boards, that their eyes are put out, and that they are incessantly stuffed with pounded nuts and deprived of water.

STUFFING THE LIVE BIRDS.

Another alarmist, improving on Alexandre Dumas, asserts that the nailed down geese are placed before a raging fire and allowed to drink as much water as they like, thus leading to enlargement of the liver. As a matter of fact, the birds, like capons and turkeys, are no doubt systematically crammed, usually with a paste made of Indian corn and millet; but there is no more truth in the wild stories of the nailed down feet, the blinding and the semi-roasting in front of an ardent fire than there is in the tales that turtle soup is made of conger eel and the sauce called soy from cockroaches.

Toulouse, in the south of France, Ruffec, in the Charente and Nerac, in the Bordelais, have in modern times, rivaled Strasburg and Colmar in the making of "pates de foie gras;" and there are culinary antiquaries who maintain that pasties of fatted goose livers are a Gallo-Roman survival of Apician origin. The mode of fattening the geese was somewhat cruel. The birds were cooped in solitary confinement in very narrow cages; three times a day they were gorged with maize, and, on the twenty-second day of cramming, a spoonful of poppy oil was added to the corn; water was freely given them, but it was always mixed with sweet wort from the brewery. At the end of forty-two days the goose became so fat as to be in danger of suffocation and was therefore killed. Its proper weight should then be about sixteen pounds, out of which the liver should weigh thirty-two ounces. Another quicker but more equivocal way of fattening the geese was to mix antimony with the farinaceous paste with which the birds were crammed.

HOW TO MAKE THE PIE.

At Strasburg the construction of a pate is a serious and even solemn affair. Six fattened livers are the ordinary pabulum for a pie; they must first be washed in many waters and then parboiled, and are next scrupulously trimmed so as to free them from all fibrous substance and from any matter approaching bitterness in flavor. Each liver is then cut in two, and, out of the dozen, three are chosen to be beaten in a mortar and passed through a sieve with bacon, shalots, parsley and mushrooms, so as to make a "farce," or forcemeat, which is boiled, and forms the basis of the pie. The other half livers are then larded with the finest Perigord truffles, cut in the shape of dice, and the contents of the pie are made to consist of layers of liver, truffles and forcemeat. Two hours are sufficient to bake this dainty dish, fit to be set before a whole congress of kings and emperors. When the pie is withdrawn from the oven the top crust should be delicately lifted and a large glass of Madeira poured into the interior. Then it should be hermetically closed, so as to be fit to be at once packed and dispatched to the uttermost ends of the earth.

It remains, however, to show how these famous pies came to be made at Strasburg and Colmar at all. Only 100 years have elapsed since the French military governor of the province of Alsace, Marshal de Contades, brought with him to Strasburg as cook a Norman by the name of Close. Alsace was already remarkable for it "terrines" of fat goose livers, which were preserved in earthen pipkins with a layer of clarified butter under the cover. They were somewhat rudely prepared, and lacked one supreme accessory. The artistic Close practically exclaimed, "Pipkin, thou shalt become a pie!" He discarded the earthen jar and imprisoned the rich livers in a casket of pie crust. "The body is there," continued the enthusiastic chef, "we must now give it a soul;" and he found a spiritual element for his pie in the exciting perfume of the Perigordian truffle. Close, the Norman, must assuredly be considered as the inventor of the Strasburg pie.—London Daily News.

The Swedish bride seeks to catch a glimpse of the groom before he sees her, hoping thereby to gain the future mastery. She also places her foot before his while the ceremony is being performed, and sits down first. While the words are being said she stands near the groom, so that in the future no one will come between them.

The washing of the leaves of plants is very essential to their health; if they are very dusty a little soap may be used in the water, which should be milk warm. They should be handled very daintily; a soft sponge is best for this purpose. Once a month the branches and stems of hardwood plants should also be washed.

Heartburn may be relieved almost instantly if half a teaspoonful of table salt be dissolved in a wineglassful of cold water and then drank.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY APRIL 10 ..... 1891.

The expectation is that in the course of time the price of refined sugar will depreciate nearly to the extent of the duty that has been taken off. But the cheapening process will be slower on the Pacific Coast than on the Atlantic. On this side we depend for refined sugar upon two local refineries. There does not seem at present anything to prevent the local refineries from charging above the old rates. There are no sugar refineries to the west of us that can supply our market. There is a railroad company which might bring sugar from the East at an ordinary cost of transportation, but that railroad company has apparently formed a combination with the refiners to keep the price up. It is a little singular that when an opportunity is offered the Southern Pacific Railroad Company to do the people of this coast a service it fails to accept it. The agreement of the two refineries to keep sugar up to the old mark have had but temporary effect if the railroad had kept rates on west-bound sugar at the old rates. The refiners might have added to the Eastern profit the cost of transportation, but the action of the Southern Pacific Company in advancing the freight tariff on sugar from $1.20 to $2 per hundred pounds enables them to keep prices nearly or quite at the old figure. The Spreckels Refinery, the American Refinery and the Southern Pacific Railroad Company will, for a time at least, divide among them the amount that in the old time was paid into the United States Treasury. A sugar dealer who was interviewed Wednesday by a CALL reporter thinks a competing railroad would straighten out the sugar tangle. A competing railroad would. But when there are two or three railroads they do not always compete. In the sugar case, if there were a second railroad there would, in all probability, be four parties to the sugar combination instead of three. If the two refineries can combine, why might not two railroad companies? The remedy lies in the cultivation of beet sugar. Beet sugar mills should be erected in all parts of the State. The present outlook is that there is as much profit in beet sugar as there is in fruit.

So far as danger of actual war is concerned it may be considered past. The Italian Government did not mean all its words implied. It discovered in a short time that it had no real cause of offence and that it had no means of making its protests effective if it had cause of offense. Making war at long range is costly work. The Italians have some powerful war vessels in their own waters, but the most powerful of them would hardly be sent across the Atlantic. But the little glimpse of war we have been treated to will revive our national feeling. The telegram of the ex-Confederate Social and Benevolent Association of Kansas City is only one of a thousand similar responses that would have reached Washington if the war cloud had become a little darker. While no part of the country wants war there is little doubt but that the rising generation in the Southern States would eagerly improve an opportunity to fight for the Union. The Americanism of both parties will be toned up. The rights of foreign born citizens will not be abridged, but in the future the genuineness of their vows of allegiance will be submitted to practical tests. The Italian Americans who appealed to their native country have taught the American people the value of caution.

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Removing Motes from the Eye.

The following is a simple and expeditious way of removing specks from the eye. The only instrument needed is a wooden toothpick or match, made sharp at the point. Hard wood, however, is preferable. The sufferer stands in a good light and rests his body and head against a door, post or some fixed object. With the thumb and a finger the operator holds the eyelids sufficiently apart to see plainly the front of the eye and also to prevent winking. If the speck be on the cornea it may be difficult to see it, and it can then only be found by changing the direction of sight until a favorable position is secured.

The most difficult part of the business is to have the inexperienced person fix the sight on some object and hold the eye perfectly quiet. If this can be done only for a few seconds the operator approaches the mote with the point of the stick, still holding the eyelid, and with gentle passes and gradual advances soon touches the speck and brings it away. The transparency of the eye makes it necessary to approach the surface with care, or it will be reached before it is expected. If the mote be hidden underneath the upper eyelid the eyelash should be gently raised, while the upper part of the lid is held downward with the stick. When turned the stick is withdrawn and the lid is held in this position by the eyelash.

Where iron is worked particles of metal are sometimes allowed to remain in the eye for several hours, when they seem to rust fast and cannot be removed by a stick. In such cases the point of a penknife blade, made quite sharp, is used, and if it is magnetized so much the better.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Dear at the Price.

A change of mind has often occurred after the marriage bans have been published. A clergyman tells recently of a man having put in the bans, and after they had been twice published asked if he might substitute the name of another girl for the one first entered, adding by way of explanation: "I think she will suit me better in the long run." On being told that the change could not be effected unless the first bans were withdrawn, others substituted and the fees paid a second time, also that the full interval, including three Sundays, must elapse before the marriage could be celebrated, the man hesitated. "Do you mean to say that I should have to begin all over again?" he asked. "Certainly," was the reply; "the bans must be published three times in the names of the persons who are actually to be married." "And must I pay all over again if I have the other girl?" "Yes," said the clergyman. "Well, I call that too bad."

The candidate for matrimony remained for some moments in a brown study, then broke out with: "Then I'll stick to the first girl. I'm not going to pay twice over for anybody." He was married during the following week in accordance with this decision, evidently considering the proposed subsititution would be too dear at the price of double fees. This did not say much for No. 2, as would be bridegrooms are usually of all people most inclined to be liberal.—Ladies' Treasury.

A Simple Dog Story.

An exchange tells of the peculiar appetite of a dog owned by a Butte City merchant, whose latest exploit was to swallow a diamond stud, lunch on a roll of greenbacks, and, by way of a dessert, thoughtfully masticated a pair of British half hose. Evidently this is no ornery purp, still for marked epicurean eccentricities it cannot compare with a saffron-hued bird dog we once owned. This thoroughbred animal developed delicate tastes quite early in life.

On one occasion while we were absent from the house he plundered a cage containing a pet canary bird, killed the fluttering inmate, plucked the feathers and then laid the bare little body in a frying pan over a gas stove, where it was left until the skin turned a beautiful brown. We came back just as the intelligent canine was adding the proper proportions of pepper and salt to the cooked morsel, when he bolted the meal hastily for fear of interruption and then scooted through the open door.

After remaining away for two days he returned with a fine young pullet in his mouth, stolen from a neighboring hennery, and this he placed at our feet, wagging his tail and winking his eyes significantly, as much as to say, "This is to square the roast canary bird." It really was a very tender chicken.—Sam T. Clover in Chicago Herald.

An Irish Ware.

Belleek ware comes from Ireland. It is as light and thin as an egg shell, very glossy and feels like satin. It is said to be very strong. The color is peculiar, being a little darker than cream, and nearly all that I saw was slightly decorated in pink. Tea and after dinner coffee cups are about the same price, $15 to $18 a dozen. There is a great variety of small dishes in this ware for bonbons, olives, salt, etc.

In odd pieces there are cracker jars in imported china, from $3 to $6 a piece, which in domestic ware would cost from $1 to $2.50 each. Bouillon cups are fifty cents each. English pudding sets of three pieces bring $1 to $6. Chocolate pots, that until closely examined look like fine Doulton, cost $1 to $3 each.—New York Telegram.

A Collection of Martyrs.

A recent canvass was made of the convicts of Joliet prison, and out of over 600 men, sent for almost every crime in the calendar, not a single one would acknowledge that he was guilty of the crime charged. The great majority looked upon themselves as martyrs to the law, and felt that they had been grievously wronged.—Detroit Free Press.

Florida is putting its best resorts in readiness for the expected winter tourists. Lawn tennis courts are being arranged, vegetables are being planted in large quantities, boats are being prepared and as the announcements say, "No efforts will be spared to make life a pleasure and to give such healthful outdoor sports as will build up those who are run down from overwork, or will give a new lease of life to those afflicted with pulmonary or asthmatical diseases."

One of the points especially noted by military observers during the recent maneuvers abroad, where smokeless powder was used, was that in a clear atmosphere, unobscured by the smoke of battle, all bright accoutrements were seen at a great distance, thus betraying the positions of the various bodies of troops.

HOW "ZERO" WAS ADOPTED.

Fahrenheit Discovered, as He Thought, the Extreme of Cold and Named It.

"Zero" is the part of every thermometer that is most watched and dreaded in this changeable climate of ours. The word is from the Spanish, and means empty, hence nothing. It was first used on a thermometer in 1709 by a Prussian merchant named Fahrenheit.

From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only 19 years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of the year.

And that day was the coldest day that the oldest inhabitant could remember. Gabriel was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either natural or artificial.

He called the degree zero, and constructed a thermometer, or rude weather glass, with a scale graduating up from zero to boiling point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing point 32, because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero, and expanded one hundred and eightieth on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

Time showed that the arrangement instead of being truly scientific was as arbitrary as the division of the Bible into verses and chapters; and these two points no more represented the real extremes of temperature than from "Dan to Beersheba" expressed the exact extremes of Palestine.

But Fahrenheit's thermometer had been widely adopted, with its inconvenient scale, and none thought of any better until his name became an authority, for Fahrenheit finally abandoned trade and gave himself up to science. Then habit made people cling to the established scale, as habit made the English cling to the old system of cumbrous fractional money.

The three countries which use Fahrenheit are England, Holland and America. Russia and Germany use Baumer's thermometer, in which the boiling point is counted 80 degs. above the freezing point. France uses the centigrade thermometer, so called because it makes the boiling point 100 degs. from freezing point.

On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained when zero is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is put 100 or 1,000 degs. from it, and all the sub-divisions are fixed decimally.

If Fahrenheit had done this at first, or even if he had made it one of his many improvements after the public adopted his error, the luck of opportunity, which was really his, would have secured to his invention the patronage of the world.—New York World.

Christopher Columbus' Home.

The municipality of Genoa has it is reported consented to restore the house in which Christopher Columbus lived. It is rapidly falling into decay and has long stood in need of repair. Originally, when Domenico Colombo, Christopher's father, inhabited the house, in 1457, it was of two stories only, but another was added in 1683, while the serious damage to the building caused by the bombardment of Genoa by Louis XIV was being repaired. The house at Valladolid, where Columbus died in poverty in 1509, is also to be restored. It is now used as a stable; but the municipality of the town intend to purchase it and turn it into a museum dedicated to the great explorer.—London Tit-Bits.

English Farms Vacant.

An enormous number of farms have become vacant this Michaelmas, and all over England it appears to be extremely probable that land owners will have them thrown upon their hands, as in most counties there are half a dozen vacant holdings for every eligible applicant. In Hampshire, Kent, Sussex and other counties, where the principal land owners already have thousands of acres unoccupied, the prospect is really very serious. It is nearly impossible to let arable farms on any terms, and even good grazing farms will only find tenants at reduced rentals. The Kent hop farms are reported to be difficult to let even at half the present rents.—London World.

Taken by a Hansom Cabman.

People little know what a terrible power rests in the hands of a hansom cabman. They will realize it now when they hear how sternly and, it must be added, how usefully it was applied in the case of one William Jones. It appears that this person, who described himself as a commercial traveler, hired a hansom, and was driven about the town for several hours. For certain reasons the cabman suspected that there was something wrong about his fare. So what did he do but let down the front glass lights, and keep them down, thereby effectually imprisoning the vainly protesting traveler. He then drove to the Peckham police station and gave up his prisoner.

He had done well, for William Jones turned out to be a very bad character; in fact, an old and convicted burglar, whose suspicious movements had lately attracted the serious attention of the police. Brought up at the Lambeth police court, on the charge of being disorderly and as a person under police supervision, supposed to be getting his livelihood by dishonest means, he was sent to prison with hard labor for twelve months. The hansom cab has thus figured, for the first time in history, as a thief trap. It is to be hoped that its newly discovered and awful power will never be employed at the expense of the innocent.—London Telegraph.

It Worked.

A woman at Lafayette, Ind., wanted to rid an alcohol barrel of the odor. She dropped a live coal into the bung, and she won't be in walking order before Jan. 1. Nine-tenths of the barrel hit her at once, and the remainder smashed in the windows.—Detroit Free Press.

True Happiness.

Mrs. Muggers—I see a prominent society belle is dead. If there ever was a perfectly blissful existence on earth she enjoyed it while she lived.

Mr. Muggers—Because she was a society belle?

Mrs. Muggers—No; because she was engaged twenty-four times and never married.—New York Weekly.

The Man with a Loud Voice.

As a safe rule the man who howls at his dog in the field may be put down as a poor sportsman, and the dog that is howled at as a poor dog. For the matter of that, the dog which finds game for a noisy master usually does about what his dog sense tells him to. The very fact of the man's noisy demonstrations implies that he cannot make his dog obey. With dogs as with horses, the master who handles them best is not he whose voice can be heard in the next county. The quiet control of horse or dog is the only true mastery.

There is nothing to be said for noise in the field. Properly trained, a dog will obey as readily and as intelligently and as effectively a motion of hand, or gun, or head, as the bawling and roaring of a Boanerges. It is true that the dog exhorter may thereby secure a needed and beneficial degree of lung exercise; but he is not at all likely to secure so large a count of game. Of all sounds that startle the birds that of the human voice is most certain to alarm them. Every expert gunner knows this and keeps still. The shouter is a tyro; or if he shouts year after year he is certainly a poor sportsman, and when in company with others who do not share his noisy proclivities, he is voted a general nuisance. Many a grouse has been lost for no other reason than because it was startled and flushed by ill timed speech.—Forest and Stream.

The Temple of Incas.

A correspondent writes from Peru to The Germania that the remains of a temple, dating back from the period of the Incas, have been discovered while clearing the ground for a small place on one of the affluents of the upper Marañon, in the great plain which lies at the foot of the eastern Cordilleras. There was an inclosing wall of great extent, fully eighty inches thick, the inclosure within being divided by other walls into halls and smaller chambers. The plan and the painted inscriptions resemble what has been found in other places ascertained to be ancient Peruvian temples.

Hence it is inferred that this also was a similar temple. Several buildings of this kind have been found scattered over Peru. The Spaniards demolished them and floods bearing quantities of sand from the Cordilleras covered over the remains, to be succeeded later by a growth of shrubs, and even trees, quite hiding from view the masonry underneath. The Peruvian government has been moved by this recent discovery, and some regular excavations will be undertaken on sites where temples and even towns are known to have existed prior to the conquest.

New York People Eat Lots of Meat.

Besides the great influx of western meat there arrived in New York, at the great stock yards in Jersey City and the New York Central yards in 1889, 380,000 cattle, 300,000 calves, 2,000,000 sheep and lambs, and 1,750,000 hogs, making 270,000,000 pounds of beef, 36,000,000 pounds of veal, 80,000,000 pounds of mutton and lamb, and 262,500,000 pounds of pork. Counted with the western meats this makes, for the amount of butchers' meat eaten by the 5,000,000 people in the metropolitan district—New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, Yonkers and so on—somewhere about 470,000,000 pounds; 235,000 tons of beef; 75,000,000 pounds or 38,000 tons of veal; 85,000,000 pounds or 42,500 tons of mutton and lamb, and 276,500 pounds or 8,250 tons of pork last year. This makes a grand total of 453,750 tons of meat—907,500,000 pounds—consumed by New York and vicinity in one year. That means about one pound a day for each man, woman and child—twice as much as is eaten in London.—New York News.

A Good Place for a Fight.

"Dog fights were very popular in that town. One particularly lively party of sports had great luck in evading the police. They hunted high and low for them, but never found them. They don't know to this day where the fights were held."

"I suppose you know. Where were they held—if there's no harm in telling."

"Well, they were held in the cellar of the barn of the chief of police."—Lewiston Journal.

Why He Fled on Saturday.

Bjenks—Whither?

Bjones—As far from this town as I can get. Back Monday.

Bjenks—Wherefore?

Bjones—Because I see that our Sunday paper is to contain four hundred and fifty columns and eight supplements.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Wanted Some Store Teeth.

The other day a waman not over 30, but minus her teeth, called on a prominent dentist, and asked him if he could not rent her a set of teeth to wear to a party that evening. She told the dentist that she supposed that false teeth were kept in stock and that people fitted themselves.—Waterbury American.

Digestion would be greatly promoted if rest could be taken for half an hour after a meal. A gentle walk with the chest thrown out is excellent even indoors. When a walk is taken in the house the hands should be clasped at the back.

Raspberries in October.

Rev. George Matthews, of South Dartmouth, on Saturday picked up from his red raspberry bushes one and three-fourths quarts of ripe berries, and the week before he picked two quarts. He expects to gather more this week if there is no frost.—New Bedford Standard.

The Penobscot river, the largest in Maine, drains 7,400 square miles, a region as large as the state of Massachusetts. From Old Town to Bangor, a distance of twelve miles, the river falls more than ninety feet, giving several of the finest water powers in the world.

The late Samuel J. Randall was in public life for a long period of years. With large opportunities for amassing a fortune, it appears that the total value of his estate amounted to about $5,000, consisting entirely of personal effects.

The curator of the Brooklyn institute told a reporter that one beautiful butterfly in the collection of the institute is valued at $1,000, that sum having recently been paid for a duplicate.

Boucicault was asked which he considered his best play. "The one I am going to write next," he said after a moment of profound thought.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Thomas Parker, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Thos. Parker, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of P. H. Mack, in the town of Independence, Inyo Co., Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Inyo, State of California.

JOHN SHEPHERD,
S. G. GREGG.
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Thomas Parker, deceased.
Dated at Independence, Cal. April 4, 1891.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works Inyo county, Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 30th day of March, 1891, an assessment (No. 12) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of May 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 29th day of May, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.
Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

P. H. MACK.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. RUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON.
wards and Market Streets,
Independence, Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.
THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out a flour that is fully
Equal to the Best.
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
A. N. BELL.
Independence, Cal.

P. W. FORBES — P. H. MACK
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address
P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal — P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS.
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed
Flooring.
sep11tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YNA LL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-Officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.
In obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "Independent" Building, Independence, Inyo county, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-At-Law
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 28th
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf — Independence.

NORMAN
HOUSE.
Independence, - Cal.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. F. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of John Mullane deceased.

Order to show cause why an Order of sale of real estate and personal property should not be made.

Richard Hessian Sr. the Executor of the last will and testament of John Mullane, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate and all the personal property of said deceased, for the purposes therein set forth, it is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Saturday, the 18th day of April, 1891, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Court room of said Court, at the Court House in the town of Independence, in the said County of Inyo, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executor to sell all of the real estate and all of the personal property of the said deceased. And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Inyo Independent, a newspaper published and printed in the said County of Inyo.

GEO. M. GILL.
Judge of said Superior Court.
Dated March 19th, 1891.

[ENDORSED.]

In the Superior Court of the County of Inyo State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John Mullane deceased.

Order to show cause why an order of sale of Real Estate and Personal Property should not be made.

Filed March 20th, 1891.
J. N. YANDELL,
Clerk.

PROBATE NOTICE

Notice for publication of time appointed for proving will, etc.

In the matter of the Estate of Thomas Parker deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 4th day of April A. D. 1891, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the Court Room of said Court, at the town of Independence, in the County of Inyo State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said Thomas Parker, deceased and for hearing the application of John Shepherd and S. G. Gregg for the issuance to them of letters testamentary thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated March 19th, 1891.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of Peter Dierkson deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 18th day of April, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the town of Independence in the County of Inyo, State of California have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said Peter Dierkson, deceased, and for hearing the application of John F. Lubken for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration with the will annexed thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated April 2d, 1891.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK ..... PROPRIETOR
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK

PIONEER BREW
INDEPENDENCE
BEER ICE CO
The Bar is supplied with the Best of Liquors and Cigars.
The Coolest Hall in the town see what comfort you can have weather.
PHILIP GERRIG, PROP.

J. W. Mu
BLACKSMI
—AND—
General Iro
Wagons and
Repai
HORSESHOEING.
Shop on Edwards
Court House, Ind

Pio
Livery & Fee
INDEPENDE
Having returned and resu the above well known feed a can be assured of findi Teams, Saddle Horses,
Livery
in general. Also
pound or ton.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, APRIL 10 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98
Lead, 4 35
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20@ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 9 @ 11.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence at 7 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

MONDAY, April 6, 1891.

Estate of G. A. Thede, deceased—Filed petition and order fixing time for hearing.

Broder vs. Conklin—Filed three acceptances and two stipulations.

WEDNESDAY, April 8, 1891.

Filed articles of incorporation of Lone Pine Canal Company.

THURSDAY, April 9, 1891.

Fehrman vs. Goodale—Issued summons.

DIED.

WILLIAMS—At Lone Pine, April 4th, Daniel H. Williams, a native of Canada, aged about 57 years.

LUCAS—At Lone Pine, April 7th, John Lucas, a native of New York, aged about 47 years.

Pete Labarge is in town to-day.

A. C. Stevens was in town yesterday.

A special train came down last Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Fitzgerald visited Independence early in the week.

Charley Nolan is to be station agent at Soda vice Miss Stansfield.

The Supervisors made a short session this week completing their business on Wednesday evening.

Pat Clinton is suffering from a severe attack of the grip. The disease is prevalent in this county.

A. O. Collins has been appointed Sheep License Collector and W. F. Matlack Coroner and Public Administrator.

Harry Louden was in town during the week. Harry is an enthusiastic horseman and is well posted in racing vernacular.

Miss Dora Shepherd returned home last Monday evening from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Butler, at San Francisco.

The Sunday evening service at Independence begins at 7:30 on Sunday next, and will be so continued until further notice.

Felix Gomez, accused of selling whiskey to the Indians was released from custody last Monday, the complaining witness failing to appear.

Collins & Son of Warm Spring have purchased a fine young Shire stallion in Los Angeles. Charley Collins expected to arrive with him to-day.

Mrs. Jessie Wightman arrived in Independence last Monday from San Francisco. She expects to be detained in the valley some little time on legal business.

Now is a golden opportunity to secure the finest piece of land under the Eastside canal. For the quality of it intending purchasers are referred to Superintendent McIver and the *Index*. Only six dollars an acre.

To meet the growing demands of Kern County the *Daily Californian* has been started at Bakersfield. It is a bright newsy sheet and is sure to contribute greatly toward the advancement of that section.

Dr. L. L. Woodin made what Eastern people would consider a long buggy ride at the end of last week. From Independence to the Johnson ranch and return, thence to Darwin and return, a distance in all of 148 miles was covered in thirty-three hours by wagon.

John Shepherd, Road Overseer of District No. 5½, has done some excellent work in his district and also in the 5th District. New roads have been made where the old were cut up and filled with sand, and the bad places repaired. The drive to Lone Pine is at least an hour shorter than formerly.

Is not a man a thief in his heart who boasts of lobbying an unjust bill through the Board of Supervisors, which was, in fact, afterwards reconsidered and cut down. His fingers had the fantods when he made such an ass of himself, which accounts for his frankness.

D. Stubblefields camp in Mazourka canyon was destroyed by fire last Monday. He left a small fire burning in the morning, and on his return the bed, camping utensils and a consiberable quantity of hay and grain were destroyed. He returned to town immediately for fresh supplies.

In last week's issue a short item appeared in regard to a 1st of April joke perpetrated upon Mr. Turner. In this week's *Index* an article appears which seems on its face a slap at the INDEPENDENT. The person who wrote it intended a return joke upon the other parties, but seemed incapable of expressing himself as he wished.

Heavy Frost.

On Monday night a storm of rain and snow set in and continued until noon of Tuesday when it gradually cleared away. On Tuesday night there was a heavy frost, ice forming half an inch thick. It is feared that the peach, nectarine and apricot crops are entirely ruined. The leaves on apple and pear trees were frozen and turned black under the warm sun of Wednesday.

Close of School.

The public school at Independence closes to-day, the term having lasted seven and one half months and the appropriation being exhausted.

During the term Elna Matlack was neither absent nor tardy. Jeanette Wood was absent one half day, Minnie Levy absent one day and Cora Craig absent two days. A full report of the term's work will be given in next week's issue.

SUPERVISORS' PROCEEDINGS.

MONDAY, April 6, 1891.

The Board met at 7 o'clock in regular session, present, Love, Watterson and Steward; absent, Stewart and Fitzgerald.

No business was transacted and Board adjourned until next day.

TUESDAY, April 7th.

Board met at 10 o'clock a. m., present Love, Watterson, Steward and Fitzgerald; absent, Stewart.

Supervisor Love was elected temporary chairman.

The following claims were allowed and ordered paid:

J. S. Gorman	$ 2 90
C. W. Rathbun	20 80
A. E. Janvier	27 70
A. W. Eibeshutz	113 70
John Baxter	13 00
Mrs. Keppler	20 00
Bancroft & Co.	12 00
J. J. Moore	1 52
D. Holland	9 00
L. W. Allingham	6 00
J. N. Yandell	8 15
J. H. Shannon	18 50
P. W. Forbes	6 10
Henry Levy	5 10
Independence Water Co.	8 00
Daniel Crough	28 40
F. E. Densmore	19 00
J. W. Muphy	3 00
C. W. Craig	168 75
I. J. Woodin	100 00

The Board adjourned until 1 o'clock p. m., at which hour it reconvened, same members present.

The following claims were allowed and ordered paid:

N. Rhine	$ 19 73
L. Wood	3 00
Claim of C. W. Craig was reconsidered.	
Inyo Independent	$160 00
P. A. Chaffant, $17 05, allowed	12 25
Bancroft, Whitney & Co.	50 00
R. Carrasco, $12, allowed	10 00
W. A. Chaffant	30 75
W. H. Huff	3 00
C. W. Craig	36 20

Resignation of E. L. Smith as Justice of Peace accepted.

Warrants ordered drawn to cover expenses of Special Election.

Reports of Overseers of Road Districts Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5 accepted and approved and claims allowed as follows:

James Nevins, District No. 1		$18 00
W. H. Powers	" 2	72 25
S. J. McMurry	" 4	43 50
John Keegan	" 5	72 02
W. L. Hunter	" 6	10 00
Claim of D. Holland allowed		9 00

Clerk ordered to draw a warrant monthly from April 7th for $10 in favor of Mrs. Donley, an indigent person.

A rebate of $18 40 allowed W. D. McLaren on Bishop Building Fund.

Board adjourned until next day.

WEDNESDAY, April 8, 1891.

Board met at 10 o'clock a. m., same members present.

Bill of C. W. Craig allowed in full.

Bill of Independent reconsidered.

Petition of J. H. Bulpit et als. considered.

Bill of P. A. Chalfant reconsidered and allowed in full.

Petitions read and A. O. Collins appointed Sheep License Collector.

Petition of Assessor Chalfant for $350 for deputy allowed $300.

Reports of Auditor and Treasurer accepted and approved.

Dr. L. L. Woodin	$35 50
A. W. Eibeshutz	4 25

Board adjourned until 1 o'clock p. m., when it reassembled, same members present.

Claim of John Shepherd on Road District No. 6 allowed, $5.

Order directing bridge built across East Side Canal rescinded.

Application of R. Love for $25 additional for Bridge No. 2 granted

Claim of G. W. Rose for carrying election returns allowed, $20.

Board adjourned until 7 o'clock p. m., at which hour it reassembled, same members present.

Claim of Independent allowed in full, $160.

Claim of C. W. Craig for $168 75 allowed $155 25.

Claim of I. H. Mulholland for $114 15 allowed.

On petitions being presented W. F. Matlack was appointed Coroner and J. W. Murphy Constable.

Claims of members of Board adowed and Board adjourned.

Appreciation.

The following is a clipping from the Bakersfield *Echo*:

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to express my appreciation of the way the business of the Superior Court has been conducted since Judge Conklin has presided over the same. It is refreshing to an old timer to see a judge who has the good of the county and litigants at heart, and who manifests the same by his acts and decisions. The old probate business of the county is being looked after and we hope will be cleared for once. I don't think it ever has been since the county was organized. When the master hand holds the reins of the law every thing goes as if by clock work. I must say that the citizens of Kern should feel a sense of relief at the way the business is being conducted. Too much cannot be said in praise of an officer who performs his duty and hands his decisions down without fear or favor. JUNOR.

Mining Pays Best.

Chris Crohn discovered that farming in Sonoma did not pay and returned to Inyo last summer to resume mining. He has been engaged for several months past in developing the Augusta, a patented mine owned by him about three and a half miles north of Cerro Gordo on the S dine side of the ridge. A piece of ore taken from the ledge was brought to town to be sent below for assay; it is black metal and will assay at least five hundred dollars per ton. A tunnel is being run on the ledge, and some ore is being taken out for shipment. The mine is likely to develope into a valuable property.

A Grisly Find

It is reported that the skeleton of a man was founk by two prospectors in the mountains near Darwin last week. The deceased had evidently died from thirst as an empty water bottle was found beside him. The flesh was entirely eaten away from the bones with the exception of the feet which were protected by his boots. It is probably several months since the death occurred. Beside the skeleton was found a number of coins to the value of about sixty cents, in nickels, pennies and Chinese money. There is no clue to the ideny of the remains.

An Old Pioneer.

Under the above heading the following article was published in the INYO INDEPENDENT of October 3, 1870:

There is stopping at the Inyo House at this time an old pioneer named Atkinson who passed through this Valley in 1843. Mr. Atkinson was with Capt. Joe Walker who was piloting a company of immigrants through to California. Among the immigrants was George P. Yount, who subsequently settled the somewhat noted Yount ranch in Napa County, and other well known pioneers. The party had wagons, the appearance of which so terrified the original denizens of the sage brush that they incontinently fled to the mountains. The route traveled by Walker and his party lay along the eastern side of Owens river and around the lake, near which their mules gave out and they were compelled to leave their wagons. The same season Fremont came down the valley, and it was on this trip he cached the brass howitzer some where near where Aurora now stands. The gun was a few years ago recovered and is now in Virginia City. Capt. Dick Owens, a mountain man, was with Fremont, and from him our valley, river and lake inherited their names. Mr. Atkinson subsequently took part in the war with the Mexicans in California, most of the time as interpreter for Com. Stockton. He is 75 years old, and like so many of the adventurous spirits whose lives are spent in subduing the wilderness, Mr. Atkinson, near the end of life's journey possesses neither a home nor much of this world's goods. His old comrade, Capt. Walker, is but little better off pecuniarily. He is living in Oakland, we believe.

In the *Century* for February is an article by "M. N. O." on the Fremont expedition which states that Captain Richard Ower, from whom the valley was named, left Fremont at Walker lake in 1845, and went south, Fremont himself crossing the mountains to Sutter's Fort for supplies.

The same issue contains the following items:

Mr. Ferguson's teams have hauled from the Belshaw furnace at Cerro Gordo 1,800 bars of lead down to the lake at Ferguson's Landing for the more convenient loading on downward-bound teams. There are about 1,000 bars more at the works, and increasing at the rate of 100 each day.

The shipment of fine bullion per Wells Fargo & Co.'s Express last week, from the Kearsarge mine was 3,720 ounces.

Obituary.

Daniel H. Williams died at Lone Pine last Saturday, and a large concourse of friends followed the remains to the grave on Sunday. Mr. Williams was a pioneer and a resident of Cerro Gordo in its palmy days. When lively times began at Lone Pine he erected the hotel now known as the Whitney House where, he died. He was respected wherever known and died as he had always lived, a thoroughly honorable and honest man.

John Lucas died at Lone Pine on Tuesday and was buried on Wednesday. Mr. Lucas was an early settler in the valley, coming here a very young man. An old register reads as follows: John Lucas, aged 24, native of New York, farmer by occupation, residence Independence, registered June 1, 1868. About 1880 he located at Lone Pine on the ranch where he died. By constant labor he had built up a fine ranch property, well stocked. In his death the community loses an energetic, representative man and a good citizen. He leaves a widow and infant son. A brother, who visited him two years ago, lives at Perry's Mills, New York.

The Greatest Discovery of The Age.

An infallible remedy for the cure of catarrh and deafness in all its stages, by one who has been a great sufferer from catarrh and almost total deafness.

No catarrh or slimy green and yellow sticky matter discharging from the nose. No deafness. No ringing cracking sounds in the head. No mucous matter lodging in the throat. No occasional hacking cough with throwing up slimy green and yellow sticky matter. It is a blessing that words cannot describe.

For further information, write for circulars. Address Frank Wurtz & Co., Wausau, Wis. Drawer 1029.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

72 I. O. F. 72

THE

72d Anniversary of I. O. O. F

Will be Celebrated by a

GRAND BALL

AT THE

Agricultural Pavilion, Independence,

ON

Monday Evening, April 27, 1891.

Admission Free to All!

FLOOR MANAGER.....Bertrand Rhine.

FLOOR DIRECTORS.....N. E. CONKLIN, G. H. LEWIS, J. W. MURPHY, ROBERT O'NEAL, B. F. GRAY

INVITATION COMMITTEE

ROUND VALLEY: C. F. Wildasinn, H. Evans

BISHOP: John Bourland, Robert O'Neal, P. P. Keough, O. H. Hill, J. H. Bulpitt, I. P. Yaney.

BIG PINE: S. G. Gregg, J. C. Schalten, L. Newman, J. R. Eldred

CERRO GORDO: Pat. Clinton

INDEPENDENCE: Walter James Jr., E. Robinson, P. W. Forbes, C. W. Craig, Dr. J. D. Blair, P. H. Mack, J. E. Shepherd

LONE PINE: J. R. Moffett, R. C. Spear

KEELER: Thos. Boland, B. F. Gray, John Anton, Sam. Levy, Finley Bedford.

☞ Free transportation to and from trains and to pavilion.

☞ Supper at Norman House. ☜

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS & HILL,

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

☞ Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines, Liquors, & Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,

m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.

Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,

WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK

BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO., Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜

☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,

Watchmaker & Jeweler.

BISHOP, CAL.

Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.

I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE SNOWDEN HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer In GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies

PROVISIONS, &c., &c., &c

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p m	5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2 05 p m	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9 55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7.2 a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a m	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a m	1:35 a.m.
Besecp Creek	2:00p. m.	11:05 a. m
Alvord	2.45 p. m	10:00 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (35 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver P Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOL

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES, PEANUTS, WALNUTS, TOYS!

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE

Blacksmith Shop.

R. C. Spear, Prop'r

—ALL WORK ON—

MINING TOOLS, FARMING IMPLEMENTS & FREIGHTING OUTFITS

—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—

HORSE SHOEING, CARRIAGE WORK, GENERAL REPAIRING

☞ All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS, & CIGARS

☞ The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

YOUR MONEY, OR YOUR LIFE!

This question is a "pert" one, but we *mean* it. Will you sacrifice a few paltry dollars, and save your life? or will you allow your blood to become tainted, and your system run-down, until, finally, you are laid away in the grave? Better *be in time*, and "hold up" your hands for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a *guaranteed* remedy for all scrofulous and other blood-taints, from whatever cause arising. It cures all Skin and Scalp Diseases, Ulcers, Sores, Swellings and kindred ailments. It is powerfully tonic as well as alterative, or blood-cleansing, in its effects, hence it strengthens the system and restores vitality, thereby dispelling all those languid, "tired feelings" experienced by the debilitated. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Makers, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

It appears that the criminal has on the average jury entirely too many of his peers.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE BLIND.

Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his *New Treatment* for the cure of all diseases of the Eye: —*Cataract, Defective Vision, Inflammation*, etc., etc., without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

For further particulars address with stamped envelope, R. J. LA GRANGE, M. D., 215 Powell st., fourth door from Geary, San Francisco, Cal.

Office Hours, 11 till 3.

People who have no time to pray during Lent have lots of time to sin all the balance of the year.

SPREADING FOR LEAGUES AROUND

The marshy, overflowed lands, sunken lots and half submerged river banks, which give them birth, the seeds of malaria impregnate the air, and are inhaled at every breath by thousands unprovided with any adequate safeguard against the baneful influence. Yet such exist—potent alike to remedy or to prevent, pure in its constituents, and the professionally recognized substitute for the hateful drug, quinine. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family specific and safeguard, foremost not only as an antidote to malaria, but also as a means of permanently removing dyspepsia, and relieving constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and nervousness. Among invigorants it takes the first place, and is also a superb appetizer. Use it systematically.

Puck has noticed that it takes two to make a bargain, but that only one of them can get the best of it.

DIAMOND VERA-CURA

—FOR—

Dyspepsia

and all *Stomach Troubles*,

INDIGESTION, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Giddiness, Heartburn, Constipation, Fullness, Food Rising, Disagreeable Taste, Nervousness.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00). In stamps. Sample sent free on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

St. JACOBS OIL FOR Stablemen and Stockmen.

CURES

Cuts, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Gall, Strains, Lameness, Stiffness, Cracked Heels, Scratches, Contractions, Flesh Wounds, Stringhalt, Sore Throat, Distemper, Colic, Whitlow, Poll Evil, Fistula, Tumors, Splints, Ringbone and Spavin in their early Stages. Directions with each bottle.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief." ①

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,

ASK SMITH'S CASH STORE 18 FRONT ST. S.F.

to send you their catalogue of cash prices to consumers the

HOME CIRCLE.

Address as above. Mention this paper.

S. F. N. U. No. 455. New Series No. 10

BEBEE;

or,

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

By "OUIDA."

CHAPTER XIII.

The next day, waking with a radiant little soul, as a bird in the forest wakes in summer, Bebee was all alone in the lane by the swans' water. In the gray of the dawn all the good folk except herself and lame old Jehan had tramped off to a pilgrimage, Liege way, which the bishop of the city had enjoined on all the faithful as a sacred duty.

Bebee doing her work, singing, thinking how good God was, and dreaming over a thousand fancies of the wonderful stories he had told her, and of the exquisite delight that would be for her in watching for him all through the shining hours, Bebee felt her little heart leap like a squirrel as the voice that was the music of heaven to her called through the stillness:

"Good day, pretty one! you are as early as the lark, Bebee. I go to Mayence, so I thought I would look at you one moment as I pass."

Bebee ran down through the wet grass in a tumult of joy. She had never seen him so early in the day—never so early as this, when nobody was up and stirring except birds and beasts and peasant folk.

She did not know how pretty she looked herself; like a rain washed wild rose; her feet gleaming with dew, her cheeks warm with health and joy; her sunny clustering hair free from the white cap and tumbling a little about her throat, because she had been stooping over the carnations.

Flamen loosed the wicket latch, and thought there might be better ways of spending the day than in the gray shadows of old Mechlin.

"Will you give me a draught of water?" he asked her as he crossed the garden.

"I will give you breakfast," said Bebee, happy as a bird. She felt no shame for the smallness of her home; no confusion at the poverty of her little place; such embarrassments are born of self consciousness, and Bebee had no more self consciousness than her own sweet, gray lavender bush blowing against the door.

The lavender bush has no splendor like the roses, has no colors like the hollyhocks; it is a simple, plain, gray thing that the bees love and that the cottagers cherish, and that keeps the moth from the homespun linen, and that goes with the dead to their graves.

It has many virtues and infinite sweetness, but it does not know it or think of it; and if the village girls ever tell it so, it fancies they only praise it out of kindness, as they put its slender, fragrant spears away in their warm bosoms. Bebee was like her lavender, and now that this beautiful Purple Emperor butterfly came from the golden sunbeams to find pleasure for a second in her freshness, she was only very grateful, as the lavender bush was to the village girls.

"I will give you your breakfast," said Bebee, flushing rosily with pleasure, and putting away the ivy coils that he might enter.

"I have very little, you know," she added, wistfully. "Only goat's milk and bread; but if that will do—and there is some honey—and if you would eat a salad I would cut one fresh."

He did enter, and glanced round him with a curious pity and wonder both in one.

It was such a little, small, square place; and its floor was of beaten clay; and its unceiled roof he could have touched; and its absolute poverty was so plain—and yet the child looked so happy in it, and was so like a flower, and was so dainty and fresh, and even so full of grace.

She stood and looked at him with frank and grateful eyes; she could hardly believe that he was here; he, the stranger of Rubes' land, in her own little rush covered home.

But she was not embarrassed by it; she was glad and proud.

There is a dignity of peasants as well as of kings—the dignity that comes from all absence of effort, all freedom from pretense. Bebee had this, and she had more still than this; she had the absolute simplicity of childhood with her skill.

Some women have it still when they are four score.

She could have looked at him forever, she was so happy; she cared nothing now for those dazzling dahlias—he had left them; he was actually here—here in her own little, dear home, with the cocks looking in at the threshold, and the sweet peas nodding at the lattice, and the starling crying "Bonjour! Bonjour!"

"You are tired, I am sure you must be tired," she said, pulling her little bed forward for him to sit on, for there were only two wooden stools in the hut, and no chair at all.

Then she took his sketching easel and brushes from his hand, and would have kneeled and taken the dust off his boots if he would have let her; and went hither and thither gladly and lightly, bringing him a wooden bowl of milk and the rest of the slender fare, and cutting as quick as thought fresh cresses and lettuce from her garden, and bringing him, as the crown of all, Father Francis' honeycomb on wine leaves, with some pretty sprays of box and mignonette scattered about it—doing all this with a swift, sweet grace that robbed the labor of all look of servitude, and looking at him ever and again with a smile that said as clearly as any words, "I cannot do much, but what I do, I do with all my heart."

There was something in the sight of her going and coming in those simple household errands, across the sunlit floor, that moved him as some mountain air sung on an alp by a girl driving her cows to pasture may move a listener who indifferent has heard the swell of the organ of La Hague, or the recitative of a great singer in San Carlo.

The gray lavender blowing at the house door has its charm for those who are tired of the camellias that float in the porcelain bowls of midnight suppers.

This man was not good. He was idle and vain, and amorous and cold, and had been spoiled by the world in which he had passed his days; but he had the temper of an artist; he had something, too, of a poet's fancy; he was vaguely touched and won by this simple soul that looked at him out of Bebee's eyes with some look that in all its simplicity had a divine gleam in it that made him half ashamed.

He had known women by the thousand, good women and bad; women whom he had dealt ill with and women who had dealt ill with him; but this he had not known—this frank, fearless, tender, gay, grave, innocent, industrious little life, helping itself, feeding itself, defending itself, working for itself and for others, and vaguely seeking all the while some unseen light, some unknown god, with a blind faith so infinitely ignorant and yet so infinitely pathetic.

"All the people are going on a pilgrimage," she explained to him when he asked her why her village was so silent this bright morning. "They are gone to pray for a fine harvest, and then each one prays for some other little thing that she wants herself as well—it costs seven francs apiece. They take their food with them; they go and laugh and eat in the fields. I think it is nonsense. One can say one's prayers just as well here. Mere Krebs thinks so too, but then she says, 'If I do not go, it will look ill; people will say I am irreligious; and as we make so much by flour, Good will think it odd for me to be absent; and, besides, it is only seven francs there and back; and if it does please heaven, that is cheap you know. One will get it over and over again in paradise.' That is what Mere Krebs says. But, for me, I think it is nonsense. It cannot please God to go by train and eat galette and waste a whole day in getting dusty.

"When I give the Virgin my cactus flower I do give up a thing I love, and I let it wither on her altar instead of pleasing me in bloom here all the week, and then, of course, she sees that I have done it out of gratitude. But that is different; that I am sorry to do, and yet I am glad to do it out of love. Do you not know?"

"Yes, I know very well. But is the Virgin all that you love like this?"

"No; there is the garden, and there is Antoine—he is dead, I know. But I think that we should love the dead all the better, not the less, because they cannot speak or say that they are angry; and perhaps one pains them very much when one neglects them, and if they are ever so sad, they cannot rise and rebuke one—that is why I would rather forget the flowers for the church than I would the flowers for his grave, because God can punish me, of course, if he likes, but Antoine never can—any more—now."

"You are logical in your sentiment, my dear," said Flamen, who was more moved than he cared to feel. "The union is a rare one in your sex. Who taught you to reason?"

"No one. And I do not know what to be logical means. Is it that you laugh at me?"

"No. I do not laugh. And your pilgrims—they are gone for all day?"

"Yes. They are gone to the Sacred Heart at St. Marie en Bois. It is on the way to Liege. They will come back at nightfall. And some of them will be sure to have drunk too much, and the children will get so cross. Prosper Bar, who is a Calvinist, always says, 'Do not mix up prayer and play; you would not cut a gherkin in your honey,' but I do not know why he called prayer a gherkin, because it is sweet enough—sweeter than anything, I think. When I pray to the Virgin to let me see you next day, I go to bed quite happy, because she will do it, I know, if it will be good for me."

"But if it were not good for you, Bebee? Would you cease to wish it then?"

He rose as he spoke and went across the floor and drew away her hand that was parting the flax, and took it in his own and stroked it indulgently and carelessly, as a man may stroke the soft fur of a young cat.

Leaning against the little lattice and looking down on her with musing eyes, half smiling, half serious, half amorous, half sad, Bebee looked up with a sudden and delicious terror that ran through her as the cherished of the snake's gaze runs through the bewildered bird.

"Would you cease to wish if it were not good?" he asked again.

Bebee's face grew pale and troubled. She left her hand in his because she did not think any shame of his taking it. But the question suddenly flung the perplexity and darkness of doubt into the clearness of her pure child's conscience. All her ways had been straight and sunlit before her.

She had never had a divided duty.

The religion and the pleasure of her simple little life had always gone hand in hand, greeting one another, and never for an instant in conflict. In any hesitation of her own she had always gone to Father Francis, and he had disentangled the web for her and made all plain.

But here was a difficulty in which she could never go to Father Francis.

Right and wrong, duty and desire were for the first time arrayed before her in their ghastly and unending warfare.

It frightened her with a certain breathless sense of peril—the peril of a time when in lieu of that gentle Mother of Roses whom she kneeled to among the flowers, she would only see a dusky shadow looming between her and the beauty of life and the light of the sun.

What he said was quite vague to her. She attached no definite danger to his words. She only thought—to see him was so great a joy—if Mary forbade it, would she not take it if she could notwithstanding, always, always, always?

He kept her hand in his, and watched with contentment the changing play of the shade and sorrow, the fear and fascination, on her face.

"You do not know Bebee?" he said at length, knowing well himself; so much better than ever she knew. "Well, dear—that is not flattering to me. But it is natural. The good Virgin, of course, gives you all you have, food and clothes, and your garden, and your pretty plump chickens—and I am only a stranger. You could not offend her for me—that is not likely."

The child was cut to the heart by the sadness and humility of words of whose studied artifice she had no suspicion.

She thought that she seemed to him ungrateful and selfish, and yet all the mooring ropes that held her little boat of life to the harbor of its simple religion seemed cut away, and she seemed drifting helpless and rudderless upon an unknown sea.

"I never did do wrong—that I know," she said timidly, and lifted her eyes to his with an unconscious appeal in them.

"But—I do not see why it should be wrong to speak with you. You are good, and you lend me beautiful things out of other men's minds that will make me less ignorant; Our Lady could not be angry with that—she must like it."

"Our Lady!—oh, poor little simpleton!—where will her reign be when Ignorance has once been cut down, root and branch?" he thought to himself; but he only answered:

"But whether she like it or not, Bebee!—you beg the question, my dear; you are—you are not so frank as usual—think, and tell me honestly?"

He knew quite well, but it amused him to see the perplexed trouble that this, the first divided duty of her short years, brought with it.

Bebee looked at him and loosened her hand from his and sat quite still. Her lips had a little quiver in them.

"I think," she said at last, "I think—if it be wrong, still I wish it—yes. Only I will not tell myself it is right. I will just say to Our Lady, 'I am wicked perhaps, but I cannot help it.' So—I will not deceive her at all, and perhaps in time she may forgive. But I think you only say it to try me. It cannot, I am sure, be wrong—any more than it is to talk to Jeannot or to Bac."

He had driven her into the subtleties of doubt, but the honest little soul in her found a way out, as a flower in a cellar finds its way through the stones to light.

He plucked the ivy leaves and threw them at the chickens on the bricks without, with a certain impatience in the action. The simplicity and the directness of the answer disarmed him; he was almost ashamed to use against her the weapons of his habitual warfare. It was like a maître d'armes fencing with bare steel against a little naked child armed with a blest palm sheaf.

When she had thus brought him all she had, and he to please her had sat down to the simple food, she gathered a spray of roses and set it in a pot beside him, then left him and went and stood at a little distance, waiting, with her hands lightly crossed on her chest, to see if there were anything that he might want.

He ate and drank well to please her, looking at her often as he did so.

"I break your bread, Bebee," he said, with a tone that seemed strange to her. "I break your bread. I must keep Arab faith with you."

"What is that?"

"I mean—I must never betray you."

"Betray me! How could you?"

"Well—hurt you in any way."

"Ah, I am sure you would never do that."

He was silent and looked at the spray of roses.

"Sit down and spin," he said impatiently. "I am ashamed to see you stand there, and a woman never looks so well as when she spins. Sit down—and I will eat the good things you have brought me. But I cannot if you stand and look."

"I beg your pardon, I did not know," she said, ashamed lest she should have seemed rude to him; and she drew out her wheel under the light of the lattice, and sat down to it, and began to disentangle the threads.

It was a pretty picture—the low, square casement; the frame of ivy, the pink and white of the climbing sweet peas; the girl's head; the cool, wet leaves; the old wooden spinning wheel, that purred like a sleepy cat.

"I want to paint you as Gretchen, only it will be a shame," he said.

"Who is Gretchen?"

"You shall read of her by and by. And you live here all by yourself?"

"Since Antoine died—yes."

"And are never dull?"

"I have no time, and I do not think I would be if I had time—there is so much to think of, and one never can understand."

"But you must be very brave and laborious to do all your work yourself. Is it possible a child like you can spin, and wash, and bake, and garden, and do everything?"

"Oh, many do more than I. Babette's eldest daughter is only 12, and she does much more, because she has all the children to look after; and they are very, very poor; they often have nothing but a stew of nettles and perhaps a few snails, days together."

"That is lean, bare, ugly, gruesome poverty; there is plenty of that everywhere. But you, Bebee—you are an idyll."

Bebee looked across the hut and smiled. "Count the daisies!" echoed Bebee. "Oh, I know what you mean. A little—much—passionately—until death—not at all. What the girls say when they want to see if any one loves them! Is that it?"

She looked at him without any consciousness—except as she loved the flowers.

"Do you think the daisies know?" she went on, seriously, parting their petals with her fingers. "Flowers do know many things—that is certain."

"Ask them for yourself."

"Ask them what?"

"How much—any one—loves you?"

"Oh, but every one loves me; there is no one that is bad. Antoine used to say to me, 'Never think of yourself, Bebee, always think of other people, so every one will love you.' And I always try to do that, and every one does."

"But that is not the love the daisy tells of to your sex."

"No?"

"No; the girls that you see count the flowers—they are thinking, not of all the village, but of some one unlike all the rest, whose shadow falls across theirs in the moonlight! You know that?"

"Ah, yes—and they marry afterwards—yes."

She said it softly, musingly, with no embarrassment; it was an unreal, remote thing to her, and yet it stirred her heart a little with a vague trouble that was infinitely sweet.

There is little talk of love in the lives of the poor; they have no space for it; love to them means more mouths to feed, more wooden shoes to buy, more hands to dive into the meager bag of coppers. Now and then a girl of the commune had been married, and had gone out just the same the next day to her plowing in the fields or to her lace weaving in the city. Bebee had thought little of it.

"They marry or they do not marry. That is as it may be," said Flamen, with a smile. "Bebee, I must paint you as Gretchen before she made a love-dial of the daisies. What is the story? Oh, I have told you stories enough. Gretchen's you would not understand just yet."

"But what did the daisies say to her?"

"My dear, the daisies always say the same thing, because daisies always tell the truth and know men. The daisies always say 'a little;' it is the girl's ear that tricks her and makes her hear 'till death,' a folly and falsehood of which the daisy is not guilty."

"But who says it if the daisy do not?"

"Ah, the devil, perhaps—who knows! He has so much to do in these things."

But Bebee did not smile, she had a look of horror in her blue eyes; she belonged to a peasantry who believed in exercising the fiend by the aid of the cross, and who not so very many generations before had driven him out of human bodies by rack and flame.

She looked with a little wistful fear on the white, golden eyed marguerites that lay on her lap.

"Do you think the fiend in these?" she whispered, with awe in her voice.

Flamen smiled. "When you count them he will be there, no doubt."

Bebee threw them with a shudder on the grass.

"Have I spoiled your holiday, dear?" he said, with a certain self reproach.

She was silent a minute, then she gathered up the daisies again, and stroked them and put them to her lips.

"It is not that they do wrong. You say the girls' ears deceive them. It is the girls who want a lie and will not believe the truth because it humbles them; it is the girls that are to blame, not the daisies. As for me, I will not ask the daisies anything ever, so the fiend will not enter into them."

"Nor into you. Poor little Bebee."

"Why, you pity me for that?"

"Yes. Because, if women never see the serpent's face, neither do they ever scent the smell of the paradise roses; and it will be hard for you to die without a single rose d'amour in your pretty breast, poor little Bebee."

"I do not understand. But you frighten me a little."

He rose and left his easel and threw himself at her feet on the grass; he took the little wooden shoes in his hands as reverently as he would have taken the broidered shoes of a duchess; he looked up at her with tender, smiling eyes.

He threw himself at her feet on the grass.

"Poor little Bebee!" he said again. "Did I frighten you, indeed? Nay, that was very base of me. We will not spoil our summer holiday. There is no such thing as a fiend, my dear. There are only men—such as I am. Cast by the daisy spell over for me, Bebee. See if I do not love you a little, just as you love your flowers."

She smiled, and the happy laughter came again over her face.

"Oh, I am sure you care for me a little," she said softly, "or you would not be so good and get me books and give me pleasure; and I do not want the daisies to tell me that, because you say it yourself, which is better."

"Much better," he answered her dreamily, and lay there in the grass, holding the little wooden shoes in his hands.

He was not in love with her. He was in no haste. He preferred to play with her softly, slowly, as one separates the leaves of a rose to see the deep rose of its heart.

Her own ignorance of what she felt had a charm for him. He liked to lift the veil from her eyes by gentle degrees, watching each new pulse beat, each fresh instinct tremble into life.

It was an old, old story to him; he knew each chapter and verse to weariness, though here still was no other story that he still read as often. But to her it was so new.

To him it was a long beaten track; he knew every turn of it; he recognized every wayside blossom; he had passed over a thousand times each tremulous bridge; he knew so well beforehand where each shadow would fall, and where each fresh bud would blossom, and where each harvest would be reaped.

(To be Continued.)

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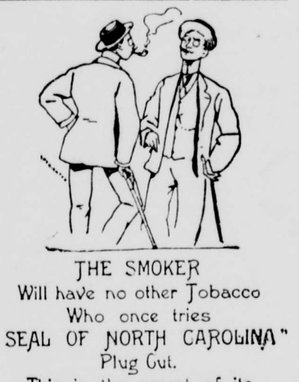

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Remarkable Gift of a Boy Who Lived Half a Century Ago.

Looking over Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia," published in 1830, I came across a remarkable story, which cannot fail to be of interest both locally and generally, even at this late day. The author says:

"The good people of Caledonia have so long and exclusively engrossed the faculty of second sight that it may justly surprise many to learn that we also have been favored with at least one case as well attested as their own. I refer to the instance of Eli Yarnall, of Frankford. Whatever were his first peculiarities, he in time lost them. He fell into intemperate habits, became a wanderer, and died in Virginia, a young man.

This remarkably gifted person was born in Bucks county, Pa., and came with his parents to the vicinity of Pittsburg. The account of him contained in the narrative before mentioned is in substance as follows:

When Yarnell was living near this city, being then a child only 7 years of age, as he was sitting in the house one day he suddenly burst into a fit of almost uncontrollable laughter. His mother asked him what pleased him so much. The boy replied that he saw his father (who was not at home) running rapidly down the mountain side, trying to overtake a jug of whisky which he had let fall. The jug rolled part way down the declivity, but was caught by the old man before he got to the bottom. When the father reached home he confirmed the whole story, to the great surprise of all. After this the boy excited much talk and wonderment in the neighborhood.

About two years later the Yarnalls were visited by a friend named Robert Verree, with other Quaker relatives or acquaintances from Bucks county. Verree, to test the lad's miraculous power, asked him various questions and among other things inquired what was then going on at his own home in Bucks county. The boy described the house, which he had never seen; stated that it was built partly of logs and partly of stone; that there was a mill pond in front of the house which had recently been drained, and concluded with a description of the people in the house, and of two persons, a man and a woman, who were setting on the front porch.

When Verree reached home he inquired who had been at his house at the day and hour he had held his conversation with young Yarnall. He learned that there had been a shower at the time; and several of the field hands had gone into the house to escape the rain; the persons on the porch had been faithfully described, even to the color of their hair. As to the mill pond, the men had drained it in order to catch muskrats. In short, every detail given by the boy was proven to be accurate.

The habit of the young seer, when asked to exercise his singular faculty, was to hold his head downward, often closing his eyes. After waiting for some time, apparently deep in thought, he would declare what he saw in his visions. He was sometimes found alone in the fields, sitting on a stump and crying. On being asked the cause of his grief he said he saw great numbers of men engaged in killing each other. Although he had never seen a battle, a ship or a cannon, he described military and naval battles as if he had been an actual looker on.

FINALLY BECAME A WRECK.

Some of the Quakers who saw him became much interested in the boy, believing him possessed of a noble gift, and desired to have charge of his bringing up. He was accordingly apprenticed to a Frankford tanner, but he attracted so much attention, and so many called at the shop to hold conversation with him that his master became annoyed and tried to discourage such curiosity. The boy, therefore, began to shun questions as much as possible, and seemed by degrees to lose his singular gift. He drifted into bad company and eventually became a wreck.

His mother never allowed him to take any money for answering questions, believing that his visions were God given, and that it would be wrong to turn them to account pecuniarily. Wives whose husbands had long been missing and were supposed to have been lost at sea or perished in accidents, and others whose relatives had disappeared would come to him for information. Of those still alive, he would tell how they looked and what they were doing. On one occasion a man asked him in jest who had stolen his pocketbook, and was much taken aback when the lad replied:

"No one; but you stole a pocketbook from another man when in a crowd."

And the historian of the boy's wonderful deeds states that such was the fact. This is about all there is of the strange narrative, which, like Sam Weller's love letter, ends so abruptly that the reader wishes it were longer.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

How a Mine Was Discovered.

The discovery of the Amulet mine, on Lynx creek, reads more like fiction than reality. As it has never been in print we will give it: In July, 1886, F. E. Doggett, with pick and shovel on his shoulders, was climbing the Lynx Creek mountains on his way to examine a quartz mine. Becoming weary in the ascent he stopped beneath the friendly boughs of a juniper tree to rest. After recuperating for some time he took up his pick, and in throwing it on his shoulder it slipped from his hands, and, in falling behind him, its sharp point struck him in the leg, causing great pain. Picking it up with a vehement imprecation from the pain it caused him, he stuck it in the ground, saying it could remain there, and started to walk away. He had gone but a short distance when he relented, and, returning, pulled it from the ground, bringing with it some bright and shining metal. In his anger he had unknowingly struck it into a blind ledge, which he located as the Amulet mine, and from which there has been over $50,000 worth of high grade ore shipped. From a careful examination made of the second class ore, which has been allowed to remain on the dumps, it is estimated that it contains fully 2,000 tons. Samples were procured from this promiscuously, and sampled and assayed at the sampling works, giving a value of $35 per ton, or total value of the ore on the dumps of $70,000.—Arizona Miner.

Significant Wink.

A great part of what is called a man's success in life depends upon his finding out in good season what his natural bent is, and then following it. James Nasmyth was particularly fortunate in this respect. Although his father was an artist, and he himself had no little aptitude for drawing and painting, yet he was sure that he was "cut out" for a a machinist, and a machinist he became.

Having learned his trade, he went to Manchester to start in business for himself, and there, among other good people, he met the Brothers Grant, the famous Cheeryble Brothers of Dickens.

He was first introduced to Daniel, who invited him to his house, and presented him to his "noble brother William," as Daniel always called him. At the dinner table young Nasmyth sat next to William, and was asked many questions.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"Rather young to begin business on your own account."

"Yes, but I have plenty of work in me, and know how to be economical."

"What capital have you?" Nasmyth confessed that he had only £63.

The old gentleman thought that a very small amount, but after giving his new friend sundry cautions he added that he must keep his heart up.

"If some Saturday night you should need money to pay off your hands or for anything else you will always find a credit of £500 at 3 per cent. at my office, and no security."

Nasmyth was, of course, as much pleased as surprised, and, as he says, could only whisper his thanks in return. To these Mr. Grant responded with a squeeze of the hand and a peculiarly knowing wink.

This wink made a most vivid impression upon the younger man. It seemed full of all manner of kindness. As he describes it, "Mr. Grant seemed to turn his eye round, and brought his eyebrows down upon it in a sudden and extraordinary manner."

The "noble brother" proved every whit as kind as young Nasmyth could have expected or asked for; but it transpired, a year or two afterward, that the wink had no immediate connection with his generosity. In fact, the eye that gave it was made of glass! It now and then got out of place, and its wearer had to force it back by that odd contortion of his eyebrows, which, taken in connection with the conversation then passing, Nasmyth had understood to be expressive of all manner of kind intentions.—Youth's Companion.

Turkish Bazars.

The bazars of Constantinople, or the Tcharshu, as they are called by the natives, are situated on one of the famous hills of that oriental metropolis, facing the Bosphorus. They are unlike any other places of traffic, being altogether sui generis both in construction and design. To give the reader an idea of their singular nature they may be compared to the public markets of this country, though they differ in extent and internal arrangement. Imagine an entire city ward with its numerous blocks embraced in one edifice or inclosure, with its streets, lanes and alleys arched over and devoted to commerce. These bazars are built of stone and are one story high. Each street is allotted to some particular branch or class of merchandise; thus, there is spice bazar, called Missir-tcharshu, where all kinds of drugs, spices and dye stuffs are sold, including the famous henna, and the exhilarating hashish is procured.

There are the perfumery bazars, where the most fragrant perfumes, the ottar of roses, Khurtz tenroofs and other odoriferous pastiles and essences till the atmosphere with their delicious fragrance; the silk bazar, the dry goods bazar, of which there are two, the Kalpa Kdjebarbashi and the Uzoon-tcharshu, or the Broadway and the Bowery of Constantinople. Besides these is the Yaghlukdjilar, where the most varied and exquisite embroideries are displayed. The Kaffaflar, or shoe bazar, is an institution peculiarly oriental. There one sees the meeting of the west and the east in the motley collection of wares, the clumsy Oriental chaussers, with the patent leather boots; the tchedik-Pabbootcha or the walking shoes of the Turkish ladies of the Ancien regime, alongside of the tiny gaiters of varied colors, for the modernized hannums (ladies). The jewelry bazar is also a prominent feature of the tcharshu, for it is much frequented by all classes.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

The Cure for Heart Neuralgia.

Angina pectoris (agony of the chest) carries off many people, one of whom, according to the newspapers, was the novelist, the Rev. E. P. Roe, who expired in one day because of its crushing anguish. Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, according to the published reports of that time, likewise succumbed after twenty-four hours of uncontrollable pain. Just how these patients were treated I am unable to say; but Dr. Richardson, of London, long before Gen. McClellan's death, had received a prize of 25,000 francs from the Academy of Medicine in Paris for having discovered an almost infallible remedy for angina pectoris by the administration, in the small doses of 1-100 to 1-25 of a grain, of nitro-glycerine! This discovery entitles Dr. Richardson to the never ending gratitude of every suffering man, woman or child afflicted with angina pectoris.

I know a number of persons who always carry tablets of nitro-glycerine with them, and I am equally certain that all these people, by the use of nitro-glycerine, are living in comparative comfort, who would otherwise have fallen under the insupportable torture of that form of heart neuralgia, the most dreadful of all pains.—Montrose A. Pallen, M. D., in Belford's Magazine.

How to Dignify the Mechanical Arts.

We have seen how the literary education which we now consider so essential was regarded in England—as ungentlemanly. It is not so long since the physician or leech was, as Hallam says, "an inexhaustible theme of popular ridicule." The barber's pole, so common in our streets, recalls a time, not so long past, when the barber practiced bloodletting and other medical arts. It is within our own memory that the dentist stood on a level with the barber; indeed, the two were often the same person. How is it that all this is changed; that literature, medicine and dentistry have become gentlemanly occupations? Simply, I think, because they are now taught scientifically and institutions have been established for that purpose. It may be laid down as a general rule that whatever is taught in school will soon become respectable and gentlemanly, while that which is picked up in the home or the workshop will always be regarded as menial.—Professor Thomas Davidson in The Forum.

STUDY IN MEN'S BACKS.

Character Show There as Well as in the Face.

A DISSERTATION ON THE VARIOUS KINDS.

Descriptions of the Thoughtful and Purse Proud Back.

The back of an individual is an easy study—the whole of him, his figure and walk, his shoulders molded by the habits of his life, the carriage of the head, the wearing of the clothing. Face to face we see the man as he desires to be seen; but behind his back we take him by surprise, and catch sight of his character.

Follow the thoughtful man as he wanders through the streets, seeing nothing. While he walks his head and shoulders bend; one knows that his eyes seek the ground just as one sees his feet linger on it. In this manner it must have been that Macaulay walked in his famous night wanderings, when he traversed the London streets and saw nothing, a contrast to the night walks of Charles Dickens, who trod the same streets and saw everything, with head characteristically held back and slightly to one side, an energetic observer rather than a deep thinker.

Very different from what we may call the refined and intellectual back is the back of the broad and vulgar figure who struts past us as if he owned the street. His glory is not in his mind or heart, but in his pockets. He has a habit of sticking up for his rights. Even his collar sticks up, and his hair, to correspond with his inner self, is bristling. He thinks he can buy anything, from a picture, of which he knows nothing, to an elector, who knows nothing of him.

The purse proud man will never hand money out of that pocket for charity, unless he is pretty sure that his name is in a printed list of subscribers.

Not so the wealthy man who has a heart above gold. Look at him, a back view, as he stands at a public meeting called at some time of calamity or need. He is sure to be there. If the hall is overcrowded you can see him standing, never complaining of the lack of seats; he is there for the comfort of others; he forgets his own. He is a large hearted man, and everything about him is large. The big hands are only waiting behind him to give freely, the broad back can bear a goodly share of others' burdens.

As for the back of the rogue, it is of infinite variety. If there were only one sort we might all make what soldiers would call a reconnoissance to the rear and detect and outwit him. There is the sharp dealer of the business world, who is remarkably spruce at the back, and the adventurer of society, who can bow like the first gentleman in Europe, and ten thousand more varieties, from the welcher on the turf up to the gentleman who ought to be a baronet, and who has lived for the last thirty years on that statement and on charitably collecting for the savages of Borrioboola. He could straighten his body if he liked, but his mind is fixed in curves of cunning. He and his principles are as crooked as wriggling eels. He can press others to his will, too, as he presses his cane to a curve like himself.

His spare form is not the thin, bent back of the student. The back of a bookworm is another kind of bend—a curve to be respected. Nor is it the stoop of old age. The back is an index of age as well as of character. The small child stands a square, upright atom of humanity. The man grows straight to his full height; then his shoulders broaden; then his shoulders come forward, and his head goes down.

BACKBONE.

There is an old saying to describe a man of weak character that he has "no backbone." There is not much backbone in the man who walks as if not quite sure where he is going to, who drops his letters and never cares to straighten his shoulders. Follow him and note how his hat points backward, and you know from the angles to which he has set his hat and his whiskers that, seen front face, his aspect is not wise. Still he is a good natured fellow, and by some instinct we read on his back that he has an ambition to be amusing. One is perfectly certain that the man with such a back sings comic songs, and equally certain that he never knows when people cease to laugh at the song and begin to laugh at himself.

But there is such a thing as having too much backbone, and that is rather worse than having too little. When a man has too much backbone his heart is not, as people say, "in the right place." Sometimes there is no room in him for a heart at all. Now, there are some men in whom force of character is carried into the extreme, and becomes hardness and habitual severity. A severe back is a pleasanter sight to see than a severe face. It is not what we would call the just and righteously indignant back, which is straight and noble, a fine thing and a venerable. It is the bulldog shouldered back that denotes the domestic oger. His bald head shines.

One knows that in the front the veins are bursting. His mustache has been twisted to sharpness by angry fingers. His hands are clinched or pushing mightily against his hardset knee. He could strike, but he has too much pride, and his orders are harder than blows. He has a habit of getting his arm crookedly bent to his knee in self restrained wrath.

There are, indeed, many backs that are more gladly seen than the corresponding faces. The back of the bore is a goodly sight, while, on the other hand, when good-by is grievous, how much precious regard is wasted on the dear characteristic, well known back that never knows what loving looks went after it.—Toronto Truth.

A Mean Villager.

Mrs. Doublehouse—Jake, our darter wants a cabinet organ.

Mr. Doublehouse—Wall, I'll git her one. I don't like them new neighbors of ours fer a cent.—Good News.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Specimen Kicks Selected by The Detroit Free Press.

The following extracts are taken from the last issue of The Arizona Kicker:

"TEN THOUSAND REWARD.—On Tuesday night last, as we were preparing to go to bed after a hard evening's work, some murderous wretch hurled a brick through the only window in our office. It was intended for our destruction, but that Providence which watches over an editor as well as a sparrow, willed otherwise. It struck and knocked our bedstead to pieces, pied three dead ads on the stone, and then glanced off and ripped up several feet of flooring, but left our person untouched. We were out of the office inside of ten minutes, but the bloodthirsty fiend had made good his escape.

"We have been warned that we must go, and this in the seventh emphatic hint to stir our stumps, but here we squat. We don't vacate. We don't scare. We don't change our editorial course one iota. We hereby offer $10,000 reward for information that will lead to the capture of the dastard who attempted to assassinate us, and hereafter we warn the public that we shall sleep with a double barreled shotgun across the foot of the bed. Any one coming to the office at a late hour to ask us to play a game of poker should stop at Scott's corner and whistle four times as a signal."

"REVENGE.—Two weeks ago we had the pleasure of showing Steve Battle up to this community in his true light—that of a jail breaker, incendiary and robber. In revenge Steve waited for us in front of the widow Chilton's house the other night, where it is well known we are doing a little courting with a view to matrimony, and as we reached the road he made a rush for us, crying out that he would have our life. We were taken unawares, knocked down and pounded until we couldn't holler. As a result Steve Battle has been run out of this town with a rail beneath him, and warned that he will be hung if he returns. We are able to be about again, and return our thanks to such friends as have sent in flowers, sausages, butter crackers, codfish and other mementoes. We expected a dozen wallopings the first year of our stay, and will probably get 'em, as we have averaged one a month so far. The worm will turn some day, however, and then look out!"

"THANKS.—On Thursday night, just as we had exchanged our day shirt for the calico Mother Hubbard in which we sweetly sleep, music suddenly broke on the stilly atmosphere. It was a little serenade arranged for our benefit by that golden haired angel Miss Bella Hawkins, whose father has been prominently mentioned as our next mayor. She led a band of five, and they played two fiddles and sang several old ballads which deeply affected us. Indeed, for the moment we were carried back to our mother's knee, and all that night we felt much nearer heaven than ever before.

"Miss Bella is not only the superior of any songstress before the American public, but her father and mother are stars fitted to adorn any firmament. They reside in that beautiful adobe on the right as you rise Jackass Hill, and one has but to glance at the outside to realize that people of culture live there. Yes, it was a glorious serenade, and we shall feel the invigorating effects of it for some months to come. Any subscriber receiving a paper with an 'X' marked in violet ink on the margin will know that his time is half out, and that he is expected to come again in six months."

Sage Advice.

A young man who was about to start in business on Michigan avenue went to an old retired merchant the other day to secure business advice.

"Now much cash have you got?" was the blunt inquiry.

"About $500."

"And how much stock will you put in?"

"About $2,000."

"Um! Then your first move must be to engrave your name on the flagstone in front of your store, your next to paint your signs on all the fences for ten miles around the city."

"And why, O Sage?"

"That the public six months hence may recall the fact that you went into business instead of going into a lunatic asylum! Good morning, sir!"—Detroit Free Press.

Room for All.

Mormon Bishop pointing from the car window to a circus tent—There, my daughter, is something which will be new to you.

Favorite Daughter—How nice that is! Why don't we have that kind at home?

"That kind? Why, what do you think it is?"

"A family umbrella."—Omaha World.

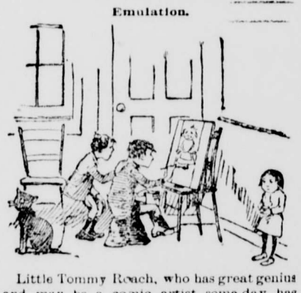
Face to Face.

"You wouldn't think," he said, indicating a gentleman across the street, "that that ordinary, commonplace looking person has many times stared death unflinchingly in the face."

"Why, no! Is he a desperate character?"

"Not very; he's an undertaker."—New York Sun.

Emulation.



Little Tommy Reach, who has great genius and may be a comic artist some day, has been told that Benjamin West made a brush from the hair of a cat's tail. Thomas succeeds in making a brush, but the cat has lost all enthusiasm.—Life.

Newsboys Know Everything.

Some gentlemen were standing on the corner of the street while a funeral procession was passing. Two gamins were also there, and as one of the gentlemen inquired in a joking way, "who's dead," one of the boys sung out "the man in the coffin." The quickness and wit of these street boys is proverbial.—Chicago Herald.

An Economical Idea.

Mistress—Bridget, why do you break that chunk of ice in two pieces before putting it into the box?

Bridget—Faith, mum, to make it lasht the longer. Two paces wull lasht longer than wan, they kape each other cold.—New York Sun.

Forgot Himself.

Young Lady (to artist)—What do you consider the best thing you ever drew, Mr. Palette?

Artist (absently)—Oh, an ace to two aces and a couple of jacks.—Yonkers Statesman.

JAPANESE ARTISANS.

Carpenters who Work in Crude Ways

BUT THEY ACHIEVE SUPERIOR RESULTS.

A Land Where There are no Planing Mills.—Wages.

The Japanese artisan has four hands and twelve fingers. He uses his feet as an extra pair of hands, and his two great toes can wrap themselves around the articles with which he works like an American's thumb. I saw a cooper at work mending a bucket. He held the bucket between his feet while he sat down to his work and put on the hoops with a hammer and wedge. His legs were bare and his cue was tied in the old Japanese fashion, while his almond eyes closely watched the work he had before him. After ten minutes of pounding he laid down his tools and took a smoke, and during the hour that I sat near him he smoked four times. The Japanese pipe only holds a pinch of tobacco, and he could do this cheaply, but the time consumed was at least twenty minutes. This perpetual siesta is one of the features of Japanese labor. I am told by old American residents that a Japanese workman will not do one-third as much a day as an American workman, and in every case they seem to do their work in the hardest of ways.

The methods of labor in Japan are the direct opposite of those in America. The carpenters, for instance, pull their planes the other way, and when they use the drawing knife they push it from them instead of pulling it towards them. They do most of their work sitting and they do all the work on the pull stroke instead of the push stroke, and they stand the board as a rule at an agle of 45 degs. against something rather than lay it on a bench or sawhorse as we do. They do their marking, not with chalk, but with a reel and an inked string when they wish to saw in a straight line, and the whole of the work of turning the rough logs into the finest of cabinet work is done by hand.

There are no planing mills in Japan, and the sawmills can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The usual method of sawing logs into boards is to stand the log at an angle against the support and saw it by hand. The saw used is not the powerful cross cut saw of America, but a wide short Japanese instrument, which has a handle about two feet long, and which looks like a butcher's cleaver filed into a saw.

The human sawmill stands on top of the log or under it, and pulls away for ten hours a day for about thirty cents. Skilled carpenters in cities get about forty American cents a day, and the best men in the business do not get over forty-five. Still, you will find no better workmen in the world than here. Their work is done with the use of very few nails, and they have to be cabinetmakers as well as carpenters. Every Japanese house has walls which must move in grooves in and out every day, and the ordinary home is as finely put together as a bureau. The joining of everything is by dovetailing, and the Japanese could teach our American workmen much in the polishing and joining of fine woods.

Speaking of house building, the Japanese begin their work at the top. The roof goes on first, and then they begin to build the walls and to construct the interior.—Frank G. Carpenter.

A Princely Host.

One of the most lovely of Alpine health resorts is Bad-Kreuth, a hamlet of some half dozen houses built by the side of a spring of mineral water. The charm of the resort is not, however, due to its loveliness, nor to its healing waters, but to the fact that its landlord is Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, a courteous host, who in his management of the place combines a lucrative business with a most generous charity.

The prince, the eldest son of Duke Maximilian and the brother of the empress of Austria, surrendered to his younger brother, Karl Theodor, all his rights as the head of the family, because he wished to marry a lady of inferior social position, with whom he had fallen in love.

The marriage proved to be a happy one, and to this day, though more than thirty years have passed since they were united, the prince's manner to his wife is more that of a lover than a middle aged married man. They have no children, and live for the greater part of the year in a simple suite of apartments at Bad-Kreuth, where, according to a writer in The Cornhill Magazine, she diffuses brightness and happiness around her, and he shows how a prince may earn an honest livelihood, and be the first, not to receive, but to render aid.

The whole of the health resort belongs to the ducal family. The servants are theirs, and the entire management of the place is under Prince Ludwig's superintendence. He is his own butcher, brewer, dairyman and baker.

During June, July and August Kreuth is filled with southern Germans, who pay liberally for their rooms and board, and make these months the prince's harvest time. During May and September the prince receives no paying guests, but fills the house with those he calls his "friends." They are those who are too proud to ask for charity, but need a little help—officers depending upon their pay, university students, poor professors, struggling literary men and artists.

Two or three hundred of these "friends" are housed, fed and tended at the hotel during May and September as carefully as the wealthiest guests, and that, too, without its costing them one penny. If at the height of the paying season a room is left vacant, some poor invalid is invited to occupy it, and no one can tell from the manner of the host or his servants that the new arrival is not a millionaire.

Prince Ludwig never forgets a face or a name, and has a pleasant word for every one, whether a paying guest or a "friend." His manner is the same to all, the sympathetic greeting of a courteous host and the kindly greeting of a well bred man.

Next!

Man is said to be the only creature that shaves. The South American bird called the "mot-mot," the Motmotus Brazillensis, actually begins shaving on arriving at maturity. Naturally adorned with long blue tail feathers, it is not satisfied with them in their natural state, but with its beak nips off the web on each side for a space of about two inches, leaving a neat little oval tuft at the end of each.—Indianapolis Journal.

SO WHITE, SO SOFT, SO SWEET.

See the chariot at hand here of love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamored do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would glide.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her:
And from her arched brow such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the element's strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh, so white, oh, so soft, oh, so sweet is she!

—New York Commercial Advertiser

How He Got Clients.

Young Bitter has recently embarked upon a career as a lawyer, and hung out his shingle to attract such customers as may be caught thereby from amid the throng of passers who go up and down Washington street, seeking to devour and in the end not infrequently getting devoured. That there is in him some of the capacities necessary for the successful pursuit of the legal profession is indicated by an incident, trivial in itself, which marked the beginning of his career.

"Why is it," he was one day asked by a classmate who put out his sign in the same block at about the same time, "that people whom you don't in the least know come into your office and give you jobs, and nobody ever comes to me unless it is somebody that has been sent?"

"My dear fellow," was the reply, "it is the simplest thing in the world. When I had my sign painted I let it lie out on the grass for a week, I squirted water over it from the garden hose, and I rubbed it with a sod, so that when it was put up it looked as if it had been in use for two or three years. Your bright new sign advertised to all the world that you were just starting out, but mine gave the impression that I was an old hand; so I got the patronage. See?"

"Yes, I see," the other returned thoughtfully.—Chicago Tribune.

A Kentucky Sermon Spoiled.

It was in Breathitt county, Ky. For several months an evangelist had been laboring with the mountaineers, trying to turn them from their evil ways. Every little while something would turn up and undo the labor of months. Then the people would seem to take an increased interest in matters of religion, and hope would bud again in the evangelist's breast. One Sunday the little chapel on the mountain side was crowded, and the evangelist was exhorting his hearers to leave their rifles and hunting knives at home when they went to church.

In the course of half an hour he grew eloquent, and was just thinking that he was going to carry his point when a fat buck trotted past the chapel and disappeared in the laurel thicket. An old hound that was sleeping in the chapel door gave a yelp and started after the buck, and the male portion of the congregation grabbed their rifles and followed without waiting for a motion to adjourn. When they were out of sight the evangelist said in despair:

"Oh, it's no use, it's no use."

"Yas, 'tis," said a one legged man that was left behind; "I'll bet you a dollar they'll have that thar deer inside o' two hour."—Chicago Herald.

Natural Location.

"What did Solomon do besides build the temple?" asked a little girl of her brother, who at once replied, "He wrote the dictionary." "Does the Bible say so?" queried the sister, with wide eyes of believing interest. "I don't know as it does, in so many words, but he was the wisest man, and that's the wisest book. So of course he wrote it."

This original method of reasoning was evidently admired by a still younger member of the family who had come up to listen to the conversation.

"Well, Tommykins, what do you know about Solomon or his temple?" asked the brother jocosely.

"Everything," was the stout reply.

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, where was his temple?"

"You must think I'm smart," answered Tommy in scorn.

"Oh, you don't know, you don't know!"

"I do, too."

"Well, where was it then?"

"On the side of his head, same's 'twould be in anybody!" replied Tommy in conclusive triumph.—Youth's Companion.

Did Not Understand Irish.

A story is told of a certain mayor of Cork who headed a deputation to the late emperor of the French, and commenced an oration to his majesty in what he conceived to be the French tongue. "Pardon me," said the emperor after he had listened to the speech with much patience, "English I know fairly well, but I regret to say I have never had an opportunity of studying the Irish language."—Cork Examiner.

A new albuminous poison of 100 times the power of strychnine is extracted from the seeds of Abrus precatoria.

SHOES AND THE WEARERS.

Dealers in Footgear Give Some Facts.

CHICAGO GIRLS HAVE BEEN MALIGNED.

Eastern Women Wear the Largest Shoes.—High Heels.

"What kind of shoes are the ladies wearing nowadays?"

"If you should say that they are wearing all kinds you would just about strike it; but there is one thing certain, much more sensible shoes are worn by women today than there were five years ago. The best selling shoe we have in all sections of the country, with one or two exceptions, is the New York medium toe. A shoe with this toe has a comfortable and yet natty appearance, and is usually fitted with an inch and an eighth heel, which is a comfortable height. Next in popularity to the New York medium toe is the New York opera toe, which is more pointed at the end and has a heel one quarter of an inch higher than the former. Either of these styles of shoe may or may not be adorned with the patent leather tip which has been so popular for the last year."

"Where are the largest shoes worn?"

"I suppose you will think I will say in Chicago, but I shan't, for while in that city the sizes range from one to seven, in Boston there are very few No. 1's sold, the prevailing numbers ranging between two and seven. Chicago women have been much maligned, and it is a fact that we send more large sizes east than to any other section of the country. New Yorkers wear much slimmer shoes than are worn in any other city, and while we sell more medium sizes, threes and threes and a half, for instance, right here some women wear as high as fives. We sell very few shoes over that size in New York."

"Where are the smallest shoes worn?"

"You will be surprised when I tell you that for small feet the southern women are in the van. They wear rather wider shoes than their New York sisters, but their feet are shorter. To sum up, I think I can confidently assert that the largest shoes are worn by eastern women, slimmest by New Yorkers and the widest and smallest by the fair creatures who make the south and west their homes."

"Are there particular styles manufactured for different sections?"

"There are. Here, for instance," and the member opened a black walnut show case and took out what looked like men's shoes, "is a sample of the ladies' waukenphast shoe, which is now very popular in that city of blue blood and beans—Boston.

"You will notice that they are nearly as heavy, have as wide heels, and look fully as useful as men's shoes. We sell them nowhere else but in the east. Again, here is a pair of shoes which you will observe have perfectly square toes and narrow feet. These are what the Philadelphia belles dote upon, and you couldn't see a pair in any other city to save your neck. Funny, isn't it?"

"Are women wearing heavier or lighter shoes than formerly?"

"You would naturally suppose from my previous statement that they are wearing more sensible shoes, that I would say heavier. I regret to say that I cannot. Fair woman has come to the conclusion that distorted feet resulting from too short and too tight shoes detract from her appearance, and is therefore wearing better shaped feet coverings. You cannot persuade her to wear anything clumsy looking. A thick soled shoe is her abomination, and there are more deaths resulting every year from her determination to wear paper soled shoes than from any other cause. At least, that is my opinion. Why, just look at it a moment. The thickest shoe we make has but a three-eighths of an inch sole—about the thickness a man would wear on a summer shoe—and yet women will put on their 'thick boots' as they call them, and tramp through slush and mud all day long in them. It makes no difference if their feet are soaked when they get home; they have worn their 'thick boots,' and that settles it. That's what I like about the eastern women. They will wear comfortable and suitable shoes every time, appearances or no appearances."

"Is the French high heel as much in vogue as it was?"

"For street wear, no. For the house and carriage the most popular button shoe is the New York opera toe, with the high French heel. This shoe naturally is not adapted for much walking, and the women have discovered this. For low shoes the New York medium toe and the opera with high and moderately high French heels sell the best. For a good walking shoe $5 to $8 should be paid; for fancy ball slippers of course fancy prices are given."

A wholesale manufacturer of men's shoes said: "It would be hard to say that any particular style of shoe is being worn now. We make and sell all styles. It can be said, though, that men are getting better shoes for their money today than ever before. Not only better in quality but in fit. The time has gone by when a man expected to buy an uncomfortable, ready made shoe and torture himself by wearing it until it was comparatively comfortable. Improved methods of taking measurements and improved machinery have accomplished this, and a man can today go into a reputable ready made shoe store and get a perfect fitting shoe without the slightest trouble."

"Which section of the country demands the largest shoes?"

"That would be difficult to say, but probably the western man will wear a little larger shoes than other men. As a rule the western man, you know, is not so particular in his dress as an easterner, and so long as a shoe is comfortable that is about all he cares for."

"Do you make particular styles for different parts of the country?"

"I can't say that we do except for the south. Southerners wear more boots than men in the north. In fact there are very few of the finer grade of boots worn up here. The southern man likes boots and he wears them with high heels and is apt to get them too short for his feet. In consequence the southern foot is shorter and wider than other feet, the sizes down there ranging from 4 to 8, while in the north they range in this part of the country from 5 to 10, and in the west from 6 to 12. The eastern men have the slimmest feet. A fact which is somewhat strange is that more heavy shoes are sold right here in the city than in the country districts."—New York Press.

Of the 200 gold beaters of New York not one is a woman, while of the 900 gold cutters not one is a man.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY APRIL 17 ..... 1891.

Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont, who has been in the Senate of the United States since April, 1866, and in nearly, if not quite all of that time, been one of the Republican leaders, has resigned, to take effect the first of November next.

And now it is the Hungarian-Polish gang of aliens rioting in Pennsylvania that appeals to foreign powers to grow at the Constitution of the United States. It may possibly dawn upon these people some day that the Constitution and institutions of America were made for ourselves, and not to please monarchial powers.

Italy suddenly discovers that in her treaty of commerce and amity with the United States it is provided that the Federal and State jurisdictions and judicial systems of the United States are distinctly recognized. The Government at Rome appears also to have found out that its demands upon the Government at Washington are not sustained by the thinking world. Italy is accordingly hedging, and the diplomatic "incident" is approaches its end.

Ex-Governor R. W. Waterman died at San Diego last Sunday evening. Mr. Waterman was always a staunch Republican and an earnest advocate of the principles of the American party, but during the greater part of his life he did not concern himself much about politics. It was not until 1886 that he entered politics. In that year he was elected Lieutenant Governor and on the death of Governor Bartlett in 1887 he succeeded to the highest office in the State, which he held until succeeded by Governor Markham, the present incumbent.

When the Hon. Benjamin Harrison arrives in California we trust that everybody will forget tnat he is any thing else but the President of the United States, and remember that the President of the United States is entitled to respect wherever he goes. Partisan politics should never degrade the Chi f Magistrate of this country in the eyes of its citizens. Leaving all else aside, let us remember that President Harrison is a man of distinguished lineage, of honorable fame as a soldier and statesman, and a citizen of unsullied reputation. He comes among us in the dual capacity of President of the Republic and honored guest, and is therefore entitled to every consideration at the hands of true hospitality.—ALTA.

It is now stated that the Mining Bureau is not one of the public institutions which the Governor crossed out of the General Appropriation Bill. The public will be glad that the Mining Bureau has escaped. It is one of the most useful institions in the State. Its extinction or suppression would be public misfortune. Its collection of minerals is invaluable and should be preserved and added to. The field work carried on each year has directed capital into mining enterprises that have employed a large number of men, with the usual beneficial results. The 50 cent limit was not intended to cut off reasonable appropriations to maintain institutions of this character. It is only expected that they shall be maintained without extravagant expenditure.

The expression of the Eastern press has at no time been so emphatic and well defined as now, in favor of radical reformation of the immigration and naturalization laws. That the disposition of the people is to put the bars up higher is unquestioned, and that it will be done we believe. It is now but a question of extent of amendment of the laws; how far restriction shall go. The probality is that it will not be pressed to exclusion of any one but the clearly undesirable elements, and more rigorous interpretation of the law excluding criminals, and those liable to become public charges. But that the demand for radical reformation of naturalization laws will be pressed in favor of requiring much longer residence and more thorough inquisition into the fitness of applicants is certain; upon that question there can be no evasion of debate. It is to be put before Congress, and in a manner that will command its very grave consideration. We do not think that the extreme will be reached of adopting the cry America for Americans, but it may be accepted as certain that in the near future the watch-word will be America for those fit to become Americans.

ELECTRIC FIXTURES.

THEY ARE RAPIDLY DISPLACING THE GAS CHANDELIER.

Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars Invested in Their Manufacture—The Greatest Taste Displayed in Their Design and Make—A Growing Industry.

With the progress of interior electric lighting and the gradual disappearance of gas illumination in theatres, hotels and private dwellings has come a new industry. It might almost be called an art, or at least an ally of an art, for it has engaged the attention of architects, and has called forth some of the best efforts of artistic designers.

This new industry is the manufacture of electric light fixtures. Only two or three years ago it was in its infancy. Today it has reached an importance almost as great as electric lighting itself, and has attracted millions in investment. The gas chandelier is daily receding to give place to the electrolier, and if the present rate of progress is maintained the electrolier may be seen in the dwellings of persons of very moderate means. It may be the climax in the advance which made the candle and the oil lamp give way to gas.

Until 1883 all the finer class of electric light fixtures were imported chiefly from France. American companies manufactured a class of plain goods which failed to satisfy the wealthy, and were too costly for others. All this is changed now. The American architecture and the American artist have taken up the matter of interior electric lighting, and the electric light fittings have become a part and parcel of architecture. The fittings are designed to suit the style of the architecture, and they cover many periods.

ART IN THE BUSINESS.

Some of these are the Romanesque, the renaissance (French and Italian), Louis XIV, Louis XV, Louis XVI, the Empire, Adams (English style), Colonial (American) and the Nineteenth century revival of the renaissance in the floral period. The materials of the fittings are chiefly wrought iron, brass and copper hammered.

Three or four million dollars are invested in the business. The American companies, which used to manufacture goods inferior to the French article, are now consolidated, and many of the best French designers are employed by them. It appears just now that the Americans are a little ahead of the French and English in this new art. But the American people are far from being convinced of this yet. The Vanderbilts and many other of the wealthy Fifth avenue families have imported electric light fittings, and will have no others. But it seems to be only a matter of a few years more when American art and American enterprise will have overcome French and English ascendency.

The fittings made today are as varied in style and far more artistic than the gas fixtures. They are considerably more costly, too. The costliest ever made was an electrolier, which now hangs in the drawing room of James Rothschild, of London. It cost $6,000. It is 28 inches in diameter, about 5 feet high, and is made of gilt bronze and rock crystal. The design is of the Louis XVI period. Sixty-eight electric lights hang from the bronze leaves, and the mellow diffusion of light is as remarkable as the beautiful design.

SOME EXPENSIVE ONES.

The cost of nearly all the finer fittings mount high up into the hundreds. One of the prettiest is a wrought iron lamp with a dragon twisting itself around it and flames in the form of electric lights pouring from its mouth. There is one of these lamps in the residence of William C. Whitney, ex-secretary of the navy. Another is a cupid holding a lamp made of hammered copper. Ten of these are in Mr. Whitney's house.

One of the prettiest of the smaller fittings is a bronze fly, from the mouth of which a light is pendant. These flies are placed at irregular intervals on the walls, and make a curious and pretty effect. Cupids holding cut glass balls, with drooping lamps of bronze, and containing twenty-four lights, are among the finest of recent productions. One recently made for a Chicago millionaire cost $4,000.

For small rooms the favorites are little electroliers of gilt and white metal and oxidized silver or copper, with rose reflectors. The designs are numerous. One made of oxidized silver is a boy's face, with light shining from the mouth. Another of the same pattern has two lights coming through the eyes.

Some of the three light fixtures are highly artistic. One of them, which is seen in many Fifth avenue houses, has one light on a globe pendant from the center, and the others at the arms, with cut glass drops calculated to increase the brilliancy of the reflection.

To fit up a large private house in the latest styles of electric lighting costs from $15,000 to $20,000, exclusive of the plant. Of course handsome fittings can be had for one-fourth of that amount, but those who want the "the latest" have to pay extremely fancy prices.—Chicago Daily News.

Americans Lead in Cut Glass.

In cut glass the American make is foremost. Water glasses in the popular strawberry and fan pattern sell for from $7.50 to $9 a dozen. Flower bowls in the same design, six inches in diameter, cost $5 each. Ten dollars will buy a handsome water pitcher. Dainty dishes for bonbons cost very little, and there is an endless variety of small pieces for table use.

Baccarat or pressed glass is much cheaper than the cut, and pretty vases cost from forty cents to $3 or $4. The designs are pretty, and the price makes them popular.—New York Telegram.

Whisky will take out every kind of fruit stain. A child's dress will look entirely ruined by the dark berry stains on it, but if whisky is poured on the discolored places before sending it to the wash it will come out as good as new.

Mr. Powderly Is Fond of Flowers.

T. V. Powderly spends nearly as much time in his garden as he does at his desk. When he is not studying labor problems he is studying the growth of his flowers. The only question that has an equal interest to Powderly is the question of food. He is exceedingly abstemious, and doubtless could give the fasting men who are coming to the front now valuable points. Powderly never eats more than two light meals a day, and thinks that he can do with less.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

Pittsburg's Favorite "Smokers."

"Talking about that apology for a smoke the Pittsburg stogie reminds me of a peculiar experience I had with that article some years ago," said an old time cigar drummer at the Continental hotel. "I was traveling for a Philadelphia house that made a fine line of goods only, and had met only with indifferent success. I was looking forward to Pittsburg as a kind of El Dorado, and imagined sales of great magnitude in the Smoky City.

"I arrived in the evening and immediately started out to interview the trade. About the first place I struck was a prosperous looking cigar store, but I noticed that among the stock the stogie seemed to predominate. I presented my card to the proprietor, talked up my stock and firm to him in great shape, but did not seem to be making any great headway.

The proprietor assured me that he was full up, but said he would look over my samples the following morning if I would step in. While I was talking to him and endeavoring to prolong the conversation, a gentleman walked in who immediately impressed me as being one of the solid men of the town. He had that unmistakable sleek and well fed air of fortune's favorite. Walking up to the counter he selected four stogies and lighted one, laid down a five cent piece and walked out.

"'Do you know who that is?' asked the proprietor of me. I replied in the negative. 'Why, that's Phipps, Andrew Carnegie's partner,' was the astounding assertion. I was completely flabbergasted. That was the mutest and yet the most convincing argument I ever had to withstand. Without a word I closed up my grips and took the next train out of town. I had come to the very natural conclusion that if men worth $20,000,000 took their smokes at four for five I did not stand much show with the plebeian smokers."—Philadelphia Enquirer.

Giving Canes Shape.

The cultivation of walking sticks for the market has been taken up as a business at some places in continental Europe, and special attention is often paid to making the roots grow into shapely forms for the handles. A London manufacturing establishment, the floor space of which covers nearly an acre, has extensive storehouses filled with native and foreign sticks, from which stock is drawn as it is wanted from the shops.

The sticks as they grow are often very crooked and have to be straightened. A heap of sand is provided on the top of a hot stove, into which the sticks are plunged until they become pliable.

The workman takes the crooked stick while it is still hot and inserts it in a notch cut in a stout board, placed at an angle inclined from him, where he bends and strains it. When it has become perfectly straight it is thrown down to cool, after which it becomes rigid and permanent in its lines. Heat is an important element in this matter and produces different effects on the several kinds of wood, the degree of heat necessary to straighten one kind of stick being often sufficient to spoil another kind.

The same power which makes a crooked stick straight is applied to make a straight one crooked; so we find that the rigid stems of bamboos, partridge canes, and all the various kinds of sticks that are required to be curled or twisted, are by the application of heat made to assume almost any shape or form.—Youth's Companion.

Costly Drugs.

Among costly drugs we might mention the following and the different sized bottles and phials in which they are sold: Agaricin, 4½ ounces, costs $13.75; colocynthin, 5½ ounces, $114.75; coniine hydrochlorate, 4½ ounces, $93.45; cyclamin, 3½ ounces, $54.05; digitoxin, 1½ ounces, $87.40; gentisin, 1½ ounces, $91.15; helitropin, 6 ounces, $51.25; dydrastine hydrochlorate, 6½ ounces, $194.80; papayotin, used as a solvent for the diphtheritic membrane, 13 ounce bottles, per bottle, $189.50. Besides the above there are various preparations made from the Calabar bean the cost of which is amazing. They are chiefly used in diseases of the eye.

One is called physostigmine alkaloid, and costs $137.50 per ounce phial. Physostigmine crystals are still more expensive, being sold in 2½ ounce bottles at a cost of $503.15. Still another preparation of the Calabar is physostigmine salicylate crystals, an aristocratic drug that surely furnishes a fitting cap sheaf for this pyramid of costly stuffs, which is furnished to the customer who is able to buy at the reasonable charge of $1,810,020 for a 2 ounce phial.—St. Louis Republic.

He Was Not Anxious to Learn.

Professor Albert Boehm, of this city, is an enthusiastic naturalist. He has a large collection of birds and animals, and makes a practice of exhibiting them at fairs. The professor was at the Winona fair, and had his museum in a tent on the grounds. One day a gentleman stepped in by the tent and looked at a couple of coons which were tied to a stake near the entrance. He did not know what the animals were and asked the professor, who told him they were coons, and said: "If you will give me ten cents and come inside the tent, when you come out you will know more about natural history than any of your normal professors." The offer was a good one, but the gentleman refused and turned away. Professor Boehm asked a bystander who it was, and was told, "Professor——, of the Winona normal school."—La Crosse Leader.

The New Game.

The climax in golf has come in England. It is not simply men who work chiefly with their brains—judges, clergymen, artists, journalists, members of parliament and novelists—that have taken to it almost en masse, and are never weary of singing its praises as the sole perfect cure for dyspepsia, the megrims and worry. Young athletes are abandoning cricket and football for golf, and are competing with each other as to who can "drive the longest ball."—Exchange.

A Wooden Horse Collar.

I venture to ask you if wooden horse collars have ever been tried, and if not why not? The present style of collar is heating, and very apt for that reason and on account of its roughness to cause sores on the neck of the horse. Zinc collars have been tried, with what result I do not know; but it seems to me that a wooden collar might be made which would be light, smooth and cool, on the same principle as the McClellan saddle tree, which for cavalry purposes has never been surpassed.—Cor. New York Cultivator.

GOD'S MUSIC.

Since ever the world was fashioned,
Water and air and sod,
A music of divers meaning
Has flowed from the hand of God.
In valley and gorge and upland,
On stormy mountain height,
He makes him a harp of the forest,
He sweeps the chords with might.
He puts forth his hand to the ocean,
He speaks and the waters flow;
Now in a chorus of thunder,
Now in a cadence low.
He touches the waving flower bells,
He plays on the woodland streams,
A tender song like a mother
Sings to her child in dreams.
But the music divinest and dearest,
Since ever the years began,
Is the manifold passionate music
He draws from the heart of man.
—F. E. Weatherly in Temple Bar.

Comedian Hart's Pitiful Condition.

Poor Tony Hart! While his relatives and friends are quarreling over the will of his dead wife, who was known in the theatrical world as Gertie Granville, the once clever partner of Ned Harrigan is slowly but surely wasting away in an insane asylum at Worcester, Mass. In fact, he is but a shadow of his former self. When Tony Hart was in the very zenith of success and fortune smiled upon him he was straight and erect in stature, but now he is bent and his gait is a shuffling one, while his voice, but a little while ago clear and musical, is nearly gone; he can scarcely articulate and the listener cannot understand him.

Paresis, that dread disease of the brain, is gradually doing its fatal work, and, according to the statement of Dr. Noble, the superintendent of the asylum, who has attended Tony since he was committed to the institution, the days of the poor fellow are numbered. Dr. Noble expressed the opinion to a visitor at the asylum, who once knew Tony that the latter can scarcely survive six months longer, and paralysis of the brain may result at any moment and be followed by death shortly afterward.

The contest over the will of the late Mrs. Tony Hart will be renewed before Surrogate Rollins shortly, when some interesting evidence regarding the bequests and the reason why no provision was made for Tony will be brought out. The fund raised at the benefit performance, and placed in the hands of Frank W. Sanger and A. M. Palmer, the theatrical managers, as trustees, is used to pay Hart's expenses at the asylum.—New York Telegram.

Keeping Cider Sweet.

Cider to be kept unfermented should be made as late in autumn as possible, as it would be difficult to keep from fermenting when made early in the season. November made cider, if bunged up tight and stored where a temperature near the freezing point can be maintained, will probably keep sweet indefinitely. Some people put in a half pound or a pound of mustard seed to the barrel of cider and others use sulphite of lime in the same way. The old time method of scalding is considered by many people one of the best and least objectionable methods.

We see this described as follows: When the cider has slightly fermented it should be drawn or dipped from the casks where it has been standing to settle into large copper kettles or an old copper still, and be heated just up to the boiling point and no longer, when it should be again put into open casks to settle and become cold. It will then be ready to be tightly bunged in barrels and stored away. During the heating a large quantity of scum will rise to the top to be skimmed off, and during the cooling most of the impurities still held in solution will be deposited as sediment in the bottom of the casks.—Popular Gardening.

Mr. Beecher's "Account Books."

I was talking with Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher a few days ago regarding the widely copied report that some account books kept by Mr. Beecher of his farming and domestic expenses had been rescued from a pile of house rubbish and were about to be published. "There is no truth in the report whatever," said Mrs. Beecher. "Why, Mr. Beecher was the last man in the world to keep such things as account books. He never kept any in his life, for he had not the patience for it. I kept all the accounts he had occasion for. Such a thing as an account book was never among his effects, and none, therefore, could have been unearthed. I have no idea how the report started, but you can deny in toto." I am sorry to spoil a very good literary paragraph, but these are the facts.—Edward W. Bok's Letter.

Air Ships to Be Operated by Electricity.

The advocates of the possibility of navigating the air by means of electricity have taken the first step toward putting their ideas into practical shape by the formation of a company with a capital of $20,000,000 having for its object the building and operating of electrical air ships. The company is to carry on its work in Chicago, and promises to have a car ready in six months. The proposed ship resembles the hull of an ordinary sea vessel. It requires only two men to operate it. The motive power is supplied by storage batteries, which work a system of wings and propellers, and also act as ballast. The driver or motorneer or "pilot" takes his place in front of the car, and controls its course by a series of levers and switches.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Home of Adam and Eve.

The Chicago Tribune has a letter from the quill of a traveler whose rare good luck it is to loaf a little in the Garden of Eden—otherwise on the Seychelles islands, in the Indian ocean, 1,400 miles east of Aden and 1,000 from Zanzibar. It was "Chinese" Gordon who tried to prove these islands to be identical with Eden. The islands number 114. They were built by coral insects and have the richest soil in the world. Palms grow 100 feet high. The white beaches are the most beautiful on the round earth. No one need work, for the trees are constantly in fruit, and the many tinted fishes that flash through the clear waters are as toothsome as they can be. Turtles abound. The people live to a great age. No hurricanes ever strike the islands. They constitute, indeed, an earthly paradise.

The new Croton aqueduct surpasses every other structure of the kind. It is estimated that the new Croton aqueduct alone will be able to supply a population of 2,120,000 with an allowance of 150 gallons a day per head. With the addition of the old aqueduct and the Bronx river pipe line the total capacity of the city's water works will be 150 gallons a day per head for a population of 2,873,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Attorney-at-Law
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence.

NORMAN
HOUSE.
Independence, - Cal.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of John Mullane deceased.

Order to show cause why an Order of sale of real estate and personal property should not be made.

Richard Hessian Sr. the Executor of the last will and testament of John Mullane, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate and all the personal property of said deceased, for the purposes therein set forth, it is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Saturday, the 18th day of April, 1891, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Court room of said Court, at the Court House in the town of Independence, in the said County of Inyo, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executor to sell all of the real estate and all of the personal property of the said decedent. And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Inyo Independent, a newspaper published and printed in the said County of Inyo.

GEO. M. GILL.
Judge of said Superior Court.
Dated March 19th, 1891.

[ENDORSED.]

In the Superior Court of the County of Inyo State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John Mullane deceased.

Order to show cause why an order of sale of Real Estate and Personal Property should not be made.

Filed March 20th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL,
Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Thomas Parker, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Thos. Parker, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of P. H. Mack in the town of Independence, Inyo Co., Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Inyo, State of California.

JOHN SHEPHERD,
S. G. REESE,
Executors of the last Will and Testament of Thomas Parker, deceased.
Dated at Independence, Cal. April 4, 1891.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of Peter Dierkson deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 18th day of April, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the town of Independence in the County of Inyo, State of California have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said Peter Dierkson, deceased, and for hearing the application of John F. Lubken for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration with the will annexed thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated April 2d, 1891

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo county, Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 30th day of March 1891, an assessment (No. 12) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of May 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on FRIDAY, the 29th day of May, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE Secretary.
Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK ... PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Ca
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

J. W. Murphy
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2 00 for [illegible]
Shop on Edwards St., opposite Court House, Independence

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stable.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, I can be assured of finding there the best of Livery Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Feed by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98
Lead, 4 35
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach on Sunday at the Fort at 10 o'clock, at Independence at 11 a.m., at Georges Creek at 2:30, and Lone at 7 p m.

Rev. J. Smith will preach at Independence at 7 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach at Keeler on Wednesday evening, April 22nd, a 7 o'clock, in the dining room of the Lake View Hotel.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY, April 11, 1891.

Estates of B. F. Theban and C. D. Begole—Filed oath of office of Wm. F. Matlack, Administrator.

Estate of J. C. Eddy, deceased—Filed order authorizing Wm. F. Matlack to take charge of property.

Davis vs. Keys—Judgment for Defendant.

WEDNESDAY, April 15, 1891.

Estate of John Hughes, deceased—Filed petition and order of sale.

Davis vs. Keys—Filed findings.

Estate of Wm. Walker, deceased—Filed claim of E. Robinson.

THURSDAY, April 16, 1891.

Davis vs. Keys—Judgment entered for defendant.

Will it never quit raining!

Receiver Clark visited Bishop early in the week.

Charley Summers was down from Bishop on Tuesday.

Surveyor McKnight has been in town for a couple of days.

Three feet of snow fell at Sisson on the C. P. last week.

Wm. Weatherall of Hawthorne is visiting at Independence.

Jeff Ziglar expects to start soon for his old home in Shasta County.

This is the most backward spring experienced in the valley for many years.

John Fichman came up from Keeler yesterday morning, returning early to-day.

John Alexander had an attack of the grip early in the week but is all right again.

J. W. Murphy has filed the necessary papers and is now a full fledged constable.

A. N. Bell was dangerously ill early in the week but is now considered out of danger.

Dr. I. J. Woodin has gone to Los Angeles and is expected to return home next week.

About three thousand sheep were sheared at the Rawson ranch at Blackrock during the week.

Thos. C. Boland has been laid up with severe attack of grip. At last reports he was improving.

N. T. Piper shipped to Oakland five carloads of beef cattle from his Oasis ranch last week.

N. E. Conklin has two likely looking youngsters by his Nutwood stallion, Mt. Vernon Prince.

Coroner Matlack has gone to Darwin on business connected with the estate of the late J. C. Eddy.

Al Staudinger has been in town during the week. He is suffering from a severe attack of la grippe.

Chicago has been afflicted with another great fire. The losses are estimated at over one million dollars.

The weather has been cold and damp all day. "Gentle Spring" may be coming, but it is evidently in no hurry.

W. S. Enos arrived home Wednesday from an extended visit on the other side of the mountains. He was absent over a month.

For the first time in its history the city of Denver has a Democratic Mayor. Rogers was elected by over five thousand majority.

R. W. Scott of Bishop was in town on Wednesday. He has just returned from Candelaria and reports that camp as being quite lively.

The case of Davis vs. Keys, touching the title to certain mining ground in the White Hill District has been decided in favor of the latter.

Hon. A. J. Gould came in from Darwin on Tuesday's train. He has been quite ill for some time past and came in for medical attendance.

Mrs. J. C. Roeper was taken very ill last Tuesday. Dr. Louise Woodin has been in constant attendance during the week, and her condition is very much improved.

S. P. Smith of Bishop was in town today. He brought down his fine young stallion, Antare, and is making arrangements to take mares to Bishop for breeding.

A wet silk handkerchief tied, without folding, over the face is a security against suffocation from smoke. It permits free breathing and at the same time excludes the smoke from the lungs.

W. J. Fitzgerald started for Los Angeles on Wednesday, going by way of Mojave. Mr. Fitzgerald has just completed a successful term of school here and will spend his vacation in the City of the Angels.

What an infernal thing the grippe is, anyway. When it gets a grab on a person it never knows when to let go. There is more sickness in Owens Valley now caused by that fell disease than was ever known before.

An Immense Project.

The following document was filed with the County Clerk on Tuesday and is the outcome of surveys and estimates made in the Valley by Mr. L. D. Matthews during the past year:

Articles of Incorporation of the Owens Valley Water Company.

Know all men by these presents that we, the undersigned, a majority of whom are citizens and residents of the State of California, have voluntarily associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of California. And we hereby certify:

FIRST: That the name of said corporation shall be the Owens Valley Water Company.

SECOND: That the purposes for which it is formed are, to purchase, appropriate, locate, secure and hold water rights and riparian rights. To construct water courses, aqueducts, ditches, reservoirs and all things necessary and proper for conveying and conducting water in, through and along Owens River Valley in the State of California, and into and through Indian Wells Valley in said State. For the purpose of selling and disposing of the same to the inhabitants of all towns and cities along its line, and all inhabitants in said valleys, for domestic and other purposes, and also for the purpose of irrigation, and in propelling machinery and canal purposes.

To sell and dispose of water for domestic and other uses to the inhabitants in said Owens Valley and in said Indian Wells Valley and to the towns therein. Also for the irrigation and reclamation of land, also for power and in running machinery and for canal purposes and all other purposes for which water may or can be used.

To construct a canal or water course from a point in Owens River in said Owens River Valley, where what is known as the Stevens Ditch intercepts the same, to and into said Indian Wells Valley for the purpose of floating boats upon the same and in carrying freight thereon.

To purchase and hold land necessary in carrying on the said business. Also to do all things necessary and proper in and about said business.

THIRD: That the place where the principal business of said Corporation is to be transacted is at the City and County of San Francisco, California.

FOURTH: That the term for which said Corporation is to exist is fifty years from the date of its incorporation.

FIFTH: That the number of Directors or Trustees of said incorporation shall be seven, and that the names and residence of Directors or Trustees, who were appointed for the first year, and to serve until the election and qualification of said officers, are as follows: Andrew J. Robinson, J. W. Wesson, G. P. Rixford, A. I. Sanborn, O. E. White, H. Oberson and J. F. Turner, all of San Francisco.

SIXTH: That the capital stock of said Corporation is Two million dollars, and the number of shares into which it is divided is One hundred thousand shares of the par value of Twenty dollars each.

SEVENTH: That the amount of said capital stock which has been actually subscribed is One million three hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and the following are the names of the persons by whom the same has been subscribed: N. Dodge, Andrew J. Robinson, J. W. Wesson, G. P. Rixford, A. I. Sanborn, O. E. White, H. Oberson, J. F. Turner, L. D. Matthews, Frank P. McInnis, Albert Moroff, Six thousand shares each.

The Marble Industry.

An article in the Reno *Gazette* on the thriving town of Verdi contains the following: "The marble works is another industry Reno should have secured. The works are employing about twenty men and when they get on to the finishing work on the Mills' building in San Francisco they will employ about eighty. They are now running seven gangs sawing marble, and have 60,000 feet of rough ashlar to polish. They are shipping three car loads of dressed marble to San Francisco every week now. It will take them nearly two years to finish the work required for the Mills' building."

Severe Loss

The dwelling at Camp Independence owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. James Malone was totally destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon. The inmates of the dwelling had gone out into an adjoining field at noon leaving a fire burning in the stove. When they returned to the building the flames had gained such headway that it was impossible to stay them or rescue anything from the house. It is a hard blow to the worthy couple to be left houseless in their old age. Every assistance that could be rendered was immediately proffered by the townspeople. The loss is about $2,500.

The Greatest Discovery o The Age.

An infallible remedy for the cure of catarrh and deafness in all its stages, by one who has been a great sufferer from catarrh and almost total deafness.

No catarrh or slimy green and yellow sticky matter discharging from the nose. No deafness. No ringing crackling sounds in the head. No mucous matter lodging in the throat. No occasional hacking cough with throwing up slimy green and yellow sticky matter. It is a blessing that words cannot describe.

For futher information write for circulars. Address Frank Wertz & Co., Wausau, Wis. Drawer 1029.

McNeil & Walker have started a soap factory at Bishop. The parties have experimented with borax from Saline Valley and have succeeded in producing a good article for laundry use. Where any article of home manufacture is equal or superior to the imported goods consumers should be careful to use the home brand.

Dr. L. L. Woodin was called suddenly to Keeler last Monday night. She was met at Lone Pine by a special, and the distance from that station to the soda works switch, fourteen miles, was covered in fourteen minutes.

The Odd Fellows of Independence are making strenuous efforts that the coming celebration on the 27th will surpass any yet given in the county. Visitors will be most cordially welcomed.

St. Petersburg and Jassi correspondents continue to report activity among the Russian troops, great numbers of which are being massed on the Austro-Hungarian frontier.

Bert Rhine expects to start for San Francisco on Tuesday of next week to attend the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Native Sons. He expects to be gone about two weeks.

Dr. F. O. Vincent, the Fresno wife murderer, has been sentenced to be hanged. He was convicted of a most cowardly crime and the sentence is considered most just.

Meteorological Summary.

Following is the report of the Signal Service Station at Keeler for the month of March, 1891.

Mean barometer 29.905
Highest barometer 30.150
Lowest barometer 29.431
Mean temperature 50.3
Highest temperature, 21st ..... 74.
Lowest temperature, 7th ..... 30.
Greatest daily range temp'ture, 19th, 29.
Least daily range temperature, 27th, 16.
Prevailing direction of wind, N. W.
Total movement of wind, 6382 miles.
Extreme velocity of wind, direction and date, 54 miles N. W. on 18th.
Total precipitation, 0.16 inches.
Number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell, 4.
Number of cloudless days 13
Partly cloudy days 8
Cloudy days 10

H. E. WILKINSON,
Sergt., Signal Corps, Observer.

Six Things a Boy Ought to Know.

First—That a quiet voice, courtesy and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentlewoman.

Second—That roughness, blustering and even foolhardiness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.

Third—That muscular strength is not health.

Fourth—That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.

Fifth—That the labor impossible to the boy of 14 will be easy to the man of 20.

Sixth—That the best capital for a boy is not money, but a love of work, simple tastes and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.—*Youth's Companion.*

W. W. Hall, A. M., D. D., who has written several books on health, physical and moral, thus speaks of the housewife of some twenty years ago: "When our wives get to work they go about it too violently altogether, keep at it too long, and before they know it are perfectly exhausted, overheated, lie down insufficiently covered, take cold and are 'laid up' for days and weeks afterward."

Miss White, a missionary attached to the China Island mission, has a daring scheme in prospect to elude the vigilance of the Thibetan officials on the frontier, and to enter the dominions of the grand lama. She has already familiarized herself with the language, and is only awaiting an auspicious opportunity to attempt a feat which no Englishman has accomplished in the last half century.

Miss Ada Webb, a well figured young woman who gives a graceful performance in a large tank, has been presented by the Royal Humane society in London with a testimonial for plunging into the deepest water at the Brumley swimming baths in full walking dress and rescuing three women struggling in the water in a combination of cramp, panic and indiscretion.

Mrs. Vincent Glass, a London lady and disciple of Oscar Wilde, has invented an ornamental shoulder brace which little school children and young ladies studying the violin, piano and drawing are made to wear for a correct position. At one time all the girls in St. Helen's college wore as a gift the Vincent shoulder straightener.

A three hours' drive with a snake was taken recently by a lady in Ceylon. On getting out of her carriage she moved the cushions to find something which had slipped down, and to her horror discovered a huge cobra coiled up underneath. Had not the creature been in a semi-torpid condition she could not have escaped alive.

Apropos of the educational progress of women in England, it is worthy of note that at Birmingham there are 41 women and only 3 men candidates for the Cambridge higher local examinations; at Bradford, 24 women, 1 man; Leeds, 35 women, 2 men; at Manchester, 43 women, 1 man; at Liverpool, 59 women, 1 man.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

72 I. O. F. 72

THE

72d Anniversary of I. O. O. F

Will be Celebrated by a

GRAND BALL

AT THE

Agricultural Pavilion, Independence,

ON

Monday Evening, April 27, 1891.

Admission Free to All!

FLOOR MANAGER ..... Bertrand Rhine.

FLOOR DIRECTORS ..... N. E. CONKLIN, G. H. LEWIS, J. W. MURPHY, ROBERT O'NEAL, B. F. GRAY

INVITATION COMMITTEE

ROUND VALLEY: C. F. Wildasinn, H. Evans

BISHOP: John Bourland, Robert O'Neal; P. P. Keough, O. H Hill; J. H. Bulpitt, I. P. Yaney.

BIG PINE: S. G. Gregg, J. C. Schalten; L Newman, J. R. Eldred

CERRO GORDO: Pat. Clinton

INDEPENDENCE: Walter James Jr., E. Robinson; P. W. Forbes, C. W. Craig; Dr. J. D. Blair, P. H. Mack; J. E. Shepherd

LONE PINE: J. R. Moffett, R. C. Spear

KEELER: Thos. Boland, B. F. Gray; John Anton, Sam. Levy; Finley Bedford.

Free transportation to and from trains and to pavilion.

Supper at Norman House.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS & HILL,
DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDIS
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.
E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.
First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.
THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines, Liquors, & Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.
The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.
PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Address orders and packages to
HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.
FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BIG IOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.
Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.
Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St
In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable
S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO., Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
Customers supplied on all points Of the C. & C. Railroad.
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

F. E. Bosworth,
Watchmaker & Jeweler.
BISHOP, CAL.
Fine and Complicated Watch Repairing a Specialty.
Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs and Music Boxes Put in Perfect Condition and Warranted.
I Prefer to do all work at your house and will call if you will write to me at Bishop.

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE SEWART HOUSE.
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.
Dealer In GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies
PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.
CARSON & COLORADO R R
TAKING EFFECT,
Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p m.		5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p m		2.50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.		9 55 a. m.
Sodа Springs	8:05 p. m.		9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.		7:55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv.	7.20 a. m
	No. 3. Leave—		No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville	8 25 a. m.		5:25 p m.
Benton	11.50 a. m		1:35 a m.
Bisaop Creek	2:00p. m.		11:00 a. m
Alvord	2.45 p. m.		10:05 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.		7.40 a. m
Keeler	Ar 5:55 p. m.	Lv.	7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (37 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver P Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOL
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.
CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE
Blacksmith Shop.
R. C. Spear, Prop'r
—ALL WORK ON—
MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS & FREIGHTING OUTFITS
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HORSE SHOEING,
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All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

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BEER, WINES,
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All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
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—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
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The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!
Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

You've tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have you and you're disappointed. The results are not *immediate.*

And did you expect the disease of years to disappear in *a week?* Put a pinch of time in every dose. You would not call the milk poor because the cream doesn't rise in an hour? If there's no water in it the cream is sure to rise. If there's a possible cure, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sure to effect it, if given a fair trial.

You get your one dollar it costs back again if it don't benefit or cure you.

We wish we could give you *the makers'* confidence. They show it by giving the money back again, in all cases not benefited, and it'd surprise you to know how few dollars are needed to keep up the refund.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Cures the worst cases *permanently.* No experimenting. It's "Old Reliable." Twenty-five years of success. Of druggists.

We are all made of clay; alack!
Too solemn 'tis for mockery;
And some are useless brie-a-bac
And some are common crockery.

SPREADING FOR LEAGUES AROUND

The marshy, overflowed lands, sunken lots and half submerged river banks, which give them birth, the seeds of malaria impregnate the air, and are inhaled at every breath by thousands unprovided with any adequate safeguard against the baneful influence. Yet such exist—potent alike to prevent or to cure, pure in no sense adulterants, and the professionally recognized substitute for the hateful drug, quinine. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family specific and safeguard, foremost not only as an antidote to malaria, but also as a means of permanently removing dyspepsia, and relieving constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and nervousness. Among invigorants it takes the first place, and is also a superb appetizer. Use it systematically.

Alas! Already?—"George dear, will you love me when I'm old?" "What a silly question, Penelope. Of course I do."

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE BLIND.

Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his *New Treatment* for the cure of all diseases of the Eye—*Cataract, Defective Vision, Inflammation,* etc., etc., without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

For further particulars address with stamped envelope, R. J. LA GRANGE, M. D., 215 Powell St., fourth door from Geary, San Francisco, Cal.
Office Hours, 11 till 3.

It is said that the Spring bonnet this year will eclipse that of all previous seasons. It generally does go to the head.

If not *above* being taught by a *man*, take this *good* advice. Try *Dobbins'* Electric Soap next *Monday*. It won't cost much, and you will then know for *yourself* just how good it *is*. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

In Southern Latitude—O'Rorke—Have you got the change for $5? O'Brien—Sure. O'Rorke—Say, lend me $2, will you?

FREE CONSULTATION

DOCTOR SWEANY,
MEDICAL AND SURGICAL
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737 MARKET STREET,
Opp. "Examiner" Office, San Francisco, Cal

For the prompt cure of **all Chronic and Private Affections, Diseases of Manhood, Diseases of Women, etc., Sexual and Seminal Weakness** and Nervous Affections of long standing which may have resisted all other treatment, cured quickly by scientific and modern treatment.

THOSE LIVING AWAY FROM THE CITY SHOULD WRITE AT ONCE.

Beware of persons who may speak to you on the streets and ask you to go to any other doctor, for they are hired by disreputable doctors to ensnare you in their dens.

DR. F. L. SWEANY, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa., and now so well and favorably known as the most successful Specialist on the Pacific Coast, desires to thank the public for their confidence bestowed upon him in the past and assure the afflicted generally who may call on him for medical aid that they may be sure of the most skillful and scientific treatment and be cured in the quickest possible time in the most satisfactory manner.

No cases published or exposed. Every patient's name kept **strictly confidential.** All **references** any one may desire furnished privately at my offices. **I stand on my merit!**

Patients who consult me are not turned over to an amateur hired substitute, as in the case of many high sounding dispensaries or institutes, but receive my own personal care and attention. Consultation always free, and the poor I treat free of charge.

DISEASES OF MANHOOD. Young Men suffering from nervous debility, from any cause whatsoever, especially from youthful errors and indiscretions, producing dizziness, loss of memory, vitality and energy, emissions, tired discontented feeling, indigestion, palpitation of heart, urinary troubles and many other symptoms not necessary to mention here, should no longer delay in seeking proper relief. Your trouble may be in its first stage. Remember it is approaching the last, and if you continue to neglect it, the time must come when you will be past human aid. I guarantee to restore all such cases in a very short time to perfect health and enjoyment of life.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN. There are many who are suffering from weak backs, frequent urination and sediment in urine, accompanied by loss of vigor and sexual power and an impairment of the general health. Many die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. I guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases and a permanent restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

Blood, Skin and all Private Diseases positively cured in the shortest possible time without mercury or injurious drugs.

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Piles, Fistula, Varicocele, Hydrocele and all Swellings and Tenderness quickly cured without pain or detention from business.

LADIES

Who may be suffering from any of the distressing ailments peculiar to your sex such as persistent headaches, painful menstruations displacements, etc., do not give up in despair, even if you have heretofore met with repeated failures in seeking relief. I am happy to state that I have cured hundreds of cases after other physicians had pronounced them hopeless.

Charges moderate and within the reach of all.

Patients living away from the city, who cannot conveniently call, may describe their troubles by letter and have medicines sent to them, free from observation, to any part of the country.

Office Hours—From 10 A. M. to 12 M.; 2 to 5, 7 to 8 P. M.; **Sundays from 10 to 12 only.**

Address,
DR. F. L. SWEANY,
737 Market Street, Opp. "Examiner" Office,
San Francisco, Cal.

BEBEE;

or,

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

By "OUIDA."

But to her it was so new.

She followed him as a blind child a man that guides her through a garden and reads her a wonder tale.

He was good to her, that was all she knew. When he touched her ever so lightly she felt a happiness so perfect, and yet so unintelligible, that she could have wished to die in it.

And in her humility and her ignorance she wondered always how he—so great, so wise, so beautiful—could have thought it ever worth his while to leave the paradise of Rubes' land to wait with her under her little rush thatched roof, and bring her here to see the green leaves and the living things of the forest.

As they went a man was going under the trees with a load of wood upon his back. Bebee gave a little cry of recognition.

"Oh, look, that is Jeannot! How he will wonder to see me here!"

Flamen drew her a little downward, so that the forester passed onward without perceiving them.

"Why do you do that?" said Bebee. "Shall I not speak to him?"

"Why? To have all your neighbors chatter of your feast in the forest? It is not worth while."

"Ah, but I always tell them everything," said Bebee, whose imagination had been already busy with the wonders that she would unfold to Mere Krebs and the Varnhart children.

"Then you will see but little of me, my dear. Learn to be silent, Bebee. It is a woman's first duty, though her hardest."

"Is it?"

She did not speak for some time. She could not imagine a state of things in which she would not narrate the little daily miracles of her life to the good old garrulous women and the little open mouthed romps. And yet—she lifted her eyes to his.

"I am glad you have told me that," she said. "Though indeed, I do not see why one should not say what one does, yet—somehow—I do not like to talk about you. It is like the pictures in the galleries, and the music in the cathedral, and the great still evenings, when the fields are all silent, and it is as if Christ walked abroad in them; I do not know how to talk of those things to the others—only to you—and I do not like to talk about you to them—do you not know?"

"Yes, I know. But what affinity have I, Bebee, to your thoughts of your God walking in his corn fields?"

Bebee's eyes glanced down through the green aisle of the forests, with the musing seriousness in them that was like the child angels of Botticelli's dreams.

"I cannot tell you very well. But when I am in the fields at evening and think of Christ, I feel so happy, and of such good will to all the rest, and I seem to see heaven quite plain through the beautiful gray air where the stars are—and so I feel when I am with you—that is all. Only"——

"Only what?"

"Only in those evenings, when I was all alone, heaven seemed up there, where the stars are, and I longed for wings; but now, it is here—and I would only shut my wings if I had them, and not stir."

He looked at her, and took her hands and kissed them—but reverently—as a believer may kiss a shrine. In that moment to Flamen she was sacred; in that moment he could no more have hurt her with passion than he could have hurt her with a blow.

It was an emotion with him, and did not endure. But while it lasted it was true.

CHAPTER XVI.

Then he took her to dine at one of the wooden cafes under the trees. There was a little sheet of water in front of it, and a gay garden around. There was a balcony and a wooden stairway; there were long trellised arbors, and little white tables, and great rose bushes, like her own at home. They had an arbor all to themselves; a cool sweet smelling bower of green, with a glimpse of scarlet from the flowers of some twisting beans.

They had a meal, the like of which she had never seen; such a huge melon in the center of it, and curious wines, and coffee or cream in silver pots, or what looked like silver to her—"just like the altar vases in the church," she said to herself.

"If only the Varnhart children were here!" she cried; but he did not echo the wish.

It was just sunset. There was a golden glow on the little bit of water. On the other side of the garden some one was playing a guitar. Under a lime tree some girls were swinging, crying Higher! higher! at each toss.

In a longer avenue of trellised green, at a long table, there was a noisy party of students and girls of the city; their laughter was mellowed by distance as it came over the breadth of the garden, and they sang, with fresh, shrill Flemish voices, songs from an opera bouffe of La Monnaie.

It was all pretty, and gay, and pleasant.

There was everywhere about an air of light hearted enjoyment. Bebee sat with a wondering look in her wide opened eyes, and all the natural instincts of her youth, that were like curled up fruit buds in her, unclosed softly to the light of joy.

"Is life always like this in your Rubes' land?" she asked him; that vague, far away country of which she never asked him anything more definite, and which yet was so clear before her fancy.

"Yes," he made answer to her. "Only—instead of those leaves, flowers and pomegranates; and in lieu of that tinkling guitar, a voice whose notes are esteemed like king's jewels; and in place of those little green arbors, great white palaces, cool and still, with ilex woods and orange groves and sapphire seas beyond them. Would you like to come there, Bebee?—and wear laces such as you weave, and hear singing and laughter all night long, and never work any more in the mold of the garden, or spin any more at that tiresome wheel, or go any more out in the wind, and the rain, and the winter mud to the market."

Bebee listened, leaning her round elbows on the table, and her warm cheeks on her hands, as a child gravely listens to a fairy story. But the sumptuous picture, and the sensuous phrase he had chosen, passed by her."

It is of no use to tempt the little chaffinch of the woods with a ruby instead of a cherry. The bird is made to feed on the brown berries, on the morning dews, on the scarlet hips of roses and the blossoms of the wind tossed pear boughs; the gem, though it be a monarch's, will only strike hard and tasteless on its beak.

"I would like to see it all," said Bebee, musingly, trying to follow out her thoughts. "But as for the garden work and the spinning—that I do not want to leave, because I have done it all my life, and I do not think I should care to wear lace—it would tear very soon one would be afraid to run; and do you see I know how it is made—all that lace. I know how blind the eyes get over it, and how the hearts ache; I know how the old women starve, and the little children cry; I know that there is not a sprig of it that is not stitched with pain; the great ladies do not think, I dare say, because they have never worked at it or watched the others, but I have. And so, you see, I think if I wore it I should feel sad, and if a nail caught on it I should feel as if it were tearing the flesh of my friends. Perhaps I say it badly—but that is what I feel."

"You do not say it badly—you speak well, for you speak from the heart," he answered her, and felt a tinge of shame that he had tempted her with the gold and purple of a baser world than any that she knew.

"And yet you want to see new lands!" he pursued. "What is it you want to see there?"

"Ah, quite other things than these," cried Bebee, still leaning her cheeks on her hands. "That dancing and singing is very pretty and merry, but it is just as good when old Claude fiddles and the children skip. This wine, you tell me, is something very great—but fresh milk is much nicer, I think. It is not these kind of things I want—I want to know all about the people who lived before us; I want to know what the stars are and what the wind is; I want to know where the lark goes when you lose him out of sight against the sun; I want to know how the old artists got to see God, that they could paint him and all his angels as they have done; I want to know how the voices got into the bells, and how they can make one's heart beat, hanging up there as they do, all among the jackdaws; I want to know what it is when I walk in the fields in the morning, and it is all gray and soft and still, and the corn crake cries in the wheat, and the little mice run home to their holes, that makes me so glad and yet so sorrowful, as if I were so very near God, and yet so all alone, and such a little thing; because you see the mouse she has her hole, and the crake her own people, but I"——

Her voice faltered a little and stopped; she had never before thought out into words her own loneliness; from the long green arbor the voices of the girls and the students sang:

"Ah! le doux son d'un baiser tendre!"

Flamen was silent. The poet in him—and in an artist there is always more or less of the poet—kept him back from ridicule, nay, moved him to pity and respect.

They were absurdly simple words no doubt, had little wisdom in them, and were quite childish in their utterance, and yet they moved him curiously as a man very base and callous may at times be moved by the look in a dying deer's eyes, or by the sound of a song that some lost love once sang.

He rose and drew her hands away, and took her small face between his own hands instead.

"Poor little Bebee!" he said gently, looking down on her with a breath that was almost a sigh. "Poor little Bebee!—to envy the corn crake and the mouse!"

She was a little startled; her cheeks grew very warm under his touch, but her eyes looked still into his without fear.

He stooped and touched her forehead with his lips, gently and without passion, almost reverently; she grew rose hued as the bright bean flowers, up to the light gold ripples of her hair; she trembled a little and drew back, but she was not alarmed nor yet ashamed; she was too simple of heart to feel the fear that is born of passion and of consciousness.

It was as Jeannot kissed his sister Marie, who was 15 years old and sold milk for the Krebs people in the villages with a little green cart and a yellow dog—no more.

And yet the sunny arbor leaves and the glimpse of the blue sky swam around her indistinctly, and the sounds of the guitar grew dull upon her ear, and were lost as in a rushing bliss of water, because of the great sudden, unintelligible happiness that seemed to bear her little life away on it as a sea wave bears a young child off its feet.

"You do not feel alone now, Bebee?" he whispered to her.

"No!" she answered him softly under her breath, and sat still, while all her body quivered like a leaf.

No; how could she ever be alone now that this sweet, soft, unutterable touch would always be in memory upon her; how could she wish ever again now to be the corn crake in the summer corn or the gray mouse in the hedge of hawthorn?

At that moment a student went by past the entrance of the arbor; he had a sash round his loins and a paper feather in his cap; he was playing a fife and dancing; he glanced in as he went.

"It is time to go home, Bebee," said Flamen.

CHAPTER XVII.

So it came to pass that Bebee's day in the big forest came and went as simply almost as any day that she had played away with the Varnhart children under the beech shadows of Cambre woods.

And when he took her to her hut at sunset before the pilgrims had returned there was a great bewildered tumult of happiness in her heart, but there was no memory with her that prevented her from looking at the shrine in the wall as she passed it, and saying with a quick gesture of the cross on brow and bosom:

"Ah, dear Holy Mother—how good you have been! and I am back again, you see, and I will work harder than ever because of all this joy that you have given me."

And she took another moss rose and changed it for that of the morning, which was faded, and said to Flamen:

"Look—she sends you this. Now do you know what I mean? One is more content when she is content!"

He did not answer, but he held her hands against him a moment as they fastened in the rosebud.

"Not a word to the pilgrims, Bebee—you remember?"

"Yes, I will remember. I do not tell them every time I pray—it will be like being silent about that—it will be no more wrong than that."

But there was a touch of anxiety in the words; she was not quite certain; she wanted to be reassured. Instinct moved her not to speak of him; but habit made it seem wrong to her to have any secret from the people who had been about her from her birth.

He did not reassure her, her anxiety was pretty to watch, and he left the trouble in her heart, like a bee in the chalice of a lily. Besides, the little wicket gate was between them, he was musing whether he would push it open once more.

Her fate was in the balance, though she did not dream it; he had dealt with her tenderly, honestly, sacredly all that day—almost as much so as stupid Jeannot could have done. He had been touched by her trust in him, and by the unconscious beauty of her fancies, into a mood that was unlike all his life and habits. But after all, he said to himself——

After all!——

Where he stood in the golden evening he saw the rosy curled mouth, the soft troubled eyes, the little brown hands that still tried to fasten the rosebud, the young peach like skin where the wind stirred the bodice, she was only a little Flemish peasant, this poor little Bebee, a little thing of the fields and the streets, for all the dreams of God that abode with her. After all—soon or late—the end would be always the same. What matter!

She would weep a little to-morrow, and she would not kneel any more at the shrine in the garden wall, and then—and then—she would stay here and marry the good boor Jeannot, just the same after awhile, or drift away after him to Paris, and leave her two little wooden shoes, and her visions of Christ in the fields at evening, behind her forevermore, and do as all the others did, and take not only silken stockings but the Cinderella slipper that is called Gold, which brings all other good things in its train; what matter!

He had meant this from the first, because she was so pretty, and those little wooden sabots ran so lithely over the stones; though he was not in love with her, but only idly stretched his hand for her as a child by instinct stretches to a fruit that hangs in the sun a little rosier and a little nearer than the rest.

What matter—he said to himself—she loved him, poor little soul, though she did not know it—and there would always be Jeannot glad enough of a handful of bright French gold.

He pushed the gate gently against her, her hands fastened the rosebud and drew open the latch themselves.

"Will you come in a little?" she said, with the happy light in her face. "You must not stay long, because the flowers must be watered, and then there are Annemie's patterns—they must be done or she will have no money and so no food—but if you would come in for a little! And see—if you wait a minute I will show you the roses that I shall put to-morrow the first thing, and take down to St. Guido to Our Lady's altar in thank offering for today. I should like you to choose them—you yourself—and if you would just touch them I should feel as if you gave them to her too. Will you?"

She spoke with the pretty outspoken frankness of her habitual speech, just tempered and broken with the happy, timid hesitation, the curious sense at once of closer nearness and of greater distance, that had come on her since he had kissed her among the bright bean flowers.

He turned from her quickly.

"No, dear—no. Gather your roses alone, Bebee—if I touch them their leaves will fall."

Then, with a hurriedly backward glance down the dusky lane to see that none were looking, he bent his head and kissed her again quickly and with a sort of shame, and swung the gate behind him and went away through the boughs and the shadows.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On a sudden impulse Flamen, going through the woodland shadows to the city, paused and turned back; all his impulses were quick, and swayed him now hither, now thither, in many contrary ways.

He knew that the hour was come—that he must leave her and spare her, as to himself he phrased it, or teach her the love words that the daisies whisper to women.

And why not?—any way she would marry Jeannot.

He, half way to the town, walked back again and paused a moment at the gate; an emotion, half pitiful, half cynical, stirred in him.

Anyway, he would leave her in a few days; Paris had again opened her arms to him; his old life awaited him; women, who claimed him by imperious, amorous demands, reproached him; and, after all, this day he had got the Gretchen of his ideal, a great picture for the future of his fame.

As he would leave her any way so soon, he would leave her unscathed—poor little field flower—he could never take it with him to blossom or wither in Paris.

His world would laugh too utterly if he made for himself a mistress out of a little Fleming in two wooden shoes. Besides——

Besides, something, that was half weak and half noble, moved him not to lead this child, in her trust and her ignorance, into ways that, when she awakened from her trance, would seem to her shameful and full of sorrow. For he knew that Bebee was not as others are.

He turned back and knocked at the hut door and opened it.

Bebee was just beginning to undress herself; she had taken off her white kerchief and her wooden shoes; her pretty shoulders and her little neck shone white in the moon; her feet were bare on the mud floor.

She started with a cry and threw the handkerchief again on her shoulders, but there was no fear of him; only the unconscious instinct of her girlhood.

He thought for a moment that he would not go away until the morrow——

"Did you want me?" said Bebee softly, with happy eyes of surprise and yet a little startled, fearing some evil might have happened to him that he should have returned thus.

"No; I did not want you, dear," he said gently; no—he did not want her, poor little soul, she wanted him, but he—there were so many of these things in his life, and he liked her too well to love her.

"No, dear, I did not want you," said Flamen, drawing her arms about him, and feeling her flutter like a little bird, while the moonlight came in through the green leaves and fell in fanciful patterns on the floor. "But I came to say—you have had one happy day, wholly happy, have you not, poor little Bebee?"

"Ah, yes!" she sighed rather than said the answer in her wondrous gladness; drawn there close to him, with the softness of his lips upon her. Could he have come back only to ask that?

"Well, that is something. You will remember it always, Bebee!" he murmured in his unconscious cruelty. "I did not wish to spoil your cloudless pleasure, dear—for you care for me a little, do you not?—so I came back to tell you only now that I go away for a little while to-morrow."

"Go away!"

She trembled in his arms and turned cold as ice; a great terror and darkness fell upon her; she had never thought that he would ever go away. He caressed her, and played with her as a boy may with a bird before he wrings its neck.

"You will come back!"

He kissed her—"Surely."

"To-morrow?"

"Nay—not so soon."

"In a week?"

"Hardly."

"In a month, then?"

"Perhaps."

"Before winter, anyway?"

He looked aside from the beseeching, tearful, candid eyes, and kissed her hair and her throat, and said, "Yes, dear—beyond a doubt."

She clung to him, crying silently—he wished that women would not weep.

"Come, Bebee, listen," he said, coaxingly, thinking to break the bitterness to her "This is not wise and it gives me pain. There is so much for you to do. You know so little. There is so much to learn. I will leave you many books, and you must grow quite learned in my absence. The Virgin is all very well in her way, but she cannot teach us much, poor lady, for her kingdom is called Ignorance. You must teach yourself. I leave you that to do. The days will go by quickly if you are laborious and patient. Do you love me, little one?"

For an answer she kissed his hand.

"You are a busy little Bebee always," he said, with his lips caressing her soft, brown arms that were round his neck. "But you must be busier than ever while I am gone. So you will forget. No, no, I do not mean that; I mean so the time will pass quickest. And I shall finish your picture, Bebee, and all Paris will see you, and the great ladies will envy the little girl with her two wooden shoes. Ah! that does not please you—you care for none of these vanities? No. Poor little Bebee, why did God make you, or Chance breathe life into you? You are so far away from us all. It was cruel. What harm has your poor, little soul ever done that, pure as a flower, it should have been sent to the hell of this world?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A church investigation with closed doors involving very serious charges against Rev. S. J. Fleming, pastor of the Methodist Church at Monte Vista, began at the Simpson Tabernacle in Los Angeles before a committee of ministers selected by the presiding elder of the district. There is a charge of embezzling $6,000 in connection with Chautauqua work at Redondo. Fleming is a brilliant young man and has many friends.

At the Coroner's investigation into the death of Protzman, the Christian scientist victim, at Des Moine, Iowa, a few days ago, it was developed that the attendants fed the patient, while delirious with typhoid fever, large pieces of sausage, raw turnips, crab apples, sauerkraut and pigs' feet.

A jury in a court at Mexico, Mo., brought in such an outrageous verdict that the Judge dismissed them in this humiliating fashion: "It is the sentence of this Court that the Sheriff conduct you to the rear door of the Court House and allow you to depart, as your services will not be again required during my term of office."

THE REASON WHY.

The reason why the PACIFIC BANK, of San Francisco, has weathered the storms which have wrecked many sister institutions during the past quarter of a century, can only be attributed to the prudent and careful policy, and its fixed principle, never to engage in speculative or questionable transactions.

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Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

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PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

A chief clerk in Government office in Washington has resigned because he was insulted. It is believed that some one asked him to work.

BETTER THAN QUININE.

Quinine is not only an expensive medicine, it is a harmful one if taken too freely and too often. Of course the world insists on taking great quantities of it for fever and ague. Some persons think nothing else will cure fever and ague. We say positively, and testimonials back us up, that BRANDRETH'S PILLS have often cured bad cases of fever and ague when quinine has failed. BRANDRETH'S PILLS break up the worst attack.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

Words Not Deeds—Fair Client—And is this what you call a deed? Real Estate Lawyer—Yes. Why? Fair Client—It looks more like words.

HOW'S THIS!

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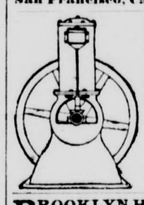

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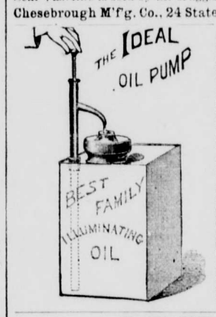

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1891.

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When one of Noah's grandchildren lost a finger in a haycutter or an arm in a buzzsaw, or had an eye put out or a leg cut off, or lost his hair or teeth, he was forced to go without the item thus deducted from his sum total for the rest of his mortal life. It is hard to credit the amount of patching up that may now be accomplished by the advanced processes and inventions of these days.

Suppose that a man has lost all four limbs, his hair, his eyes, his nose, all his teeth and a portion of his palate, and that he has a fractured skull and tubercles on his lungs. The gentleman may also be covered with the pits of an early case of smallpox and may have been presented at his birth with a large mole on his cheek.

First, of course, he will have his head trepanned by some skillful surgeon, and when he has had the tubercles removed from his lungs by a specialist in pulmonary diseases and has recovered from the exhausting effects of these two operations he will be in a proper state to have his eyes attended to. A rabbit is selected whose optics are of a color becoming to the subject, and one of them is transplanted by means of transference. Of course he could hardly expect to have both eyes successfully supplied in this way, but supposing he has good luck and one grows satisfactorily, the other socket, for the sake of beauty and symmetry, will be filled by one of the glass eyes now manufactured to such perfection.

GETTING LIMBS, ETC.

His next proceeding will be to call in a maker of artificial limbs and be measured for a full suit of arms and legs.

If the patient is fortunate enough to have one arm down to the wrist, he will be supplied with a hand with which he can manage to write a little and feed himself quite perfectly. His lower limbs will convey him from place to place, not very gracefully, to be sure, but still as well as many merely lame legs convey their owners, and which, sitting or resting, will present, perhaps, a more symmetrical appearance than the originals they have succeeded.

The once total wreck is still bald, toothless and disfigured with pockmarks and a mole. An artificial set of teeth, quite as good as the original article and incapable of aching, will be supplied by any good dentist, and the missing portion of the palate also will be furnished. Then the hair would naturally be his next thought.

He may have hair or portions of scalp transplanted to the uncovered cranium. But this is a long and painful process, so we will suppose that the subject contents himself with a wig. Fortunately in these days wigs are made which are entirely deceptive, and so far as appearance goes look quite as well as nature's own production. The writer of these lines has shared a room with the wearer of such a wig for several days and was not aware that his companion's Hyperion locks were not the proper growth of the head they adorned until in a burst of confidence the truth was revealed.

HOW THE VICTIM MAY APPEAR.

The beauty seeker next goes to that artist of recent growth, the "dermatologist," who first destroys his mole by "electrosis" and then gets to work on the pockmarks. These are smoothed by a disintegrating process, which loosens up the fibrous structure of the scars and smooths down the whole face by a sort of planing method.

He is still disfigured by the want of a nose, certainly a most important lack in a human countenance. This feature may now be supplied by surgery by transplanting a fold of flesh from some living arm, which is held near the face to be repaired until a portion of the fold has grown fast in its new situation, and then is wholly separated from the arm and forms a fairly satisfactory nasal appendage.

Here the former human wreck may walk about the streets or call upon his feminine acquaintances quite capable of appreciating their charms, for he has one available eye. He may smile also, for his molars and incisors are now plentiful and of pearly whiteness, and though his nose may be a trifle pudding-like and lack Grecian symmetry of line, his delicate complexion and luxuriant hair largely compensate for this trifling defect.

He will never, of course, be a satisfactory partner in the waltz, but his dignified repose and symmetrical limbs must make him an ornament to the reception and conversazione.

Thus while the vital organs remain within the trunk and the gray matter of the brain is intact a man need not despair, and surgeons believe that we may soon expect to see the ill furnished cranium supplied with such qualities as it lacks, and poets, painters, inventors and philosophers manufactured out of the raw material of the idiot ward and the stage door contingent.—New York World.

A Hard Case.

A Fort street car which was traveling the northerly end of its route was hailed by a bareheaded and excited housewife, who said to the conductor as the car came to a stop.

"Oh, sir, you and the driver and all the passengers come into my house as quick as you can!"

"What's the matter?"

"It's perfectly awful, sir. I opened the stair door and a mouse ran into the sitting room, and he's there yet. That's my daughter crying in the back yard, and that's the poor baby yelling in the kitchen, and bring your revolver and a club and"——

The conductor rang two bells and the car rolled on.—Detroit Free Press.

AWAKE WHEN NEEDED.

Lively Work by a Stupid Looking Man When Every Second Counted.

We had come down from a Virginia watering place in the mountains to a small railroad station on the banks of Cheat river. The tracks could be seen for about half a mile either way, and the roadbed ran within six feet of the bank. There was nothing to see but a plain building, a water tank and a man seated on a box with his back to the building and sound asleep. We sat down on a rock on the opposite side of the track for a smoke, and had been quiet for two or three minutes when the sleeping man suddenly sprang to his feet with a yell.

We hadn't heard the slightest noise to alarm him, neither had any of us given him a start, but as he sprang down the track and looked up and down we heard that queer noise which the rails give out when the train is approaching.

There was a switch there running alongside the platform, but the rusty rails showed that it was seldom used. The lever to throw it was a hundred feet above us. At the lower end a tie was placed across the rails.

As we looked up the track we saw two runaway freight cars coming down at a wild pace. As we looked down the track we saw the day express coming around a curve. We did not stir a foot, but the man who had slept in the sun ran to the bar and threw it over. Then he ran to the end of the switch and slewed the tie around diagonally. He did not have time to move thirty feet before the cars ran upon the switch with an awful clatter, traveled its length in two seconds, and as the wheels struck the tie the cars toppled over to the left and made one long jump into the river, splashing water fifty feet high as they struck. They were floating away as the express pulled in.

"What's the matter?" asked the conductor.

"Oh, nothing; I just switched those cars into the river," replied the man.

Never a passenger on that train knew what had happened. The man's quick wit had saved an awful calamity, yet he was the stupidest looking man you ever saw holding a position.—Detroit Free Press.

The Deadly Car Strap.

Danger, danger everywhere, and no one knows how much. It seems as though the most ordinary actions of our lives were fraught with peril. The latest thing that the ignorant public must be warned against is the innocent looking street car strap. It is filled with very venom. It is a spreader of disease, a means of contagion. One of our most eminent local scientists has said so.

Here are his words: "I have been examining street car straps under the microscope lately, and I find them filled with thousands of bacteria that might easily spread disease. These straps are clutched daily by thousands of people, and it may be readily imagined that some of these people have easily transmitted skin diseases. I haven't any doubt that the street car strap is frequently the transmitter of such diseases. It therefore behooves street car passengers to be careful about seizing hold of these straps. I believe them to be excessively dangerous."

Who will not say that this is another reason for the street railroad company to put on more cars during the busy parts of the day, and thus do away with the necessity of balancing one's self in crowded cars by means of these same fatal straps?—Buffalo Express.

When Letters Weigh Most.

Not long ago I mailed several letters, with circulars inclosed, and put what I supposed was sufficient postage on. To my annoyance I was notified next morning that the whole batch was held for postage. I went round to the post-office, and was informed that each envelope and its contents weighed just enough to turn the scale, and that I must in consequence pay the extra postage. At my request one of the letters was weighed on the official scales, and instead of being over it turned out to be a fraction under weight.

But my triumph was short lived, for I was informed that the weight when mailed was what had to be charged on, and the letter weighed more the preceding night than then. The explanation as to the loss in weight was that the letter had been copied and mailed damp, subsequently giving off quite an appreciable weight by evaporation. Now I insist on letters being copied as early in the day as possible, and on every package being weighed in the office. I don't mind paying for dampness, but I hate to have valuable mail matter held on a mere technicality.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mixed Metaphor.

An exquisite figure of speech was used by a shining light in an impromptu address the other evening.

"You may think you can do it," he said, with an impressive gesture, referring to a certain line of policy, "but you will soon find you have an elephant that you will not be able to accomplish."

The remainder of the speech was lost in a burst of applause.—Nebraska State Journal.

Not Easily Discouraged.

De Dude (buying a cane)—I sa-ay, mah good man, this cane won't do. The handle is too big for mah mouth.

Dealer—It's the exact size worn by the Prince of Wales, sir.

De Dude—Aw! Wait a bit. I'll go to a surgeon's and see if I can have mah mouth stwetched.—Good News.

THE DYKES OF HOLLAND.

How the Dutch Protect their Land.

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

Patching a Leak with Straw Mats.—The Alarm Bell.

A certain zealous dame is said to have once attempted to sweep the ocean away with a broom. The Dutch have been wiser than this. They are slow and deliberate people. Desperation may use brooms, but deliberation prefers clay and solid masonry. So, slowly and deliberately, the dykes, those great hill-like walls of cement and stone, have risen to breast the buffeting waves. And the funny part of it is they are so skillfully slanted and paved on the outside with flat stones that the efforts of the thumping waves to beat them down only make them all the firmer!

These Holland dykes are among the wonders of the world. I cannot say for how many miles they stretch along the coast and throughout the interior; but you may be sure that wherever a dyke is necessary to keep back the encroaching waters there it is. Otherwise nothing would be there, at least nothing in the form of land; nothing but a fearful illustration of the principal law of hydrostatics: Water always seeks its level.

Sometimes the dikes, however carefully built, will "spring a leak," and if not attended to at once terrible results are sure to follow. In threatened places guards are stationed at intervals and a steady watch is kept up night and day. At the first signal of danger every Dutchman within hearing of the startling bell is ready to rush to the rescue. When the weak spot is discovered, what do you think is used to meet the emergency? What but straw—everywhere else considered the most helpless of all things in water! Yet straw, in the hands of the Dutch, has a will of its own. Woven into huge mats and securely pressed against the embankment, it defies even a rushing tide, eager to sweep over the country.

These dikes form almost the only perfectly dry land to be seen from the ocean side. They are high and wide, with fine carriage roads on top, sometimes lined with buildings and trees. Lying on one side of them, and nearly on a level with the edge, is the sea, lake, canal or river, as the case may be; on the other the flat fields stretching damply along at their base, so that cottage roofs sometimes are lower than the shining line of the water.

Frogs squatting on the shore can take quite a bird'seye view of the landscape, and little fish wriggle their tails higher than the tops of the willows near by. Horses look complacently down upon the bell towers, and men in skiffs and canal boats sometimes know when they are passing their friend Dirk's cottage only by seeing the smoke from its chimney, or perhaps by the cart wheel that he has perched upon the peak of its overhanging thatched roof, in the hope that some stork will build her nest there and so bring good luck.—Mary Mapes Dodge in St. Nicholas.

M. Coquelin's Real Snores.

He must feel, but he must guide and check his feelings as a skillful rider curbs and guides a fiery horse, for he has a double part to play; merely to feel himself is not enough; he has to make others feel, and this he cannot do without the exercise of restraint. Let me make use of an instance afforded me by M. Coquelin himself.

Once, he says, he was tired before he came on the stage, and falling sound asleep when feigning sleep, he snored real snores instead of feigned ones. The result was, he tells us, that he never snored so badly. Naturally so, since he had lost control of the steed of feeling by the fact of his sleeping, and so it ran away and carried him he knew not where; but had M. Coquelin at some time in his experience shed real tears, while at the same time in full possession of his waking faculties, and had he been able to guide those tears into the channel that his artistic sense told him to be the right one, then we should not have heard that the audience found those real tears less effective than tears wholly feigned and the product of intellect rather than of feeling.—Salvini in Century.

The Average Congressman Is Poor.

To the average congressman $5,000 a year is considerable money. I would not like to say that there are any gentlemen in congress who do not attach more importance to the honor of a seat in the national legislature than they do to the amount of salary they are paid for their services. Still, I have good reason for saying that there are more men in congress who manage to save something out of their salaries than there are of those who practically never touch their allowances as congressmen.

There are several men now in the house who live during the session of congress upon the amounts that they receive as mileage and what they are allowed with which to purchase stationery. At home it does not cost them any ready money for their expenses, or if it does they are able to make sufficient to meet them. Consequently these congressmen are able to save the $10,000 they receive during their term of office.—John Quin in New York Telegram.

A Mastodon's Tooth.

Dr. H. Miles Cochrane, of Houlton, Me., has on exhibition at his dental rooms an extremely rare curiosity. It is the tooth of a mastodon, known as such, according to Dr. Cochrane, from the conical projections upon its surface, and showing it to belong to a vegetable eating animal akin to the elephant. It was discovered in the earth about five feet from the surface of the ground by a man engaged in excavating for a cellar to a house in Monticello. The tooth is about thirteen inches in circumference.—Kennebec Journal.

Stalked by a Panther.

Ralph Flynn, a rancher living at Wayne, on the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern railway, has had a dangerous encounter with a panther and narrowly escaped the claws of the beast.

Flynn started hunting early one morning, taking with him a Winchester rifle of the latest patent, which he had just bought and had not learned to handle with skill. He was looking principally for deer, and had gone about five miles through a deep thicket when he came suddenly upon the partially devoured carcass of a sheep, which had evidently fallen a prey to a panther. Remembering reports of sheep having been killed by wild animals in his neighborhood, Flynn hastened on, nerving himself for a tussle with a cougar or some equally fierce beast. With the assurance that his gun was prepared he cautiously eyed every nook as he passed, occasionally seeing fresh tracks of varmints.

Flynn traveled on about two miles in this manner without success, and gave up the chase on that line. He had just turned to retrace his steps when his eye caught what seemed to be a dog's head peering at him over a log. A second look proved to Flynn that it was a panther instead of a dog. Taking deliberate aim, Flynn rested his rifle against a tree and fired at the animal's head. The ball only stunned the brute, which, with a crazy leap, made toward Flynn. The latter's delay in reloading on account of the new patent nearly proved fatal to himself, as the panther was within twenty feet of him when he shot it dead between the eyes. The brute was between Flynn and the sheep's carcass, and had followed him by its keen scent for two miles.

It measured nine feet from tip to tip, and its hide is now a trophy highly prized by Flynn.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Love Laughs at Zero.

I blew across the Brooklyn bridge one night and wondered at my own temerity.

In those breezy spaces it was as cold as man's ingratitude. It seemed to me as if my spine were the tube of a thermometer, and that the pith and marrow thereof was a very frozen mercury. I marked time at the double quick, let me tell you, in an attempt to get away from my chills, and decided that aerial promenades were far more seasonable in June than in December.

In the dark recesses of the New York pier I beheld them sitting in a corner. She was very dear to him apparently, for he held her closer than a flapjack to an ungreased griddle, and I surmised that masculine propinquity was very much to her taste also from the way she cuddled and snuggled and rubbed her red lips against his mustaches. The wind curled and swirled around them, but did not appear to touch them, and they were so warm and comfortable in their corner that they almost seemed to radiate the heat, and I was tempted to stop and warm my hands at them.

"I never see the like," said the gray coated defender of the bridge, stamping his feet to keep them warm. "It don't make no odds how bad the night, they're always here from 8 to 12. They seem so pleased and comfortable like that I hain't the heart to tell them to move on. In fact, it kinder seems to take the chill off to watch 'em. But how they keep so warm is a mys-terry to me. Ah, love, love, yer as queer as Boston beans. There's no fathomin' ye. A hug and a kiss is better nor a conflagration."

How the Conductor Settled It.

Everybody is familiar with the spectacle of two women in a street car endeavoring to pay one another's fare, but it remained for an energetic Brooklyn conductor the other day to take the matter in his own hands and straighten out the snarl. As usual, when the two were seated each plunged for her purse, which receptacles were brought out with mutual protests. No. 1 got out her coin, a dime, saying complacently, "It's all ready, my dear." But No. 2 had a quarter which she "really wanted changed." So it went on while the conductor stood before them waiting for some decision. None came and he grew impatient. He counted out some change in each hand. "Let me have your dime, please," he said to No. 1, and she obediently handed it over. Then he put out his hand to No. 2, who gave him her quarter, not understanding what was coming. Then quickly to No. 1 he handed a nickel, and to No. 2 twenty cents in change before either of the women discovered his intention, and walked off to the platform muttering something that probably would not look well in print.—New York Times.

Wouldn't Ben Franklin Stare!

Globular lightning can be produced with so called statical electricity, obtained from an influence machine. Two thin brass wire points from the poles of a powerful machine being held at a certain distance from the opposite sides of an insulated plate of mica, ebonite, glass or the like, there appear small red luminous balls, which move about, now quickly, now slowly, and are sometimes still. Even better effects were had with a glass or paper disk which had been sprayed with paraffine. Small quantities of liquid or dust seem to be the carriers of the light. A slight air current makes the spherules disappear with hissing noise.—New York Journal.

A Time for Everything.

A Bucks county man drifted into a Market street eating house and ordered fried eggs. The waiter promptly formed a speaking tube of his hands and bawled to the dim distance, "Adam an' Eve wid de sunny side up." Rapping with his fork handle on the table the patron said emphatically, "I don't want any of that Sunday school kid-din'; I want a meal." A neighbor's explanation averted a tiff.—Philadelphia Record.

Very True.

Miss Monroe (of Pittsburg)—The bare thought of the fair being a failure makes me shiver.

Miss Beacon Streete (of Boston)—Yes, the nude in perspective of non-success is certainly chilling.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE PEOPLE'S KITCHEN.

One of the Conveniences of Switzerland.

A BLESSING TO THE WORKING PEOPLE.

Public School Children Furnished with Soup Gratuitously.

During my recent vacation I had an opportunity of visiting one of the "Cuisines Populaires" that are coming to be a peculiar feature of some industrial centers in Switzerland. In 1877, while a socialistic congress was in session at Chaux-le-Fonds, near Neuchatel, one of the speakers said: "All the arguments in the world will not have as much effect on the working man as a good plate of hot soup." These seed were sown on good ground, for a month later the first popular kitchen was opened, and similar institutions are now to be found in other parts of Switzerland. The aim of these kitchens is to supply working people with good wholesome food at cost price. They are not charitable institutions in any sense of the word, nor do they depend on contributions from the rich, nor on subsidies from the state, in order to keep them going. They are joint stock concerns, but in order to interest the largest number of persons possible in their success the value of the shares is fixed at a minimum sum.

The one I visited has a capital of 10,000 francs, 7,000 francs of which has been paid in, and the shares are held by very nearly 7,000 persons. It owns the building it occupies, which, though by no means palatial, is amply sufficient for the purpose. On the ground floor there are two dining rooms, large enough to accommodate from 600 to 650 persons, a smaller one for women, a waiting room and an office. The establishment is run on a strictly cash basis, but instead of paying with money customers settle by means of checks, which can be purchased in any quantities, and it is not unusual for workmen to purchase these checks in sufficient quantities to last them a month. The kitchens are all located in the basement, where is also the "cantine," a branch of the institution about which I shall say more presently. The bill of fare and the prices are the same in all the dining rooms. Three meals are served up in close succession, and as no one is allowed to remain at table after he has finished his repast the institution is able to feed about 1,800 people daily.

Between meal hours food can be had by any who want it, but no wine is ever served except when accompanied with food. The prices charged are as follows: Soup, one quart, 3 cents; half quart, 2 cents; meat, boiled or roast, one-fifth of a pound if the latter, a trifle more if the former, 5 cents; a ration of vegetables, 2 cents; wine, 2 cents a glass, 3 cents per half pint or 12 cents for a litre; a ration of bread, 1 cent. So you see a person can have a square meal, composed of bread, meat, vegetables and a glass of wine (and I may add that this latter article is of a good quality and sold pure), for 12 cents. The institution not only supplies its customers with meals, but also sells them cooked food to carry away with them. This branch of the bureau is conducted at the cantine, where prices for bread and meat are the same as in the dining rooms, but the portions are one-tenth larger, and two portions of vegetables are sold for 3 cents.

Cuisines populaires also furnish the public schools of the town with soup gratuitously and with bread at cost price. The managing committee are supplied with a certain number of checks that they can give away as they please, and all the food left over at the end of each day is distributed to the poor. The cuisine is managed by a board of directors who form three committees, charged respectively with looking after the wine, food and furniture. The employes are few in number: a stewardess, who receives a salary of 1,200 francs a year; a female cashier and cook, each of whom is paid 65 francs a month, and some girls to wait on table, who are paid 25 francs monthly. In addition to their wages all the employes are fed of course, and those who are only employed a few hours each day can gain the rest of their time in factories.—Henry Haynie in New Orleans Picayune.

An Editor's Fairness.

That editors are heartless beings—ever regardful of themselves, always regardless of the author—has become almost a proverb in the minds of hundreds of literary people, especially those whose editorial experience is limited. Once in a while an instance leaks out which shows the fallacy of this belief, and the following is such a one:

Quite a well known author not long ago sent a poem to a prominent magazine. The poem was duly read, accepted, and a generous check was sent the author, who was thoroughly satisfied with the amount paid. The poem was laid by for a while, when it was again read by the editor, this time with a view to illustration. The merit of the verses not only again appealed to the editor, but so strikingly did it impress itself upon him at a second reading that he had another check made out and forwarded to the author, with a note saying that the editor felt the previous amount insufficient with the striking merit of the work.

The cynical mind will say, "Yes, but such a course is exceptional." Not at all, my friend, only the instances do not come to light. Who is the editor in this case? Well, I will give the names: Mr Alden, of Harper's Magazine; the author Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and the poem, "The Quaker Lady."—Edward W. Bok's Letter.

Getting Along Easy.

"There is nothing like letting other people exert themselves for you," sighed a tall, spare gentleman as he followed in the wake of a portly individual as they passed through the swinging doors at the postoffice corridor. The portly gentleman hurled himself against the door with a bang, and as it swung back the gentleman behind him passed out without lifting his hands from his overcoat pockets.—New York Times.

Competition in Marriage Fees.

The marriage license fee in Quebec is $8. As a lower charge is made in the United States many couples living near the boundary line cross the border to get united. In all probability the Quebec charge will be reduced to meet the foreign competition.—Toronto Mail.

Novel Ideas in Textiles.

There has recently been brought forward by a German chemist a method for rendering fabrics proof against the ravages of decay for an indefinite period. With this process it is said that, no matter how delicate the texture or color of the fabric may be, its long life is assured.

The inventor took his ideas from the fact that he learned that the wonderful state of preservation exhibited by the headbands of Egyptian mummies was due to their having been impregnated with a kind of resin. Acting upon this information the chemist made experiments with the substance extracted from birch bark, and he found that the green tar left over after the oil used in tanning had been extracted from the white bark of the birch tree yields a substance neither acid nor alkaloid.

This, in solution with alcohol, forms a liquid with the power of resisting, after once becoming dry, even the action of alcohol itself, and it is claimed possesses the property of making textile fabrics apparently imperishable as far as decay is concerned. And a great point claimed for it is that it readily unites with the most delicate as well as brilliant colors.

Perhaps the most novel idea in the textile line is that of an Englishman named Stillbers, who, it is said, has actually made a cloth of spiders' webs, which has been employed for purposes of surgery. A gentleman traveling through the country who recently stopped in Washington stated that this man Stillbers had gone quite extensively into this spiderweb cloth making.—Interview in Washington Post.

Excused for Being Hungry.

It is not often that politeness is used as legal tender and a means of defense at the same time, but it can be worked successfully in the hands of the proper persons. One night a weak, miserable looking old man, with straggling gray hair, gaunt eyed and hungry, wandered into the little restaurant at the corner of C and Eleventh streets, kept by "Billy" Robertson.

The old man sat down at a table and swallowed four big bowls of strong soup in rapid succession, and then tackled a robust layout of corned beef and cabbage, after which he topped off the load with a cut of pumpkin pie. When he had finished the waiter laid a check beside his plate. Taking his check the old fellow approached the counter and whispered to the proprietor:

"Say, will you excuse me?"

"Excuse you for what?"

"I haven't any money."

Billy put on a fierce front and made a movement as if to throw the polite old man into the street.

"Please don't hit me," he exclaimed in alarm. "I just got out of a hospital, where I didn't get enough to eat, and I've been sick, too. I haven't any money to pay with, and I do hope you will excuse me."

The restaurant man could only comply with this modest request, and the polite old man was then and there excused.—Tacoma Ledger.

Chewing Gum.

A correspondent inquires whether the use of chewing gum is really beneficial, as some persons have asserted.

The opinion has one plausible argument in its favor. The saliva is an important digestive fluid. On it depends the digestion of all starchy substances—bread, mush, potatoes and the like. It is for this reason that thorough mastication of such foods is necessary in order that the saliva may be duly mixed with their particles. For the same reason it is better to eat bread dry than to moisten it, and dry bread is practically easier of digestion than mush, which is often swallowed without sufficient mastication.

Now, as the saliva is copiously secreted in gum chewing, it might be thought that the stomach would thus be aided in the digestion of starchy fod, but just here comes in another physiological fact, namely, that the saliva loses its digestive power very soon after entering the stomach, being neutralized by the action of the gastric juice.—Youth's Companion.

Insanity Proven.

Family Physician—You say you are alarmed about your husband?

Anxious Wife—Dreadfully. I'm sure his reason is tottering on its throne.

F. P.—What are the symptoms?

A. W.—In the first place, poor dear John wants to—to run for congress.

F. P.—This is serious.

A. W.—And then only yesterday he wanted me to invite mother to spend a whole year with us.

F. P.—This is conclusive. I'll be ready to sign his commitment whenever you wish.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Big Bells in Russia.

The Russians eclipse all other nations in the magnitude of their scale of bell founding. An immense bell, weighing over 100 tons, was founded in Moscow in the early part of the eighteenth century. It was 20 yards in circumference and 23 inches thick. During a fire in the same year a piece weighing eleven tons was broken out, and for nearly a century the bell remained sunk in the earth. It was then excavated, and now forms the dome of a chapel which has been built beneath it.—New York Ledger.

"Elsie" is but one of the many derivatives from Elizabeth, and stands in the same category as Bessie, Lizzie, etc. Elizabeth is from the Hebrew, and means "worshiper of God" or "consecrated to God."

FIGHT WITH AN OCTOPUS.

A Terrific Battle with a Devil Fish.

A MONSTER WITH SEVEN FOOT TENACLES

It's Terrible Strength.—How it was Killed.

Three young men aged about 18 years had an exciting encounter with an octopus, or devil fish, under the old wharf belonging to the Myers Canning company, at West Seattle. It resulted in the frightful creature being killed after a fearful struggle. It was necessary to sever completely every one of the horrible creature's tentacles from its body before it gave up the struggle. The fight was witnessed by quite a number of spectators.

The boys were fishing for tomcod from the front of the wharf when they noticed a considerable commotion in the water under the wharf. One of them, Dick Smith, took a long pole and climbed under the wharf, to find out, if possible, the cause of the disturbance. He had not gone far when in the semi-gloom he discovered a strange shape and saw a pair of small eyes glaring at him. In his fright he poked at the animal with his pole, but to his horror and amazement it was wrenched from his hand as easily as though it had been a straw.

Young Smith gave a frightened yell and climbed to the top of the wharf to give the alarm. Several boys, arming themselves with poles and spades, climbed down under the wharf to investigate this marine monster and if possible capture it.

After the eyes of the boys had become accustomed to the gloom they beheld to their wonder and surprise that the creature with which they had to deal was a huge devil fish, lashing the water into foam with its merciless arms, which were spread out for a distance of about seven feet in every direction.

The boys attacked the creature with poles and spades. One boy made a strike at the animal, cutting it slightly with a spade. The infuriated creature seized the spade in its grasp and threw it far out among the piles.

The fight continued for some time, the animal seizing everything that was thrust at him. Several times one of the boys narrowly missed being caught and drawn beneath the surface by the monster of the deep.

At length, by a united pull at several poles which the octopus has seized in his blind rage, he was drawn from the water, but even then he kept up the fight with unabated fury, striking viciously at everything within reach.

One after another the tentacles were severed from the frightfully misshapen body. Even after the last arm had been severed the animal did not give up the fight, and when any one approached it, glared at them and caused its body to quiver in a manner that induced a thrill of fear to run over the beholder, even with a knowledge that it was harmless.

The devil fish was finally dispatched with a spade. The arms were carried away by the several boys who had severed them as trophies of the fight, but the body remained on the ground and was viewed by many people during the remainder of the afternoon.—Seattle Press.

Letters as Metaphors.

Some curious examples of the use of letters as metaphors may be found in the works of Lightfoot and Wetstein. We often hear of a person having a "stigma upon him." A stigma was formerly the branding iron used by the Greeks for marking their criminals. It was in shape not unlike a small figure five (5), and was usually applied upon the forehead, cheek or back of the hand, where it would not fail to be noticed. The Hebrews are said to have used their final letter, tau, for a similar purpose (see Ezek. ix, 4). In the Talmud it is fabled that the Book of Deuteronomy came and prostrated itself before God and said:

"O Lord of the universe, thou hast written in me thy law, but if a testament is defective in some parts it is defective in all. Behold, Solomon endeavors to root the letter job out of me. Neither shall he multiply wives" (see Talmud, Sanhed., xx, 2. Bible Deut. xvii, 17). "Then," says the Talmud, "the holy blessed God answered, 'Solomon and a thousand such as he shall perish, but the least letter shall not perish out of thee."—St. Louis Republic.

How Animals Die.

That beasts and birds go aside from their comrades to suffer the extreme trials of death is a pathetic fact not generally known. Whales come ashore when they feel ill, so that the waves may dash out the life that is fast ebbing away—deliberate cases of suicide, you will say. Sometimes, no doubt, their friends desert them. The healthy ones feel that the companionship of an enfeebled individual is a possible source of danger. Or it may be that the sight of death is intolerable to them, just as it has been to many human races. Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that in the animal world, as a rule, creatures go away and die by themselves; the denizens of the water commit what might be called suicide by leaving their own elements for one in which they cannot exist.—St. Louis Republic.

His Crowning Effort.

"Ah, Lionel, that poem is beautiful!"

"Yes, Agatha, it is the crowning effort of my life."

"And, Lionel—my Lionel! It will bring you fame, eternal fame, will it not?"

"Yes, Agatha—and perhaps $2."—Life.

Pleased with the Compliment.

Stranger (perforce obliged to take dinner at Aunt Dinah's)—Aunty, these pies are not the kind my mother used to make.

Aunt Dinah (very much pleased)—No, indeed, sah, I spec's not. Will yo' hab anudder piece?—New York Sun.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY APRIL 24 ..... 1891.

The fact that Germany is paying a small premium for gold, and that Russia is also making strenuous efforts to increase her stock of the yellow metal, has an ominous look, and is some justification for the fear felt in Europe that a conflict may be immediate.

The late P. T. Barnum was the greatest advertiser the world has yet produced. It is estimated that in the last twenty years he spent upward of $3,000,000 in newspaper advertisements. He understood the benefits to be derived from such expenditures, and made them pay to a remarkable extent.

The sending to the front of a large force of British troops shows how serious the situation in Manipur is. Britain's hold on India is one built on conquest and maintained by force. She cannot afford to allow the wave of rebellion to gain much headway for fear it might roll through the most populous and valuable of her possessions.

Two carloads of green peas and a carload of apples were shipped east from Los Angeles last Sunday. This is probably the first carload of apples that was ever sent east from Los Angeles. It is not generally known that at the New Orleans exposition the Los Angeles apples carried off the sweep-stakes and most of the other premiums. It had usually been supposed, prior to that, that this region was not specially adapted to the growth of this delicious fruit. Thus is dispelled another of the bizarre illusions as to that section.

The Homestake mine, in the Black Hills, of which the late Senator Hearst was the principle owner, is generally supposed to be the richest gold mine in the world. For fourteen years the company has never missed paying a dividend, and each month from $150,000 to $200,000 in gold is taken out. The vein is 300 feet wide and about two miles in length, and there is enough ore in sight to keep all the mills busy for the next twenty years.

Depew is accepted as the post-prandial orator of America. Blaine is the magnetic man of the Republican party. Harrison has about made up his mind to be the presidential platform orator. He and his amiable wife are rapidly approaching us. Angelenos are determined to receive Mrs. Harrison with enthusiasm., and they are also resolved that the Presedential Office shall be greeted with the respect which its great and exceptional dignity merit. The shriekers of the "bloody shirt" must really feel ashamed when they note the splendid reception which the President is accorded everywhere in the South. This is not manworship. It is respect for the highest constitutional dignity on earth.—HERALD.

Reformation in the immigration laws should be begun by a rigid shutting out of criminals and paupers. That is already to some extent attempted, but it should be made more thorough. Then there should be a further qualification; every immigrant should be required to possess some education; technical or otherwise, from which he can derive a support. Finally, we believe that Hungarians, Italians and such like should be shut out entirely. We are no longer in need of immigration to develop our Western country. The South still needs and desires a substantial class of white immigrants, but immigration nowhere is now to be sought after as it once was. The time has come when the immigrant should ask permission to come, and then that permission should be granted only to the worthy. Such occurrences as those in New Orleans and Mt. Pleasant, Pa., prove this to be true, and the matter cannot too soon be pressed on the attention of Congress.

The Law Is No Good.

The Ohio law which demands that all executions be conducted in prison and between midnight and daylight was intended to suppress newspaper particulars; but in this it is a grand failure. Full particulars are always to be obtained by a hustler. If there can be any cruelty in hanging a murderer it is certainly cruel to rouse him up at midnight to walk to his death.—Detroit Free Press.

Women of fashion to whom economy is an unknown word wear black tights for which they pay from $5 to $12 a pair in silk and from $3 to $9 in fine jersey or cashmere wool. A garment of this sort is hosiery and suit in one piece and gives the wearer a freedom and grace to which there is nothing comparable in the petticoat line. With a silk slip and a tailor made suit the outfit is perfect.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE'S SCHEME TO HELP WOMEN WHO NEED IT.

The Time to Be Careful—In a Good Work. Poor Anna Dickinson—A Costly Dress. Dinner Table Novelties—The Lukewarm Bath—She Wants an Asp.

As the immortal Lydia Pinkham of the perennial smile says, "Woman sympathizes with woman," and it is doubtless this tender feeling which has induced Mrs. Frank Leslie to make a will bequeathing a large portion of her fortune for the purpose of founding an institution for her poorer sisters.

"I have not yet decided exactly what form my woman's institute shall take," she says. "I want to supply that lack in woman's life which is so large a factor in the life of a man—the ability to get the best facilities for improvement, relaxation and home life at cost price. Perhaps I want my woman's institute to be a woman's club, where my artist women can have their studios and my literary women the very best of instruction and companionship."

This is a very laudable scheme, but it has its dangers. Philanthropy on so large a scale needs the shrewdest management to be made successful. Mrs. Leslie should remember the terrible failure of A. T. Stewart's post mortem generosity to the working women and profit by it. If her scheme takes the shape of an institution to help young women who are artists it will be of great assistance to a class of persons whose opportunities for study are in this country comparatively small.

Women artists need help much more than literary women, for the latter have plenty of opportunities for self improvement now, and for the exercise of their craft the newspapers offer them chances which they never before have enjoyed. However, any plan which tends to make the condition of women in cities easier than it is at present is to be commended, for their lot at present, though much better than it was fifty years ago, is by no means an ideal one.—New York Telegram.

The Time to Be Careful.

Now is the season above all others for mothers carefully to watch their flock—especially the older children, who have had a winter of study and necessarily curtailed exercise; the boys and girls who have had their brains worked while their bodies have remained comparatively inactive all through the winter. Spring examinations, too, are before many a young student, just at the time when they feel the greatest lassitude and disinclination for work. "How I wish I could take them all out of school for a few weeks," said an anxious mother the other day, noting the pale faces and lessening appetites of her children. "We all had to go through it," said the more philosophic parent. "I expect they can stand it—they will have to be educated like every one else."

And that is just the hard part of it in this world! The battle is to the strongest—nothing stops; a week of absence from school or college means harder work later on. Therefore, unless the need is urgent, we cannot take our children out of the treadmill of daily work; but it behooves us to be all the more careful to watch their diet, to see that they have sleep enough and exercise enough, and, if necessary, to give them some tonic adapted to their constitutions and needs.

In old days and even now, probably, in old fashioned families, the inevitable pitcher of bitters appeared every spring on the sideboard, to be partaken of generally by the whole family. Home made and brewed fresh every day, it was to be taken cold, with a little sugar to sweeten it if desired; the ingredients were different, according to the favorite recipe of the house mother, but all excellent and, as the old ladies used to say, "Good for spring sinkin'; and a clearin' of the blood."—New York Tribune.

In a Good Work.

Five years ago a little company of working girls met to talk together of something to brighten the lives of working women. The anniversary of that meeting was held in a club house belonging to a society of working women. The second anniversary was celebrated by a convention of the different clubs formed on the original plan of the first society. The third anniversary united in an association of these working girls' clubs. The fourth celebration of the day convened hundreds of delegates from different states and cities where similar clubs had been formed and united in association.

The latest step is the organization for the purpose of raising and managing a fund known as "The mutual benefit fund of the New York Association of Working Girls' societies," the object of which is to provide for its members in case of illness or death. Any working girl who is a member in good standing of one of the clubs in the New York association is entitled to membership in the new society, and by paying the small dues of twenty-five cents a month will receive in case of sickness $5 each week until her recovery, and $30 in case of her death shall be paid to her surviving relatives.

The officers of this society are Mrs. Gaspar Griswold, president; Mrs. H. Ollesheimer, vice president; Miss Potter, general secretary, and Miss Virginia Furman, general treasurer. There is also a board of managers consisting of representatives appointed from the different clubs, one representative for each twenty members, and the general officers, who have entire control of all the affairs of the society, the supervision of the fund and the payment of its benefits. Like all the working girls' societies, this new society is in no sense a charitable one, but managed on the co-operative plan entirely.—New York World.

Dinner Table Novelties.

Among dinner table novelties every one wants a chafing dish. Castors are coming back and pickle dishes are going out. So are finger bowls, alas! Wine glasses are changed at every course. The menu of a grand dinner this week was printed on half dollars. Ice cream glasses are retained as souvenirs by the guests at some entertainments. Favors which are given at dinners, etc., in some cases assume gigantic proportions, viewed financially. I went into a novelty studio on Fifth avenue one day to price some pretty butterflies, intending to take home a dozen and a half to grace a certain occasion that evening. I found that the "cute little things" were sixty dollars a dozen.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Press.

Poor Anna Dickinson.

"There is an impression abroad," said a well known lyceum manager who has directed the lecture tours of some of the most celebrated men and women of the latter half of this century, "that Anna Dickinson is an old woman. This is far from true. Anna Dickinson began her career when she was a mere child—not more than fourteen or fifteen. She is now about forty, in the prime of life. Her present illness might, I think, be traced to various causes. The principal one, in my opinion, is her failure on the stage of a few years ago. Her manner of lecturing was so forcible and dramatic that some injudicious friends of hers thought she could have even a greater success as an actress than she had as a public speaker. Now that was poor logic, as they found out.

"There is a vast difference between the platform and the stage. But if there is any quality that Anna Dickinson possessed to a marked degree it was persistency. She was determined to succeed, but the public and the press wouldn't have it. Her performance of male parts was jeered at. Her 'Hamlet' was denounced as a feeble imitation of Booth's.

"Her first play, the 'Crown of Thorns,' was very well received, and if her health had not gone back on her she might now repeat that success sometime, for she has lately been at work writing a new drama. Poor Anna! She was a great woman in her day, and she has had a great career. I believe that if she recovers from her present trouble she may do something yet which will show that her career isn't by any means ended."—New York Telegram.

She Caught an Editor Napping.

A very bright little woman who writes well and often for the magazines has caught an editor napping, and a more jubilant woman I have never seen. She just seems to revel in her conquest. Not long ago the editor sent her a commission to write an article on a given topic. She accepted, and in a fortnight forwarded the manuscript. Back came a letter from the editor saying that she had not treated the subject as he wished, and, with some suggestions, asked her to rewrite the article. She was disappointed, but with her disappointment came an idea. "Now I will test my theory that there are editors who are not so sharp as people imagine," said my lady, and forthwith she prepared to put her scheme to trap her editorial friend in motion.

She allowed her manuscript to lie in her desk for one month, then, untouched and without a single revision, had the manuscript transferred by the typewriter. With a sweet and gracious little note the manuscript, in its new form, went back to the editor with the single query, "Is this more to your idea of what the article should be?"

In two days came back the response, "The article, as revised, is exactly in accordance with my ideas, which I am glad I was successful in making known to you." Oh, that woman! Her life has been sunshine after that day. She has caught a prominent editor napping, and the height of her ambition seems to be reached.—Edward W. Bok's Letter.

A Costly Dress.

I was shown a dress made for the czarina in Paris. It was composed of a short train, corsage and high Medici collar in stamped velvet. The pattern in relief was of a cold, pearl gray, and the ground of a pinkish gray, of a tender hue, which, however, will have its full value in electric light. The front part of the skirt followed in hue the gray of the velvet flowers, and was trimmed in diagonal curves, with five rows of pink and gray ruches of cut silk. Between the ruches there were bunches of the finest silver thread, looking like thistledown. The upper part of the body had a square cut aperature filled in with pink silk, on which silver braid was vertically applied all over. The stomacher and dorsal peak were outlined with a triple cord of pink silk, gray silk and silver, ending in tassels, which repeated the thistledown effect. The dress had inside the skirts, from the knees down, six rows of fully gathered Valenciennes lace, enlivened with alternate flots of pink and pearl gray narrow ribbon. The flot is made by arranging a ribbon in a quantity of falling loops all held together.—Mrs. Crawford in London Truth.

Where the Men Sew.

A novelty in the way of sewing classes is that which has taken the place of the Mondays aboard the receiving ship Vermont in the Brooklyn navy yard. It is a novelty because the men come, and more than that, they actually work. They thread needles, find thimbles, run the sewing machine, and one or two of them display their navy life training by pronounced skill in closing a seam.

A second feature, which is not usual with these functions, is that the young maids and matrons sew for the heathen to the accompaniment of band music—the navy yard band being stationed in its usual place, whence its melodies float into the captain's cabin, where industry, supplemented with chocolate and cakes, is "at home."

A young woman who is a member of this class admits that when the music becomes too inspiring some pairs of restless feet cease tapping impatient time to a valse or schottische and go whirling about instead, but this aberration of the routine "is merely temporary," she says, "and does not really interfere with the work."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The Lukewarm Bath.

The newest "fad" for the lengthening of days is the lukewarm bath. The human body absorbs a considerable quantity of water in a lukewarm bath, which causes a softening of the tissues. Falconet demonstrated by the scales that a person remaining in the lukewarm bath for an hour absorbs through the skin more than three pounds of water. The bath has a tendency to decrease the number of pulsations and respirations, and consequently arrest the rapidity of the consumption of vitality.—Herald of Health.

The Women Did Not Care.

The Rapid, during her last cruise, had a curious little experience, reminding one of the legendary story of the Sabine fair, who, having once been abducted by bold bad Romans, had no mind to return to their homes. Captain Castle received information that one Goral, a chief in the Solomon islands, had made a raid and carried off ten women. When he arrived at Goral's stronghold, however, he found that the ladies preferred to remain in their new domicile, and were by no means anxious to be rescued.—London World.

Mrs. Stowe and Argyll.

A friend who has just come from the house of Harriet Beecher Stowe tells me that the authoress still retains her physical strength. Each morning she leads the devotions at the breakfast table, praying, reading the Scriptures and singing a hymn. The only time she takes up her pen is to write to some member of the family, but one day in each month is set aside for a letter to the Duke of Argyll, the two writing to each other in alternate months.

Mrs. Stowe's letters to the duke are said to be vigorous, and from them her correspondent gets no idea of her mental health. The two discuss international affairs of all kinds, and even Mrs. Stowe's daughters are ofttimes surprised to see how thorough is their mother's knowledge of every day affairs as she learns of them through such newspapers as she cares to read. The author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is now nearly seventy-nine years old.—New York Letter.

She Wants an Asp.

A taxidermist on Sixth avenue, who also deals in birds and animals, states that the taste for unique pets is steadily growing in New York. He constantly receives orders for such unconventional members of the kingdom of comparative anatomy as frogs, coons, possums, jackdaws and crows, and one woman wrote recently to request that he secure for her "an asp like the one used by Fanny Davenport."—New York News.

Over One Hundred, but Active.

The ladies of Trinity African Methodist Episcopal Zion church, Long Branch, gave a Martha Washington tea party Thursday night. The feature of the party was the impersonation of Martha Washington by Aunt Judy Cummins, who is said to be 111 years old. Mrs. Cummins is spry and enjoys good health. She surprised the young folks by the ease and grace with which she led the grand march.—Newark Advertiser.

Steamed oysters are a nice change and are very appetizing served in their shell. Buy the oysters unopened, wash thoroughly, using a brush or coarse cloth; place them separately in the steamer or in a large sieve put on top a large pot of boiling water. The deep shell must be undermost in order that no juice may be wasted. As soon as the oysters open they are done, and should be served at once, with pepper, salt, butter, etc., to taste.

The daughter of Rev. Dr. Henry Wilson, the assistant rector of St. George's Episcopal church, in New York city, a cultured young woman who has shone in fashionable society, has joined the Salvation Army. This is only the outgrowth of her interest in city mission work, and in donning the simple uniform of the army and subjecting herself to its severe discipline she feels that she is enlarging her circle of usefulness.

People never tire of talking over the late Katherine Wolfe's superb gift to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. She did more than any one man for the museum's valuable collection. She has not only bequeathed thousands of dollars and notable paintings by old and modern masters, but she has left a stated income to be used every year for the purchase of more pictures.

Many of the trained nurses in Bellevue hospital, New York, belong to the Bellevue Guild, a society devoted to the best interests of the profession. The badge consists of a silver cross with "Aye, ever ready!" inscribed on one side and "Bellevue Guild" on the other. Just now the company of mull caps and seersucker gowns is collecting funds for a club house.

Juvenile jewelry, if worn at all, should be extremely simple, and all ornaments set with precious stones are in extremely bad taste. The foolish mothers who send their girls to school loaded with trinkets display, to say the least, very questionable taste, and this custom is apt to foster vanity and a longing for meretricious display.

Among the munificent gifts illustrative of the generosity of American women may be mentioned the $50,000 donation of Mrs. Leland Stanford to the Kindergarten Association of San Francisco, and the same amount given by Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt for the erection of a mission building in New York city.

There is a lady in New York who at present is earning a salary of $5,000 a year teaching fashion how to play a scientific game of whist. Two or three other teachers have all they can do instructing classes in the Ladies' New York club.

All the widows of distinguished men seem to be engaged in writing about them. Among the number are Mrs. Custer, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

She Was Dazzled.

They tell a good story at the expense of Col. Moore, one of the members of the Everett Piano company, and no one enjoys it better than he does. While he was a resident of Colorado some years ago he was appointed a member of the staff of Governor Grant, and on the day the governor was inaugurated the staff appeared in resplendent uniforms, that of Col. Moore being further embellished with the medals he had won for distinguished bravery in the Crimean war, for he had served there when a mere lad.

The colonel is a large, handsome man, and with his uniform and medals is pretty apt to make considerable of a display. On this occasion, when the inauguration was over, he called upon a friend while still in uniform. A little girl answered the bell, and as she went back into the house with eyes wide open in astonishment her mother asked, "Who is it?" to which she replied, "I don't know; I think it's God!"—Boston Traveler.

Keeping the Chicken Back.

When the chicken incubator show was here, a young man infatuated with the idea purchased one and placed therein about thirty eggs. According to the rule they were to be hatched the 2d of the month. But it appears that the young man's watchful wife observed a fine brown egg giving way under pressure, as it were, on the 1st of the month, and thinking the chick was appearing prematurely, she promptly pasted some brown paper over the aperture in the egg and with a self satisfied smile awaited the coming of her husband. He declares now that there is nothing like a woman for ingenuity.—Lawrence Eagle.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

CROCKERS' HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee.
sept 6

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first-class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

P. H. MACK.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON
Corner Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence . Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.
THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Have added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills; I am now turning out a flour that is fully
Equal to the Best
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
Independence, Cal A. N. BELL.

P. W. FORBES P. H. MACK
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address
P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal
P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed
Flooring.
sept 11-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
Obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891 will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 28th
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS, Independence.
nov 26-tf

NORMAN
HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. L. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Timepieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine
FRED BURKHARDT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 18th day of April, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Mullane, deceased the undersigned, the Executor of the Last Will and testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on and after Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1891, and within six months thereafter, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John Mullane at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to, that of the said John Mullane at the time of his death, in and to the certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said County of Inyo, State of California and particularly described as follows, to wit: The South half of the North East quarter; and the North West quarter of the South East quarter of Section No. Seven, and the South West quarter of the North West quarter of section No. Eight, all in Township No. Nine South, Range No. Thirty-four East, Mount Diablo Meridian, containing one hundred and sixty acres.

Bids or offers must be in writing, and will be received at the residence of the undersigned, near the town of Big Pine, in the County of Inyo, State of California, and may be left at the place herein designated, or delivered to said Executor personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States, ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the said Executor when the sale shall be made, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at the expense of purchaser.

RICHARD HESSIAN.
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 15th day of April, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Mullane, deceased, the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, on and after the sixth day of May, 1891, at the residence of the undersigned, near the town of Big Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property to wit: Seventy head of stock cattle, more or less; One plow; One wagon; One horse; One cooking stove and utensils; One set harness; One shovel; One hay fork, and one trank.

RICHARD HESSIAN.
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PETER DICKSON, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Administrator of the estate of PETER DICKSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Lone Pine, in the county of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated April 18th, 1891.

JOHN F. LUBKEN,
Administrator of said Estate.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Thomas Parker, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Thos. Parker, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of P. H. Mack in the town of Independence, Inyo Co., Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Inyo, State of California.

JOHN SHEPHERD,
S. G. REEG
Executors of the last Will and Testament of Thomas Parker, deceased.
Dated at Independence, Cal. April 4, 1891.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo county, Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 30th day of March 1891, an assessment (No. 12) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of May 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 29th day of May, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE Secretary.
Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK ..... PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

J. W. Murphy.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

Snug little FORTUNES have been made at work for us by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Benn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work at home wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Capital not needed. You are your own time all the time. Many workers. Full information free. Address them, NEW and WONDERFUL, H. Hallett & Co., Box [illegible]

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98
Lead, 4 35
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20.40
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence, 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

On Sunday, May 3d, Rev. E. W. Van Deventer, D. D., will be with us. Services will be held as follows: At Lone Pine, Love Feast, 10 a. m., preaching at 11 a. m. to be followed by Communion of Lord's Supper. Georges Creek at 2:30 p. m. At Independence, 7 p. m. Praise Service at 7:30. Sermon by Dr. Van Deventer and administration of the Sacrament.

On Tuesday Dr. Van Deventer will deliver his popular lecture, "The Wild Young Man and His Stay-at-Home Brother."

On Wednesday evening he will preach at Keeler.

Collection for Presiding Elder fund.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY, April 18, 1891.

Fehrman vs. Goodale—Filed dismissal of action.

Estate of G. A. Thede, deceased—Filed order setting aside personal property.

Owens Valley Water Co. vs. Wm. H. Mitchell—Action to condemn riparian right Filed complaint and issued summons.

Estate of John Mullane, deceased—Filed order of sale of real estate and personal property.

Estate of Peter Dieckson, deceased—Filed proof of will. John Lubken appointed Executor.

WEDNESDAY, April 22, 1891.

Owens Valley Water Co. vs. Wm. Mitchell—Filed original summons.

Estate of Peter Dieckson, deceased—Filed inventory and appraisement.

Estate of C. D. Begole, deceased—Filed Petition for letters of administrotion.

Estate of B. F. Theban, deceased—Filed petition for letters of administration.

Estate of James Ward, deceased—Filed petition for letters of administration.

THURSDAY, April 23, 1891.

Estate of John C. Eldy, deceased—Filed petition for letters of administration.

A Blockade.

INDEPENDENCE, April 24th.

H. LEVY.—There will be no train down to-day. The stone wall south of Summit gave way this morning. RICHARDS.

John Hughes came in from Darwin yesterday.

W. S. Enos west to round Valley last Tuesday.

R. C. Spear of Lone Pine was in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Mack visited Lone Pine yesterday.

Bert Rhine started for San Francisco last Tuesday.

R. Hessian of Big Pine visited Independence early in the week.

Henry M. Stanley has been appointed Governor of the Congo Free State.

President Harrison will arrive in San Francisco at 7 o'clock p. m. next Tuesday.

Mrs. W. L. Hunter has returned home from a visit with relatives in Sonoma County.

Don't forget that the grand march at the Odd Fellows' Ball Monday night will start at 8:30 sharp.

A great deal of water is coming down in the creeks, the result of the last few days of warm weather.

Mrs. James McDonald and her sister, Miss Rose Kelly, came in from Darwin on yesterday's train and return to-day.

Vincent, the Fresno wife-murderer, is the first man to be sent to San Quentin for execution under the new law

Cap. Wat has been busy for over a week past trimming the trees and plowing and leveling on the Court-house grounds.

Charles Turner, having completed his term of school at Camp Independence, started for San Francisco last Tuesday.

County School Superintendent Shannon has made an apportionment of the delinquent fund for the various school districts.

A law passed by the last Legislature requires that all executions of criminals shall take place either at San Quentin or Folsom.

The Kern County *Gazette* says that a tri-weekly stage will soon be run on the Keeler-Mojave line to accommodate the increased passenger travel.

F. E. Densmore Esq. has gone to Santa Rosa as Representative of Mt. Whitney Parlor, N. S. G. W., to attend the meeting of the Grand Parlor.

Mrs. James R. Moffett has returned home from a lengthy visit to San Diego. Her sister, Mrs. Rougney, came with her and will remain in Inyo.

John Baxter has been in very poor health for a long time past. He started for San Francisco last Tuesday morning to secure the best medical treatment, and will probably remain some time.

J. E. Reynolds came in from Modock at the end of last week. He spent a day or two in town and then started for Los Angeles where he expects to remain a considerable length of time.

The Owens Valley Water Co. have commenced suit against Wm. Mitchell and will make a test case of the riparian rights case. This will be a matter of great interest to all residents of the valley.

Racing Twenty Years Ago.

The following is taken from the INDEPENDENT of January 3, 1871:

The races over the Lone Pine race track were largely attended, passing off to the satisfaction of everybody, and a considerable amount of money changed hands. The event had been looked forward to with vast interest by sporting men, and the event will show that our racing stock, although termed "sage-brushers," will require racers of more than average fleetness to beat them.

On the first day's race, single dash of one-half mile, for purse of $100, the following entries were made:

C. Mulkey.....names blk s Billy Buffum
Hitchcock.....names s f Lucy Jane
A. J. Slinkard.....names b g Coal Tar
P. W. Bennett.....names b g Sheep Driver
W. M. Donathan.....names b c Maneater

Won by Billy Buffum, time not given, with the horses coming in in the following order: 1st, Billy buffum; 2d, Maneater; 3d, Coal Tar; 4th, Sheep Driver.

SECOND DAY.

Single dash, one-fourth mile, for purse of $50, free for all horses except those owned in Lone Pine. The following horses were entered:

Gill.....names b c Frank
Crumley.....pames g h Pet
Slinkard.....names b g Coal Tar

The first heat was decided as "dead," or a tie. On the second, Pet won by two feet.

[An account of a trotting race is here given which Bennett's horse, Ebony, won. But from the following it is evident that the time given, 2:32, is a miss-print: "In order to decide more bets as to the time Ebony would make in a race he again shot beautifully around the track in 3:22½."]

THIRD DAY.

Running race, mile and repeat, best two in three, purse $150, with the following horses entered:

W. M. Donathan.....names b h Snipe
C. Mulkey.....names s m Lucy Dale
P. W. Bennett...names b h Sheep Driver

After a fair send off the horses started off keen for the lead. When about half way round Snipe was unfortunate enough to find a jack upon the track, which he struck and fell over, but he manfully started again and came up to the score but a length or two behind Lucy. This heat was justly, we think, decided off. Time, 1:52¼.

In the next heat Mulkey's mare came up two lengths ahead, winning the heat in 1:54 with Snipe second.

Third heat was won with the mare in the same relative position at the outcome, Lucy winning in 1:49¾.

The track was somewhat uneven, and rather dusty, but the horses were well handled and all express themselves well satisfied with the manner in which the whole races were conducted.

Some coin changed hands on races not on the programme but our time and space forbids referring to them this week.

The Pahrump Mines.

George Clark arrived in San Bernardino on Tuesday last from the now famous gold mines in the Pahrump valley. These mines were discovered by George Montgomery, who Mr. Clark said, happened to sit to rest and put his hand, on a fifty-dollar gold nugget sticking out of a rock. The news spread to Daggett, and now a rush to the camp has commenced.

Out of a five-foot hole, eight and a half feet deep, Montgomery took out quartz from which he pounded out in a hand-mortar $800 in gold.

In addition to the gold bearing rock, Mr. Clark says the silver and copper ledges are very rich, and that he has no doubt they will rival the famous Virginia City mines. Montgomery has located three silver claims three and a half miles from the main gold mine. The first assay showed 136 ounces to the ton. His partner afterward sent another batch of rock to San Francisco, after he had gone down four feet, which assayed $13,000 to the ton.

The miners get their fruit, vegetables and meat from the ranch, and other supplies from Daggett. There are seventy inches of water at Horseshoe tem springs, which lies six miles from Montgomery's and three miles from the Yount claim. They are within seven miles of good timber, and 35 miles of a sawmill

The location of the mines, as to getting supplies, is very fortunate. They are reached from Daggett by way of Cave springs and Granite ridge. The one great essential in making the trip is a good supply of water. It is dangerous to start without that, and every one going there should be careful in this respect. After reaching the mines, local supplies of food are very good.

Ho For Breyfogle!

The Breyfogle fever is spreading. A man named Collins arrived in Palmetto this week with $1,800 in gold, which he claimed to have pounded out in a mortar in the ten days in which he was in the new district.

C. Shaber and A. McArthur leave for Breyfogle in the morning.

M. J. Plamenez, J. McNulty, V. Coschino and C. Ferrero, start Tuesday next.

Jack Knapp and another man whose name we could not learn started for the scene of excitement Wednesday last.

By wagon road the Breyfogle mine is 200 miles from Candelaria. The road is a good one, water being within a day's journey in all cases excepting between Amargosia and Ash Meadows, a distance of 55 miles where it is necessary to pack it. Nevada miners will find Candelaria a good point to start from.—*Chloride Belt.*

Fined One Hundred Dollars.

Sheriff Gorman sent forty dollars to Constable Drake of Bishop on Tuesday as a reward for the arrest and conviction of a Mexican for selling whiskey to Indians. The culprit was fined one hundred dollars and the amount turned into the School Fund. Mr. Gorman is making a hard fight to break up the detestable traffic, and the money paid for rewards comes out of his individual purse. A drunken Indian is getting to be an unknown quantity on the streets of Independence, and the recent conviction will have a salutary effect on the vendors at Bishop.

Mr. R. Van Dyke of Lone Pine met with a very painful accident a few days ago. He had been in the habit of entering a field by jumping a large ditch and passing through a gap in a wire fence. Unbeknown to him a wire had been strung across the gap, and on jumping the ditch he landed against it, cutting a gash several inches long in his scalp. The wound bled profusely and was very painful, but not serious. A silver wire was inserted and the cut carefully dressed.

A New Road.

Messrs. Frank Fitzgerald and Charles Anthony have broken ground on a new road from Darwin to Panamint and Wild Rose. The road when completed will shorten the distance about eighteen miles. The old road through Shepherds canyon is badly washed out and has been impassable for some time. The new road, besides making the distance shorter, will actually cost less than to make adequate repairs on the old one. There are a number of mines that the opening of the road, and the better facilities for transportation, will enable the owners to work at a profit and make a considerable increase of business in that part of the country. It is said that Mr Hall of Austin will develope valuable antimony mines in that region if the road is built. While great credit attaches to the enterprising individuals who are building the road, still the Supervisors should take hold of the matter, declare it a county road and render assistance. In view of the fact that nearly all of the income of the county is from the mines, too much encouragement cannot be given to any enterprise that will assist in new developments. An appropriation for this road will yield larger returns to tax payers than any other expenditure that could be made. On proper representation being made there is no doubt that the board will render any assistance needed to further the project.

Modock Mines.

There was sold on the March account from the Modock mines thirty-one tons of ore, netting $4,931.73, of which ten tons from the main tunnel netted $2,229.48. The mines in general are looking well, and since the return of Superintendent Fitzgerald the force of men has been increased so that the output will be at least double for the balance of the year. The grippe has laid out all the men with one exception, and in consequence the April output will not be so large as it should be. The mines in the Modock district have added more to the coin of the county for several years than any other enterprise in it.

The Greatest Discovery o The Age.

An infallible remedy for the cure of catarrh and deafness in all its stages, by one who has been a great sufferer from catarrh and almost total deafness.

No catarrh or slimy green and yellow sticky matter discharging from the nose. No deafness. No ringing crackling sounds in the head. No mucous matter lodging in the throat. No occasional hacking cough with throwing up slimy green and yellow sticky matter. It is a blessing that words cannot describe.

For futher information write for circulars. Address Frank Wertz & Co., Wausau, Wis. Drawer 1029.

The dwelling of Mrs. Rinehackel near Big Pine was entirely destroyed by fire on Wednesday. The men were all away from the house at the time and when the fire was discovered it was too late to stay its progress or save anything from the house except a sewing machine. The building was a good substantial farm dwelling, and the loss will aggregate fully three thousand dollars. The fire started from a defective flue. No insurance.

A meeting will be held at Independence to-morrow to determine what action shall be taken in regard to the extension of the Stevens ditch to Lone Pine. It is greatly to be hoped that this work will be accomplished, as it will be the means of building up many fine homes and the creation of a great deal of taxable property.

Under the direction of Henry Rhine the telegraph line between town and the station has been put in thorough repair. Mr. Rhine gives notice that all messages from Independence to Citrus will be charged 25 cents each.

The feed on the desert between Little Lake and Mojave is said to be excellent. No better time could be chosen than the present to drive cattle out of the Valley to market.

Odd Fellows Ball Monday night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

72 I. O. F. 72

THE

72d Anniversary of I. O. O. F

Will be Celebrated by a

GRAND BALL

AT THE

Agricultural Pavilion, Independence,

ON

Monday Evening, April 27, 1891.

Admission Free to All!

FLOOR MANAGER.....Bertrand Rhine.

FLOOR DIRECTORS.....N. E. CONKLIN, G. H. LEWIS, J. W. MURPHY, ROBERT O'NEAL, B. F. GRAY

INVITATION COMMITTEE

ROUND VALLEY:
C. F. Wildasinn, H. Evans

BISHOP:
John Bourland, Robert O'Neal
P. P. Keough, O. H Hill
J. H. Bulpitt, I. P. Yaney.

BIG PINE:
S. G. Gregg, J. C. Schalten
L Newman, J. R. Eldred

CERRO GORDO:
Pat. Clinton

INDEPENDENCE:
Walter James Jr., E. Robinson
P. W. Forbes, C. W. Craig
Dr. J. D. Blair, P. H. Mack
J. E. Shepherd

LONE PINE:
J. R. Moffett, R. C. Spear

KEELER:
Thos. Boland, B. F. Gray
John Anton, Sam. Levy
Finley Bedford.

Free transportation to and from trains and to pavilion.

Supper at Norman House.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

THOMAS & HILL,

DEALERS IN

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $75 to $150 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. Work for us in your spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumers should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891.
n4767

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines, Liquors, & Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,

m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.

Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address,

WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE SEWART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer In GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c

A. K. EUGLEY,

Big Pine, Cal.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT,

Sunday, November 16th, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p m	5.50 p. m
Dayton.....	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska.....	2:05 p m.	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne.....	5 50 p. m.	11 10 a. m.
Luning.....	7:05 p. m.	9 55 a. m.
Sodа Springs.....	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7 2 5. m.
	No. 3.	No. 4.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Belleville.....	8 23 a. m	5:25 p m.
Benton.....	11:50 a m	1:35 a. m.
Bishop Creek.....	2:00p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord.....	2.45 p. m	10:00 a. m
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10 p. m.	7.40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (57 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver P Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOL

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES, PEANUTS, WALNUTS, TOYS!

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE

Blacksmith Shop.

R. C. Spear, Prop'r

—ALL WORK ON—

MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS & FREIGHTING OUTFITS

—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—

HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING

All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES.

LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER. Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

In reading over the literary items of the week, I found not much to interest me, until my eye caught sight of an article headed "*Jenks' Dream*." Imagine my surprise to find it ended up with a recommendation to use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Nevertheless, being a great sufferer from sick headache, I determined to try them, and, to my great joy, I found prompt relief, and by their protracted use, a complete immunity from such attacks. Pierce's Pellets often cure sick headache in an hour. They are gently laxative or actively cathartic, according to size of dose. As a pleasant laxative, take one each night on retiring. For adults, four act as an active, yet painless, cathartic. Cause no griping or sickness. Best Liver Pill ever made. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. For Constipation, Indigestion and Bilious Attacks, they have no equal.

Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is easy to gain a great reputation for truthfulness by allways spenking ill of yourself.

SPREADING FOR LEAGUES AROUND

The marshy, overflowed lands, sunken lots and half submerged river banks, which give then birth, the seeds of malaria impregnate the air, and are inhaled at every breath by thousands unprovided with any adequate safeguard against the baneful influence. Yet such exist—potent alike to remedy or to prevent, pure in its constituents, and the profession allyrecognized substitute for the baneful drug, quinine. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family specific and safeguard, foremost not only as an antidote to malaria, but also as a means of permanently removing dyspepsia, and relieving constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and nervousness. Among invigorants it takes the first place, and is also a superb appetizer. Use it systematically.

Gratitude is a virtue that has commonly profit annexed to it.

DEAFNESS CAN'T BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A little less censure should be given the spider; flies are so willing.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE BLIND.

Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his *New Treatment* for the cure of all diseases of the Eye—*Cataract, Defective Vision, Inflammation*, etc., etc., without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

For further particulars address with stamped envelope, R. J. LA GRANGE, M. D., 215 Powell st., fourth door from Geary, San Francisco, Cal.

Office Hours, 11 till 3.

A man cannot always tell what is the right thing to do, but he can come near telling every time what is the wrong thing.

TO SUFFERERS FROM WEAK SPINE.

Persons suffering from weak back will take comfort in reading the following letter from Mr. A. W. Barrett, of Oswego, N. Y.:

"Ten years ago I was afflicted with a lame back. The pain was so severe that I could hardly walk or get about. Hearing much said about ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, I applied two to the lower part of my spine. In a week I was very much better. I put on fresh plasters at the end of ten days, and two weeks afterwards found myself entirely well. If I get a very severe cold, I sometimes have a return of this weakness of the spine, but ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS cure me in three or four days."

G. W. was the only one that ever got out of the hack buildiness without having told a lie.

Do you wish to know how to have *no steam*, and not half the usual *work* on washday? Ask your grocer for a bar of *Dobbins' Electric Soap*, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

It is not a good time to read the Bible while your wife is out in the rain cutting stove-wood.

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh, and other diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no more useful article can be found than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*."

Dobson—"I feel certain that Jenkins is in financial distress." Noblit—"Why?" "He is beginning to live very extravagantly."

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Potterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

Enforced Abstinence—"Do you play the banjo?" "Not when there are any people around." "Why not?" "They won't let me."

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

St. Jacobs Oil

A SURE CURE. A PROMPT CURE.

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism
Sciatica
Backaches
Headaches
Neuralgia.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT IS THE BEST.

BEBEE;

or,

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

By "OUIDA."

She clung to him, sobbing without sound. "You will come back? You will come back?" she moaned, clasping him closer and closer.

Flamen's own eyes grew dim. But he lied to her: "I will—I promise."

It was so much easier to say so, and it would break her sorrow. So he thought.

For the moment again he was tempted to take her with him—but he resisted it—he

tire, and she would

ever

There was a long silence. The bleating of the little kid in the shed without was the only sound the gray lavender blew to and fro.

Her arms were close about his throat; he kissed them again, and kissed her eyes, her cheek, her mouth, then put her from him quickly and went out.

She ran to him and threw herself on the damp ground and held him there, and leaned her forehead on his feet. But though he looked at her with wet eyes, he did not yield, and he still said

"I will come back soon—very soon—be quiet, dear, let me go."

Then he kissed her once more—many times—and put her gently within the door and closed it.

A low, sharp, sudden cry reached him, went to his heart, but he did not turn, he went on through the wet, green little garden, and the curling leaves, where he had found peace and had left desolation.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I will let her alone and she will marry Jeannot," thought Flamen, and he believed himself a good man for once in his life, and pitied himself for having become a sentimentalist.

She would marry Jeannot and bear many children, as those people always did, and ruddy little peasants would cling about those pretty, soft, little breasts of hers, and she would love them after the manner of such women and be very content clattering over the stones in her wooden shoes, and growing brown and stout, and more careful after money, and ceasing to dream of unknown things, and not seeing God at all in the fields, but looking low and beholding only the ears of the gleaming wheat and the feet of the tottering children, and so gaining her bread and losing her soul, and stooping nearer and nearer to earth till she dropped into it like one of her own wind blown wall flowers when the bee has sucked out all its sweetness and the heats have scorched up all its bloom; yes, of course, she would marry Jeannot and end so!

Meanwhile he had his Gretchen, and that was the one great matter.

So he left the street of Mary of Burgundy, and went on his way out of the chiming city as its matin bells were rung, and took with him a certain regret and the only innocent affection that had ever awakened in him; and thought of his self negation with half admiration and half derision; and so drifted away into the whirlpool of his amorous, cynical, changeful, passionate, callous, many colored life, and said to himself, as he saw the last line of the low green plains shine against the sun: "She will marry Jeannot—of course she will marry Jeannot. And my Gretchen is greater than Scheffer's."

What else mattered very much, after all, except what they would say in Paris of Gretchen?

CHAPTER XX.

The wheat was reaped in the fields, and the brown earth turned afresh. The white and purple chrysanthemums bloomed against the flowerless rose bushes, and the little gray Michaelmas daisy flourished where the dead carnations had spread their glories. Leaves began to fall, and chilly winds to sigh among the willows; the squirrels began to store away their nuts, and the poor to pick up the broken, bare boughs.

"He said he would come before winter," thought Bebee every day, when she rose and felt each morning cooler and grayer than the one before it; winter was near.

Her little feet already were cold in their wooden shoes, and the robin already sang in the twigs of the sear sweet briar; but she had the brave, sweet faith which nothing kills, and she did not doubt—oh! no, she did not doubt, she was only tired.

Tired of the strange, sleepless, feverish nights; tired of the long, dull, empty days; tired of watching down the barren, leafless lane; tired of hearkening breathless to each step on the rustling dead leaves; tired of looking always, always, always, into the ruddy autumn evenings and the cold autumn starlight, and never hearing what she listened for, never seeing what she sought; tired as a child may be, lost in a wood, and wearily wearing its small strength and breaking its young heart in search of the track forever missed, of the home forever beyond the horizon.

Still she did her work and kept her courage.

So she toiled hard and learned much, and grew taller and very thin, and got a look in her eyes like a lost dog's, and yet never lost heart or wandered in the task that he had set her, or in her faith in his return.

"Burn the books, Bebee," whispered the children again and again, clinging to her skirts. "Burn the wicked, silent things. Since you have had them you never sing, or romp, or laugh, and you look so white—so white."

Bebee kissed them, but kept to her books.

Jeannot going by from the forest night after night saw the light twinkling in the hut window, and sometimes crept softly up and looked through the chinks of the wooden shutter, and saw her leaning over some big old volume with her pretty brows drawn together, and her mouth shut close in earnest effort, and he would curse the man who had changed her so, and go away with rage in his breast and tears in his eyes, not daring to say anything, but knowing that never would Bebee's little brown hand lie in love within his own.

Nor even in friendship, for he had rashly spoken rough words against the stranger from Rubes' land, and Bebee ever since then had passed him by with a grave simple greeting, and when he had brought her in timid gifts a barrow load of fagots, had thanked him, but had bidden him take the wood home to his mother.

"You think evil things of me, Bebee!" good Jeannot had pleaded, with a sob in his voice; and she had answered gently:

"No; but do not speak to me, that is all."

Then he had cursed her absent lover, and Bebee gone within and closed her door.

She had no idea that the people thought ill of her. They were cold to her, and such coldness made her heart ache a little more. But the one great love in her possessed her so strongly that all other things were half unreal.

She did her daily house work from sheer habit, and she studied because he had told her to do it and because, with the sweet, stubborn, credulous faith of her youth, she never doubted that he would return.

Otherwise there was no perception of real life in her; she dreamed and prayed, and prayed and dreamed, and never ceased to do either one or the other, even when she was scattering potato peels to the fowls, or shaking carrots loose of the soil, or sweeping the snow from her hut door, or going out in the raw, dark dawn as the single little sad bell of St. Guido tolled through the stillness for the first mass.

For though even Father Francis looked angered at her because he thought she was stubborn and hid some truth and some shame from him at confession, yet she went resolutely and oftener than ever to kneel in the dusty, dusky, crumbling old church, for it was all she could do for him who was absent—so she thought—and she did not feel quite so far away from him when she was beseeching Christ to have care of his soul and of his body.

All her pretty dreams were dead.

She never heard any story in the robin's song or saw any promise in the sunset clouds or fancied that angels came about her in the night—never now.

The fields were gray and sad; the birds were little brown things; the stars were cold and far off; the people she had used to take care for were like mere shadows that went by her meaningless and without interest, and all she thought of was the one step that never came; all she wanted was the one touch she never felt.

"You have done wrong, Bebee, and you will not own it," said the few neighbors who ever spoke to her.

Bebee looked at them with wistful, uncomprehending eyes.

"I have done no wrong," she said gently but no one believed her.

A girl did not shut herself up and wane pale and thin for nothing, so they reasoned. She might have sinned as she had liked if she had been sensible after it, and married Jeannot.

But to fret mutely, and shut her lips, and seem as though she had done nothing—that was guilt indeed.

For her village, in its small way, thought as the big world thinks.

CHAPTER XXI.

Full winter came.

The snow was deep, and the winds drove the people with whips of ice along the dreary country roads and the steep streets of the city. The bells of the dogs and the mules sounded sadly through the white misty silence of the Flemish plains, and the weary horses slipped and fell on the frozen ruts and on the ragged stones in the little frost shut Flemish towns. Still the Flemish folk were gay enough in many places.

In the little village above St. Guido, Bebee's neighbors were merry too, in their simple way.

The women worked away wearily at their lace in the dim winter light, and made a wretched living by it, but all the same they got penny playthings for their babies, and a bit of cake for their Sunday hearth. They drew together in homely and cordial friendship, and of an afternoon when dusk fell wove their lace in company in Mere Krebs' millhouse kitchen, with the children and the dogs at their feet on the bricks, so that one big fire might serve for all, and all be lighted with one big rush candle, and all be beguiled by chit-chat and songs, stories of spirits, and whispers of ghosts, and now and then when the wind howled at its worst, a paternoster or two said in common for the men toiling in the barges or drifting up the Scheldt.

In these gatherings Bebee's face was missed and the blithe soft sound of her voice, like a young thrush singing, was never heard.

The people looked in and saw her sitting over a great open book—often her hearth had no fire.

Then the children grew tired of asking her to play, and their elders began to shake their heads; she was so pale and so quiet there must be some evil in it—so they began to think.

Little by little people dropped away from her. Who knew, the gossips said, what shame or sin the child might not have on her sick little soul?

True, Bebee worked hard just the same and just the same was seen trudging to and fro in the dusk of dawns and afternoons in her two little wooden shoes. She was gentle and laborious, and gave the children her goat's milk, and the old women the brambles of her garden.

But they grew afraid of her—afraid of that sad, changeless, far away look in her eyes, and of the mute weariness that was on her—and being perplexed were sure, like all ignorant creatures, that what was secret must be also vile.

So they hung aloof and let her alone, and by and by scarcely nodded as they passed her, but said to Jeannot:

"You were spared a bad thing, lad; the child was that grand painter's light-o-love, that is plain to see. The mischief all comes of the stuff old Antoine filled her head with—a stray little by blow of chick weed that he cockered up like a rare carnation. Oh! do not fly in a rage, Jeannot; the child is no good, and would have made an honest man rue. Take heart of grace, and praise the saints, and marry Katto's Lisa."

But Jeannot would never listen to the slanderers, and would never look at Lisa, even though the door of the little hut was always closed against him, and whenever he met Bebee on the highway she never seemed to see him more than she saw the snow that her sabots were treading.

One night in the midwinter time old Annemie died.

Bebee found her in the twilight with her head against the garret window, and her left side all shriveled and useless. She had a little sense left, and a few fleeting breaths to draw.

Bebee found her in the twilight, with her head against the garret window.

"Look for the brig," she muttered. "You will not see the flag at the masthead for the fog to-night; but his socks are dry and his pipe is ready. Keep looking—keep looking—she will be in port to-night."

But her dead sailor never came into port; she went to him. The poor, weakened, faithful old body of her was laid in the graveyard of the poor, and the ships came and went under the empty garret window, and Bebee was all alone.

She had no more anything to work for, or any bond with the lives of others. She could live on the roots of her garden and the sale of her hens' eggs, and she could change the turnips and carrots that grew in a little strip of her ground for the quantity of bread that she needed.

So she gave herself up to the books, and drew herself more and more within from the outer world. She did not know that the neighbors thought very evil of her; she had only one idea in her mind—to be more worthy of him against he should return.

The winter passed away somehow; she did not know how.

It was a long, cold, white blank of frozen silence; that was all. She studied hard, and had got a quaint, strange, deep, scattered knowledge out of her old books; her face had lost all its roundness and color, but instead the forehead had gained breadth and the eyes had the dim fire of a student's.

Every night when she shut her volumes she thought:

"I am a little nearer him. I know a little more."

Just so every morning, when she bathed her hands in the chilly water, she thought to herself: "I will make my skin as soft as I can for him, that it may be like the ladies' he has loved."

Love to be perfect must be a religion as well as a passion. Bebee's was so. Like George Herbert's serving maiden, she swept no specks of dirt away from a floor without doing it to the service of her lord.

Only Bebee's lord was a king of earth, made of earth's dust and vanities.

But what did she know of that?

CHAPTER XXII.

One day in the May weather she sat within doors with a great book upon her table, but no sight for it in her aching eyes. The starling hopped to and fro on the sunny floor; the bees boomed in the porch, the tinkle of sheep's bells came in on the stillness. All was peaceful and happy except the little weary, breaking, desolate heart that beat in her like a caged bird's.

"He will come, I am sure he will come," she said to herself; but she was so tired, and it was so long—oh, dear God!—so very long.

A hand tapped at the lattice. The shrill voice of Reine, the sabot maker's wife, broken with anguish, called through the hanging ivy:

"Bebee, you are a wicked one, they say, but the only one there is at home in the village this day. Get you to town for the love of heaven, and send Dr. Max hither, for my pet, my flower, my child lies dying, and not a soul near, and she black as a coal with choking—go, go, go!—and Mary will forgive you your sins. Save the little one, dear Bebee, do you hear? and I will pray God and speak fair the neighbors for you. Go!"

Bebee rose up, startled by the now unfamiliar sound of a human voice, and looked at the breathless mother with eyes of pitying wonder.

"Surely I will go," she said, gently; "but there is no need to bribe me. I have not sinned greatly—that I know."

Then she went out quickly and ran through the lanes and into the city for the sick child, and found the wise man, and sent him, and did the errand rather in a sort of sorrowful, sympathetic instinct than in any reasoning consciousness of doing good.

When she was moving through the once familiar and happy ways, as the sun was setting on the golden fronts of the old houses and the chimes were ringing from the many towers, a strange sense of unreality, of non existence, fell upon her.

Could it be she—she, indeed, who had gone there the year before the gladdest thing that the earth bore, with no care except to shelter her flowers from the wind and keep the freshest blossoms for the burgomaster's housewife?

She did not think thus to herself, but a vague doubt that she could ever have been the little, gay, laborious, happy Bebee, with troops of friends and endless joys for every day that dawned, came over her as she went by the black front of the Broodhuis.

The strong voice of Lisa, the fruit girl, jarred on her as she passed the stall under its yellow awning that was flapping sullenly in the evening wind.

"Oh, he, little fool!" the mocking voice cried. "The rind of the fine pine is full of pickles and stings the lips when the taste is gone, to be sure. Crack common nuts like me and you are never wanting—hazels grow free in every copse. Prut, tut! Your grand lover lies a-dying—so the students read out of this just now—and you such a simpleton as not to get a roll of napoleons out of him before he went to rot in Paris. I dare say he was poor as sparrows, if one knew the truth. He was only a painter after all."

Lisa tossed her as she spoke a torn sheet, in which she was wrapping gentians; it was a piece of newspaper some three weeks old, and in it there was a single line or so which said that the artist Flamen, whose "Gretchen" was the wonder of the Salon of the year, lay sick unto death in his rooms in Paris.

Bebee stood and read, the strong, ruddy western light upon the type, the taunting laughter of the fruit girl on her ear.

A bitter shriek rang from her that made even the cruelty of Lisa's mirth stop in a sudden terror.

She stood staring, like a thing changed to stone, down on the one name that to her filled all the universe.

"Ill—he is ill—do you hear?" she echoed piteously, looking at Lisa; "and you say he is poor?"

"Poor? for sure! is he not a painter?" said the fruit girl, roughly. She judged by her own penniless student lads, and she was angered with herself for feeling sorry for this little silly thing that she had loved to torture.

"You have been bad and base to me, but now—I bless you, I love you, I will pray for you," said Bebee, in a swift, broken breath, and with a look upon her face that startled into pain her callous enemy.

Then without another word, she thrust the paper in her bosom, and ran out of the square breathless with haste and with a great resolve.

He was ill—and he was poor! The brave little soul of her leaped at once to action. He was sick, and far away, and poor, they said. All danger and all difficulty faded to nothing before the vision of his need.

Bebee was only a little foundling who ran about in wooden shoes; but she had the "dog's soul" in her—the soul that will follow faithfully though to receive a curse, that will defend loyally to meet a blow, and that will die mutely loving to the last.

She went home, how she never knew; and without the delay of a moment packed up a change of linen, and fed the fowls and took the key of the hut down to old Jehan's cabin. The old man was only half witted by reason of his affliction for his dead daughter, but he was shrewd enough to understand what she wanted of him, and honest enough to do it.

"I am going into the city," she said to him; "and if I am not back to-night, will you feed the starling and the hens, and water the flowers for me?"

Old Jehan put his head out of his lattice; it was 7 in the evening, and he was going to bed.

"What are you after, little one?" he asked; "going to show the fine buckles at a student's ball? Nay, fie—that is not like you."

"I am going to—pray—dear Jehan," she answered, with a sob in her throat, and the first falsehood she had ever told. "Do what I ask you—do, for your dead daughter's sake—or the birds and the flowers will die of hunger and thirst. Take the key and promise me."

He took the key and promised.

"Do not let them see those buckles shine; they will rob you," he added.

Bebee ran from him fast; every moment that was lost was so precious and so terrible. To pause a second for fear's sake never occurred to her. She went forth as fearlessly as a young swallow, born in northern April days, flies forth on instinct to new lands and over unknown seas when autumn falls.

Necessity and action breathed new life into her. The hardy and brave peasant ways of her were awoke once more. She had been strong to wait silently with the young life in her dying out drop by drop in the heart sickness of long delay. She was strong now to throw herself into strange countries and dim perils and immeasurable miseries, on the sole chance that she might be of service to him.

A few human souls here and there can love like dogs. Bebee's was one.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Osman Digna is a fugitive, fleeing with a few women and followers to Berber.

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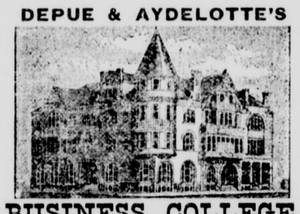

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How the Ray Defends Itself When Attacked.

POWERFUL BATTERIES AS WEAPONS.

How the Fresh Young Man From the City was Taken in.

Some years ago a young man, in all the glory of his first knickerbockers, found himself in a small village on the New England coast, and, liking the location, determined to spend the season there. The morning following his arrival he ran down to the beach, where he found a crowd of red shirted men gathered aroung a flat fish about three feet in length. "We're trying to get some one to heft it," said an old sea dog in answer to a question. "Lift it! Why, a child could do that," remarked the young man from the city.

"P'raps he could," replied the fisherman; "but if you kin lug the fish from here to the dory over yonder you kin earn $5."

"You're a fine lot of men," said the city youth, with a laugh; "can't lift a fish of that size! Why, I'll wager the same amount that I can throw it that far."

The fishermen were very anxious to take the wager, and finally the young man approached, thrust his fingers into the eyes of the fish, and, if it had been any other fish we might have said, prepared to throw, but as it was the moment his hands touched the fish a strange look of surprise came over his face, and those near might have seen a certain rigidity of the muscles. He retained the same position for several moments, then, with many grimaces, asked to be relieved, and amid roars of laughter the fish was pulled from his hands. When the young man had recovered his equanimity he confessed that it was the heaviest fish he had ever attempted to lift.

The fish was the ray, known popularly as the torpedo (torpedo marmoratus), and one of the most powerful of the marine electricians.

It is said that the physician of Cleopatra, Deoscorides, used these fishes in medicine. and Dr. Walsh, F. R. S., was probably the first to introduce its use in England.

The experiment of Dr. Walsh created a craze that swept over this country some few years ago. The most extravagant stories were circulated about the fish and its marvelous powers of healing, and it became a fashionable fad to go to the Isle of Re and take an electric shock from the fish of Dr. Walsh.

The living torpedo in these experiments was placed upon a wet towel, and from the fish extended two pieces of wire, the ends of which rested in bowls of water. A circle of persons was formed, those upon the end placing their fingers in the water, and in this way the shock was received by the entire party, and often equaled that of a Leyden jar in its intensity.

In examining the torpedo the electrical apparatus is very noticeable, being made up of two large, flat bodies lying on each side of the head. The organs are composed of numerous prisms placed vertically, each of which is subdivided by delicate septa, forming small cells, which contain a clear, tremulous, jelly like substance. In a specimen of torpedo marmoratus one may count nearly 500 of these prisms.

It has been found that the upper side of the fish is negative and the lower positive, and that the power is entirely under the control of the fish. Some curious experiments have been made; thus, the scientist Marez applied a telephone to the fish and at every ordinary shock given he distinctly heard a click. When the fish was greatly excited a loud groan was heard, which sounded like "mi," and the discharge was prolonged four or five seconds.

The electrical discharge of this fish is not of sufficient power to kill a man unless he was in an extremely enfeebled condition, but that it is fatal to other fishes has been noticed on many occasions. Moreau, a French observer, noticed turbot fall upon a torpedo in a fishing boat and the result was instantaneously fatal. They leaped high in air upon receiving the shock, and fell back dead and rigid and remained for some time bent in a curve. In appearance the torpedo is a flat fish, with a rounded head and short, thick tail.—Electrical Review.

Carving Fowls.

A goose is carved the same as a wild duck (this is also the case with a tame duck) and should be served up with turnips or olives. It should be sufficiently well done for it to be possible to carve it with a spoon or the point of a knife. Pigeons when roasted are divided into four pieces. When no company is present the most equitable way is to cut a pigeon in two longitudinally.

Chickens and capons are carved very much in the same way as turkeys. The legs make two pieces, the wings three, the white meat is left in whole slices, and the carcass is separated into six pieces. Chickens and capons are much improved by the use of truffles, but, as George Grant will tell you, truffles cannot be got in America.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

A Bear in the Road.

Six oxen ought to be enough for one bear, but they are not. On an evening not long ago John R. Sullivan, of Whitneyville, was journeying home from Wesley with six oxen tied together. When in the vicinity of Six Mile Hill they suddenly halted and manifested great fear. Mr. Sullivan, who went forward to ascertain the cause, found a very large bear standing erect in the middle of the road, and not more than two rods distant. Mr. Sullivan threw a few stones at the bear, which responded by hopping around upon its haunches and waving its fore paws as if it meant business; but the next volley caused him to assume a different attitude, and with angry snarls he left the road.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

The Mother Bear Came Back for Revenge.

One day while proceeding up a canyon in the Raton mountains a large silvertip bear and her cub leaped out and made a rush up the sloping side of the valley. There were three in our party, and every Winchester began to talk very earnestly and excitedly. The cub tumbled dead the first fire. I call him a cub, but the truth is he was more than half as large as his mother and weighed 240 pounds. The old lady did not show any injury, and the moment the young one tumbled she turned and came back square in the teeth of the rifles, and seizing her dead cub in her mouth as a cat does a kitten raised it fairly clear of the ground and cantered up the hill—no easy matter, as aside from the 240 pounds of limp and dragging weight she had to force her anxious, loving way through oak brush which in many instances might have detained a steer. She got fairly away albeit we fired several shots after the cub fell.

We had just reloaded the magazines of our Winchesters and were communing as to taking the trail of the old bear, which showed wide and clear in broken bushes and disturbed oak leaves and pine needles, when looking up we beheld our game coming back straight for us. She meant business, too. Her red and steaming tongue lolled out of her half open mouth, and her eyes, partially closed in rage, would have seemed quizzical in expression were it not for the ferocity which leaped and flashed in their depths, like sheet lightning behind some cloud screen. She came straight to us, and we settled her troubles at the first fire. We found the cub up on the divide. She had carried it at least sixty rods, with two bullet holes in her shaggy hide, as we found when we skinned her.—Kansas City Star.

Frightened to Death.

C. W. Dunham, a prominent Kensington man, died from the effects of an accident which happened to him Saturday morning while working at his occupation as a butcher. Mr. Dunham was dressing a hog, and as he drew the body toward him a knife, which lay unnoticed upon the bench, was thrust into his groin, cutting an artery. Dr. Gillin, of Berlin, was sent for, and when he arrived it was found that surgical aid was necessary, and Drs. Lyon and Comings, of New Britain, were summoned. The flow of blood was checked, the wound was dressed and the patient left in a comfortable condition.

During the night Mr. Dunham awoke, and, thinking he was bleeding again, sent for Dr. Gillin, but when the doctor arrived Mr. Dunham had passed away. This led the doctor to believe that another artery must have been cut, so an examination was held this afternoon, and as no trace of arterial blood was found upon the bandage it was certain that the man had not bled to death, and the only theory given is that, as the patient was very weak from loss of blood, the sudden thought that he was bleeding to death caused a shock which stopped the pulsations of the heart, or, in other words, the man was frightened to death.—Hartford Courant.

A French Girl's Predicament.

A comical contretemps has just taken place in one of the provincial towns of France. Over twenty years ago the wife of a prominent citizen gave birth to a little girl who was christened Camille, and whose birth, according to French law, was duly registered at the mayor's office. But as Camille is a name that is given to boys as well as to girls in France, the mayor made a mistake in entering the registration, and set down the infant as being a boy. Time passed on and the other day Mlle. Camille—who was on the point of being married—received a notice to report "himself" for military service. Owing to the overwhelming red tapeism of French official matters, the poor girl has had all the trouble in the world to prove that she is really a young woman and not a man at all. Moral: Mothers in France should never bestow upon their daughters names that are masculine as well as feminine.—Paris Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin.

Trick of a Sturgeon.

A strange accident occurred on the steamer Columbia near Reeder's landing a few days ago. John Bernard, a sturgeon fisherman, was hauling in a huge fish, when it suddenly took a run, and before he could get clear of the line he was dragged overboard and came near drowning before assistance could reach him. Bernard is a brother to the man who was run down and drowned from a fishing boat by the steamer S. G. Reed about two years ago, and was in the boat at the time his brother was drowned. By a strange coincidence the accident occurred at exactly the same place where the fatality occurred two years ago.—Astoria (Ore.) Columbian.

He Weighed 504 Pounds.

Dr. Charles T. Bean died at his home in Chelsea recently of pneumonia. A few years ago he was obliged to abandon outdoor practice on account of growing obesity, and has been confined to his home. His general health has been fair and his mind not impaired. His unnatural corpulence, which amounted to a disease, steadily incrcased, however, and a short time since he turned the scales at the enormons weight of 504 pounds.—Boston Herald.

A Lemon Shine for a Russet Shoe.

Before putting away your russet shoes for the winter you will want to restore their old color. How will you do it? Very simply. Just squeeze the juice of a lemon on a bit of soft cloth, give the leather a thorough treatment with this, and see if your shoes don't look as well as they did when you bought them.—New York Journal.

A Cactus with 710 Blossoms.

Apropos to the fact that Amesbury claims a cactus with 44 blossoms and Georgetown one with over a 100 blossoms, it is interesting to know that in this city there is one with 710 blossoms on it.—Newburyport News.

FARM AND ORCHARD.

Valuable Suggestions to the Producers.

THE OLIVE IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Interesting Notes For the Farmer and Orchardist.

The olive is extensively cultivated in the south of Europe, solely for the sake of the oil, which is obtained from its fruit. This is a small green oval berry, containing a hard stone, in which are two seeds. The fruit must be gathered a little before it is quite ripe; the olives are spread on the floor of a room, and left several days to dry and to ferment slightly; they are then crushed in a mill, and then put into bags made of rushes, or of course canvass, which, being subjected to pressure in a screw press, the oil flows out and is received into proper vessels, which are half filled with water, on top of which the oil floats and is easily skimmed off. Where the process is carefully periormed, the stone of the berry is not broken when the fruit is first put into the mill, the mill stones being set far enough apart to avoid doing so, and the oil first drawn off is of superior quality. After all this is expressed, the mass, stones and all, is either returned to the mill, and the stones are broken, or the same effect is produced by mixing up the mass with boiling water and increasing the power of the press; by repeating this operation, not only a second, but even a third, quality of oil is obtained.

The best oil is made in the neighborhood of Lucca, Italy; that consumed in England is produced principally in Tuscany or Naples, though a great deal is brought from Spain, and some from the Ionian Islands. In this country, as an article of food, it has been heretofore treated as a luxury, and principally used by the middle and upper classes. Now, however, all classes are being educated to the fact that it is a very desirable article, both as a food and a medicine.

The following facts in regard to it are so well narrated by the Frenchman, Bertile, that we quote them: "Rich in azote, and with considerable nutritive qualities, olive oil possesses in the first place, the power of assimilating with the human body. It is instrumental in assisting in many medical cures where the method is cutaneous. It being more liquid than animal fat; always used for that purpose, it is easier to absorb. The injured parts, protected from the air by the oily substances or salves, heal more quickly. These unctions give, besides, more suppleness and elasticity to the muscles. As it is not penetrated by the poisons in the atmosphere it is used with success in counteracting the deleterious miasma around swampy districts. Taken daily by the spoonful, it is an excellent laxative to the system, and not tiresome to the stomach."

In the countries which produce the olive, the oil constitutes a large proportion, in some way or other, of the food of the people, and is an absolute necessity.

The refuse of olives, after the oil is obtained from it, is given to hogs to fatten them, is burnt as fuel, or used as a manure. The unripe fruit is also pickled in salt water, flavored with some spice, and is eaten in many countries as a relish. It is also largely used on the European Continent to improve the flavor of certain wines.

The touching story of the flight of the dove from Noah's Ark, related in Genesis, proves the existence of the olive tree in the earliest period of the world's history. It was a celebrated tree among the ancients. The Romans used the wood not only as a fuel, but on the altars of their gods; it was the emblem of peace; it held the first rank in their mythology. Minerva taught the Athenians how to prepare the fruit, and they had a most religious respect for it.—*Rural Californian.*

BUG ORDINANCE.

The San Bernardino County Board of Supervisors at their last meeting amended a previously passed ordinance to read as follows: The ordinance while stringent is just and we hope it will be carried out to the letter.

SECTION 1. No person or persons either as owner, agent, servant or employee shall bring or cause to be brought into San Bernardino county, California, from any district, county or State, any trees, vines, shrubs, scions, cuttings, grafts, fruits, plants, flowers or vegetables, without giving notice within twenty-four hours after their arrival at their destination to a member of the County Board of Horticultural Commissioners of said county, or to the local inspector of the district into which they are brought, nor plant, sell, expose for sale, give away or otherwise distribute any of the articles mentioned in this section, or cause the same to be done, until they shall first have been inspected as hereinafter provided and disinfected to the satisfaction of the County Board of Horticultural Commissioners of said San Bernardino county or the local inspector thereof acting under the direction of said County Board of Horticultural Commissioners.

SECTION 2. If upon a careful inspection by a Horticultural Commissioner or local inspector of said county of San Bernardino, any of the articles enumerated in section one of this ordinance shall be found to be infested with any live scale or insect pests detrimental or injurious to fruit trees or the product thereof, or to plant life, such infested articles shall be removed from the limits of the county within 48 hours, at the expense of the owner, agent or shipper, or disinfected or destroyed. The owner, agent or shipper shall have the right to elect as to the removal of said infested articles from the county or to have the same destroyed, by order under the direction of the County Board of Horticulture.

SECTION 3. Wherever the said board deem it necessary for the safety of the horticultural interests of the county, they may hold in quarantine for subsequent inspection or disinfection, or both, any of the articles mentioned in section one of this ordinance, for 14 days or less as in their judgment is necessary.

SECTION 4. The County Board of Horticultural Commissioners are hereby authorized to require any or all articles, as enumerated in section one of this ordinance, brought into San Bernardino county to be disinfected, even though a careful inspection by a Horticultural Commissioner or focal inspector should show such articles to be apparently free from scale or insect pests.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilder.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of The Century, is thin and slight, with long gray hair, a piping, reedy voice, delicate features and a manner of nervous modesty. He looks the last man alive to have won such a very great prize as the editorship of The Century, which came about in this wise: When quite young Mr. Gilder started a small publication, Golden Days, or something of the sort. It was bought by The Century company, and its editor, who had had the good luck to win Dr. Holland's approval, was made that gentleman's assistant. A few years later Dr. Holland died, and the directors of the enterprise honored his memory by putting young Gilder in his place.

Mr. Gilder's sanctum is the handsomest in New York—in fact, altogether aesthetic. It has an open fireplace, brass andirons, with rugs, hangings, draperies and pictures in the highest style of art. It is full of greens at Christmas, of flowers at Easter. In it Mr. Gilder is altogether charming. His wife is much more substantial looking than he is. She is a cousin of Mrs. Grover Cleveland—hence the intimacy between the two families. Mrs. Gilder is also much given to art, and spends much time at the brush, especially in summer, when she is at Marion, Mass., where her husband has had built for her a studio of big granite blocks which is said to be the most unique in America.—Epoch.

An Army Electrical Corps.

The New York Electrical Review, in commenting on the suggestion recently advanced by Lieut. Fiske, and now under consideration, that an electrical corps be established in the army and navy to take charge of electrical appliances in time of war, refers to the fact that a few months ago it advanced some ideas on the same subject. It suggested that electrical men might, profitably to themselves, enroll themselves as members of the New York naval militia, and thus in a certain degree return the obligation the electrical profession owes the navy, from the ranks of which many of its most distinguished workers have been recruited.

The Electrical Review is inclined to think that some of the officers and men now in the service could be advantageously detailed to such work. In case of emergency a fair supply of competent engineers could be made available, but if civilians were pressed hurriedly into action their lack of military training might prove a serious embarrassment, so that a much higher standard of efficiency would be attained by having such a corps equipped with men skilled in the tactics of warfare.

Plea for Cosmetics.

One can't in the least blame American women if they do spend, as Kate Field says they do, $62,000,000 a year for cosmetics. Mighty sum indeed for women to spend in keeping their persons sweet and attractive, considering how many million women there are to spend it, and the women don't spend it nearly all, either! Who buys the expensive French tooth washes, essences and pomades but gentlemen? Who uses the finest face powders but the men who patronize first class barbers? Take it any way you please, send in the whole bill to the women, and it comes to about $3 a year for toilet necessaries, not by any means all white lead or calomel. Please remember that the cosmetic art is older than that of medicine and was a science before the latter was anything better than conjuring.—Shirley Dare.

Chance for Argument.

Cultured Mother—Did you write to the tailor about that suit of clothes?

Small Son—Yes, ma; here's the letter.

C. M.—Mercy! you've spelled suit s-o-o-t.

S. S.—Isn't that right?

C. M.—Of course not. Soot is the black stuff.

S. S.—These clothes are of black stuff.

C. M.—But soot is the black stuff that gathers in a chimney. The word you should use is s-u-i-t. It comes from the French and means set."

S. S.—But these clothes don't set. That's why we're sending 'em back.—Good News.

Mr. Gloer's Large Family.

Mr. Isaac D. Gloer is a man of ordinary size, weighing about 160 pounds, but he is the head of a family that weighs in aggregate numbers 1,500 pounds, and there are only four children and six in family. Mr. Gloer lives in Bowman, Ga., and is consequently a near neighbor.

Here is the way it comes about: Mr. I. D. Gloer, the old man, weighs about 160 pounds; his wife weighs 300 pounds, while his children come as follows: his son Isham weighs 190 pounds; Joseph weighs 300 pounds; Mary, 300 pounds; David, 300 pounds, which makes a total of 1,500 pounds for a family of six persons.—Athens Ledger.

An Esthetic Arab.

It was on a Back Bay street. A ragamuffin picked up a faded chrysanthemum from the sidewalk. He ran up to a gentleman passing by. "Got a pin, mister?" The gentleman saw the Arab's ambition to get the flower on the lapel of his coat, and obligingly pinned it on for him.—Boston Transcript.

A beautifying wash: Take equal parts of white tansey and rhubarb water, and to every half pint add two drams of sal ammoniac. The fluid is applied with a feather or hair pencil three or four times a day to pimples or tetters on any part of the body.

WRINGING THE HANDS.

How to Manage Them in Company.

SOMETHING FOR THE AWKWARD TO LEARN.

Making Them Unconscious.—Try it Once.

"Few people are thoroughly at ease about the disposition of their hands in company," said a teacher of the art of gesture. "And yet there is a very simple thing that may be done to get rid of that disagreeable consciousness of the members which give rise to the difficulty. You see, the hands are far more highly educated in this age of mechanical civilization than they have ever been before. It may almost be said that the brain has found its way to the ends of the fingers—that these extremeties have come to possess an inherent intelligence. For this reason the attention is so fixed by habit upon the hands that they feel awkward, just as any other part of the body will do if you think particularly about it.

"You have only to fix your attention on your little toe in order to have it become within a minute positively painful. It has often occurred to me that those monks of the Middle Ages who devoted their minds devoutly to the steadfast contemplation of their stomachs, for the purpose of bringing on a trance condition, must have felt a grievous need of Jamaica ginger.

"So, in order to be graceful in the disposal of your hands, it is only necessary to get rid of consciousness about them, and you may accomplish this to a surprising extent by a very simple gymnastic process. Let them hang limply and wring them as violently as possible for five minutes, say. This will render them unconscious to a great extent, so that you will not be disturbed for some time after by the excess of feeling in them. Consequently, while the effect lasts, you will find yourself at ease about your hands and will have no trouble about their management.

"You will be astonished, if you try it, to find how admirably it works. I have recommended it to hundreds of people, and they have uniformly found it successful. Do it once every day for a month and you will discover that, by the mere practice of the habit, your embarrassment in this regard has been greatly diminished. The time to perform the operation, obviously, is just before you enter a room full of company, though it will not do very well to be found wringing your hands in the vestibule of a house to which you have been invited, or engaged in what may appear to be a frantic exhibition of grief in the reception room."—Washington Post.

A Relic of Territorial Days.

When Noah McNaught was at Hamilton he was shown a wagon wheel which was found buried high up on the mountain side and covered with two feet of earth. From appearances it had been there sixty years. The tire was wide, the spokes were rotted off at the point of intersection with the felloes. The hub and felloes were tolerably well preserved. The root of a tree as large as a man's body had grown through and broken out three spokes. There was no mark in the dense forest indicating that a wagon road had ever existed in that neighborhood. In accounting for how this wheel could ever have gotten there, an Indian tradition recites that a government party took its wagons to pieces and packed them on the backs of mules, that one mule bearing this wheel on its back was precipitated from the mountain side and killed by the fall, leaving the wheel to be covered by the earth as the surface of the mountain became invaded.—Washington Farmer.

Sugar from Sorghum.

In a report issued by the British government is a document from the English consul at Chicago, which states the positive opinion of the author that sugar making from sorghum is now an established fact, and he believes that it will double the value to the American farmer of his corn lands. He is satisfied that hereafter there will be no difficulty of getting from 7 1-2 tons of cane 750 pounds of sugar and 1,000 pounds of molasses and 900 pounds of seed—the whole valued at over $50. This is double what the same area of wheat or Indian corn would produce. In some states—Kansas, for instance—the consul believes this industry will add a six-fold value to the farm lands. When it is remembered that but a few years ago the attempt was almost abandoned by the government as hopeless, such a report from anything but a favorable source is very encouraging.—New Orleans Picayune.

Variety in the Color of Eggs.

It may be taken as a general rule that the eggs of most birds vary more or less as regards size, shape and coloring. Guillemots' eggs vary in ground color from grayish white to grass green. The eggs of the red grouse, the rock and the plover also vary to a great extent, both in color and marking. It sometimes happens that birds whose eggs are usually bright and artistically colored will lay pure white ones, and instances of this in the case of the yellow hammer have come under the notice of the writer. House sparrows' eggs have likewise been taken quite destitute of coloring, while blackbirds' eggs have been found of a blackish hue.—Hardwicke's.

A Curious Ailment.

A curious connection between the color and the auditory sense has been observed by Dr. Albertine. He has discovered that persons suffering from daltonism, that is, color blindness to certain hues, have a corresponding deafness to certain musical notes. Special instances are given. For example, a person not having the sensation of red cannot distinguish the note sol, a person blind to green cannot recognize re, nor can the notes be produced by the voice.—Philadelphia Record.

Accounted For.

Chicago Man (in hotel corridor to fellow guest).—Excuse me, sir, but I believe you have taken my hat by mistake; I just came out of the dining room and noticed my peg was empty; yes (trying it on), I was right. This is my hat.

Fellow Guest—But, sir, you must be in error. Why, it is altogether too small for you.

Chicago Man (haughtily)—Precisely. But you must bear in mind, sir, that I bought that hat before we got the World's fair.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Mind for Emergencies.

(Agitated whistle from composing room.)

Editor—Well?

Voice down the tube—Th' ain't no standin' matter, 'nd Murphy's pied a hull galley o' type!

Editor (promptly)—Shove it into the form and head it "The Pied Piper of Hamelin, by Robert Browning!"—Drake's Magazine.

Objected to Whole Bricks.

An old negro came tumbling out of a cabin, and just as he fell in the road, a short distance away, a brick thrown from the house struck him on the head. He lay there for several moments, and then, getting up, turned to a white man who happened to be passing and, as he wiped the blood off his head, remarked:

"Dat's jes' zackly whut make me say whut I does say."

"And what do you say?" the white man asked.

"W'y, dat dis marryin' dat the white folks talk so much erbout is er failure sho 'nuff. Now, dar's dat lady in de house (again wiping off the blood) dat I has thought er good 'eal o'. But now look at me. Is I fitten to go in s'ciety wid sich er lady fur er wife? Long ez she didn' fling nothin' but brickbats, w'y she'd sorter do, an' I could go in s'ciety wid her, but now dat she is tuck ter flingin' whole bricks w'y I kain't put up wid it. Look out fur dese ladies dat flings whole bricks."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Willing to Learn.

A Buffalo lady, showing a friend from Boston her fine house and grounds, explained that a pipe which ran across the lawn was intended to supply a fountain, "but," she added, "it doesn't work now; it's bust."

Madam's daughter, much mortified, took the first opportunity to whisper in her mother's ear: "Ma, you shouldn't say 'bust,' say 'burst.'" Ma, not too old to learn, made grateful mental note, and later on was quick to seize an opportunity to regain the ground she had presumably lost. A chief ornament of madam's drawing room was a marble presentment of her departed husband. To this she called the guest's attention.

"It is a burst of my dead husband," she said, with infinite complacency.

The guest has gone back to Boston.—Buffalo Express.

Trying His Best.

Son to Father—Dear Father: I enclose a tailor's bill for $50. Please send me check. Your loving son.

Father to Son—My Dear Son: Check enclosed. $50 is too much for you to pay for a suit. See if you can't do better next time. Your loving father.

Son to Father—Dear Father: Yours received. I have just ordered another suit for $45, and enclose bill. I may be able even to beat this next time. Your dutiful son.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Why It Was Realistic.

Heavy Villain (during a breathing spell, while he is being killed by the hero)—Say, old man, ain't you putting a little too much life into this? You're almost choking me.

Hero (tightening his grip)—At last, base villain, I have thee! (Sotto voce) I'll ease up when you promise to pay me that five dollars you owe me.—Lawrence American.

The Hackman in the Forest.

"Would you like to leave?" said the wood chopper to the Young Tree.

"I don't know but I wood," answered the Young Tree. "Can you take me down with a hack?"

"I guess so," said the chopper; "seeing you've only got one small trunk."—Puck.

The Proper Word.

A young lady (hesitating for a word in describing a rejected suitor)—He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but——

"Dogmatic," suggested her friend.

"No, he has not dignity enough for that. I think pupmatic would convey my meaning admirably."—Chatter.

An Old Saying Newly Said.

Miss Kewt (who wants to bring him to the point)—I think some old bachelors are horrid.

Mr. Batchellor—What about present company?

Miss Kewt—Present company always accepted.—Judge.

At Lonelyville in July.

He (tenderly)—Do you know what makes me linger here, and why I have not left this little village two weeks ago?

She (archly)—Perhaps you are waiting for money to pay your board.—Drake's Magazine.

His Job.

"What are you working at now?" said one young man to another.

"Nothing."

"It strikes me you ought to have had that done by this time."—Washington Post.

An Old Saw.

Mahler—What a nonsensical saying that is, "Money talks."

Shaler—I think it a very wise one. "Money" does "talk," and its remarks are invariably full of cents.—Chatter.

Anatomical.

Quizz (to butcher)—Where do you say is the heart of the city?

Butcher—I hardly know; but it must be somewhere near where the lights are.—Lowell Citizen.

Infelicitous Queries.

He—By the by, talking of old times, do you remember that occasion when I made such an awful ass of myself?

She—Which?—Punch.

UNDER A TRAIN.

A Young Woman's Coolness Saves her Life.

WONDERFUL PRESENCE OF MIND.

Hanging Beneath a Trestle While a Train Thunders Above.

Clinging for her life to a rough beam while a flying express train thundered and swayed above her head. Swinging in midair with death above and below her until almost exhausted by the fatigue that came of the terrible strain upon her, physically and mentally.

This was the direpredicament in which Miss Norma Onken, of Ridgeway avenue, Avondale, was placed one afternoon, and it was only due to her cool judgment and calm presence of mind that she did not meet with a shocking death. In attempting to cross a railroad trestle which spans the rocky bed of Bloody Run, a little bed north of Avondale, she was run down by an express train, the engineer of which was endeavoring to make up for lost time by running at full speed. To prevent being hurled from the trestle she was compelled to let herself down on the outside of the track and hang on until she was rescued.

With Mr. Richard Hall, of Walnut Hills, and Miss Nannie Fisher, of Avondale, she started out for a walk. They went along the Cincinnati and Lebanon and Northern Narrow Gauge railroad toward Lebanon, and as they reached the trestle Mr. Hall and Miss Fisher held back, fearing to meet a train. Miss Onken, though knowing it to be near train time, thought to cross the trestle before the train could come.

She was about half way over when the Montgomery accommodation, due in Cincinnati at 2:35, whistled. She looked up and was horrified to see the train driving toward her with great speed. It was train No. 12, of which Ed. F. Doherty is conductor and Lee Barnard trainman, and it was traveling between thirty-five and forty miles an hour. When Miss Onken saw the train coming toward her she displayed a wonderful presence of mind by throwing herself over the side of the trestle and there clinging to the timber.

The engineer, George Collins, seeing the gentleman and lady at the other end of the trestle, reversed the engine and stopped as soon as possible; but it was not until he had passed Miss Onken some distance. Running back on the trestle Doherty and Barnard each took one of Miss Onken's hands and pulled her up on the track. Her face was black and blue, and she was more dead than alive. She was exhausted and could have held on but a very short time longer.

Without help just at that time she would have fallen into the creek twenty feet or more below her.

After resting a few moments she was able to resume her walk, none the worse for her harrowing experience. The spot where the scene occurred is noted for accidents. On the 4th of July last an old colored woman was thrown from the trestle and dreadfully injured, breaking two of her limbs and fracturing her skull. Three weeks ago there was a collision at this point, and one of the battered engines is still half buried in the mud there.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Poor Mrs. Vanderbilt.

New Yorkers are getting to be the most inveterate and cold blooded starers. I once saw Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, a sweet faced and rather pretty woman, come into Stearn's to do some shopping. The women about heard who she was and they stood around her in a circle and simply feasted their eyes upon every detail of her dress and appearance. They loudly called each other's attention to her earrings—solitaire pearls—to the fit of her dress and the way it hung in the back. They came closer and felt it. They studied the way she had her hair done up and suggested that it was worth trying when they got home. They stood shoulder to shoulder with her and learned her hat by heart. She was admirable through it all, pretended she did not see or hear or feel, finally turned around to go, with a blankly absent expression, the cortege thronging around her and escorting her, still loudly commenting, to her carriage.—Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

Telegraph Offices and Messages.

There are two telegraph offices to every 10,000 of the population in Great Britain; in Tasmania there are eleven telegraph offices to each 10,000 of the population. In Great Britain there are 251 miles of wire to every 1,000 square miles of area; in Denmark there are 662 miles of wire to each 1,000 square miles of area. In Great Britain there are 143 messages per head per year of the people; in West Australia there are 7.5 messages per head.—New York Telegram.

Musical Mrs. Tayler.

Old Mrs. Tom Taylor, widow of the dramatist, is one of the finest amateur pianists in London. She is very small and quite feeble, but it is quite wonderful to see her hobble across a drawing room to the piano and a moment later charm and bewitch everybody by the sad, sweet and almost timid melodies she will play. Her eyes are so weak that she could not read the music if it was on the rest, and so she plays from memory or else improvises, taking her own mood for the theme.

A Practical Enterprise.

A very practical and much needed enterprise has been recently started in Washington by two ladies. It is a nursery where mothers of every nation and rank are taught how to feed and bathe their babies scientifically as well as sensibly, and how to put their troublesome charges to sleep. Samples of food are shown, and the best method of preparing them taught, and after the lecture the prepared food is given to the baby most in need of it.—Exchange.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY MAY 1 ..... 1891.

The death of Count Von Moltke is a sensational episode in European history.

Helmuth Karl Bernhard Von Moltke was born at Parchim, Mecklenburg, October 26, 1800. His father was a Danish general. Moltke entered the Prussian service in 1822; ten years later after hard study, he was admitted to the general staff. With the permission of the Prussian authorities he went to Constantinople in 1835, where he assisted in improving the fortifications of Turkish cities. He also assisted in the warfare against the Kurds and against Egypt. After his return to Berlin he was employed for many years in staff service, and in 1856 became adjutant to Prince Frederick William, and in 1858 chief of the general staff of the army. The rank of lieutenant-general was conferred upon him in 1859. After the battle of Sardowa Moltke was rewarded with the order of the black eagle and the command of the Kolberg or Second Pomeranian grenadier regiment.

Having long foreseen the contingency of a war with France, he was ready with his plans when it suddenly broke out in 1870, and their execution resulted in the most astonishing and uninterrupted series of victories ever achieved by one great military nation over another.

Besides conferring upon him the title of count and making him large donations, the emperor of Germany appointed him, in 1871, general field marshal, and in 1872 life member of the upper house.

A good many people are disappointed because silver has not advanced more rapidly under the larger purchases of the Treasury. It should be borne in mind, however, that there was known to be a surplus of from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 ounces which could be used to keep the market price down. A New York dispatch says that London houses which have large interests East have manipulated the stock in interest of purchasers. It is estimated that the stock on hand has decreased by about 6,000,000 ounces, though as yet the market does not show it. If this estimate is true, or about true, when another 6,000,000 ounces has been absorbed it will be impossible to prevent a rise in the silver market. Silver was several years in getting down to its present ratio with gold, and time will be required to get it back. The fact that there is a general assent to the present silver policy which promises permanency will tend to restore prices.

Fava resided in the United States ten years as Minister from Italy. In that time he ought, if a fairly intelligent man, to have gained considerable knowledge of our system of government, of its dual character, of its Federal and State relations, of the decisions made concerning Federal and State liabilities, etc. But Fava has reached Paris on the way to Rome, and has unbosomed himself, disclosing that he is either a dissembler or else is ignorant of the American system of government. Really, he appears to understand less concerning it than the ordinary immigrant of six months' residence in the United States. Of course Fava's ignorance is assumed, and for a purpose.

The movement inaugurated through the co-operation of the State Board of Trade to investigate the legal and land basis of bonds issued by irrigation districts in this State, to the end that they may be definately established as valid securities in the market, promises great benefit to the irrigation projects which so greatly concern the future of California. The Chamber of Commerce has been brought in line with the Irrigation Association and State Board of Trade in the investigation, and when the report comes it will be with the endorsement of all these bodies, which is such as surely to inspire confidence of investors.

Jack the Ripper has appeared in New York. A horrible crime, possessing all the characteristics of the Whitechapel atrocities, was committed there Thursday night. The victim bore the brand of the ripper, and the police of Gotham are firm in their belief that the crime is the work of the original Jack. It is hoped they may be more successful in catching the fiend than were the London cops.

A WOMAN'S BUSINESS DRESS.

Editor Mary F. Seymour's Idea of a Costume That Any Woman Could Wear.

The resolution in regard to suggestions for a business costume for women, adopted by the recent national council of women at Washington, has created a deal of discussion among women in all parts of the country.

Miss Mary F. Seymour, editor of The Business Woman's Journal, in an interview with a reporter of the New York Sun, expressed herself on the subject as follows:

"Laying aside the question whether such a costume would be advisable or not, there is no doubt that women who are engaged in business are greatly hampered by the style of dress now in vogue. It takes twice as much exertion in a woman to walk as in a man, and you know when women are compelled to work for their living they cannot afford to expend their strength recklessly. The greatest difficulty which business women have today is to select the right kind of dress. Now my suggestion would be, in the first place, to wear a short skirt, one that would reach to the tops of the shoes. One of the greatest drawbacks of the long skirt which business women wear at present, next to its weight and clumsiness, is its tendency to drag in and catch hold of the mud in the streets and the dust on the floor. The short skirt would do away with this.

"A woman with both arms full of papers or packages could step boldly across a street, no matter how wet or dirty it might be, without being compelled to stop, transfer her burden to one arm, or hold some of it between her teeth in order to lift her skirts. This skirt should not be of heavy material; cashmere or silk is preferable to heavy woolen goods. The weight of heavy garments, distributed as it is in the skirts of woman's dress today, exhausts the vitality. Instead of having the many underskirts women are wont to have, I would suggest heavy Turkish trousers. These would be a great deal lighter than the number of skirts which would be necessary to give the same warmth, and, besides, would leave the limbs free to move. The skirt would then do nothing but conceal these trousers.

"The objection will probably be raised that such a short skirt will expose the foot in an undesirable way. It is true that women have big feet, and nothing makes them look bigger than a skirt which exposes the entire shoe and nothing more. To remedy this I would suggest that fancy leggings be worn, which extend from just above the toes to three or four inches above the shoe tops. These would conceal the line between the shoe and the stocking, and, besides having a pretty effect, would make the foot look smaller than it really is.

"So much for the lower part. The waist should be as simple and as comfortable as the dressmaker's skill can make it. I once designed a dress for myself which embodied all my ideas of comfort and convenience. The waist consisted of a jacket and a vest in one piece. The jacket was in reality nothing but two long lapels which covered a part of the body of the waist. In the vest were four pockets arranged just as they are in a man's waistcoat, two in the upper and two in the lower part. On the outside of the two lapels were two pockets similar to those on a man's coat. In the back drapery were inserted two oblong pockets, the openings of which were drawn together by elastic cord. Under one of the panels, on the right and the left sides, I had long pockets."

The reporter next asked Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake what she thought of the idea of a business woman's costume.

"I think," she said, "that one of the greatest strains that business women could put themselves under would be to dress out of the fashion of the day. I shrink from any suggestion of a dress for women that would make the wearer conspicuous and an object of ridicule. Business women, more than all others, are dependent upon the favor of the public, and for them to wear a garment that would make them ridiculous would be almost suicidal.

"I believe that comfortable dresses can be made within the lines of fashion. They should be perfectly loose and easy, and not too long—three or four inches above the ground would be plenty. The most disagreeable and uncomfortable part of a woman's dress is the band around the waist. This can be obviated in a degree by wearing the waist and the skirt of one piece. That is, the lining of the dress is all one piece, and the drapery is put on that according to the fashion of the day or the taste of the wearer."

Mrs. Roscoe Conkling.

The reappearance of Mrs. Roscoe Conkling on the streets of New York brings back to the thousands of friends of her lamented husband, who were familiar with her face only at rare intervals, recollections of her earlier beauty. Mrs. Conkling must be more than sixty now. She is unusually tall looking, being so erect, and in her mourning garments seems actually taller than her real height, which can't be less than 5 feet 6. Her eyes are blue and her features finely chiselled. Seen side by side with Mrs. Grant, the contrast between her stately proportions and the shorter, stouter figure of her companion, whose complexion is much darker, is noticeable. Mrs. Conkling's married daughter, Mrs. Oakman, was the companion of these two ladies on their visit to the Conkling painting in the Hoffman House.—New York World.

The Chatelaine Bouquet.

The chatelaine bouquet is quite the rage. It is long stemmed and is suspended from the waist by a chatelaine of handsome ribbon, and usually consists of roses and foliage or carnations and lilies of the valley. The chatelaine bouquet is, however, appropriate only with bridal or dancing toilets.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In England celery is much used as a last course at dinner, dipped in grated cheese—that is, the cheese is passed with it and the celery dipped as it is eaten.

A Strategic Promoter.

A man told me the other day—he would not have his name mentioned for evident reason—that when he had a big scheme to push the first thing he did was to get into debt with the people he wanted to enlist in his enterprise. "Then, of course," said he, "by helping me out they help themselves." Specious logic, to be sure, but cleverly plausible on its outward face.—Boston Traveler.

ON THE ITALIAN COAST.

Pale evening paused on a purple peak
To greet the sun ere he sank to rest;
Her brows he kissed, and her pallid cheek,
And left a blush on her dusky breast.

Then viewless lassos she softly threw
Around the necks of all living things,
Bringing them home in the twilight blue,
Amid patter of feet and flutter of wings—

Into the blue and out of the gold;
Sea birds home to their airy nests,
Lowing herds to the humble fold,
And children home to their mothers' breasts.

Tonight I paused on a purple peak,
When daylight died on the darkling main,
And something moistened my weary cheek
As thoughts long dead came to life again.

But there were no lassos my birds to draw,
My birds, my herds and my children home.
The night alone and her stars I saw,
And shadowy Ætna's awful dome.

O restless soul! Can nothing restore
The pride and promise of former years?
Or art thou a surge on yon iron shore
Which breaks and forever disappears?

—William E. S. Fales in New York World.

Admirals Rivals in Rhyme.

A London friend sends me quite a pretty story anent the daughter of Sir Edwin Arnold. She is her father's secretary and his companion in most of the journeys round the world. During her recent stay in Japan her majesty's China squadron ships and the American Pacific fleet were in the harbor of Yokohama at the same time. Sir Edwin and his daughter entertained the admirals of both fleets at luncheon, and in return were naturally invited on board the ships. The American fleet was first visited, and upon leaving the gallant American admiral presented Miss Arnold with a beautiful bouquet, tied with ribbons of the ship, as a token of the respect of himself and his officers.

This American courtesy came to the ears of the English commander, and not to be outdone by his American brother he presented Miss Arnold with a larger bouquet and doubled the number of ribbons. Then the American admiral sent Miss Arnold a few verses of his own composition. This was going a little further than the English officer was capable of, but he had some verses written to Miss Arnold and dispatched them to her three days afterward. The daughter then told her father, and she immediately found a third contestant. That same afternoon brought her another beautiful bouquet and attached was a card bearing the following lines:

TO MY DAUGHTER.

Oh, happy maid, whom two great flags conspire
To honor—blending rich melodious posies,
When admirals rhyme, the muse unstrings her lyre
To bind in pride their mayflowers and their roses.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

—Philadelphia Times.

Mrs. Gladstone.

She is one of the most charming looking women you ever saw—a sweet, kind face framed in full, soft, lovely hair and topped by a cap of velvet and lace. A gown that falls in artistic folds and doesn't rustle, and a way of looking at you as if she were interested in everything you said—that's Mrs. Gladstone. She does not care for society as it is meant by the round of balls and receptions and the giving and going to them, but she is delighted when she is at the head of her own dinner table and has about her a circle of friends who know and love her and Mr. Gladstone. Unlike the wife of any other prime minister, she never went in for having a salon, for surrounding herself with rich and powerful friends who would simply care to be received at the house of a prime minister, and yet have no real interest in the cause which he so thoroughly and entirely championed.

Instead, she has given her time to caring for him, to seeing that he was under any and all circumstances as comfortable as possible, and that in this way his health was preserved for the nation for whom he did so much good. Her happiest moments are when she is with her husband at Hawarden, but on every important occasion she has always been by his side. Just remember that this means going over the country in railway trains, being for hours on open air platforms, and then you will understand why the people of England worship Mrs. Gladstone as a heroine.—Cor. Ladies' Home Journal.

A Noble Work.

Mrs. James S. Gibbons has turned her beneficence in the channel of charity, and her large contributions to the Women's Prison association have done much to make its standing solid and sure. Mrs. Gibbons was one of the first founders of the home, and it has been mainly through her untiring efforts that a law has been passed demanding that women prisoners should be searched and looked after by women. Mrs. Gibbons visits all the prisons and talks with the women. When they leave the prison she gives them a refuge in the home until they get started, and oftentimes she finds them situations.

"Mine is a particular calling, that of helping the female prisoners," she said. "Such a woman is the most unhappy of all human beings. Once a criminal always one, and the world has not a tear for her. Our prison association hunts all these women up and leads them to a higher and nobler purpose in life."—New York Recorder.

The great plagues formerly filled nations with terror; but they are now well nigh conquered, and are known mainly as matters of history. Smallpox was a frightful disease, even within the present century, but is now powerless to gain a foothold anywhere in Christendom.

There are two prominent occupations in which there seems to be no distinction of sex in regard to honor or compensation. On the stage and in the field of literature men and women meet as equals.

Lucca, the singer, will hereafter devote herself exclusively to teaching, and she will receive only eight pupils, and such as show that they have a good future before them.

No less than 17,000 young girls and women, homeless, friendless, helpless and foodless, sleep in the open-all-night shelters of Stepney Green, London, in a year.

Gas Explosions in British Coal Mines.

In the course of last year it appears that no fewer than 285 lives were lost by explosions of gas in the coal mines of Great Britain, and nearly all of these took place during the first six months. Of the total deaths stated it appears that 273 took place in the South Wales mining district, and in nearly every instance resulted from the use of naked lights or blasting.—London Tit-Bits.

A Daring Project.

One of the features of the coming electrical exhibition at Frankfort-on-the-Main will be the transmission of power on a scale hitherto never attempted. When it was announced some months ago that it was proposed to transmit 100 horse power from Lauffen-on-the-Necker to Frankfort, a distance of more than one hundred miles, the statement was received with smiles of incredulity, but now it seems quite probable that not only will the experiment be tried, but that it will succeed, in spite of the engineering difficulties that have to be surmounted.

The government has been asked to supply line for the purpose, and on the system used the expense will not necessarily be at all severe, for the use of very high potential alternating currents is the feature of the scheme as at present planned. The alternating generator will supply a step-up transformer, that in turn will transmit its secondary current at an enormously high potential along the line, to be re-transformed by a step-down transformer at Frankfort to a potential practicable for an alternating motor. A series of experiments carried out recently at Oerlikon involve the use of pressures as high as 33,000 volts on the line.

At such a potential the current transmitted becomes so small that the line is a relatively small factor in the losses incurred, even though it be of the extreme length proposed. Nothing can better illustrate the characteristic advantages of the alternating system than this beautiful process of generating and utilizing currents at a moderate potential and transmitting them from station to station at a pressure so enormous that the losses in transit become insignificant.—Electrical World.

Greek Must Go.

The most dangerous attack on Greek in the schools and colleges yet seen was made the other day in England at a meeting of the head masters of the Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, Charter House, St. Paul's, Clifton and other schools—one of their usual annual or semi-annual gatherings. It was led, or in fact made, by Mr. Welldon, the head master of Harrow. He advocated the abolition of obligatory Greek both at school and college and the substitution of science or modern languages, on two grounds.

The first was the need of adapting education to individual tastes and capacity. The second—in the interest of Greek study itself—was that the Greek language might be left in the hands of those who really loved it, and could cultivate it with success—to a sort of classical elite, in short, who would rescue it from its degraded condition as the bugaboo of dunces and sluggards. There was a good deal of discussion, pro and con, which elicited nothing very new, but Mr. Welldon came within two votes of carrying his resolution, this adverse majority being obtained by the adhesion of two of the smaller schools.

We doubt if anything so ominous for Greek has yet occurred, for the English public schools are its stronghold today, and indeed England may be said to be its main champion. It has never struck such deep roots in education and general culture on the continent or in this country.—New York Nation.

The Iron Port of the World.

Escanaba is the county seat of Delta county, Mich. It lies at the foot of the great pine forests and overlooks Little Bay de Noquet, the head waters of Green bay. Five years since it was practically a village in the wilderness.

According to Mr. Nursey's carefully written report, capable of the fullest verification, Escanaba is the greatest iron port of the world. He tells us that during the navigation season of 1890 it shipped 3,700,000 tons of iron ore, or nearly double that of all the ore ports of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota combined. Its lumber output amounted to about 120,000,000 feet, while the freight capacity of the vessels entering and clearing from its port exceeded 8,000,000 tons. This compares with the tonnages of the greatest seaports of the world, which are: (1) London, 19,000,000; (2) Liverpool, 14,000,000; (3) New York, 11,000,000, and next comes Escanaba with 8,000,000 tons.—Iron.

Round the World in Eighty Days.

The first of the new vessels of the Canadian Pacific line, built to establish communication between Vancouver and Japan, has left Liverpool for Vancouver, and she takes with her a number of passengers at an inclusive charge of £120 for an all-round-the-globe trip. The vessel is a magnificent specimen of the skill of the English shipbuilder. Her complement of passengers is full, and these glorified trippers are timed to be back in England within eighty days after their departure from Liverpool. They will go by way of the Suez canal and the Indian and Pacific oceans, and will cross Canada on the Canadian Pacific line.—London Tit-Bits

The Duty on Imported Gas.

The treasury department has approved the action of the collector of customs at Buffalo exacting duty on natural gas imported into that district in pipes under the Niagara river from the interior of Canada. Assistant Secretary Spaulding has informed the collector that no objection is perceived to the course suggested by him of requiring daily entries of estimated quantities and the liquidation at the end of the months according to the quantities shown by the returns of the meter.—Washington Star.

Sounded Like a Cyclone.

Two young men of the city are said to have gone out walking a day or two since, when they chanced to stroll near the old pond place above the upper factory. They heard something like a cyclone and were very much alarmed until they approached the old dam, under which was a square hole which was originally left to draw off the pond occasionally. In this was seen five large serpents which were standing upright and hissing most vigorously.—Athens (Ga.) Leader.

UNGARNERED.

The sunlight flecks my cottage floor;
A singing bird swing high, swings low,
Among the elfin sprites that blow
Red throated trumpets at my door
To wake the morning flowers.
My baby, serious eyed and wise,
Beholds the sun god's scattered wealth.
Night gowned he crawls, with clumsy stealth,
To snatch the gold from where it lies;
I watch him with the silent thought
That all the world are snatching gold
They cannot for the moment hold,
While all about, unheard, unsought,
Are songs of birds and sunny hours.

—America.

How Sparrows Clear Away Snow.

On the east side of Central park, at Sixty-seventh street, stands a clump of pine trees, where toward evening it seems as if all the sparrows in the park congregate to gossip and scold and quarrel with each other, and to pass upon the doings of their gray coated, wingless, club carrying namesakes.

The recent snow storm, however, made things rather uncomfortable for them. Every needle of the big pines was covered with the pretty, soft, light flakes, which didn't seem so pretty to the pugnacious, feathered little English-Americans. So they perched themselves on the Fifth avenue stone wall and on the rocks near by, and with their saucy looking bull heads cocked to one side held a council of war that was almost distracting to the aristocratic people that live on the other side of the street.

They seemed at length to have devised a plan to clear their perches, for they flew into the trees and then half a dozen at a time dove through the needles and against the smaller perches with such force that the light, dry snow was shaken off and fell to the ground in little white clouds. At the end of half an hour of hard work their home was entirely cleared of the disagreeable stuff.

Then, of course, they must needs hold a thanksgiving meeting, which was even more distracting than the council. But all things have an end, and one by one the noisy chatterers snuggled up to each other, sank down on their perches, tucked their heads under their wings and went to sleep to dream about cake crumbs and big fat worms.—New York Herald.

Fateful January.

The death of the Belgian heir to the throne, Prince Baudouin, has revived the old superstition concerning the fatefulness of January for the royal family of Belgium. The record of events that have caused the superstition has been increased of late years with remarkable rapidity. In January, 1867, the Empress Charlotte, sister of the Belgian king, became insane in consequence of the shooting of her husband. The king's only son, crown prince and Duke of Brabant, died on Jan. 23, 1869. In January, 1881, the royal castle in which the Empress Charlotte lived was destroyed by fire. In January, 1889, Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, the Belgian king's son-in-law, was killed in the tragedy of Meyerling. On New Year's day, 1890, the royal castle at Laeken burned down. "Alas!" exclaimed the Belgian queen when the news of the fire was brought to her in Brussels, "it is this terrible January. It always brings us misfortune."—New York Sun.

The Carbons Ticked the Message.

A dozen people who stood chatting at San Antonio, Tex., were treated to a most remarkable electrical phenomenon. At that time the elements had entered into a conflict, seemingly, with the electric fluid from the trolleys and telegraph wires, and blue and white flashes of flame were leaping wildly from water spouts and door casements. Suddenly the carbons within the large globes hanging in the center of the room began that incessant clicking heard in a telegraph office, and the experienced ear of an operator, who happened to be one of the group, detected the fact that it was a veritable message being transmitted in the usual symbols. A notebook and pencil were drawn and the message, which proved to be an Associated Press dispatch, was written out; it was the description of the Reform club banquet, and gave the speech of Mr. Cleveland in New York city. A telegraph and electric light wire coming together is supposed to have caused the phenomenon.—Exchange.

A Movement for Cleanliness.

Over in Berlin a local woman's society is distressed over the carelessness of dentists, and is agitating a reform punishing such by legal measures. It is charged that the dentists use their instruments indiscriminately and without proper cleansing. If this be true the offense is serious enough. A tyro in medical science knows that the mouth is the hotbed of septic germs; nothing could be more simple and easy than to convey all sorts of disastrous organisms from one person to another by means of forceps and excavators. The women of Berlin will do well to compel the washing of the instruments in carbolic acid in the presence of patients, as they have set out to do, if this extraordinary carelessness exists.—New York Times.

Choked to Death by a Toy Balloon.

Charles Schneider, a 7-year-old boy, was choked to death recently by getting the gum of a toy balloon fastened in his throat. He was visiting a relative, Thomas Hern, and while playing with his little friend the gum of a balloon stuck to the roof of his mouth, and he began swallowing it. Mrs. Hern's attention was attracted by the boy's playmates. She attempted to get the gum out of his mouth, but failed.

Physicians were sent for at once, and Drs. McCord and Burleigh arrived just as the boy had breathed his last. It was some time before the gum could be gotten out, as it had become firmly imbedded in the boy's throat.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Leipsic is to have an international exhibition in the summer of 1892 for the apparatus and methods of the Red Cross societies, the most improved means of feeding and clothing soldiers, hygiene and popular cooking. It will be in the Crystal Palace, a structure of about twice the size of Madison Square Garden, New York.

Some friends who attended the funeral of a young lady in London had a novel experience the other day. A few weeks before the young lady had sung "Nearer, My God, to Thee" into a phonograph, and after the funeral ceremony the hymn was reproduced.

Little Wallace Chapman, a four-year-old Kansas City boy, has a wonderful memory. He recently repeated, verbatim, a nineteen stanza poem after hearing it read aloud three times.

Don't wait until in front of a ticket seller's window before trying to find your drapery hidden pocket. If tickets can be purchased in quantities on routes you frequently travel purchase them, and save other people's temper and your own time.

Near Walker, Vernon county, Mo., a miner excavated a petrified foot 23 inches long and 20 inches around the instep, supposed to be that of a giant. The miner has been offered $150 for it, but declines the offer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)

Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday	January 24th
"	February 21st
"	March 21st
"	April 18th
"	May 23rd
"	June 20th
"	July 18th
"	August 15th
"	September 12th
"	October 17th
"	November 14th
"	December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

General Sherman, like George Bancroft, was very fond of young people. He liked to have them about him, and frequently treated them with more consideration than he did their elders. He was a thorough democrat in his relations with his fellowmen. He would talk with a laboring man as readily as with a millionaire.—Exchange.

Walter Miller, of Middleton, Conn., makes the strange boast that he has skinned more skunks this winter than any politician in the Nutmeg state. So far his record is forty-five skins. Mr. Miller states that the only drawback to the business is that he is compelled to live practically by himself.

The late Ben Ali Haggin's un-American name is said to have been bestowed upon him by his father out of regard for a pasha who once befriended him when he was a wanderer in foreign lands without money or friends. Now the copper king's wealth is estimated at $40,000,000.

A kind of moth or butterfly is said to have become so very troublesome and destructive in Bavaria that every possible means has been taken to destroy it. The most effective method consists of attracting the pest by means of an electric light in connection with a blow fan, which draws the insects into the suction pipe by air draught and results in millions of them being destroyed.

It is reported that Lucy Long, a little sorrel mare, ridden in many battles by General Robert E. Lee, is still living in the south and in good health, safe from the infirmities common to extreme old age.

The growth of population and area in London is marvelous. A recent return shows that the metropolis comprises 700 square miles and a population of five and a half millions.

Lenten Restriction.

Fledgely—As it is all over with us I wish you would return me the ring and watch I gave you.

Alice—I cannot give them to you until after Lent.

Fledgely—But I insist upon them now.

Alice—You know, Mr. Fledgely, that I cannot indulge in any pleasure during this season.—Jewelers' Circular.

There are two counties in Georgia that have not a lawyer. They are Echols and Charlton. The returns for 1890 show further that Charlton has neither a doctor nor a dentist.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 18th day of April, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Mullane, deceased the undersigned, the Executor of the Last Will and testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on and after Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1891, and within six months thereafter, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John Mullane at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to, that of the said John Mullane at the time of his death, in and to that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said County of Inyo, State of California and particularly described as follows, to wit: The South half of the North East quarter; and the North West quarter of the South East quarter of Section No. Seven, and the South West quarter of the North West quarter of Section No. Eight, all in Township No. Nine South, Range No. Thirty-four East, Mount Diablo Meridian, containing one hundred and sixty acres.

Bids or offers must be in writing, and will be received at the residence of the undersigned, near the town of Big Pine, in the County of Inyo, State of California, and may be left at the place herein designated, or delivered to said Executor personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States, ten per cent. of the the purchase money to be paid to the said Executor when the sale shall be made, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court Deed at the expense of purchaser.

RICHARD HESSIAN.
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 18th day of April, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Mullane, deceased the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, on and after the sixth day of May, 1891, at the residence of the undersigned, near the town of Big Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property to wit: Seventy head of stock cattle, more or less; One plow; One wagon; One horse; One cooking stove and utensils; One set harness; One shovel; One hay fork, and one trunk.

RICHARD HESSIAN.
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PETER DIECKSON, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of PETER DIECKSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Lone Pine, in the county of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated April 18th, 1891.

JOHN F. LUBKEN,
Administrator of said Estate.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Thomas Parker, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Thos. Parker, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of P. H. Mack, in the town of Independence, Inyo Co., Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Inyo, State of California.

JOHN SHEPHERD,
S. G. REGG.
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Thomas Parker, deceased.
Dated at Independence, Cal. April 4, 1891.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo county, Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 30th day of March 1891, an assessment (No. 12) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of May 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 29th day of May, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.
Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2.00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

J. W. Murphy.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

Snug little FORTUNES have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Ross, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars free. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, MAY 1 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98
Lead, 4 35
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

On Sunday, May 3d, Rev. E. W. Van Deventer, D. D., will be with us. Services will be held as follows: At Lone Pine, Love Feast, 10 a. m., preaching at 11 a. m. to be followed by Communion of Lord's Supper. Georges Creek at 2:30 p. m. At Independence, 7 p. m. Praise Service at 7:30. Sermon by Dr. Van Deventer and administration of the Sacrament.

On Tuesday Dr. Van Deventer will deliver his popular lecture, "The Wild Young Man and His Stay-at-Home Brother."

On Wednesday evening he will preach at Keeler.

Collection for Presiding Elder fund.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

FRIDAY, April 24, 1891.

Manuela Diaz vs. Abraham Diaz et al.—Filed complaint and issued summons.

Estate of John Lucas, deceased—Filed request for appointment of E. H. Edwards as Administrator.

MONDAY, April 27, 1892.

Hamill vs. W. W. Collins et al.—Clerk's entry of default.

Filed demurrer Stecker vs. Fife.

WEDNESDAY, April 29 1891.

Filed stipulation, Frank Silva vs. Southern Development Company.

Filed stipulation, Broder vs. A. R. Conklin et al.—Time set for hearing, Monday, May 25, 1891.

THURSDAY, April 30, 1891.

Filed petition for appointment of guardian of estate and guardianship of John James Lucas.

Filed original Summons—Stecker vs. Fife.

Wm. Rowan, of Bishop, was in town Thursday.

George Gillian was in town several days during the week.

The sheep men are coming into Lone Pine for supplies.

Fred Bulpit of Bishop attended the ball Monday night.

L. F. J. Wrinkle was up from Keeler on Wednesday.

The town is very quiet. Nothing of of note happening.

Farmers are all hard at work. The alfalfa promises well.

Mr. and Mrs. O. I. Mairs intend making a trip to Los Angeles shortly.

The personal effects of Thomas Parker, deceased, will be sold to day.

Doctor I. J. Woodin returned from Los Angeles last Tuesday.

A very few apricots have been discovered in town untouched by frost.

S. P. Smith came down from Bishop on Tuesday, returning next day.

John L. Bourland and wife of Bishop were in town during the week.

Twenty-two bands of sheep passed by Olancha, on their way north, this season.

Mrs. Carlyle, a niece of A. O. Collins, is visiting with friends at Georges Creek.

The marble quarry sent a large delegation to the Odd Fellows' ball Monday night.

The Grand Parlor, N.S.G.W., have been most hospitably received at Santa Rosa.

Elsie and Julian Eibeshutz are coming to Independence in a few weeks to spend their Summer vacation.

A. O. Collins has proven an efficient Sheep License Collector. He has already issued licences for eleven bands.

A number of mares were sent to Bishop this week from Independence to be bred to the fine young Electioneer stallion, Autare.

Mrs. Jessie Wightman, who has been spending the last few weeks in Inyo county, left Independence for San Francisco yesterday.

President Harrison is being royally entertained by Californians, though the news of his sister's accident dampened his pleasure somewhat.

J. W. Murphy has been confined to his room for several days. He had an attack of the grippe during the month, and it finally laid him out.

Mr. John Baxter writes that his physician in San Francisco has given him great encouragement, and that he hopes to return to Inyo in a few weeks, greatly improved in health.

The Directors of the Lone Pine Canal Company elected the following officers at their meeting last Saturday: E. Robinson President; P. H. Mack, Secretary; E. H. Edwards, Treasurer.

The heart broken cries of a young mahala raised some alarm in town yesterday morning. A number of citizens rushed to her and found her clutching a dead baby to her breast: The child had been very ill, and she was hurrying to the doctor's with it, when it died.

The ball given by the Odd Fellows on Monday evening was fairly well attended, and a good time had. With the exception of Keeler there were very few present from other towns in the Valley. A special train came up from that place and brought a large delegation. The Lodge members did everything in their power to make the occasion a pleasant one, and the young people say they had a thoroughly good time.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION!

Secretary Noble's Construction of a New Land Law.

WASHINGTON, April 25th.—Secretary Noble to-day communicated to Commissioner Carter his views as to the proper construction to be placed upon the proviso in Section 7 of the act repealing the timber-culture law. The opinion is of great importance to public land States, inasmuch as it determines the question as to what point of time the words "when there shall be no pending contest or protest against the validity of such entry" apply; whether the contest or protest to prevent the issuance of patent until disposed of must have been pending before the lapse of two years from the date of issuance of the receiver's receipt upon final entry in cases existing, and where two years had elapsed before the act of March 3d took effect, as well as in those afterwards. Many thousand of homestead, desert land, pre-emption and timber culture entries are involved in the opinion.

The Secretary says, in part: "If the statute of March 3d were to be construed to invalidate all contests or protests not filed within two years after the date of final receipt and before this statute took effect, the result would be that many thousands of fraudulent claims would go to patent without further question being possible, although the contests or protests were legally pending at the date of the act, and with great loss to many citizens.

"A contest is the statutory means of acquiring homestead or other claim against illegal entry, and is thus rewarded if successful, to preserve the public domain for honest settlers. To so construe the present act as to annul and, as it were, wipe out all those contests and protests existing before March 3, 1891, not filed within two years from the issuance of the final certificate, would amount substantially to a repeal *pro tanto* of the statute of May 14, 1880. But the statute cannot be legally held to be repealed by implication, and least of all where it would allow patents to issue in so many cases where the experience of the Department leaves no reason to doubt that fraud has been practiced upon the laws regulating land entries, and which can be proven if the contests and protests are allowed to proceed to hearing. If it had been the purpose of Congress to provide that a contest or protest must be pending within two years after the receiver's receipt upon final entry in all cases before the statute of March 3, 1891, as well as after, it certainly would not have used so ambiguous a term as we here find.

"The makers of this law were well acquainted with the situation of affairs; the land laws have been the subject of great discussion for many years, in and out of Congress; the committees on public lands were distinguished for industry and intelligence, and they were fully aware of the facts stated. Had they desired to accomplish the purpose claimed by some, they should, and doubtless would, have used language too plain and direct to require construction. On the contrary, they use the present participle in this clause and say 'when there shall be no pending contest or protest,' meaning thereby clearly, I think, pending then presently at the date of the Act, as it was not intended to be limited to be limited to contests pending within two years after the date of the final receipt when the case had arisen before the present Act took effect, and the two years had elapsed. The statute thus becomes one of limitation as to the future, without overthrowing pending contests or protests. When the two years did not terminate before the date of the Act, a contest to be valid must be filed within the two years. There is no force in the point, I think, that the statute enumerates cases arising under timber culture or pre-emption laws, for these laws, although repealed by the present Act, have been efficacious to inaugurate entries which either proceeded to final entry or may yet do so. No new cases can arise under the timber culture or pre-emption laws, but it was necessary that this Act should notice them, to cover the whole ground.

"Neither does the proposition seem a sound one that by this statute it was intended to expedite public business. The way Congress must expect to have patents issued is by furnishing a sufficient clerical force to accomplish the work, and not by suddenly rushing great masses of cases to patent, although contests legally instituted are pending, and in which experience leaves no reason to doubt that fraud exists. To thus reward fraud and squander the public lands could not have been the purpose of our national Legislators.

"These are my views upon the law presented, and all of the points I deem it necessary to discuss."

A Law Fixing A Bounty On Coyote Scalps.

SECTION 1. Any person who shall kill and destroy any coyote or coyotes, in any county of this State, after the passage of this act, shall be paid a bounty of five dollars out of the general fund of the State Treasury for each coyote so destroyed.

SEC. 2. Any person who may kill and destroy a coyote as provided in the last section, may go before any person authorized to administer oaths, and present the scalp, containing the ears and nose of the coyote destroyed, to such officer and make and subscribe to an affidavit showing the time and place that such animal was killed, which scalp and affidavit may be deposited with the Clerk of the Board of Supervisors of the county in which such coyote was killed.

SEC. 3. The Board of Supervisors of each county of the State shall, quaterly, determine the number of scalps deposited with the Clerk of such Board during the preceding quarter, and by whom, and shall give to each person who may have deposited scalps a certificate certified by its clerk, showing the number of scalps deposited by such person and the sum due him at the rate of five dollars for each scalp. Such certificate may be presented to the Controller of State, who may draw his warrant on the general fund in the State Treasury for the sum named therein in favor of the person entitled thereto.

SEC. 4. When the certificate named in the last section is directed to be drawn, the Board of Supervisors shall, at the same time, cause the scalps to be destroyed by fire.

SEC. 5. No bounty shall be paid for any scalp unless presented within three months after the coyote is killed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. J. MOORE,

County Treasurer,

INYO CO., CAL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing betwen the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

FORBES & TOBEY,

HAWTHORNE, NEV.,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS.

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed Flooring.

sept 11-1

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
dependence, Cal.

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.

Real Estate Agents,

Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

CROCKERS' HOTEL.

BIG PINE - CAL.

New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates

Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.

Special attention given to the wants of every guest.

W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee.
sept-1f

Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS & HILL,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.,

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,

m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel. Prompt and careful treatment given and the east possible pain inflicted. Address

WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

P. H. MACK.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

Bishop Creek, Cal.,

Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

INDEPENDENCE

SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.

WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

FRED BURCKHARDT

Watchmaker & Jeweler

LONE PINE, CAL.

Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.

All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine

FRED BURKHARDT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

IRWINS' SALOON

Corner Edwards and Market Streets,

Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates.

Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE AND REPAIRED.

THE BEST MATERIAL.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.

Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence,

SHOP DIRECTORY.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE

BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK

BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points

Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE.

Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE SEWART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

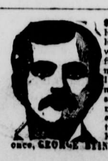
Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,

Big Pine, Cal.



$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay MADE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p. m.		5.50 p. m.
Layton	12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2.05 p. m.		2 50 p. m.
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning	7.05 p. m.		9.55 a. m.
Gods Springs.....	8:05 p. m.		9:15 a. m.
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.		7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10.00 p. m.	Lv.	7.30 a. m.
	No. 3.		No. 4.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Belleville.....	8 20 a. m.		5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.		1:35 a. m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p. m.		11:05 a. m
Alvord.....	2.45 p. m.		10:00 a. m
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10p. m.		7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar 5:55 p. m.	Lv.	7.00 a. m.

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (35 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies'
Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOL

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries & canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE

Blacksmith Shop.

R. C. Spear, Prop'r

—ALL WORK ON—

MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS

—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—

HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING

All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES,

LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 1d

A *peculiar* fact with reference to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is, that, unlike sarsaparillas and other blood medicines, which are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May, the "Discovery" works equally well *all the year round*, and in all cases of blood-taints or humors, no matter what their name or nature.

It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold through druggists.

Why? Because it's sold on a *peculiar plan*, and you only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

"Golden Medical Discovery" is a concentrated vegetable extract, put up in large bottles; contains no alcohol to inebriate, no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; is pleasant to the taste, and equally good for adults or children.

The "Discovery" cures all Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, as Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Fever-sores, White Swellings, Hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.

Diplomatic Remark of a Barber's Apprentice on Drawing Blood—"It's a good enuff razor, Boss, but if you don't hold it jess so, it goes about a day under the skin."

When Dobbins' Electric Soap was first made in 1834 it cost *2½ cents a bar*. It is *precisely* the same ingredients and quality *now* and *doesn't cost half*. Buy it of your grocer and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

A man cannot always tell what is the right thing to do, but he can come near telling every time what is the wrong thing.

Dr. Wallace Ely has removed his offices to 215 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal., where he continues to give special attention to Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland and all diseases arising therefrom. Diabetes and Bright's Disease treated according to the latest approved method. Most cases can be treated successfully by correspondence. Consultations daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. WALLACE ELY, M. D., 215 Powell St., 4 doors from Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

A little less censure should be given the spider; flies are so willing.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

Gratitude is a virtue that has commonly profit annexed to it.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

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FREE CONSULTATION

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BEBEE;

or,

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

By "OUIDA."

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was dark. The May days are short in the north lands of the Scheldt.

She had her little winter cloak of frieze and her wooden shoes and her little white cap, with the sunny curls rippling out of it in their pretty rebellion. She had her little lantern, too; and her bundle, and she had put a few fresh eggs in her basket with some sweet herbs and the palm sheaf that Father Francis had blessed last Easter—for who could tell, she thought, how ill he might not be, or how poor!

She hardly gave a look to the hut as she ran by its garden gate; all her heart was on in front, in the vague far off country where he lay sick unto death.

She ran fast through the familiar lanes into the city. She was not very sure where Paris was, but she had the name clear and firm, and she knew that people were always coming and going thence and thither, so that she had no fear she should not find it.

She went straight to the big, busy, bewildering place in the Leopold quarter where the iron horses fumed every day and night along the iron ways. She had never been there before, but she knew it was by that great highway that the traffic to Paris was carried on, and she knew that it would carry people also as well.

There were bells clanging, lights flashing, and crowds pushing and shouting as she ran up—a little gray figure, with the lantern spark glimmering like any tiny glow worm astray in a gas lit city.

"To Paris!" she asked, entreatingly, going where she saw others going, to a little grated wicket in a wall.

"Twenty-seven francs—quick!" they demanded of her.

Bebee gave a great cry, and stood still, trembling and trying not to sob aloud. She had never thought of money; she had forgotten that youth and strength and love and willing feet and piteous prayers—all went for nothing as this world is made.

A hope flashed on her, and a glad thought. She loosed the silver buckles and held them out.

"Would you take these? They are worth much more."

There was a derisive laughter; some one bade her with an oath begone, rough shoulders jostled her away. She stretched her arms out piteously.

"Take me—oh, pray take me! I will go with the sheep, with the cattle—only, only take me!"

But in the rush and rear none heeded her; some thief snatched the silver buckles from her hand, and made off with them and was lost in the throng; a great iron beast rushed by her, snorting flame and bellowing smoke; there was a roll like thunder, and all was dark; the night express had passed on its way to Paris.

Bebee stood still, crushed for a moment with the noise and the cruelty and the sense of absolute desolation; she scarcely noticed that the buckles had been stolen; she had only one thought—to get to Paris.

"Can I never go without money?" she asked at the wicket; the man there glanced a moment, with a touch of pity, at the little wistful face.

"The least is twenty francs—surely you must know that!" he said, and shut his grating with a clang.

Bebee turned away and went out of the great, cruel, tumultuous place; her heart ached and her brain was giddy, but the sturdy courage of her nature rose to need.

"There is no way at all to go without money to Paris, I suppose" she asked of an old woman whom she knew a little, who sold nuts and little pictures of saints and wooden playthings under the trees in the avenue hard by.

The old woman shook her head.

"Eh!—no, dear. There is nothing to be done anywhere in the world without money. Look, I cannot get a litre of nuts to sell unless I pay beforehand."

"Would it be far to walk?"

"Would it be far to walk?"

"Far! Holy Jesus! it is right away in the heart of France—over two hundred miles, they say; straight out through the forest. Not but what my son did walk it once—and he a shoemaker, who knows what walking costs; and he is well to do there now—not that he ever writes. When they want nothing people never write."

"And he walked into Paris?"

"Yes, ten years ago. He had nothing but a few sous and an ash stick, and he had a fancy to try his luck there. And after all our feet were given us to travel with. If you go there and you see him, tell him to send me something—I am tired of selling nuts."

Bebee said nothing, but went on her road; since there was no other way but to walk she would take that way; the distance and the hardship did not appal two little feet that were used to traverse so many miles of sun baked summer dust and of frozen winter mud unblanchingly year after year.

The time it would take made her heart sink, indeed. He was ill. God knew what might happen. But neither the length of leagues nor the fatigue of body daunted her. She only saw his eyes dim with pain and his lips burned with fever.

She would walk twenty miles a day, and then, perhaps, she might get lifts here and there on hay wagons or in peddlers' carts; people had always used to be kind to her. Anyhow she counted she might reach Paris well in fifteen days.

She sat under a shrine in a by street a moment and counted the copper pieces she had on her; they were few, and the poor pretty buckles that she might have sold to get money were stolen.

She had some twenty sous and a dozen eggs; she thought she might live on that; she had wanted to take the eggs to him, but after all, to keep life in her until she could reach Paris was the one great thing.

"What a blessing it is to have been born poor; and to have lived hardily—one wants so little!" she thought to herself.

Then she put up the sous in the linen bosom of her gown, and trimmed her little lantern and knelt down in the quiet darkness and prayed a moment, with the hot agonized tears rolling down her face, and then rose and stepped out bravely in the cool of the night, on the great southwest road towards Paris.

Her way lay out through the forest, and in that sweet green woodland she was not afraid—no more afraid than the fawns were.

At Boitsford she shrank a little, indeed. Here there were the open air restaurants, and the cafe gardens all alight for the pleasure seekers from the city; here there were music and laughter, and horses with brass bells, and bright colors on high in the wooden balconies, and below among the blossoming hawthorn hedges. She had to go through it all, and she shuddered a little as she ran, thinking of that one priceless, deathless forest day when he had kissed her first.

But the pleasure people were all busied with their mirth and mischief, and took no notice of the little gray figure in the starry night. She went on along the grassy roads, under the high arching trees, with the hoot of the owls and the cry of the rabbits on the stillness.

At Groenendael, in the heart of the forest, midnight was striking as she entered the village. Every one was asleep. The lights were all out. The old ruined priory frowned dark under the clouds.

She shivered a little again, and began to feel chill and tired, yet did not dare to knock at any one of the closed house doors—she had no money.

So she walked on her first ten unknown miles, meeting a few people only, and being altogether unmolested—a small gray figure, trotting in two little wooden shoes.

They thought her a peasant going to a fair or a lace mill, and no one did her more harm than to wish her good night in rough Flemish.

When the dawn began to whiten above the plains of the east, she saw an empty cow shed filled with hay; she was a little tired, and lay down and rested an hour or two, as a young lamb might have lain on the dried clover, for she knew that she must keep her strength and husband her power, or never reach across the dreary length of the foreign land to Paris.

But by full sunrise she was on her way again, bathing her face in a brook and buying a sou's worth of bread and fat milk at the first cottage that she passed in bright, leaf bowered Hoeylaert.

The forest was still all around her, with its exquisite life of bough and blossom, and murmur of insect and of bird. She told her beads, praying as she went, and was almost happy.

God would not let him die. Oh, no, not till she had kissed him once more, and could die with him.

The hares ran across the path, and the blue butterflies flew above head. There was purple gloom of pinewood, and sparkling verdure of aspen and elm. There were distant church carillons ringing, and straight golden shafts of sunshine streaming.

She often felt tired, and her wooden shoes were wearing so thin that the hot dust of the road at noonday burnt her feet through them. Sometimes, too, she felt a curious brief faintness such as she had never known, for the lack of food and the long fatigue began to tell even on her hardy little body.

But she went on bravely, rarely doing less than her twenty miles a day, and sometimes more, walking often in the night to save time, and lying down in cow sheds or under haystacks in the noontide.

So she walked on until she reached the frontier of France. She began to get a little giddy; she began to see the blue sky and the green level always swirling round her as if some one were spinning them to frighten her, but still she would not be afraid; she went on, and on, and on, till she set her last step on the soil of Flanders.

Here a new, strange, terrible, incomprehensible obstacle opposed her; she had no papers; they thrust her back and spoke to her as if she were a criminal. She could not understand what they could mean. She had never heard of those laws and rules. She vaguely comprehended that she must not enter France, and stunned and heart broken, she dropped down under a tree, and for the first time sobbed as if her very life would weep itself away.

She could see nothing, understand nothing. There were the same road, the same hedges, the same fields, the same white cottages, and peasants in blue shirts and dun hued oxen in the wagons. She saw no mark, no difference, ere they told her where she stood was Belgium, and where they stood was France, and that she must not pass from one into the other.

The men took no notice of her. They went back into the guard house, and smoked and drank. A cat sunned herself under a scarlet bean. The white clouds sailed on before a southerly sky. She might die here—he there—and nothing seemed to care.

After awhile an old hawker came up; he was traveling with wooden clocks from the Black Forest. He stopped and looked at her, and asked her what she ailed.

She knelt down at his feet in the dust.

"Oh, help me!" she cried to him. "Oh, pray, help me! I have walked all the way from Brussels—that is my country, and now they will not let me pass that house where the soldiers are. They say I have no papers. What papers should I have? I do not know. When one has done no harm, and does not owe a sou anywhere, and has walked all the way—Is it money that they want? I have none; and they stole my silver clasps in Brussels, and if I do not get to Paris I must die—die without seeing him again—over again, dear God!"

She dropped her head upon the dust and crouched and sobbed there, her courage broken by this new barrier that she had never dreamed would have come between herself and Paris.

The old hawker looked at her thoughtfully. He had seen much of men and women, and knew truth from counterfeit, and he was moved by the child's agony.

He stooped and whispered in her ear:

"Get up quick, and I will pass you. It is against the law, and I may go to prison for it. Never mind; one must risk something in this world, or else be a cur. My daughter has stayed behind in Marbais sweethearting; her name is on my passport, and her age and face will do for yours. Get up and follow me close, and I will get you through. Poor little soul! whatever your woe is it is real enough, and you are such a young and pretty thing. Get up, the guards are in their house, they have not seen, follow me, and you must not speak a word, they must take you for a German, dumb as wood."

She got up and obeyed him, not comprehending, but only vaguely seeing that he was friendly to her, and would pass her over into France.

The old man made a little comedy at the barrier, and scolded her as though she were his daughter for losing her way as she came to meet him, and then crying like a baby.

The guards looked at her carelessly, joked the hawker on her pretty face, looked the papers over, and let her through, believing her the child of the clockmaker of the Harts. Some lies are blessed as truth.

"I have done wrong in the law, but not before God, I think, little one," said the peddler. "Nay, do not thank me, or go on like that; we are in sight of the customs men still, and if they suspected, it would be the four walls

She knelt down at his feet in the dust.

of a cell only that you and I should see to-night. And now tell me your story, poor maiden—why are you on foot through a strange country?"

But Bebee would not tell him her story; she was confused and dazed still. She did not know rightly what had happened to her, but she could not talk of herself, nor of why she traveled thus to Paris.

The old hawker got cross at her silence and called her an unthankful jade, and wished he had left her to her fate, and parted company with her at two cross roads, saying his path did not lie with hers, and then, when he had done that, was sorry, and being a tender hearted soul, hobbled back and would fain press a five franc piece on her; and Bebee, refusing it all the while, kissed his old brown hands and blessed him, and broke away from him, and so went on again solitary toward St. Quentin.

The country was very flat and poor, and yet the plains had a likeness in them to her own wide Brabant downs, where the tall green wheat was blowing and the barges dropping down the sluggish streams.

She was very footsore, very weary; very hungry so often; but she was in France—in his country—and her spirit rose with the sense of that nearness to him.

After all God was so good to her; there were fine bright days and nights; a few showers had fallen, but merely passing ones, the air was so cool and so balmy that it served her almost as food, and she seldom found people so unkind that they refused for her single little son to give her a crust of bread and let her lie in an outhouse.

After all God was very good; and by the sixteenth or seventeenth day she would be in the city of Paris.

She was a little light headed at times from insufficient nourishment; especially after waking from strange dreams in unfamiliar places; sometimes the soil felt tremulous under her and the sky spun round; but she struggled against the feeling and kept a brave heart and tried to be afraid of nothing.

Sometimes at night she thought she saw old Annemie. "But what if I do?" she said to herself; "Annemie never will hurt me."

And now, as she grew nearer her goal, her natural buoyancy of spirit returned as it had never done to her since the evening that he had kissed and left her. As her body grew lighter and more exhausted, her fancy grew keener and more dominant. All things of the earth and air spoke to her as she went along as they had used to do. All that she had learned from the books in the long cold months came to her clear and wonderful. She was not so very ignorant now—ignorant, indeed, beside him—but still knowing something that would make her able to read to him if he liked it, and to understand if he talked of great things.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WASHINGTON CLAIM AGENTS.

The San Francisco "Examiner" Establishes a Claim Agency in Washington.

All parties who have claims against the Government will hail the establishment of the "Examiner's" Claim Agency with delight.—[Editorial from *S. F. Examiner*, March 15, '91.

The San Francisco *Examiner* is frequently in receipt of complaints from its subscribers in all parts of the Coast States and Territories that legitimate claims against the Government for *Indian depredations and land, postal and pension claims* intrusted to the care of various attorneys and claim agents have not been properly prosecuted, or, if so, that the charges of the agents or attorneys for fees and alleged expenses have been so great as to leave little or nothing for the claimants. We have been frequently urged to make war upon these rapacious attorneys, but for many reasons it is almost impossible to do so in such a manner as to benefit our subscribers. We might possibly succeed in driving a dishonest or overgreedy attorney out of the field, but his place would be immediately taken by another, and the fight would be endless and its results practically useless. We have therefore decided, as the best means of curing the evil, to establish in Washington a Bureau of Claims, which will take charge of all such matters and push them to a speedy and, in all cases where it is possible, successful issue. Mr. John Wedderburn, our Washington correspondent, and up to the time of his death Secretary to the late Senator Hearst, in which position he has had much experience in presenting and pushing such claims, will have charge of this bureau and will employ all necessary legal and clerical assistance of the first grade, making only such charge for their services as will cover the actual cost and pay him a reasonable price for the time devoted to the work. Mr. Wedderburn is known to every member of the Pacific Coast Congressional delegation, to whom inquiries as to his standing and reliability can be addressed. The necessity for the establishment of such a bureau is well shown by the following petition, which has been extensively circulated in northern California.

To the Hon. the Senate of the United States, in Congress Assembled—GENTLEMAN: The undersigned petitioners would most respectfully represent that we are claimants against the Government for losses sustained by Indian depredations committed in Humboldt county, California, at different times since 1850; that we were induced to employ an attorney here to properly prepare said claims, and another at Washington by power of attorney to prosecute them there; that we have paid our attorney here for making out all papers in said claims, besides being at considerable expense in attending with witnesses the Government commission here that examined our claims; that now our attorneys at Washington (Messrs.——) are asking us to sign a contract giving them one-third of whatever may be recovered from the Government as their fee, besides requiring us to pay all accruing costs for prosecuting said claims. This we consider an extravagant and unreasonable charge. Therefore we pray your honorable body to so amend the bill now pending before you for settling these claims that it will embody a clause allowing attorneys such fees and commissions for attending to said claims as shall be deemed just and equitable, and your petitioners will ever be most thankful.

Parties having claims of any kind against the Government, will address all letters to The Examiner Bureau of Claims, 79 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C., where Mr. Wedderburn may also be consulted in person.

The establishment of an honest Bureau of Claims comes at a very opportune time, as the late act of Congress nullified all contracts between claimants and their attorneys which gives every claimant a chance to transfer their claims to the Examiner Bureau.

A CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

A Bank with a capital and surplus of $1,800,000, and with average resources of upwards of $5,000,000, must certainly be in a very flourishing condition. The uniformly safe and legitimate character of its transactions, for a long series of years, has won for it the entire confidence of our best business men.

Of the 4,559 books that were published in this country in 1890, nearly 1,000 were novels. Never before in one year were so many new novels sprung upon an enduring public.

A vigorous effort is to be made in South Dakota to raise funds for an exhibit at the World's Fair, the Legislature having refused to make an appropriation.

The Nebraska Legislature refused to have night sessions, but instead have fixed the hour of meeting at 6:30 in the morning. The session will end in a few days.

They have become so virtuous in Washington that they cover bill-boards which contain pictures regarded by the police as objectionable, with concealing-plasters.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has appointed a committee to look into charges that the Soldiers' Orphan School has been robbed of $1,000,000 by the management.

The Pennsylvania Legislature is being urged to pass a good law, but with their pockets filled with railroad passes, the members do not take much interest in the subject.

The Boston City Council has passed an order requesting the Mayor to petition the Legislature to pass a law permitting the city to construct and maintain an elevated road.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

A man will receive more sympathy from the neighbors for his wife's one little fault than she will receive for her husband's ten big ones.

SPREADING FOR LEAGUES AROUND

The marshy, overflowed lands, sunken lots and half submerged river banks, which give them birth, the seeds of malaria impregnate the air, and are inhaled at every breath by thousands unprovided with any adequate safeguard against the baneful influence. Yet such exist—potent alike to remedy or to prevent, pure in its constituents, and the professionally recognized substitute for the hateful drug, quinine. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family specific and safeguard, foremost not only as an antidote to malaria, but also as a means of permanently removing dyspepsia, and relieving constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and nervousness. Among invigorants it takes the first place, and is also a superb appetizer. Use it systematically.

My father is the queerest freak
I've seen in my short life.
He smears with soapsuds all his cheek
And wipes it with a knife.

DEAFNESS CAN'T BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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For further particulars address with stamped envelope, R. J. LA GRANGE, M. D., 215 Powell St., fourth door from Geary, San Francisco, Cal. Office Hours, 11 till 3.

Here's a remarkable case. The other day a wagonmaker who had been dumb for years picked up a hub and spoke.

GET RID OF THAT BAD TASTE.

When you wake up in the morning with a bad taste in your mouth, with your throat and tongue dry and a yellow coating on your teeth and gums, don't imagine it was all caused by what you ate the night before. Of course everybody does that and everybody "swears off" from again eating such food. The trouble is that your liver is clogged, your kidneys are overworked and your bowels are not doing their duty. Take from three to ten of BRANDRETH'S PILLS and note the sudden and wonderful change in your system.

"Thank fortune!" as the man said when his money opened to him the doors of society.

For Throat Diseases and Coughs, use *"Brown's Bronchial Troches."* Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

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J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

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J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

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PEOPLE'S HOME SAVINGS BANK
805 Market St. cor. 4th St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Guarantee Capital, $1,000,000.00

Paid up in Cash	$333,333.33
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PAYS INTEREST FROM DATE OF DEPOSIT.

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RATES PAID LAST TWO TERMS:

On Term Deposits	5.52%
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SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS,

on the street floor with the Bank.

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The stamps will be supplied at the Bank and through our Agents, a list of whom may be had on application.

B. O. Carr, Manager and Sect'y. Columbus Waterhouse, President.
Pacific Bank, Treasurer.

San Francisco, California, Jan'y 1, 1891.

Statement, Jan. 1st, 1891.

R. H. McDonald, PRES'T. F. W. McDonald, CASHIER.

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PACIFIC BANK

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Surplus $ 800,000.00
Av. Resources, $4,704,700.00

Yearly Volume of Business, $230,000,000.00

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Banking House and other Real Estate	277,061.83
Sundry Stocks and Bonds	308,182.84
Due from Solvent Banks and Bankers	616,026.39
Money on Hand	381,438.18
Total,	$3,035,027.28

(B) **LIABILITIES.**

Capital Stock	$1,000,000.00
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Undivided Profits	3,824.10
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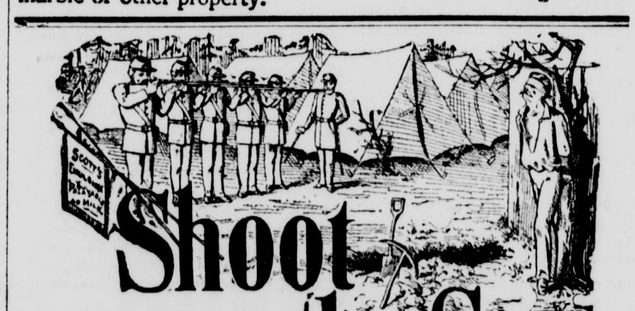
"The best is aye the cheapest."

Void imitations of and substitutes for SAPOLIO.—It is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning.

REAL ECONOMY.

It is worse than nonsense to buy a cheap article with which to damage more valuable property. Scouring soap is at best only a trifling expense, but with a poor and cheap article it is likely to do considerable damage to fine marble or other property.



Shoot the Spy

A cough or cold is a spy which has stealthily come inside the lines of health and is there to discover some vulnerable point in the fortification of the constitution which is guarding your well-being. That point discovered the spy reports it to the enemy on the outside. The enemy is the changeable winter climate. If the cold gets in, look out for an attack at the weak point. To avoid this, shoot the spy, kill the cold, using **SCOTT'S EMULSION** of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the weapon. It is an expert cold slayer, and fortifies the system against *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (specially in Children)*. Especially helpful for children to prevent their taking cold. **Palatable as Milk.**

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1891.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

Revolution in the Ornaments of Women.

GOWNS FOR THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

Women as Church Delegates.—Music at Weddings.

The fashionable woman has renounced one of the pomps and vanities of the world in consigning her jewels to the seclusion of their caskets. But there never was a time when they entered so much into the construction of the pretty, useful trifles with which she equips herself.

First in rank are her hairpins, which display the most exquisite workmanship of the jeweler's art, and are studded with valuable jewels. For dressy occasions jeweled combs set with five or six precious stones of different kinds are worn. Buckles assume special importance just now, and French women have exhumed from their cases the long neglected cameos, and had them mounted for clasps to the various Tunic and Grecian drapery effects now popular, or for fastening loose robes at the waist. Large rings of gold, studded with diamonds, are used for the same purpose on full dress occasions.

All the miscellaneous articles used about the person pass through the hands of the jeweler. The portemonnaie and card case are embellished with gold or silver ornaments—not monograms, since these are out of fashion—but a crest or coronet, a little flower, fly or fancy scroll. Purses of chain gold are quite the latest choice. Some of the handsomest have small diamonds set here and there, others have a tiny watch on top, and still others are fringed with emerald or garnet drops. The most novel form of the gold chain purse is the old knitted silk purse, reproduced in finely wrought gold and girt by a couple of loops, diamond set.

The pocket mirror is another elegant trinket, of gold, with a single large diamond in its sliding cover; the vinaigrette is sylindrical in form, with a cabohon top in polished stone; a gold walnut shell for the pocket contains a powder puff in one side and a tiny vinaigrette, surrounded by a rack for pins, in the other. Rings are worn in more generous display than ever before, on the third and fourth fingers of each hand, crowding their brilliant stones to the very knuckles. Turquoises are quite the rage in Paris now on account of Bernhardt's display of them in "Cleopatra."—New York Sun.

Gowns for the Princesses of Wales.

The young princesses of Wales are getting new shooting dresses, walking gowns, coats and other things. They buy all their own clothes now. Until quite recently everything had to be submitted to the princess herself. The young ladies have a nice, quiet taste in dress, and in the matter of fashions they appear to follow their own bent, ignoring altogether many of the latest vagaries. They don't like the three-quarter length coats, and they are not going to wear them. Their new coats are to be cut only a trifle longer than those they wore last winter. Two of these are in tan colored cloth, tight fitting and double breasted. They are lightly trimmed with otter and have high fur collars.

The shooting dresses are the prettiest I have seen this season. They are made of a thick fawn cloth striped with faint lines of light blue. The jaunty jackets are open fronted, and have revers of leather the same shade as the stripe in the stuff. These are worn over white kerseymere waistcoats, also striped with lines of blue. Princess Victoria has a fine figure, long and slight. Two plain walking dresses made of the Mar tartan will be worn by the princesses when they visit the Duchess of Fife. The jackets of these were neat and of quite a simple cut and fastened with two buttons. Several silk blouses in pretty colors had been made for wearing at different times with these. A silk front looks nicer under an open jacket than a stiff, mannish, white one.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Women as Church Delegates.

What would become of churches without women? They are the keystone of every creed in the civilized world: yet, when it comes to officeholding and representation in conferences, they are not deemed worthy of the slightest recognition!

At last there is light in one direction. Six hundred and ninety-nine Methodist churches in this country have decided by a majority of 62 per cent. that women ought to be admitted as delegates to the general conference, and it is thought that this popular vote will have great weight in shaping future legislation. It certainly ought.

Miss Frances E. Willard is not alone in beheving that the union of man and woman in the administration of church and state would redound to the benefit of humanity. To leave women out of the church is especially ungrateful, and if the Methodists experience a change of heart they will not only do right, but double their power and efficiency.—Kate Field.

Mrs. Beere's Artistic Dressing.

Mrs. Bernard Beere is considered the most artistic dresser in all England. She is taller than Bernhardt, very thin, and has glorious brown hair, which she powders with amber, gold or copper dust to match the color of her dress. She affects golden hued brocade, which she elaborates with gold embroidery or gold passementerie. Her neck is very long, and she delights in wearing an extremely high spreading collar of woven gold and mock jewels, which necessitates the arrangement of her beautiful hair on the very top of her head. So deft is she in treating her hair that you would declare it was a dozen colors instead of one. The effect is in no way the result of dye or bleach.

Mrs. Beere is an artistically beautiful woman. One feels and sees the artist the moment she enters a room. Instead of mixing colors she blends them, and with a red gown she will carry red flowers, wear red shoes and red jewels and throw all the different tints into her hair. She is not only an imitator but a warm friend of Mme. Bernhardt, whose plays she does in English, often with the gifted Frenchwoman for an adviser and critic. Mrs. Beere it was who, at a drawing room last season, appeared in red, carrying a great bunch of wall flowers in her hand. The next day all London was clamoring for wall flowers. Like the willowy Sara, she is perfectly independent of corsets and never wears them.—London Letter.

Music at Weddings.

It is to be wondered at that the music of fashionable weddings is not made more of a feature than it is. A man at the organ, with Mendelssohn to go in and Wagner to come out by, or vice versa, seems to be the Alpha and Omega of the musical ambition of most brides. Yet there is no moment in a woman's life, or a man's either, when music is more suitable and effective than at the ceremony which sees the public plighting of her troth. At Miss Coudert's wedding in this city recently the music was rendered by a stringed orchestra and the organ, and was a most attractive feature of the event. People listened delightedly as the almost human voices of the violins swept through the great church, and fairly forgot to crane their necks for the bridal party under the magic influence.

At Miss Telfair's wedding in Staten Island the same week a most pleasing novelty was introduced. Just before the arrival of the bride, her aunt, Mrs. C. C. Burr, sang with charming effect Ricci's "My Heart with Joy Is Brimming O'er." Nothing could have been more in keeping with the occasion.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Cheap Mittens.

If a lady wants to make a good many presents to poor people she cannot have $5 go farther than by buying cheap, heavy flannel or other cloth and making it up in mittens. Cut the piece for the hand whole on one side, and cut a slit to let the thumb piece in. It is easy to make the patterns by marking around hands of different sizes and allowing for seams Line the mittens or not as you choose. Hem at the wrist, and be sure to leave the wrist wide enough to go over the hand, or leave them open and button up close. They may be ornamented a little if desired by the giver, but will be thankfully received by the barehanded child or washerwoman without it. They are good to hang out clothes in. An apron with pockets for clothes pins goes well with them. Pieces of cloth somewhat worn make good mittens. Odd pieces of cloth, velvet and flannel are serviceable, and often ready at hand to use.—Cor. Housekeepers' Weekly.

Home Made Neck Wear.

Some young women of my acquaintance are deeply shocked at the extravagant prices paid by young men for ordinary silk ties. They affirm that excellent ties of first class silk can be made up in the four-in-hand style, or, for that matter, in any other fashion, and sold at a profit for fifty cents each. They propose to have the girls of a free sewing school go into the business, and I doubt not that all the men of their acquaintance will presently be buying and wearing these ties. I have noted one dangerous symptom, however, and that is a disposition on the part of young women advising men upon this subject to give riotous freedom to a somewhat gay taste in colors. In the scarf alone, they argue, is the American man permitted to be gay, and the consequence is this lamentable tendency to deck out the docile victim in crimson and gold.—New York Star.

The Sheriff's Nervy Wife.

W. D. Blanton, of Stephenville, Tex., convicted of horse theft and granted a new trial, was remanded to jail. One day while Perkins, acting jailer in the absence of Sheriff Shands, was feeding the prisoners, Blanton, who had concealed himself in the run around and provided himself with a loose stove leg, made a break for liberty, running Perkins down stairs. Perkins fell as he ran, and yelled out, "Look out! Blanton is coming!"

Mrs. Shands, wife of the sheriff, who resides below, called to her daughters to run and lock the doors, while she gathered the Winchester, threw a cartridge in it and drew it upon the prisoner, who cried out, "Mrs. Shands, don't be excited." She replied, "You are the only one excited. Hold up!" and he held up and was marched back.—Cor. Fort Worth Gazette.

Undulated Hair.

"Undulated hair" is about the latest thing out. It will be much in vogue for balls and special occasions, but it is even more likely to spoil the hair than curling. The undulator is an iron similar to that used for gentlemen's mustaches; it takes about three-quarters of an hour to do, and hard or limp hair takes a much longer time to operate on successfully than light, naturally curly hair. With the latter style of hair the undulation will last fifteen to twenty days. Limp hair requires the operation renewed more constantly. But this style only suits certain faces with irregular features, and is ridiculous when adopted by others. All the first class hairdressers now possess an undulator or hair weaver, and some of them use with it a curling wash or lotion.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Draughts Not Dangerous.

Now is the time of year when windows are closed up to keep out draughts. Just the contrary should be adopted. When the body is not overheated the draught caused by the ordinary incoming of air will do infinitely less harm than the impure air caused by closed windows. The way to enjoy pure air in cold weather is to turn on the heat when the room gets cold, not shut up the windows. Heat was invented for use. If the room becomes too warm don't turn off the heat, but open the windows. By that means a person who knows anything about ventilation can have an equable, summer-like atmosphere about him all winter long. The necessity of open windows is doubly apparent where tobacco smoking is indulged in, as the smoke is dangerous to the breathing apparatus and makes it liable to pulmonic troubles.—London Lancet.

The Growth of a New Project.

The Ladies' Guide and Chaperon bureau, opened in New York last winter, has found so much work on its hands that it is now on the brink of resolving itself into a stock company, and using its capital to fit a house and add to its functions some of those originated by the Ladies' Guide association in London, such as opening dressing rooms to women from out of town who wish to array themselves for reception or theatre, and lodgings to women traveling alone, who are refused accommodation under the mediæval regulations in vogue at some of the hotels. The bureau finds one of its most successful features the sending out women to assist timid entertainers in dinner serving.—New York Letter.

Unpopular Empress Frederick.

The Empress Frederick has excited the clamorous protests of her son's subjects by commissioning a London firm of upholsterers to decorate and partly furnish the future residence of Princess Victoria at Bonn. It is certainly a strange belise on the part of the empress, who did exactly the same thing when the Schloss of Charlottenburg was redecorated during her husband's brief reign. What a general roar of execration would have been excited in England if the Prince Consort had sent for Germans to decorate any of the royal palaces.—London Truth.

A Wealthy School Ma'am.

One of the queer things noticed in this metropolitan town is the sight of a young lady teacher in a public school who is driven to the school door daily in her own victoria, with blooded horses and a liveried coachman. The young lady, too, is an excellent, faithful teacher, and earns her salary as fully as do any of those dependent upon it for bread. She is the daughter of Lawson N. Fuller, and teaches in the new grammar school at One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street and Lenox avenue.—New York World.

Women's Work in San Francisco.

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper is the inspiration of the Golden Gate Kindergarten association. In the last report she states that 6,000 little children have been enrolled in San Francisco since 1880, and $100,000 spent on the little ones in whom lies the hope of the world. One of the schools is controlled by Miss Marwedel, whose classes are made up entirely of the stray children and waifs, between 2 and 10 years, picked out of the gutters and alleys of San Francisco.—San Francisco Letter.

Women in the Synagogue.

Miss Ray Frank is one of the first Jewesses to preach in the synagogue in modern times, for, notwithstanding the fact that Miriam and Deborah preached to women, and Huldah preached to men as well, the prejudice against women preachers is greater among the Jews than in any other congregation. Even female choristers are not allowed in the orthodox synagogue.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Vicken, a member of an English woman's bicycle club, has won a road race against a team of men riders in a race of nineteen miles, which she accomplished in one hour and forty minutes. Another wonderful English rider, Miss Fordham, has ridden a safety 1,900 miles, at a rate of seventy-six miles a day, during the season, and hopes to accomplish 2,000 miles before the season closes.

Gloves for evening wear again match in tone the prevailing color of the gown. They are very long, in most cases covering the entire arm, and are embroidered on the back of the hand and about the wrist with beads and silk. Stockings also harmonize with the rest of the costume. Gloves and stockings are bought in sets in all the desirable evening shades.

Here is a list of the brilliant English women who are announced to lecture on female suffrage during the winter: Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Dr. Kate Mitchell, Mrs. L. Wynford Phillips, Mrs. Benjamin Clarke, Mrs. Ashton Dilke, Mrs. Massingberd, Mrs. Stanton Blatch, Miss G. Rose Armstrong, Miss Ellen Chapman and Miss Caroline Fothergill.

Dr. Caroline Dodson has been elected president of the American National Health society for the purpose of enlisting the interest of the medical profession in public health, with particular reference to filthy streets and nuisances in the shape of unkept smoke stacks, stables and slaughter houses.

Miss Carrie L. Horton, a pretty apple cheeked English girl, won the first prize for a butter study of Marechal Neil roses at the Cheshire dairy show, and now the museum men want to engage her to make butter roses by the year at a salary of ever so many thousand pounds sterling.

Mrs. J. C. Ayer is negotiating for the purchase of one of the most magnificent hotels on the Champs Elysees in Paris. The price demanded is $600,000, which is not considered excessive, in view of the fact that the house is one of the most superb in Paris.

The Working Girls' club of Baltimore has decided to take up the study of woman suffrage, and intends to have lectures given upon the subject. The club is flourishing, and will probably have a club house of its own next year.

There is nothing more certain than the fact that the World's fair will bring into prominence hundreds of gifted women in the west about whom the world would otherwise be ignorant.

A scholarship of $200 is offered by the Vassar Students' Aid society for a student who passes all the requirements for admission to the freshman class at the examination to be held in June, 1891.

CONQUERING AN OBSTACLE.

How One Boy Succeeded in Life.

THE OLD PROFESSOR'S KINDLY ADVICE.

His Services at the Great Johnstown Disaster.

Tom Pippet was always a little fellow; so small that when he was in the senior class in college the smallest boy in the preparatory school "looked down" upon him in a literal sense.

Every boy who has himself a physical defect can understand how mighty a matter this lack of size had seemed to Tom. For some years of his life it was to him the most important thing in the world. There were such great deeds to be done, and he felt that he could do them, only—he stood but five feet in his boots!

It was hopeless to try to be a hero! His name, too, was unfortunate. The boys changed it to Poppet, to Pipes, to Pipkin, to Pint. It was easy to be witty at the expense of the little fellow.

One day an old professor, seeing him shrink at some gibe, said to him: "Tom, there is a something within you with which your little body has nothing to do. Show that to the world. Ignore and disregard your size and you will teach others to ignore and disregard it."

This kindly word was the pebble which turned the stream of Tom's life into a new channel. He had thus far failed from very despair to try to make something of himself; he now began to study vigorously. He was a born orator and his voice was fine. The class soon began to be proud of him and to boast of his size as another reason for their approval of him. When his small figure appeared upon the platform on commencement day, the storm of approval which greeted him was due as much to his triumph over this physical defect as to the actual work which he had done.

At the bar in the town in which Tom practised as a lawyer he was known as "Little Webster," so accurate was his knowledge and so effective his eloquence.

The civil war began, and Tom, with thousands of other sincere men north and south, rushed to the battlefield. His men followed their little captain as confidently as though he had been seven feet high. He was badly wounded at Chancellorsville and sent to a hospital, whence he was discharged minus a part of two limbs. He had been engaged to a woman whom he had loved for years.

"Tell her that she is free," he said to her father, who came to see him, adding, with a sad smile, "There never was much of me, but now I am only the wreck of a man."

She wrote back, "If there is enough body left to hold his soul I will marry him."

They were married, and Tom became a useful citizen in the community in which he lived. He acquired influence and property, and used both to noble purpose. When the great disaster at Johnstown occurred, he hastened to the place and worked among the homeless, starving people, surrounded by thousands of unburied dead. He went home worn out by labor, and died, strong, bright, cheery to the last.

Is there nothing in this true story of a true life to help those who have some bodily defect which seems a hopeless obstacle in their path?—Youth's Companion.

A Feat in Conjuring.

The most remarkable conjuring trick I ever saw was done in Calcutta by an Arabian. Spreading a white cloth on the floor he sat down with his back to the wall, and, turning to a member of the party, he asked for the loan of a rupee, which he requested should be given to one of the ladies present. This done, the conjurer told the lady to hand it back to the gentleman from whom she had taken it. The gentleman took it, and then the conjurer said to him, "Are you sure that it is a rupee?"

"Yes," replied the gentleman.

"Now close your hand upon it," said the Arabian, "and think without speaking of some country in America. Now open your hand and tell me if the coin is not one of the country you thought of." The gentleman opened his hand and found a Mexican dollar. He said that he had been thinking of Mexico.

He was about to give the coin to the conjurer when the latter declined it, requesting him to give it to another one of the party. He gave it to me. I looked at it closely, shut my hand tight, thought of France, and found it had turned into a five franc piece.

"How do you suppose that was done?"

"I really can't tell," was the reply.

"I wish I knew."—Interview in New York Times.

Willed $10,000 to a Polite Bartender.

A respectable looking man, who said he was a lawyer from Allegheny City and administrator of the estate of Mr. Hughes, a millionaire, who recently died there, called at Green's hotel, Eighth and Chestnut streets, recently, and said that he had come to hunt up a bartender who waited on Mr. Hughes last summer. Mr. Hughes in his will bequeathed to the young man $10,000. Mr. Hughes on dying did not know the bartender's name, but gave a full description of his appearance.

The visitor questioned all the bartenders about the length of time they had been at Green's, and if they had known Mr. Hughes. James Cleary, the head bartender, gave him the names and description of all those who worked there during the past year.—Philadelphia Times.

Jenny Lind at Mount Vernon.

What old timer does not recollect the coming of Jenny Lind to our shores in 1850 and the extraordinary furore created by her singing? Of course I only know what I've read about it, but I remember one incident in particular—her visit to Mount Vernon. The great songstress had been deeply touched by stories of the illustrious patriot, and upon reaching Washington the first request was to be taken to Mount Vernon. When Col. Washington, the then proprietor of the estate, heard of her wish, he chartered a steamboat and made up a party, which, beside Mr. Barnum and Miss Lind, included Mr. Seaton, the mayor of Washington, and other notable citizens. The boat landed near the tomb and the party proceeded thither. The Swedish woman's big heart ran over as she drew near this sacred spot. From this point she was conducted to the mansion, where a fine collation was served. With child-like enthusiasm she gazed upon every relic of the great leader.

When the party had reached the library Col. Washington took a book from one of the shelves and presented it to her. Not only had it been Washington's, but it contained his book plate and his name written with his own hand. Miss Lind was greatly moved. She drew Mr. Barnum aside and insisted upon making some suitable return for the gift then and there, and although her watch and chain was a costly one and had been a present from a friend, Mr. Barnum had great difficulty in restraining her from at once bestowing it upon Col. Washington. "The expense is nothing," she exclaimed, "compared to the value of this book!" Dear, good soul! I wonder where the book is now! No doubt in possession of her family and properly cared for as a priceless memento of Mme. Lind Goldschmidt's visit to the New World.—Book Lover.

Making Glass for Mosaic Windows.

But the glass worker has only begun his work when he has the molten "metal" simmering in his crucibles. It must undergo many subsequent manipulations before it is available for the purpose of art. Some of these, from a technical point of view, seem retrogressional. It has been found that the rich color effects in glass in the middle ages are largely due to the imperfections in the material. Its lack of homogeneousness, its unequal thickness, and uneven surfaces contribute largely to its beauty. The modern product is too uniform to be brilliant; it transmits the light with too great regularity. Intentional imperfections are, therefore, introduced into the process; and the products, in consequence, are much more satisfactory to the artist. This work of individualizing the product has now been so far systematized that several special brands of art glass are recognized in the markets.

The so called antique glass, in both white and colors, is made precisely like the ordinary sheet window glass, except that the surface of the glass is made full of minute blow holes, which produce almost an aventurine effect, and add greatly to its brilliancy. In the cathedral glass the surface is rendered wavy and uneven, so that the transmission of light shall be correspondingly irregular. In the flash glass ordinary sheets are covered with a thin plating of colored glass, a process which permits a very delicate color tone, and materially decreases the expense, where a costly glass, such as ruby, is needed to give the color. But in mosaic work it is now generally preferred that the glass shall not be at all transparent, since the effect is much richer. The most of the glass is therefore cast, the process being a repetition in miniature of the casting of rough plate.—Professor C. H. Henderson in Popular Science Monthly.

Stealing Letters.

I have never heard of a porcelain letter thief being arrested, and yet the offense is very common. The letters make the prettiest and most prominent window sign known, and have an advantage in being easily removed and replaced on another window. But they are expensive on the original purchase, and somewhat luxurious in keeping up. You frequently see signs with prominent letters missing, and you immediately condemn the sign on the theory that the letters have been broken or have fallen off. This is a mistake, and if you notice you will see that all the missing letters are those in common use. They are simply stolen. The stealing business is one in itself. A couple of men go around at night, stand in front of a door or window, and while one watches the other quickly removes the letters he desires. There is some special process by which this is done quickly and easily. These letters may be used in other signs, or the thief may come around a few days later, notice the missing letters, offer to replace them, and actually put on your own letters. Of course you can't swear to this and he is safe, and you have simply paid him for robbing you.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Afraid of Spooks.

The Piegans, as a class—and we learned the same is true of Indians everywhere in the northwest—are exceedingly superstitious. Their bete noir is the evil spirit, and somehow the idea prevails in the mind of the average Indian that this same dreaded evil spirit roams about after dark and is liable to pounce down upon his victim at any time. For this reason the Indian will not travel alone at night. He is in dread of the wicked personage referred to and does not care to cope with him single handed. He is willing to travel at night if accompanied by others, and take his chances, but alone, never. When darkness overtakes him and he is on the tramp he stops, lights a fire and camps where he is until daylight. With the Indian misfortune and disease are regarded as the result of the displeasure of their deity. Death in some of the tribes in the great northwest is believed to be an unhappy, an undesirable change, and when it occurs they still live, although they take the form of some creature among wild animals. And so when this body puts off things mortal it enters immortality in the form of some lower animal.—Troy Times.

VERY TOOTHSOME.

How Beasts, Birds and Fishes Eat Their Food.

THE MOSQUITO'S QUEER OUTFIT.

A Fish With 222 Teeth.—The Toothless Sturgeon.

Man is the only animal that has teeth—incisors, canines and molars—of an equal height. Man, the ape, and nearly all ruminants, have thirty-two teeth. The hog, however, is better off than this, and has forty-four. So has the opossum and mole. The river dolphin of South America lays far beyond this, however, having no less than 222 teeth. Teeth are no part of the skeleton, but belong to the appendages, like skin and hair.

The sturgeon is toothless and draws in its food by suction, but the shark has hundreds of teeth sets in rows that sometimes number ten.

Lobsters and crabs masticate their food with their horny jaws, but they have also sets of teeth in their stomachs, where they complete the work of chewing. But there is one peculiar kind of crab, called the king or horseshoe crab, which chews its food with its legs. This is an actual fact, the little animal grinding its morsels between its thighs before it passes them over to its mouth.

The jelly fish absorbs its food by wrapping itself around the object which it seeks to make its own. The starfish is even more accommodating. Fastening itself to the body it wishes to feed on, it turns its stomach inside out and enwraps its prey with this useful organ.

Dogs seize their food with their jaws, cats with their feet, and so do monkeys, some of them pressing their prehensile tails into service. The squirrel uses its paws to carry its food to its mouth, the elephant its trunk, the giraffe, ant eater and toad their tongues.

Spiders chew their food with horny jaws, which are sharp enough to give quite a nip.

Grasshoppers and lobusts are very well provided with the necessary machinery for eating much and often. They have saw like jaws and gizzards, too, the latter being fitted out with horny teeth.

The caterpillar feeds with two saw edged jaws, working tranversely, and uses them to such good advantage that he eats three or four times his own weight every day.

Toads, tortoises, turtles, and most lizards have no teeth. Frogs have teeth in their upper jaw only. Ant eaters, sloths and armadillos have no teeth.

The lion and the tiger, and, indeed, most of the carnivora, do not grind their food, using their jaws only up and down, the molars acting like chopping knives, or, rather, scissors. Their mouths, in fact, are a veritable hash mill.

The butterfly pumps nectar into itself through a tube, and bees and flies suck up their food with a long tongue or proboscis.

The spider's mouth is quite a complicated affair. It has fangs for holding its prey, masticatory organs for bruising its solid food, and a sucking apparatus for taking up the fluids. Quite as complicated is the mouth of the mosquito, which consists of the lances, the saws, and the pumping tubes.

The leech has three saws, with which it does good service in the phlebotomy line.

The woodpecker has a three barbed tongue, like a Fijian's spear, with which it draws out the worm which it has excited by its tapping.

The clam feeds with a siphon and the oyster with its beard.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Traveling Stones.

Much has been written about the traving stones of Australia, but it is not generally known that in Nevada similar curiosities are found. The stones are perfectly round, the majority of them being as large as a walnut and of an irony nature. When distributed about the floor, table or level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin traveling toward a common center, and there lie huddled up in a bunch like a lot of eggs in a nest. Scattered over the barren region in which they are found are little basins from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Japanese Decoration.

A new decoration is announced by the emperor of Japan in celebration of Emperor Jimmu's coronation 2,550 years ago, the distinguishing feature of which is the kinshi, or golden fish hawk or kite device. The legend is to the effect that during Emperor Jimmu's conquest of eastern Japan, when his fortunes were at a low ebb and he had sustained several successive defeats, the sky one day became suddenly darkened, hail fell and a tobi of a golden hue settled on the emperor's crossbow. The bird threw off a brilliant light, the soldiers of the opposing army were struck blind with the glare, and the emperor was victorious.—Chicago Herald.

The Matter with Hannah.

A rather overcultured and overstrained literary and critical view which fell into our hands the other day was relieved at one point by the statement that "Hannah Moore was never kissed in her life." We suggest to the Browning club that in this fact may possibly be found a clew to the origin of that familiar classical saying: "And that's what's the matter with Hannah."—Boston Globe.

An Atmospheric Railway.

There is a proposition to construct an atmospheric railway 3¼ miles long up the Jungfrau. According to the plans there will be two parallel tunnels nearly ten feet in diameter, finished cylindrically and provided with rails for the cars; the cars will be cylindrical, and will be forced up the incline by compressed air operating against their ends.—New Orleans Picayune.

An Engineering Feat in India.

The attention of the engineering world is said to be just now fixed upon the Bombay presidency in India, where is being constructed one of the greatest pieces of solid masonry the world has seen in modern times. As the present water supply of Bombay depends upon defective works, a huge dam has been designed to inclose the watershed of the valley which drains into the sea south of Bombay. Solely with the aid of native labor Engineer Glover, a Scotchman by birth, began this gigantic structure, which, it is expected, will be completed in March next. It is 2 miles long, 118 feet in height and 103 feet wide at the base. The roadway on the top is to be 24 feet in width, and the stone work will cost half a million sterling.

The lake of water which this dam will imprison will be eight square miles in area, so that Bombay need be under no apprehension once the viceroy has officially declared the sluices open and the pipes of sixty miles long are in working order. Mr. Glover has 12,000 Hindoos, all of whom he has trained to this special work, employed on the dam. To his thirty years' labor among the natives is due the fact that there are in India today 500,000 men, all capable stonemasons, carpenters and navvies, who have been employed on his contracts for great public works.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Cool Work by a Robber.

A man of commanding appearance, about 23 years of age and nicely dressed, stopped at the residence of George Hottel, a farmer, who lives south of Mascoutah, Friday morning, and asked for a breakfast, which he said he was willing to pay for. While the farmer was preparing breakfast the stranger pocketed a gold watch and a small amount in money which were lying on a bureau in an adjoining bedroom. Mr. Hottel subsequently went to the room and discovered the theft. He charged the gentlemanly stranger with having them, and the latter promptly covered him with his revolver and ordered him to keep his mouth shut on penalty of being shot.

The farmer's wife then attempted to assist her husband out of his predicament, but was promptly knocked down by the stranger, who made Hottel and his wife sit opposite him at the table, with their hands behind them, while he quietly enjoyed his breakfast. Having appeased his appetite he coolly shook hands with the farmer and his wife, bade them an affectionate farewell, took to the woods with his plunder and has not been heard from.—St. Louis Republic.

Deserting Iceland.

They have been taking a census in Iceland recently, and they are in trouble there, too; but their trouble is not about the congressional representation. It is something even more serious. It appears that so great has been the hegira to Canada and the United States it has taken away from the island fully 20,000 people. This does not seem such a very large number, except when one considers that the original population was only about 80,000. One-fourth of the entire population then has emigrated! The result is disastrous. Taxes have been greatly increased, while properties have become reduced in values. The harvests, too, have been greatly lessened. There seems to be but one way out for the Icelanders They must all follow the vanguard and abandon their island to the walrus and bear. Perhaps a few centuries hence some Professor Horsford will discover evidence of human habitation at some pre-historic age in Iceland.—Boston Advertiser.

Electric Plowing.

An installation for the purpose of plowing the land by electric motors has been set up on the property belonging to the Marquis de la Laguna. The power of a waterwheel of some twenty horse power will be employed, and the implement for working the land is expected to work at a distance of three miles from the generating dynamo. So far as the electrical plant is concerned all is right, but a deficiency of mechanical and agricultural knowledge on the part of those intrusted with the work seems likely to make this trial a failure. This is much to be regretted, as the promoters of the experiment have been fortunate in finding a landowner who is disposed to make a trial of such an important application of electricity.—Industries.

A Military Bear Forages.

The regimental bear of the Seventeenth lancers, which has recently come to England with his regiment, took furlough without permission and started out to inspect Shorncliffe, much to the alarm of the inhabitants. Bruin first supped off two chickens, and then walked over some cottage roofs, refusing flatly to return home for all the coaxing of his military keepers. The animal next made off across country, and while a search party were looking for him everywhere in despair he quietly returned to camp of his own accord.—London Letter.

Why the Red Flag Flew.

A red flag, flying from the rigging of the steamship Knutsford, which arrived at New York a few days ago from Liverpool, was an object of interest to all vessels that passed near her moorings in Gravesend bay. There were 14,000 pounds of dynamite stored in the hold of the Knutsford, and the least jar might have exploded the dangerous cargo and blown the vessel to pieces.—New York Letter.

A Serious Laughing Matter.

While laughing heartily Mrs. John Patterson, a colored woman of Brazil, Ind., ruptured the optic nerve of one eye, producing instant blindness in that organ. Physicians say that not a similar case is recorded in medical annals.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Apples That Cost $25 a Barrel.

Newtown pippin apples are now in market for shipping to England, and cost $25 a barrel. They are all selected and each apple is rolled in paper.—New York Evening Sun.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY MAY 8 ..... 1891.

It is said that Mr. Estee will be the Secretary of War in case Mr. Procter is sent to the Senate from Vermont.

The Indians are rather slow in accepting Uncle Sam's proposition for them to don the soldier's uniform. At Rosebud about thirty have enlisted, and at Cheyenne fifty-five have decided to cut away from tribal influences.

Hon. C. N. Felton, the newly elected senator from California, will shortly pay Los Angeles a visit with the view to discovering the needs of that section. There is every reason to believe that we shall find in Mr. Felton a really impartial and energetic representative in the Senate of the United States, and that if he is impressed with the needs of improvements in the line of public buildings and harbors he will labor to secure them. Here is a hint to public bodies and enterprising citizens.

Efforts are being made in England to secure legislation to prevent the immigration of destitute aliens. A society organized with this object in view has its origin in the growing feeling that the influx of continental paupers was a menace to the continued prosperity of English workingmen. But for the intervention of machine politics, principally in New York, this effect would have been brought about in the United States several years ago. The late great labor riots in Pennsylvania, instigated and carried on by foreigners, will be sure to enforce the passage of strict immigration laws in the next Congress.

The First of May was stormy in Europe. The labor organizations and socialists could, of course, make no headway against the armies of the kings and emperors, but they made a showing that will keep May First in the memories of Ministers of State and capitalists too during the year; and the events of the next First of May will be awaited with keen interest and perhaps lively apprehension. Now that May First has been, by a sort of common consent, made the day for labor demonstrations, not to say risings, we may expect the agitation to increase on every successive May 1st, until the opposing forces come at last to a trial of strength, and then the news from Europe will be exciting.

The President has left California, where he was entertained with lavish hospitality for nearly a fortnight. While much interest centered in the President, the people were gratified especially with the chance to meet Post master General Wanamaker and Secretary Rusk as members of the Cabinet. There is nothing but praise for the address, demeanor and tact of these gentlemen Mr. Wanamaker, especially, made an excellent impression as a business man and his patience, endurance and politeness never gave out during all the trials and fatigues of receptions, crowds and crushes. It is well that the people have seen the President, and that some of them saw him closely, face to face. In parts of the country, far from its political centre illusions grow up in respect to those in high office, which are dispelled by contact. These illusions are not compatible with the conditions of equality which are amongst the most of our traditions.

The San Diego Sun of Friday has an article recommending Gen. Vandever for register of the treasury, and suggesting the retirement of Gen. Rosecrans from that position to make way for its favorite. It would indeed be a noble thing on the part of the administration to displace a union soldier whose services during the war, in purity of purpose and heroism, were second to none, to make way for a gentleman whose signal incompetence and lack of attention to the interests of Southern California are a by-word throughout this section. The venerable Vandever may well be allowed to retire to his Ventura home to spend the remainder of his days in peace. His period of public usefulness is over, and with him the private station is the post of honor. The Sun's twaddle about his usefulness to his constituents and his services to the Republican party is calculated to provoke a smile from those acquainted with the facts. No district was ever worse represented in congress than the late Sixth district. Our people would have gotten along much better if the seat had been in name, as in effect, unfilled altogether.

HIS ASHES TO THE WIND.

STRANGE FUNERAL RITES OVER HENRY MEYER'S REMAINS.

He Was Incinerated to the Music of a Band—His Ashes Were Cast Into the Air from the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor—All as He Directed.

A little white cloud floated out from the head of the Statue of Liberty at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and in it disappeared in the four winds of heaven the remains of Henry Meyer, hotel keeper, of Staten Island.

To be buried in this singular, half cynical fashion in midair, as it were, was exactly as the dead man had often directed while he lived. As he had wished, his body was cremated, his handful of ashes was preserved in a box until the next Sunday should come, and then, with the popping of champagne bottles and expressions of good will, but no grief, was cast from the top of Liberty whenever it would go. In the clear sunshine of the beautiful day, looking no bigger and of no more importance than a puff of cigar smoke, the cloud hung for a moment under the lee of the statue. Then the sharp northwest wind caught it, whirled it instantly out of sight in the direction of the dead man's old home, and that was the last of the body of Henry Meyer.

A jovial though an odd soul, and a hotel keeper for thirty years at Port Richmond, Mr. Meyer was well known to every Staten Islander and a good many other people, too. From the name of his hotel he got to be called "Puck" Meyer, so that his real first name was generally forgotten. He was a skeptic, a socialist, a strenuous advocate of cremation, a pretty good liver and a man of great popularity in spite of a thousand peculiarities which will be Staten Island folk lore for generations.

No one saw "Puck" die. He was found dead in his bed in the hotel on the morning of Feb. 14. His wife was the first to discover his death. As his will, made many years ago, directed, the body was taken to the Fresh Pond crematory, on Long Island, two days later and incinerated. A committee from the Staten Island Schuetzen corps, of which Meyers had been a member, accompanied the remains in three carriages, with a brass band.

The body was dressed in the blue uniform of the Schuetzen corps, and after it had been consumed the brass buttons and other pieces of metal which the fire had not destroyed were preserved as souvenirs. The ashes, weighing little more than three pounds, were of a whitish color and as feathery as cigar ashes. They were carefully placed in a round tin box and put in charge of First Lieut. Moritz Wegerle. Then, with the band playing a lively air, the party returned to Staten Island.

The special committee took the steamer Bay Ridge for Bedloe's Island.

To avoid curiosity Lieut. Wegerle had the tin box in a brown Gladstone bag. He swung this carelessly in his hand as the party climbed to the top of the pedestal. Then they went outside the statue on the stone platform surrounding it, and there the bag was opened and the master of ceremonies disclosed four brown paper bags, each containing an equal amount of Meyer's ashes. There was a spoonful or two left in the bottom of the case, which were saved for "Puck's" married sister on Staten Island at her request.

As he handed around the bags Mr. Rinschler made this speech:

"Here are the ashes of old 'Puck' Meyer. He was a good man, beloved by all. I never knew of any wrong thing he ever did."

Each man that got a bag stuck it into his pocket. Then the party proceeded to climb the winding stairs to Liberty's head. Their movements, however, had been observed by Watchman Horn, and as they began the ascent he called out: "What have you got there? 'Puck' Meyer?"

Consternation was depicted on every face until Horn shouted again: "It's all right. Go ahead. You can come up!" Up they went accordingly, but in one of the sharp turns Capt. Fink who is a portly man, got hopelessly stuck. He handed his bag of ashes to Mr. Boehe and went back to the pedestal. It had been intended to throw the ashes from the torch, but that was impossible. They had forgotten the necessary formality of the special permit.

Each man took his station therefore in the head corresponding to the points of the compass, and as each bag was emptied the members cried, "Here goes the ashes of 'Puck' Meyer. Happy days!"

"Happy days to old 'Puck' Meyer," said Mr. Rinschler.

"He was a good fellow," remarked Lieut. Wegerle.

"You're right he was," said the others altogether, according to the prearranged formula.

"Do you believe in the resurrection?" asked one of the committee of a brother member as they boarded the 5 o'clock boat.

"Well, I guess there's something in it," said the brother laconically.

"Then all I've got to say is that 'Puck' Meyer will find a hard job pulling himself together when that day comes."

Meyer was 56 years old and came to this country from Hamburg about thirty-five years ago. He was one of the first volunteers from Staten Island on the northern side during the rebellion. He served through the war and got a wound in his left leg in a skirmish in Tennessee. He refused to let the surgeons amputate his limb, although they said he couldn't live unless he did, and brought the leg and the rest of his body home safe and sound at the end of the war. He never wore an overcoat, always wore a silk hat the year round and always carried a cane. The Staten Island children almost worshiped him.

Meyer provided in his will that his friends should have a champagne supper after scattering his ashes, but it was found that no money remained for this. In fact, the man died a bankrupt. His place at Port Richmond was sold under foreclosure the day after he died. He left one child, a son 3 years old, by his present wife. His life was a fast and a merry one, and his friends hardly knew whether to laugh or cry over his memory. —New York Herald.

Spiders Are Industrious.

No small insect ever escapes from the web of a spider, a fact which is not to be wondered at when it is considered that an ordinary sized snare may contain as many as 120,000 viscid globules. The spinner is constantly engaged in repairing injuries to the web inflicted by wind, stray leaves or captured insects. Once a day the whole snare is subjected to rigorous examination, and any broken or loosened threads are adjusted.—Corn-

Before the Camera.

If you are short and stout don't ask the poor artist to make a picture of you full length. He will, if you insist; but he knows he is doing a great wrong thereby. Nothing is so graceful and pleasing in a picture of a stout lady as a sitting half length, the figure so turned as to hide the too too stoutness. Again, if you are slim and angular, do not for an instant forget that a full length figure will make you appear more slim and angular. Then the pretty bust picture is your only hope and you should insist on having no other.

If a gentleman has a very long neck—no matter how nicely he looks in a high collar—his picture if taken in such a high affair would look grotesque. A short neck and high collar, a long neck and low turned down collar by all means. No loud stripes, no great checks, no striking figures should be worn in a photograph. One thing bear in mind when you visit the studio—bring along your home expression. Don't spend two days before you come to the studio practicing poses and different expressions before your mirror, and, lastly, give the photographer the benefit of exercising his artistic and professional ability.—Photographer in Ladies' Home Journal.

Mrs. Stuart's Good Work.

It is not a wonder that men should look with astonishment on a woman who undertakes to build an institution. Many a woman of advanced ideas would be dumfounded to find a member of her sex so far ahead of her age. Women are feeling their way slowly and secretly but successfully. The female benefactors of New York city are many, but unknown. Of wealthy families, they dislike notoriety, and so long as they see their pet project blossom into success and flourish they sink their own individuality into the abyss of humanity and rest content.

A new asylum for destitute children is to be built near Central park. Few people know that the land and every stick of timber that constitutes its frame was purchased by a woman. Yet it was. And that woman was Mrs. Robert Stuart. She is bordering on the silver age of sixty, yet she is full of geniality and sociability.

"My husband was a benevolent man, and when he died I made it my life's motto to carry out his intentions," said she. "Money is of no avail to me if I cannot make some poor people happy." —New York Recorder.

Poisoned by His Easy Chair.

A distinguished citizen passed away recently under circumstances which will arouse a feeling of sorrow in those who realize how life might have been preserved. Ex-Mayor Samuel C. Cobb was one of the sturdiest of Bostonians. But gradually he began to fail in health, with such slowness that the decline was not noticed until it had gone far, very far, but with a fatal sureness that no medical skill could at the last avert. It was all a mystery. The physicians doctored him for this and for that, surmising now one disease and another, until at the last moment, just a few weeks before his death, they discovered the real trouble.

Arsenical poisoning was at the root, and that poisoning had been steadily going on for years. His curtains, his wall paper, and, more particularly, his favorite easy chair, were made of material that contained the deadly arsenic, and the poor man had unknowingly been breathing in the poison while supposing he was resting and gaining strength. It was very sad.—Boston Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.

Dates for Easter.

In 1883 Easter fell on March 25, and it will only once again in this century, namely, in 1894, fall on so early a date. In the three following centuries it will occur only eight times on the same date —namely, in 1951, 2035, 2046, 2057, 2103, 2114, 2125 and 2198. The earliest date on which Easter can fall is on March 22, and this only in case the moon is full on March 21, when this date happens to fall on Saturday. This combination of circumstances is extremely rare. It occurred in 1390, 1761 and 1817, and will happen again in 1990, 2076 and 2144, while during the three following centuries it is not once "on the books" at this early date. On the other hand, Easter never falls later than April 25; this was the case in 1666, 1734 and 1886, and will only happen once in the next century—namely in 1943.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Stimulant to the Gas Industry.

Many of those who were interested in the manufacture and sale of gas in this country have been much exercised by the threatened supersession by the electric light of the older illuminant; but there is now every reason to believe that instead of injuring the gas industry, the introduction of electricity for illuminating purposes will stimulate it to an unlimited extent.

Not only has the fact been established that the superior brilliance of electric light in streets and stores where it is used calls for more light in competitive situations, where gas alone is employed, but it has been demonstrated that the use of gas in engines as a motive power to drive electric light machinery will produce from five to six times the light that could be obtained by burning the same amount of gas in the ordinary way through a burner. A new field has thus been opened up for gas companies to work, in which the electric light will be their ally instead of their competitor.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

No One Responsible.

The gallows now used in Colorado is so arranged that a spring is set loose by the weight of the victim on the trap, and he acts as his own executioner. This saves the sheriff or any one else acting as hangman, and no one's conscience is troubled if there is any bungling.—Detroit Free Press.

A Queer Idea.

For many years it was believed that the atmosphere had a great deal to do with thread making, and that good thread could only be made in Scotland. It is now known that it is all in the twist and nothing in the atmosphere.—Detroit Free Press.

Jumped the Rails and Jumped Back Again

A peculiar accident happened recently on the local Omaha line. In going to the junction, and before reaching Hersey & Bean's mill, the passenger and smoking cars left the track, owing to a broken rail, ran some distance on the ties, struck a switch and regained the rails. The engine and tender had not left the rails.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Cured Himself of Consumption.

Dr. Wilson, a former officer in the navy, who served with Admiral Farragut during the war, is in Washington. Dr. Wilson found soon after the war that he was troubled with consumption. He sought medical advice, and he was told that he could not at best live more than six months if he should remain in this country. Dr. Wilson, who is today tall, broad shouldered, with the ruddy appearance of a man who has never known a day of sickness, says that he cured himself absolutely by what is known as the out-of-door treatment. He went first to the Cape of Good Hope and wandered about through the south of Africa. He engaged in agriculture and hunting.

He spent a good many years in the Transvaal. He would not live in a house until his lungs became thoroughly healed. He now owns the half of the Island of Johanna, one of the Camore group. It is an island perhaps twenty-five miles in circumference. He has a large sugar plantation on this island, which is 900 feet above the sea level. The only other white man on the island is an Englishman, also a sugar planter. Dr. Wilson is a bachelor. He has built up a comfortable place for himself on this island. The climate is perfect and his business good. There is no place in the world so enchanting to him as this island in the south Atlantic. The climate is equable and not subject to sudden changes. His pleasure and recreation are found in hunting in the Transvaal.—Chicago Tribune.

She Caught a Burglar.

An amusing story is told of an encounter which recently took place between Mrs. George Bittlemorgan, of Liberty, Va., and a burglar. Her husband had been called away during the evening and she was left in the house alone with her two little children. Some errand called her upstairs for a few minutes, and while there she fancied she heard a slight noise in the hall below, but, it ceasing in a moment, nothing more was thought of it. When she returned to her sitting room, however, she soon noticed that the clock had stopped running.

It was an old fashioned eight day piece nearly nine feet high and very massive. Mrs. Bittlemorgan, thinking it had run down and needed winding, started toward it with the intention of getting it going again, and had nearly reached it when she saw a man about to dart out of it. As he made the movement, however, he brought the clock down on its face and upon himself as well. In trying to get out of the way he tripped and fell over a rug.

Before he could scramble from under its very considerable weight the quick-witted lady seated herself on the clock, calling at the same time to the children to run out of the house and scream for help. This speedily came, and the man, who confessed to having secreted himself in the clock for the purpose of burglarizing the house, was carried to jail, and Mrs. Bittlemorgan much complimented on her bravery and presence of mind.—Philadelphia Times.

Two Names and One Person.

A Chicago railroad man had a queer request from a conductor for a pass the other day. He asked for a pass to one point for a young lady whom he designated as Miss ——, and from there to Chicago for the same young lady as Mrs. ——, his own name. I inquired how this was, and when I received the explanation I allowed the passes. He was on his regular run, and did not care to lose a day, even though he was to be married. He had his home all nicely furnished in Chicago, and the young lady was to meet him at the station where her parents lived.

A minister was to board the train there, also, and they were to be married on board his train. Everything went off all right, and they were married according to the programme. Several presents were received by the young couple, and the passengers took up a purse, which they gave to the bride.—Exchange.

All in One Day.

George Tolbert, a young herder employed by Durnel & Spencer, rode into Mojave recently to have a tooth pulled, and on his return his horse threw him and, becoming frightened, kicked him into insensibility. When he gained consciousness he found that matches carried in his pocket had become lighted, setting fire to his clothing and severely burning one foot. Being unable to walk, it is said he crawled on his hands and knees ten miles to reach assistance. He was brought from Mojave to Tehachapi for medical treatment. It is thought amputation of the foot will be necessary.—Tehachapi Summit Sun.

One Maine Boy.

The son of Mr. Alvin Howes, of Palmyra, is considered about the smartest boy in this section. He is 9 years old and is master of Greenleaf's Complete Arithmetic, having interest, equation of payments, mensuration, square root, cube root, etc., at his tongue's end. He will perform calculations with large numbers readily without slate or pencil, and rarely, if ever, make a mistake. With him a thing once learned is never forgotten. He began to learn geography when he was 3 years old by hearing his brother reciting his lessons to his mother, and now it is next to an impossibility to ask him a question in that study that he cannot readily answer.

He has a better knowledge of physiology than most teachers possess, and withal is quite a politician, being better posted on the events of the day than many who go to the polls and vote. He has not been drilled at home to show off; he has only been assisted when he called for help. He is a well developed, healthy looking child of modest and pleasing manners.—Hartland Cor. Pittsfield (Me.) Advertiser.

Wall-Leveling Rifles.

The new rifle with which the German army and navy have been armed during the last few months is a terror in the way of small weapons. The gun has a bore .31 inch, and throws a projectile of lead coated with nickel steel weighing 14.5 grains, or about half an ounce. The cartridge used weighs nearly an ounce, and is 3.25 inches in length. The magazine of the rifle carries five cartridges. The speed of the bullet on leaving the muzzle of the gun is about 2,200 feet per second, and the limit of its effective range is a little under two miles.

Brick walls of small thickness are not absolute proof against this gun, as several shots striking the same spot will make a breach.—New York Journal.

An Accomplished East Indian Girl.

One of the most interesting and striking figures among the Oxford students is Cornelia Sorabji, a tall, olive skinned girl, as slender as the traditional Indian princess who weighed only one rose leaf. Clothed in her native dress of pale blue crape, embroidered with gold, with its mantle draped over her head like a veil, and shadowing her astonishingly large and brilliant eyes, she makes a strange picture among the rosy blonde English women in their tailor gowns.

At 18, and professor of literature in the university at Bombay, she still thirsted for broader opportunities, and found her way to Somerville, and attracted attention by her brilliant examination papers for the history and literary schools. The government decided, however, that a woman with knowledge of law was needed to collect evidence in the Zenanas, and she immediately entered upon a legal course. After six months' study her papers on Roman law were held by the examiners to be the most remarkable and able ever presented by any student of either sex in the university.

Prince Dhuleep Singh's two daughters are also members of Somerville, and on its rolls stand very many of the most noted and noble names of England. The outside world hears less of the work done by women at Oxford than of those at Cambridge, because of a different system of conferring honors; but here is really found the best example of women freely sharing in university life, and the best proof that neither young men nor young women are the worse for that community of study.—Elizabeth Bisland in Harper's Bazar.

Her Foot or Her Life.

With her foot wedged between the guard rails at the Short Line yards, Miss Katie Wills, a young woman of the East End, was run down by a train of freight cars. Her foot was ground off, but by the rarest presence of mind she was saved from death.

Miss Wills was out walking with a girl friend. While walking through the network of tracks in the yards Miss Wills stepped upon one of the rails. Her foot slipped, and in some way was caught between the track and a guard rail. At the same time her friend noticed a train of freight cars backing toward them, and only a short distance off. Seeing the impending danger she ran to the assistance of the captive, and together they used all their strength in trying to extricate her foot. But it was caught as in a vise. On account of a slight curve in the track at that point the engineer did not see the young woman until it was too late.

In a last effort to save her life, Miss Wills threw her body from the track, but her left foot was still held firmly, and through her agony of mind she saw the wheels roll over her leg midway between the knee and ankle, severing the member completely. The shoe which had been cut off with the foot could hardly be drawn from the track, so tightly had it been wedged in.

Miss Wills is 18 years of age and is an unusually pretty girl. The terrible strain of the few seconds she was held between the rails and the physical pain suffered threw her into such a condition that it is feared her death will result.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Given Away by His Daughter.

A somewhat unusual scene in an Episcopal church in Cardiff occurred not long since. It appears that the pastor took what he thought was a seasonable opportunity to reprove the members of his church for their non-attendance at Sunday morning worship. He impartiality included his own family. As soon as he had concluded his own daughter rose up and said that her father, when he first awoke, could not rise unless his hot water was brought up and the towel was placed under his nose.

She related how boots had to be cleaned, fires lighted and the breakfast prepared, and then went on to describe how the worthy clergyman required his book and his coat, and his gloves, and his hat, and his stick, and—his cake and his wine, before he was ready to start to his work.

This was all detailed with minuteness and volubility. The reverend father kept no servant, and there was the household work to be done, and, besides, he insisted upon a hot dinner served with punctuality. Under these circumstances, the lady pleaded, was it possible for her to get to worship on a Sunday morning? The sympathies of the audience were with the daughter. It is not likely that the good parson will soon repeat his complaint of non-attendance.—South Wales News.

He First Opposed Mrs. Custer's Pension.

The principal opposition in the house to the recent bill to increase Mrs. General Custer's pension came from a member from Indiana, who seemed to think that army officers' widows lived lives of ease and luxury, and did nothing to support themselves. When he learned, however, that Mrs. Custer was one of the busiest women in the country, and had been hard at work for fourteen years, he turned about and made a speech in her favor, and the bill went through. Mrs. Custer is now preparing a series of talks on "Plains Life" for delivery before school girls and boys and before women's clubs. With her husband's sister, Mrs. Calhoun, who is also a busy woman, she has gone into temporary retirement at Atlantic City to recruit her strength for future work.—Harper's Weekly.

Apple Blossoms in Winter.

We all love the beautiful, deliciously fragrant apple blossoms that charm us for a short season in the spring, and note sadly the last shower of white petals over the emerald green carpet beneath the trees. All persons do not know, however, how easily these lovely flowers may be caused to bloom indoors in winter.

If large branches are broken from the trees and placed in water in a warm, sunny window, they will soon flower, and many of the blossoms will be as beautiful and fragrant as those that bloom on the trees in the spring.

Care must be taken to select such branches as have an abundance of plump blooming buds, and some of these should be removed, as well as some of the more pointed leaf buds.

Wild pear and wild cherry branches may be flowered in a similar manner, but not so satisfactorily as apple tree limbs. No doubt many other kinds of early blooming shrubs and trees could be made to blossom in this way.

Here is an interesting field for experiment for flower lovers, particularly for invalids and children. The satisfaction of sending to a sick neighbor or presenting to a friend a bunch of fresh apple blossoms in winter amply repays the trifling labor required to produce them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
Obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "Independent" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State of California and Nevada.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(County Physician)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

J. W. Murphy.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK ..... PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2.00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

Snug little FORTUNES have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 560 PORTLAND, MAINE.

OFFICIAL.

Notice of Election.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Stevens Ditch Company will be held at the office of the Company, in the town of Independence, Inyo county, Cal., on

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891,

At the hour of One o'clock in the afternoon of that day. That at said meeting there will be held an election to elect Five Directors of said Company for the ensuing year. And also to transact such other business as may properly come before said Annual Meeting.

P. H. MACK,
Secretary.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of JOHN LUCAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office in the town of Lone Pine, Inyo county, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said Inyo county, State of California. E. H. EDWARDS,
Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased.
Dated May 5th, 1891.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 18th day of April, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Mullane, deceased, the undersigned, the Executor of the Last Will and testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, at and after Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1891, and within six months thereafter, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John Mullane at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to, that of the said John Mullane at the time of his death, in and to that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said County of Inyo, State of California and particularly described as follows, to wit: The South half of the North East quarter; and the North West quarter of the South East quarter of Section No. Seven, and the South West quarter of the North West quarter of Section No. Eight, all in Township No. Nine South, Range No. Thirty-four East, Mount Diablo Meridian, containing one hundred and sixty acres.

Bids or offers must be in writing, and will be received at the residence of the undersigned, near the town of Big Pine, in the County of Inyo, State of California, and may be left at the place herein designated, or delivered to said Executor personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States, ten per cent. of the the purchase money to be paid to the said Executor when the sale shall be made, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at the expense of purchaser.

RICHARD HESSIAN.
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 18th day of April, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Mullane, deceased, the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, on and after the sixth day of May, 1891, at the residence of the undersigned, near the town of Big Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property to wit: Seventy head of stock cattle, more or less; One plow; One wagon; One horse; One cooking stove and utensils; One set harness; One shovel; One hay fork, and one trunk.

RICHARD HESSIAN.
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PETER DIECKSON, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of PETER DIECKSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Lone Pine, in the county of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated April 18th, 1891.

JOHN F. LUBKEN,
Administrator of said Estate.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Thomas Parker, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Thos. Parker, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of P. H. Mack, in the town of Independence, Inyo Co., Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Inyo, State of California.

JOHN SHEPHERD,
S. G. CREGG.
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Thomas Parker, deceased.
Dated at Independence, Cal. April 4, 1891.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo county, Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 30th day of March 1891, an assessment (No. 12) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of May 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 29th day of May, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.
Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

CROCKERS' HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee.
sep1-tf

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, MAY 8.....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98¼
Lead, 4 35
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20.40
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence, 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

FRIDAY, May 1, 1891.

Manuella Diaz vs. A. Diaz et al.—Filed Summons.

Estate of John R. Hughes, deceased—Filed account and resignation of Executor.

SATURDAY May 2, 1891

Estate and Guardianship of John Morton—Filed Inventory and Appraisement.

MONDAY, May 4, 1891

Estate and Guardianship John James Lucas—Filed Citation

Estates of B. F. Theban and C. D. Begole—Wm. F. Matlack appointee Administrator.

TUESDAY, May 5, 1891

Estate of C. D. Begole, deceased—Order to show cause why property should not be sold.

WEDNESDAY, May 6, 1891.

Estate of James Ward, deceased—Wm. F. Matlack appointed Administrator.

Estate of John Lucas, deceased—E. H. Elwards appointed Administrator.

Estate of Eliza Ann Smith, deceased—Final account and discharge.

Estate of John C. Eddy, deceased—Filed certified copies of letters.

THURSDAY, May 7, 1891.

Estate of James Ward, deceased—Filed proof of publication.

F. E. Densmore is expected home on today's train.

See the notice of election of officers of the Stevens Ditch Company.

Mrs. John Lucas and Miss Maggie Zinn were up from Lone Pine on Tuesday.

The April crop of winds were a little delayed, but they are getting their work in now.

E. H. Elwards has been appointed administrator of the estate of John Lucas deceased.

To make paper stick to a wall that has been whitewashed, wash the wall with vinegar water.

John W. P. Laird and P. H. Mack have formed a law partnership. Their office is located in the Masonic building.

Charley Summers expects to be down from Bishop in a day or two to make arrangements for taking cattle to Long Valley.

The market price of silver and lead has increased during the past week. Pig lead is quoted in San Francisco at 4¾ and silver at 98¼.

The Piutes of Mason and Saline valleys, Nev., are attacked by la grippe, and there is scarcely a buck, squaw or papoose that is not down with it.

It is hard for the unprejudiced observer to tell which talks the loudest, a party of men playing draw pedro or a party of young women playing whist.

Messrs. Rathbun and Berliner of Lone Pine visited this office last Saturday. A letter from Lone Pine states that the latter expects to remove to Bishop soon.

P. W. Forbes Esq., went to Bishop on Tuesday's train. He will go from there direct to San Francisco to attend the meeting of the Odd Fellows Grand Lodge.

In the great match race at San Francisco between Geraldine and Rinfax the latter won in record breaking time. His owner, Tom Williams, is said to have won $8,000.

E. Chenot has a fine assortment of boots and shoes which he will sell at a reduced price. If you want a good article, and buy it cheap, give him a call.

The *Call* says that Bert Rhine of Sacramento has been elected Grand Inside Sentinel of the Native Sons. Well, Sacramento is a bigger place than Independence anyway.

Mr. J. N. Evans of Reno has sent men down to gather up his cattle here and move them out. They are now hard at work and will probably be rounded up by the middle of the month.

The closing of Yosemite Valley, and the fact of its being guarded by troops, will probably have the effect of sending a greater number of sheep into this country than on previous years.

Hon. A. J. Gould has very much improved in health and returns to Darwin today. He expresses deep gratitude to the people of Independence for the care tendered him during his illness.

Professor John Le Conte, the well-known Professor of Physics in the University of California, died last week at his residence in Berkely. He had been in feeble health for some time, and his extreme age hastened the end.

A meeting of the Directors of the Independence Water Company was held on Wednesday and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. John A. Lank, President; John C. Irwin, Secretary; E. Robinson, Treasurer.

John W. P. Laird Esq. for many years a prominent attorney of this county, has removed to Bakersfield. He has formed a partnership with J. W. Mahon of that place. Mr. Laird leaves many friends in Inyo who wish him success in his new home.

A. L. Conklin met with a very painful accident last Saturday. He was running horses on the Tibbetts' ranch when his saddle horse stumbled and fell upon him. He was badly bruised, and the cartilege was torn on the right ribs. Drs. Woodin waited upon him immediately, and he is now getting along all right.

Weather Review for April.

During the month of April all storm areas have passed eastward north of Washington. There were seven of these disturbances which was rather an unusual number for this month of the year. As the result of this frequency the area of precipitation extended well southward into California and gave rise to frequent rains, occasionally heavy, in California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington. Such conditions have been essentially beneficial to agricultural and horticultural interests throughout California. The threatened drought of the early winter has been completely overcome by the copious and well distributed rains of February, March and April. Encouraging reports are general from all parts of the Pacific Coast as to the prospects of both grain and fruit crops. The month of April has not been marked by abnormal conditions but on the contrary the changes have been gradual and uniform, and thus favorable to the growth of vegetation.

Owing to the frequency of storm movements in the vicinity of Washington the rainfall has been in excess of the normal in northern California, western Oregon and Western Washington. Elsewhere there has been a deficiency. The excess varies from from 0.05 inches at Sacramento to 3.22 at Fort Canby and 3.31 at Eureka. The deficiency ranges rom 0.04 inches at Los Angeles to 1.14 at Fresno and 2.40 at Roseburg. The heaviest monthly rainfall was 7.80 inches at Fort Canby and the the smallest 0.10 at Keeler. No rain fell at Yuma or Fort Grant, which fact marks an unusual deficiency for Arizona. The rainfall at San Francisco was 2.44 inches, or 0.40 inches above the normal. This is one of the heaviest rainfalls at San Francisco for a number of years during April. The seasonal rainfall to date at San Francisco is 16.22 inches against 44.68 inches for the season of 1889-00. Rain fell on 22 days in California; on 17 days in Nevada; on 28 days in Oregon; on 27 days in Washington. No rain was reported from Arizona. The greatest rainfall in 24 hours occurred at Eureka, 2.04 inches, on the 9th and 10th; 1.34 inches on 7th at Carson City; 1.28 inches at Fort Canby on 6th; 1.22 inches at Olympia on 22d.

Thunder storms, Sacramento 13th, lightning struck trees. Hail, San Francisco, on 6th. Quincy, 11th, high winds destroyed outbuildings. Sand storms; Fresno, 6th; Calico, 6th. The highest wind velocity of the month occurred at Fort Canby on 22d, 72 miles per hour. Winds of over 25 miles per hour were reported from Fort Canby on 10 days; San Francisco, 10 days; Winnemucca, 16 days; Walla Walla, Red Bluff, Portland and Fort Grant, 1 day; Keeler, 8 days; Yuma, 3 days; Eureka, 4 days. Damage was caused to shipping on the north Pacific Coast during the high winds of the 9th, 10th, 21st and 26th.

The temperature has been in excess of the normal in all districts except the central portion of California, where the temperature ranges from 3 degrees at Keeler to 4 degrees at Sacramento. It remained normal at San Francisco and Eureka. The excess ranges from 8 degrees at Roseburg and 6 degrees at Yuma to 1 degree at San Diego, Fort Canby and Olympia. The highest temperature, 102 degrees, occurred at Yuma on the 28th. The lowest temperature, 20 degrees, occurred at Baker City on the 2d. Light frosts occurred in northern California on the 8th, 11th and 26th.

JOHN P. FINLEY.
Lieut. 19th Inf., A. S. O., In Charge.

Meteorological Summary.

Following is the report of the Signal Service Station at Keeler for the month of April, 1891.

Mean barometer.....29.864
Highest barometer.....30.155
Lowest barometer.....29.584
Mean temperature.....57.4
Highest temperature, 30th.....84.
Lowest temperature, 8th.....32
Greatest daily range temp'ture, 30th, 29.
Least daily range temperature, 17th, 8.
Prevailing direction of wind, South.
Total movemement of wind, 5104 miles.
Extreme velocity of wind, direction and date, 36 miles S. on 6th.
Total precipitation, 0.19 inches.
Number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell, 3.
Number of cloudless days.....14
Partly cloudy days.....11
Cloudy days.....5

H. E. WILKINSON,
Sergt., Signal Corps, Observer.

California Marble.

The marble industry of this State is one which now shows great promise. The resources in the matter of building stone in California are not equal to those of other localities, though there are many places where quarries might be opened. There are many more being worked now however, than ever before, and the number is sure to increase as our cities grow. In the line of marble there are only a few quarries but they are being properly opened and developed and are gradually increasing their output. The quarry in Inyo County is making shipments steadily and developments are such as to justify belief that railroad communication with Mojave must soon be made, as it seems certain that the present railroad facilities cannot much longer handle the shipments of this one industry.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

Blockade Broken.

The snow blockade between Bridgeport and Bodie, and which has existed since the big snow storm of Washington's Birthday, has at last been broken. On Sunday last Mail Contractor Hogan sallied out of Bodie at the head of a battalion of Piutes and attacked the snow works which impeded navigation so long. The heavy drifts were soon mastered by the muscular Piutes, and on Monday Hogan's ablest Seaman piloted his craft through all right and landed all back mails at our Postoffice at an early hour that evening, and the mail has come through daily since.—*Chronicle Union.*

A Cure For Diptheria.

The following remedy was discovered in Germany and is said to be the best known. At the first indication of diptheria in the throat of a child, make the room close; then take a tin cup and pour into it a quantity of tar and turpentine, equal parts. Then hold the cup over a fire so as to fill the room with fumes. The little patient, on inhaling the fumes, will cough up and spit out all the membranous matter, and the diphtheria will pass off. The fumes of the tar and turpentine loosen the matter in the throat, thus affording the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians.

A Road To Pahrump

The Walker Lake *Bulletin* of last week says: R. J. Laws, John Forbes, Mr. Suman and J. E. Hart will leave on to-morrow's train for Pahrump Valley, the scene of the latest mining excitement. The new diggings are in Ney county, about 200 miles south from Candelaria. The Hawthorne party will go from Candelaria by wagon. It is understood that the object of Mr. Laws' trip will be to ascertain the feasibility of establishing a stage line to the mines and determining which will be the most practicable route.

The Life Is A Hard One.

If anybody thinks it is fun to get up an interesting paper every day with general news as scarce as hens' teeth in town and not an item to be clipped from any State exchanges let him try it. A fresh man with a lot of adjectives at his command can draw on his imagination for a month or two, but finally tired nature gives way and leaves him a helpless mass of humanity, racking his brain for an interesting item that does not come to the surface.—*Reno Gazette.*

Passed Successfully.

Frank E. Densmore, Esq. went to Santa Rosa last week to attend the Grand Parlor of Native Sons. While on the trip he took occasion to present himself for examination before the Supreme Court, and passed very creditably. Frank was born and raised in Inyo County, this being his first trip on the other side. He graduated from the Bishop Academy two years ago and since that time has been reading law in the District Attorney's office. He has not yet passed his 22d birthday, and by hard work and close application he has won an enviable position of which he may feel justly proud.

Hotspur and Rinfax won the two greatest races run in California for years at the Bay District track last week, both of them beating the record. Hotspur is by Joe Daniels and the dam of Rinfax is a sister to that horse. This fact should surely serve to bring about an appreciation of Pickpocket as a sire, he being by Joe Daniels, his dam, Mattie C., a descendant of old Lexington.

The Virginia City *Chronicle* reports that several hundred Indians were holding a ghost dance for five days last week at Rhodes Marsh with no hostile purpose, but simply to keep themselves in practice in case they would be called upon by Uncle Sam to go over to Italy and make a stand off with the brigands.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

FORBES & TOBEY,

HAWTHORNE, NEV.,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS.

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed Flooring.

nov 11-1

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,

Address,
P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal.
P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

☞Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

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Livery Accommodations

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INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.

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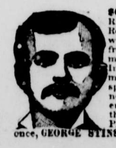

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House.....		11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m.
Dayton.....		12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska.....		2:05 p. m.	2.50 p. m
Hawthorne.....		5.50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning.....		7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs.....		8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville.....		9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m
Candelaria.....	Ar.	10.00 p. m.	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3.		No. 4.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Belleville.....		8 20 a. m.	5:25 p m.
Benton.....		11:50 a. m.	1:35 a m.
Bishop Creek.....		2:00p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord.....		2.45 p. m.	10:00 a. m
Independence.....		4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....		5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar	6:50 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (37 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

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R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

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AT

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CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE
Blacksmith Shop.
R. C. Spear, Prop'r
—ALL WORK ON—
MINING TOOLS,
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—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—
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☞All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

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LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

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Palace Saloon.
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—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

☞The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the world-famed remedy for all chronic weaknesses and distressing derangements so common to American women. It is a potent, invigorating, restorative tonic, or strength-giver, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. For feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon. *Guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

A Book of 160 pages, on "Woman: Her Diseases, and How to Cure them," sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents, in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Life, like every other blessings,
Derives its value from its use alone.

Dr. Wallace Ely has removed his offices to 215 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal., where he continues to give special attention to Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland and all diseases arising therefrom. Diabetes and Bright's Disease treated according to the latest approved method. Most cases can be treated successfully by correspondence. Consultations daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. WALLACE ELY, M. D., 215 Powell St., 4 doors from Geary st., San Francisco, Cal.

Too True—"Do you think that tailors are on the whole a deserving class of men?" "Well, it can't be denied that we owe them a great deal."

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

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He—Tell me what you think of my last poem. I want to finish it, as I have other irons in the fire. She—I should withdraw the irons and insert the poem.

WHY!

WHEREFORE. The virtues or merits of a remedy for pain do not consist in its being as good for relief as other remedies, but in the fact that it is better, in being more prompt and sure, and therefore the best for the specific purpose. It is not an idle catchline that strikes the eye thus:

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN,
IS THE BEST.

It is the best cure for all aches and pains, and it holds

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OTHER REMEDIES FAILED,

and St. Jacobs Oil cured promptly and permanently." For the same reason

THE POOR MAN

finds what he seeks and needs, is not deceived and will have it at any price.

If you have a
COLD or COUGH,
acute or leading to
CONSUMPTION,
SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA
IS SURE CURE FOR IT.

This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the *Hypophosphites* and fine *Norwegian Cod Liver Oil*. Used by physicians all the world over. It is *as palatable as milk*. Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of *Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis,*
CONSUMPTION,
Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like **SCOTT'S EMULSION.** It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

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Brooders, what to feed, chickens, in fact all the secrets of the chicken business. If you only keep half a dozen hens you need this book. It gives more information than many of the books sold at 25 cents. We send it free on receipt of 4 cents in stamps to pay postage.

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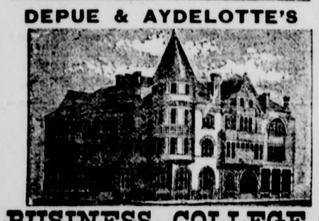

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S. F. N. U. No. 459. New Series No. 14

BEBEE;

or,

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

By "OUIDA."

She had no fixed thought of what she would be to him when she reached him.

She fancied she would wait on him, and tend him, and make him well, and be caressed by him, and get all gracious pretty things of leaf and blossom about him, and kneel at his feet, and be quite happy if he only touched her now and then with his lips—her thoughts went no further than that—her love for him was of that intensity and absorption in which nothing but itself is remembered.

When a creature loves much, even when it is as little and as simple a soul as Bebee, the world and all its people and all its laws and ways are as naught. They cease to exist, they are as though they had never been.

Whoever recollects an outside world may play with passion, or may idle with sentiment, but does not love.

She did not hear what the villagers said to her. She did not see the streets of the towns she passed them. She kept herself clean always, and broke fast now and then by sheer instinct of habit, nothing more. She had no perception what she did, except of walking—walking—walking always, and seeing the white road go by like pale ribbons unrolled.

She got a dreamy, intense sleepless light in her blue eyes that frightened some of those she passed. They thought she had been lover stricken and was not in her senses.

So she went across the dreary lowlands, wearing out her little sabots, but not wearing out her patience and her courage.

She was very dusty and jaded. Her woolen skirt was stained with weather and torn with briers. But she had managed always to wash her cap white in brook water, and she had managed always to keep her pretty bright curls soft and silken—for he had liked them so much, and he would soon draw them through his hand again. So she told herself a thousand times to give her strength when the priest would come over her sight, and the [illegible] would seem to tremble as she went. On the fifteenth day from the night when she had left her hut by the swans' water Bebee saw Paris.

Shining away in the sun; white and gold; among woods and gardens she saw Paris.

She was so tired—oh, so tired—but she could not rest now. There were bells ringing always in her ears, and a heavy pain always in her head. But what of that?—she was so near to him.

"Are you ill, you little thing?" a woman asked her who was gathering early cherries in the outskirts of the great city.

Bebee looked at her and smiled: "I do not know—I am happy."

And she went onward.

It was evening. The sun had set. She had not eaten for twenty-four hours. But she could not pause for anything now. She crossed the gleaming river and she heard the cathedral chimes. Paris in all its glory was about her, but she took no more note of it than a pigeon that flies through it intent on reaching home.

No one looked at or stopped her; a little dusty peasant with a bundle on a stick over her shoulder.

The click-clack of her wooden shoes on the hot pavements made none look up; little rustles came up every day like this to make their fortunes in Paris. Some grew into golden painted silken flowers, the convolvuli of their brief summer days, and some drifted into the Seine water, rusted, wind tossed, fallen leaves that were wanted of no man. Anyhow, it was so common to see them, pretty but homely things, with their noisy shoes and their little all in a bundle, that no one even looked once at Bebee.

She was not bewildered. As she had gone through her own city, only thinking of the roses in her basket and of old Annemie in her garret, so she went through Paris, only thinking of him for whose sake she had come thither.

Now that she was really in his home she was happy, happy though her head ached with that dull odd pain, and all the sunny glare went round and round like a great gilded humming top, such as the babies clapped their hands at at the Kermesse.

She was happy; she felt sure now that God would not let him die till she got to him. She was quite glad that he had left her all that long, terrible winter, for she had learned so much and was so much more fitted to be with him.

Weary as she was, and strange as the pain in her head made her feel, she was happy, very happy; a warm flush came on her little pale cheeks as she thought how soon he would kiss them, her whole body thrilled with the old sweet nameless joy that she had sickened for in vain so long.

Though she saw nothing else that was around her, she saw some little knots of moss roses that a girl was selling on the quay, as she used to sell them in front of the Maison du Roi. She had only two sous left, but she stopped and bought two little rosebuds to take to him. He had used to care for them so much in the summer at Brabant.

The girl who sold them told her the way to the street he lived in, it was not very far off the quay. She seemed to float on air, to have wings like the swallows, to hear beautiful music all around. She felt for her beads, and said aves of praise. God was so good.

It was quite night when she reached the street and sought the number of his house. She spoke his name softly, and trembling very much with joy, not with any fear, but it seemed to her too sacred a thing ever to utter aloud.

An old man looked out of a den by the door, and told her to go straight up the stairs to the third floor, and then turn to the right.

The old man chuckled as he glanced after her, and listened to the wooden shoes pattering wearily up the broad stone steps.

Bebee climbed them—ten, twenty, thirty, forty. "He must be very poor!" she thought, "to live so high," and yet the place was wide and handsome, and had a look of riches. Her heart beat so fast, she felt suffocated, her limbs shook, her eyes had a red blood like mist floating before them; but she thanked God each step she climbed—a moment and she would look upon the only face she loved.

"He will be glad—oh, I am sure he will be glad!" she said to herself, as a fear that had never before come near her touched her for a moment—if he should not care!

But even then, what did it matter? Since he was ill she should be there to watch him night and day; and when he was well again, if he should wish her to go away—one could always die.

"But he will be glad—oh, I know he will be glad!" she said to the rosebuds that she carried to him. "And if God will only let me save his life, what else do I want more?"

His name was written on a door before her. The handle of a bell hung down; she pulled it timidly. The door unclosed; she saw no one, and went through. There were low lights burning. There were heavy scents that were strange to her. There was a fantastic gloom from old armor, and old weapons, and old pictures in the dull rich chambers. The sound of her wooden shoes was lost in the softness and thickness of the carpets.

It was not the home of a poor man. A great terror froze her heart—if she were not wanted here!

She went quickly through three rooms, seeing no one, and at the end of the third there were folding doors.

"It is I—Bebee," she said softly, as she pushed them gently apart; and she held out the two moss rosebuds.

Then the words died on her lips, and a great horror froze her, still and silent, there.

She saw the dusky room as in a dream. She saw him stretched on the bed, leaning on his elbow, laughing and playing cards upon the lace coverlet. She saw women with loose, shining hair and bare limbs, and rubies and diamonds glimmering red and white. She saw men lying about upon the couch, throwing dice and drinking and laughing with one another.

Beyond all she saw against the pillows of his bed a beautiful, brown, wicked looking thing, like some velvet snake, who leaned over him as he threw down the painted cards upon the lace, and who had cast about his throat her curved, bare arm with the great coils of dead gold all a-glitter on it.

And above it all there were odors of wines and flowers, clouds of smoke, shouts of laughter, music of shrill, gay voices.

She stood like a frozen creature and saw—the rosebuds in her hand. Then with a great piercing cry she let the roses fall, and turned and fled. At the sound he looked up and saw her, and shook his beautiful brown harlot off him with an oath.

But Bebee flew down through the empty chambers and the long stairway as a hare flies from the hounds; her tired feet never paused, her aching limbs never slackened; she ran on, and on, and on into the lighted streets, into the fresh night air; on, and on, and on, straight to the river.

From its brink some man's strength caught and held her. She struggled with it.

"Let me die! let me die!" she shrieked to him, and strained from him to get at the cool gray silent water that waited for her there.

Then she lost all consciousness and saw the stars no more.

When she came back to any sense of life, the stars were shining still, and the face of Jeannot was bending over her, wet with tears.

He had followed her to Paris when they had missed her first, and had come straight by train to the city, making sure it was thither she had come, and there had sought her many days, watching for her by the house of Flamen.

She shuddered away from him as he held her, and looked at him with blank, tearless eyes.

"Do not touch me! Take me home."

That was all she ever said to him. She never asked him or told him anything. She never noticed that it was strange that he should have been here upon the river bank. He let her be, and took her silently in the cool night back by the iron ways to Brabant.

CHAPTER XXIV.

She sat quite still and upright in the wagon, with the dark lands rushing by her. She never spoke at all. She had a look that frightened him upon her face. When he tried to touch her hand she shivered away from him.

The charcoal burner, hardy and strong among forest reared men, covered like a child in a corner and covered his eyes and wept.

So the night wore away.

She had no perception of anything that happened to her until she was led through her own little garden in the early day, and her starling cried to her "Bonjour, Bonjour!" Even then she only look[ed] about her in a bewildered way, and never spoke.

Were the sixteen days a dream?

She did not know.

The women whom Je[anno]t summoned, his mother and sisters and [Mad]ame Krebs, and one or two others, weeping [for] the hardness of their he[art a]gainst her, undressed her, and laid her down on her little bed, and opened the shutters to the radiance of the sun.

She let them do as they liked, only she seemed neither to hear nor speak, and she never spoke.

All that Jeannot could tell was that he had found her in Paris, and had saved her from the river.

The women were sorrowful, and reproached themselves. Perhaps she had done wrong, but they had been harsh, and she was so young.

The two little sabots with the holes worn through the soles touched them, and they blamed themselves for having shut their hearts and their doors against her as they saw the fixed blue eyes, without any light in them, and the pretty mouth closed close against either sob or smile.

After all she was Bebee—the little bright blithe thing that had danced with their children, and sung to their singing, and brought them always the first roses of the year. If she had been led astray they should have been gentler with her.

So they told themselves and each other.

What had she seen in that terrible Paris to change her like this?—they could not tell. She never spoke.

The cock crowed gayly to the sun. The lamb bleated in the meadow. The bees boomed among the pear tree blossoms. The gray lavender blew in the open house door. The green leaves threw shifting shadows on the floor.

All things were just the same as they had been the year before, when she had woke to the joy of being a girl of 16.

But Bebee now lay quite still and silent on her little bed, as quiet as the waxen Gesu that they laid in the manger at the Nativity.

"If she would only speak!" the women and the children wailed, weeping sorely.

But she never spoke; nor did she seem to know any one of them. Not even the starling, as he flew on her pillow and called her:

"Give her rest," they all said; and one by one moved away, being poor folk and hard working, and unable to lose a whole day.

Mere Krebs stayed with her, and Jeannot sat in the porch where her little spinning wheel stood, and rocked himself to and fro in vain agony, powerless.

He had done all he could, and it was of no avail.

Then people who had loved her, hearing, came up the green lanes from the city—the cobbler and the tinman, and the old woman who sold saints' pictures by the Broodhuis. The Varnhart children hung about the garden wicket, frightened and sobbing. Old Jehan beat his knees with his hands, and said only over and over again, "Another dead—another dead!—the red mill and I see them all dead!"

The long golden day drifted away, and the swans swayed to and fro, and the willows grew silver in the sunshine.

Bebee, only, lay quite still and never spoke. The starling sat above her head; his wings drooped and he was silent too.

Towards sunset Bebee raised herself and called aloud: they ran to her.

"Get me a rosebud—one with the moss round it," she said to them.

They went out into the garden and brought her one wet with dew.

She kissed it and laid it in one of her little wooden shoes that stood upon the bed.

She kissed it and laid it in one of her little wooden shoes.

"Send them to him," she said wearily; "tell him I walked all the way."

Then her head dropped; then momentary consciousness died out, the old dull, lifeless look crept over her face again like the shadow of death.

The starling spread his broad black wings above her head. She lay quite still once more. The women left the rosebud in the wooden shoe, not knowing what she meant.

Night fell. Mere Krebs watched beside her. Jeannot went down to the old church to beseech Heaven with all his simple, ignorant, tortured soul. The villagers hovered about, talking in low, sad voices, and wondering, and dropping one by one into their homes. They were sorry, very sorry; but what could they do?

It was quite night. The lights were put out in the lane. Jeannot, with Father Francis, prayed before the shrine of the Seven Sorrows. Mere Krebs slumbered in her rush bottomed chair; she was old and worked hard. The starling was awake.

Bebee rose in her bed and looked around, as she had done when she asked for the moss rosebud.

A sense of unutterable universal pain ached over all her body.

She did not see her little home, its four white walls, its lattice shining in the moon, its wooden bowls and plates, its oaken shelf and presses, its plain familiar things that once had been so dear—she did not see them—she only saw the brown woman with her arm about his throat.

She sat up in her bed and slipped her feet on to the floor; the pretty little rosy feet that he had used to want to clothe in silken stockings.

Poor little feet! she felt a curious compassion for them; they had served her so well, and they were so tired.

She sat up a moment with that curious dull agony, aching everywhere in body and in brain. She kissed the rosebud once more and laid it gently down in the wooden shoe. She did not see anything that was around her. She felt a great dullness that closed in on her, a great weight that was like iron on her head.

She thought she was in the strange, noisy, cruel city, with the river close to her, and all her dead dreams drifting down it like murdered children, whilst that woman kissed him.

She slipped her feet on to the floor, and rose and stood upright. There was a door open to the moonlight—the door where she had sat spinning and singing in a thousand happy days; the lavender blew; the tall, unbudded green lilies swayed in the wind; she looked at them and knew none of them.

The night air drifted through her linen dress, and played on her bare arms and lifted the curls of her hair; the same air that had played with her so many times out of mind when she had been a little tottering thing that measured its height by the red rosebush. But it brought her no sense of where she was.

All she saw was the woman who kissed him.

There was the water beyond; the kindly calm water, all green with the moss and the nests of the ouzels and the boughs of the hazels and willows, where the swans were asleep in the reeds, and the broad lilies spread wide and cool.

But she did not see any memory in it. She thought it was the cruel gray river in the strange white city; and she cried to it; and went out into the old familar ways, and knew none of them; and ran feebly yet fleetly through the bushes and flowers, looking up once at the stars with a helpless broken blind look, like a thing that is dying.

"He does not want me!" she said to them. "He does not want me—other women kiss him there!"

Then with a low fluttering sound like a bird's when its wings are shot, and yet it tries to rise, she hovered a moment over the water, and stretched her arms out to it.

"He does not want me!" she murmured. "he does not want me—and I am so tired. Dear God!"

Then she crept down, as a weary child creeps to its mother, and threw herself forward, and let the green dark waters take her where they had found her amidst the lilies, a little laughing yearling thing.

There she soon lay, quite quiet, with her face turned to the stars, and the starling poised above to watch her as she slept.

She had been only Bebee—the ways of God and man had been too hard for her.

When the messengers of Flamen came that day, they took him back a dead moss rose and a pair of little wooden shoes worn through with walking.

"One creature loved me once," he says to women who wonder why the wooden shoes are there.

THE END.

A Tree That Emits Smoke.

Newton, a vigorous mountain town, west of Charlotte, N. C., has a curiosity that beats by a large majority the rain tree which gained such notoriety in Charlotte in 1886. It is a smoking tree, and baffles all efforts at explanation. It is a white mulberry tree, and stands on the sidewalk in front of the residence of Mr. Levi Yoder.

It was brought from Illinois a year or two ago, and is now about twelve feet high, with a bushy top and many lateral branches. Sunday one of the family noticed a puff of smoke proceed from one of the limbs, and by watching it closely, puffs identical in appearance to cigarette smoke were seen starting every now and then from all over the tree; sometimes from the leaves, sometimes from the bloom, sometimes from the bark of the limbs or trunk of the tree. The puffs are at irregular intervals; sometimes two or three at once from various parts of the tree, and sometimes they are several seconds or a half minute apart. They just seem to come at haphazard, from any part of the tree, and, as they ascend in the air, look exactly like the smoke from a cigarette.

Since the curiosity first became generally known, large crowds, both of town and country people, can be seen there at any time in the day. All doubting Thomases are soon convinced on the first visit that the tree "do smoke." Among the white people it is only looked upon as a curiosity, and many of course make explanations of the phenomenon, which, perhaps, are plausible enough to their authors, but which carry very little in conviction to the minds of others.

But the negroes don't like the thing at all. One negro woman, after intently watching the puffs a few minutes, started off in a run, saying: "I wouldn't lib dar fur nothin'; people better go to doin better 'bout dis town." A negro man said: "I'm gwine stay way from dat thing. I can smell de brimstone clear down to de libery stable."—Richmond Times.

Finished His Story Himself.

"Depew is right," said Senator Watson C. Squires, of Washington. "North Carolina has a corner on atmosphere. Up around Asheville the air is loaded with balsamic elements, almost a specific for lung troubles. I went there twenty years ago far gone with consumption. I had been given up by the doctors as a hopeless case. In less than three months I"—

"You were a well man?"

"No. I died and was buried on the spot."—Washington Post.

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The PACIFIC BANK, of San Francisco, is one of the few successful institutions. It owes its splendid reputation to the fact that Dr. R. H. McDonald, as its President, has never entered into any speculations. He has never swerved from the straightforward cause, which gives the public that confidence which all banks should inspire.

When you visit San Jose, stop at the St. James Hotel. It is first-class in every way; good table; elegantly furnished rooms. Rates $2.00 and $2.50 per day. Tyler Beach, proprietor.

There is a demand for base-ball players in Chicago. Reliable men who will not go out on strikes are wanted.

PROTECT YOUR HEALTH.

Cold and moisture combined have a torporising effect upon the bodily organs, and the digestive and secretive processes are apt to be more tardily performed in winter than in the fall. The same is true, also, of the excretory functions. The bowels are often sluggish, and the pores of the skin throw off but little waste matter at this season. The system, therefore, requires opening up a little, and also purifying and regulating, and the safest, surest and most thorough tonic and alterative that can be used for these purposes is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Persons who wish to escape the rheumatic twinges, the dyspeptic agonies, the painful disturbances of the bowels, the bilious attacks, and the nervous visitations, so common at this time of the year, will do well to reinforce their systems with this renowned vegetable stomachic and invigorant. It improves the appetite, strengthens the stomach, cheers the spirits, and renovates the whole physique.

"Are times so very hard?" asked the customer. "Dey are," answered Isaactein. "Vhy, it vouldn't pay me to fail."

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Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his *New Treatment* for the cure of all diseases of the Eye: —*Cataract, Defective Vision, Inflammation*, etc., etc., without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

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McCorkle—Noah's family was not an aristocratic one. McCrackle (tentatively)—No? McCorkle—No; they were not in the swim.

Dobbins' Electric Soap is *cheaper* for you to use, if you *follow directions*, than any other soaps would be if *given* to you, for by its use *clothes are saved*. Clothes cost more than soap. Ask your grocer for Dobbins'. Take no other.

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A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

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One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline	10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle Vaseline Pomade	15 "
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream	15 "
One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice	10 "
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented	10 "
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	—$1.10

Or for stamps any single article at the price named. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASELINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents.

Chesebrough M'f'g. Co., 24 State St., New York.

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Old Gold and Silver Bought; send your old Gold and Silver by mail to the old and reliable house of A. Coleman, 41 Third street, San Francisco; I will send by return mail the cash, according to assay; if the amount is not satisfactory will return gold.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

Cultivate not only the corn-fields of your mind, but the pleasure-grounds also.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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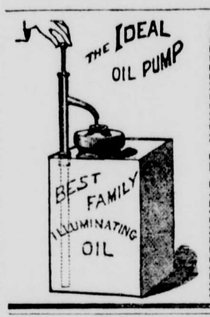

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"When slovens get tidy they polish the bottoms of the pans:"—When

Two servants in two neighboring houses dwelt,
But differently their daily labor felt;
Jaded and weary of her life was one,
Always at work, and yet 'twas never done.
The other walked out nightly with her beau,
But then she cleaned house with SAPOLIO.

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1891.

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THE HOT WATER CURE.

A Very Simple Remedy for Dyspepsia.

VARIOUS OPINIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

How and When Hot Water Should be Used.

A "constant reader" writes that he is in a fog as to the effects of hot water in the treatment of dyspepsia. He has seen it advocated in these columns and condemned by an esteemed contemporary, who maintains that hot water brings on the disease for which it was recommended. He now writes to know which statement is correct. Hot water, hot tea or coffee, in fact, hot food, whether liquid or solid, if used persistently, will in time irritate the stomach and so impair its power to digest. Practically, it will bring on dyspepsia.

NOT ALWAYS DYSPEPSIA.

Now as to the efficacy of hot water in the treatment of that disease. As a remedy it doubtless appears of the "hair of the dog" sort. It must be remembered that there is a decided difference between a healthy stomach and one in disease. In health, nothing ought to be habitually put into that organ which is much more than "blood warm." But in disease the condition of things is very different. What is known as dyspepsia springs from variable conditions, too many, in fact, to discuss here. But in nearly all of them the stomach is less active than it ought to be, or it works to a disadvantage, and needs a spur or corrective.

Hot water acts in several ways. When taken into the stomach it not only stimulates it and quickens its action, but it tends—as do all hot applications—to allay irritation. Beside that, it acts mechanically, and washes out that organ, hurrying its contents down into the intestine, when without it the same would be retained longer than there is any need of. Let a person who four or five hours after a hearty meal still feels uncomfortable sip a cup of very hot water, and it will bring him great relief, stimulating the stomach and washing out of it much of its contents which would have been sent on into the intestines had not that organ been fatigued by overwork.

Now, in what passes under the head of dyspepsia there is often a catarrhal trouble of the stomach, and the same sort of affection, also, frequently exists in the intestine. The lining is more or less irritated, and, in consequence of it, not only is the secretion of mucus greater than in health, but the same is changed in character, is thicker, more adhesive, etc. While the stomach is empty this mucus pours out of its walls and glues them over, as it were. With such a deposit upon them, let food be taken into it and soon the same is coated with mucus, and so rendered less susceptible to the digestive fluids. Not only that, but the mucus in question, while on the walls, keeps back to a certain extent the gastric juice, and prevents its free entrance into the stomach. For such a condition of things as this hot water is the simplest, most grateful and effective remedy known.

A PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.

But by hot water is not, by any means, meant water "scalding hot." Water too hot may injure the lining of the stomach and cause other ill effects. Hot water to be taken internally as a medicine should be at a temperature of from 110 to 120 degs., or about as hot as the coffee one indulges in after dinner. It should be taken before meals—from one-half to an hour and a half—and be slowly sipped. If one is even fifteen or twenty minutes in drinking a glassful all the better. There are some precautions to be used in taking hot water.

A person who is liable to hemorrhages should only take it "blood warm." One with heart trouble—who has a weak heart—must sip it more slowly than others need to do, occupying the longest time advised. While this remedy is one of the simplest and most effective in suitable cases, it must not be forgotten that its indiscriminate use is strongly discouraged. Before applying it habitually, the safe way is to consult a physician, as in some instances where it would seem advisable to take it, it might be contra-indicated. To settle this question regarding the value of hot water and the possible dangers of using it, the following testimony of a physician is offered:

"We often hear it said that the free and prolonged use of hot water tends to injure the system. Some say that it is weakening, that it weakens the nerves of the stomach, that it causes anæmia of the stomach, that it interferes with digestion, that it tends to produce a flushed face and cerebral hyperæmia, that it debilitates the alimentary tract, and that it causes a host more of most direful evils. As a rule, all these objections are theoretical, and come from those who never used it intelligently and systematically, and hence are ignorant of the facts. In reply to such objections, all I can say is that I have used hot water daily for six years without the slightest perceptible injury, and have seen only uniformly good results in persons for whom I have prescribed its daily and long continued use."—Boston Herald.

Grew Over 100 Feet in Nineteen Years.

Monday morning the tall blue gum tree standing at the northeast corner of German Senter's house was cut down. A careful measurement of the tree showed it to be about 115 feet high from the ground to the topmost branch. It was 4 feet in diameter and about 12 feet in circumference at the ground. We are informed by a Portuguese that he set the tree out nineteen years ago. Think of it! A tree only nineteen years old, 115 feet high and showing a diameter in proportion. The residents of that quarter watched the fall of the monarch with genuine regret, but its great height made the cutting of it down a necessity, as it was liable to break and fall on some of the residences around.—Santa Clara (Cal.) Journal.

A City at the Bottom of the Sea.

The city authorities of Rovigno, on the peninsula of Istria, in the Adriatic sea, have discovered a little south of the peninsula the ruins of a large town at the bottom of the sea. It has been observed for some years that fishermen's nets were sometimes entangled in what appeared to be masses of masonry, of which fragments were brought up from the sea bed. A year or two ago a diver declared that he had seen walls and streets below the water.

The city authorities recently decided to investigate. They sent down a diver who, at the depth of eighty-five feet, found himself surrounded at the bottom of the sea by ruined walls. He says he knows they were the work of man. He is a builder by trade, and he recognized the layers of mortar.

Continuing his explorations he traced the line of walls, and was able to distinguish how the streets were laid out. He did not see any doors or window openings, for they were hidden by masses of seaweed and incrustations. He traced the masonry for a distance of 100 feet, where he had to stop, as his diving cord did not permit him to go farther. He had proved beyond a doubt that he had found the ruins of a once inhabited town which, through some catastrophe, had been sunk to the bottom of the sea.

Some people think that they identify this lost town with the island mentioned by Pliny the Elder under the name of Cissa, near Istria. This island cannot be found now, and it is thought that the submerged town may have been a settlement on the island that so mysteriously disappeared.—London Letter.

Nebraska Beet Sugar.

A sample of the first run of sugar from a beet sugar factory situated at Grand Island, Neb., which has been received at this office shows this new product to be as fine as any sugar sold in the market. It is of clear white, sparkling crystals, and sweet and pleasant to the taste. It cannot be told from the best quality of cane sugar. A circular accompanying it says that the factory has a capacity of 350 tons of beets, or 275 barrels of granulated sugar of the finest quality, over 99 per cent. pure, each twenty-four hours.

The factory is fitted with machinery from France, where this industry had its first development. Its success has been so great that its capacity will be immediately doubled, and numerous factories will be erected in the vicinity to produce raw sugar for the refiners. The circular further says: "Unfortunately our season proved to be the dryest known for seventeen years, and some farmers failed to raise not only corn and small grains in paying quantities, but beets as well. Many, however, have raised crops which show a profit of from $20 to $60 per acre, and it may be truthfully asserted that our farmers are jubilant and that the industry has come "to stay."—Watertown Times.

A Non-Bursting Fly Wheel.

In the works of the Mannesmann Tube company, in England, there is a heavy fly wheel ingeniously designed to be absolutely free from any danger of bursting. As this wheel is about twenty feet in diameter, weighs over seventy tons and runs at 240 turns per minute, it was feared that a cast iron wheel would be unable to stand such a centrifugal force. The wheel consists of a cast iron hub, to which are securely bolted two circular plates or disks of steel about twenty feet in diameter. Round the periphery of the wheel thus formed about seventy tons of No. 5 wire was tightly wound, thus binding the whole securely together and making a wheel that is practically beyond possibility of breakage by centrifugal power. The circumference of this great wheel travels at the rate of 2.85 miles per minute, about three times as fast as the most speedy express trains.—Philadelphia Record.

The Economy of Electric Traction.

Mr. Cox, the borough surveyor of Bradford, England, having been deputed by that city to make investigations with a view of ascertaining the best system of street car traction, has made a valuable report on the subject. He speaks in the highest terms of the work of the accumulators on the Birmingham electric line, and states that the receipts there are twopence per car mile, as against tenpence with horse traction, a difference which is likely to have considerable weight with the corporation of the city of Bradford, to which his report has been submitted.—London Letter.

Nine Years' Journey of a Letter.

Nine years ago a woman in Germany wrote a letter to her husband, a sailor, who had gone out to Brazil. His vessel had left when the mail reached there; ever since this letter has been rambling through numerous postoffices in different parts of the world, always arriving in the wake of the husband's ship's departure. It was recently returned to the German dead letter office, which has restored it with scrupulous care to the sender. The letter was dated Oct. 16, 1881.—London Tit-Bits.

Invited the Crowd to Eat Oranges.

T. A. Melter purchased 5,000 sweet oranges and placed them on Concord's wharf, foot of Ocean street, for free distribution. The only proviso was that the eater should peel the fruit and place the peel in a barrel of alcohol standing near. About 4,000 of the oranges were eaten by the surrounding crowd, and Mr. Melter got a goodly amount of work done for nothing. The peeling will be shipped to England to be used for medicinal purposes.—Florida Times-Union.

Costly Buildings in Boston.

The following will give an idea of what Boston is spending upon some of its principal buildings: The new court house will cost perhaps from $4,000,000 to $5,000,000; the state house extension, $3,000,000; the public library, $2,500,000; the syndicate building, on State street, $2,000,000 or $3,000,000; the Ames building, at the foot of Court street, $700,000, and the Sears building repairs and alterations, $200,000.—Boston Letter.

A MAGNIFICENT SIGHT.

Stars of Heaven Fall in Showers.

THEORIES AS TO THE CAUSE AND EFFECT

A Child's Wonderment at the Scene.—A Word of Prayer.

One of the earliest and most vivid of my personal recollections is of the grand meteoric shower of Nov. 13, 1833. A similar occurrence is recorded as happening in northern Europe near the close of the last century. But no meteorological display has equaled that of 1833 in extent and duration from the beginning of the historic period.

VEXED QUESTIONS.

With reference to the origin of these meteors there have been divers conjectures, most of which are at best haphazard speculations. A number of astronomers have regarded them as fragments of an exploded planet small in size, but of a like sort with the hundred and odd asteroids that have been discovered between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Kepler himself thought that a large planet was needed in this vast interplanetary space to perfect the rhythm of the skies and the fabled music of the spheres. The subsequent discoveries of Piazzi and Olbers and their successors have fully justified this opinion. This old astronomical fancy of a lost Pleiad likewise finds its vindication, it may be in these asteroids and in the far more numerous meteoroids which have since been seen in all parts of the world. Whether they be, as suggested, the disjecta membra of some errant and wrecked orb doomed and damned for some earlier Adamic transgression, they certainly occupy a definite place in our system.

Their periodical occurrence with greater or lesser brilliancy in May and November and likewise in August and December, establish the facts that at these dates our earth in its annual travel comes in frequent contact with a meteoric zone. It may require another century of investigation with the aid of mightier instruments than that of the Lick observatory to determine whether, as is probable, these meteoric exhibitions result from a vast volume of nebulous matter revolving around the sun, and itself the nursery of embryonic planets.

Whatever our conclusion on these vexed questions, it was certainly not only the privilege of a lifetime, but a millennium, to be an eye witness of such a stupendous and resplendent spectacle. I distinctly remember being aroused about 4 o'clock in the morning by the weird outcries of the domestic servants. They seemed possessed with the idea that the day of judgment was at hand, and I readily recall the efforts of my father to quiet the uproar by assuring them that there was no cause of alarm.

Of course, I knew nothing of scientific import. My impressions were those of elation rather than fright. To me the whole scene was about what I have since conceived of the pyrotechnic displays of the Vauxhall garden or a full fledged Chinese feast of lanterns. A boy reader will best understand the aspect of things when I add that aside from the fizz and the pop it was like a thousand Christmases condensed into one.

Scientific observers have since told us that these meteoroids all seemed to proceed from a point in the constellation Leo. For this reason they have been since called Leonids. My boyish remembrance accords with this statement of the scientists. Usually they issued singly, but at times they had the appearance of a stream of fire. A few that I observed were very large, one or more not unlike the nucleus of Halley's comet in 1835, when it was receding from the sun.

They nearly all seemed falling directly to the earth, and it was a matter of childish wonderment to me that they did not cover the ground as I had seen falling snow flakes do at other times. The splendor of these celestial fireworks gradually waned as the dawn approached, very much to my personal regret.

A great many stories are still current in regard to the general consternation produced by this marvelous phenomenon.

In some instances persons were frightened into convulsions, and several deaths were reported from different parts of the country.

In my boyhood there was a story current of a wealthy slaveholder in western Georgia, who was besides something of a philosopher. He resided in the center of a large negro quarter, and being awakened by the shrieks and yells of nearly one hundred slaves, he hurriedly equipped himself in pants and slippers and stepped out on his front piazza. He was soon surrounded with a large number of slaves who were frantic with terror. For a time he surveyed the heavens with a decree of painful apprehension. Noticing in the crowd an old negro preacher, in whose piety he had much confidence, he addressed him in this wise: "Uncle Joe, do you watch the 'seven stars' and 'the ell and yard,' and when you see them start come into the 'big house' and we will have a word of prayer."

Of course the Pleiades were immovable, nor did the empyreal suns that blaze in the belt of Orion "shoot madly from their spheres." As a consequence the hypothetical "word of prayer" was unspoken. The return of daylight blotted out the meteors and calmed the superstitious fears of master and slave.

Most astronomers tell us that another such spectacle will probably never be witnessed again through all the generations of men. St. John, who was a prisoner in Patmos, says: "I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal" that "the sun became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind."—Rev. J. W. Scott.

A Vast Gulf Separates Them.

Some men "live and learn." Others devote their time exclusively to forgetting all that they ever knew.

Two Little Travelers.

Among the passengers on the north bound train over the California and Oregon line were two very small travelers, small in stature, but feeling wonderfully big and independent over a feat which they have just accomplished—that of crossing the great American continent unaccompanied by parent or guardian. Flora and Arthur Wertheim, the travelers in question, are aged respectively 6 and 9 years, and they are all the way from New York, where they have lived ever since they first saw the light.

"I hain't got no mother," said Arthur to a Chronicle reporter who saw the youngsters at the Oakland pier, and father's up in Porkland, where's he's been for 'bout two years."

"You mean Portland," suggested the reporter.

"That's what I said—Porkland," said the little fellow. "Sister an' I came out in a tourist car. No, we didn't have anybody looking after us," this rather disdainfully. "I was the boss o' the trip, bought the tickets an' carried the lunch basket, an' did everything."

The children had cleaner faces than generally come from a New York tenement house, and their clothes, though rather worn and patched, here and there, were also clean, or as nearly clean as they might be expected to be after a 3,000 mile trip.

"We came in a tourist car," the boy went on, not omitting to emphasize the "tourist." "These tourist cars ain't very high toned, but they'll do for poor folks. Immigrants like me an' sis can't have everything we want."

"I want some peanuts," chirped the little maiden.

"She's all the time wanting me to spend money on nonsense," said the boy, ignoring the remark so far as a direct reply was concerned, "but it takes coin to travel, and you can't fool it away and have 'nuff to take you through when haven't got only just 'nuff to buy grub."

When this chunk of philosophy had been delivered the little fellow went on to say that his father had gone from New York to work at his carpentry in Oregon, that he was going to be a carpenter himself, and knew how to build houses pretty well already. He had had no trouble in getting over the road without assistance, and thought he could easily make a trip around the world.

"I will get to Porkland Monday morning," said he. "Father will meet us at the depot, and then we'll be all right."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Austrian Journalist.

The Austrian journalist has the same literary methods as his German relative, but he must supply a livelier and larger paper to his readers, who are a rather frivolous lot, and he has not such amusing advertisement columns. Frequently the Austrian editor makes extensive use of his imagination, and he can invent thoroughly. Some time ago one of the best known Vienna papers published a long paragraph purporting to be a telegram from London. It was very interesting. It told how the three daughters of the Prince of Wales were walking down Whitehall when they observed that a wretched looking woman selling flowers was doing no business. They therefore took her basket and sold flowers for about three hours, making a great deal of money, which they gave to the poor woman. The story did not have the least foundation in fact, of course, and the princesses were not in London anywhere near the time the incident was said to have occurred.—Washington Star.

"Never Be Caution."

The old Jews and the old Scotch Highlanders had one feeling in common—a dread of suretyship. The book of Proverbs contains several warnings of the danger that lurks in a surety bond, but none are more admonishing than one uttered by a Highlander.

Donald had been tried for his life, and narrowly escaped conviction. In discharging him, the judge thought it proper to say:

"Prisoner, before you leave the bar, I'll give you a piece of advice. You have got off this time, but if you ever come before me again, I'll be caution (surety) you'll be hanged."

"Thank you, my lord," said Donald, "for your good advice, and as I'm na ungrateful, I beg to gie your lordship a piece of advice in turn. Never be caution for onybody, for the cautioner has often to pay the penalty."—Youth's Companion.

A Dog's Way of Asking for Soda Water.

While The Spy man was standing in a drug store a long haired pet dog came in and began to sneeze and cavort around the soda fountain. The genial proprietor came out and said: "Ah, there, you rascal, you after a drink of soda again?" The dog at once began to sneeze, sit up on his haunches, bark and show that soda was what he wanted.

The proprietor took a mug, and, naming syrups of several flavors, asked the dog what he would have, but it was not until vanilla was named that the dog said, as well as he could, "You bet, that's the stuff." He sat up and went through all his best tricks until the foaming beverage was placed before him on the floor, and then he emptied the cup. The dog, having done this, was happy. "Does he drink that stuff often?" said the reporter. "Yes," said the druggist, "he comes around about three times a day and he never puts a nickel in the slot."—Worcester Spy.

Proof.

It is a very sharp emergency that can catch Pat, even when he is ignorant and ragged. An Irishman, whose garments were in tatters, was brought before a magistrate on a charge that he was a vagrant.

"What have you to say to the charge that you have no visible means of support?" asked the justice.

Pat drew from the pocket of his torn coat a loaf of bread, the half of a dried codfish, and several cold potatoes. These he spread upon the stand before him, and coolly asked:

"What do you think of thim, yer honor—shure, an' isn't thim visible manes of support?"—Youth's Companion.

THE PRETTY WOMAN.

How do They Regard Public Admiration?

WHAT THE OBSERVING MAN SAW.

They are Quite a Mystery to the Sterner Sex.

"I have many times wondered," said the observing man, "what the feelings of the ordinarily attractive woman are upon finding herself the center of the respectful but evidently admiring gaze of a number of men unknown to her. During several years of daily travel in the surface and elevated cars and the ferryboats of this metropolis I have struggled with this problem in vain. I have studied the faces of women under these circumstances, and have even cautiously led up to the subject or asked it fair and square of those of my charming women friends with whom I have been on terms of sufficient freedom. But I know practically no more now upon the question than I did five years ago, when it first appealed to me as an interesting subject of study. I can explain myself better by a practical example. This morning I was riding on a cable car on Washington Heights. There were seven men in the car and two women. The men happened to be all well dressed and very gentlemanly in appearance and bearing. The women were exceedingly plain and poorly dressed, and one was positively homely. The men all kept their faces studiously buried in their papers. At One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street a woman of about 25 got aboard in company with an elderly woman. She was neither a blonde nor a brunette, and was in no respect prettier or handsomer than fifty young women you might see any afternoon in upper Broadway. She was attractive chiefly because of her mobile, womanly face, her pretty, vivacious manner, and her dainty way of handling herself. She was tastefully and neatly dressed, and looked every inch a refined woman. She was instantly attractive to a refined man, but no more so than hundreds of women in the streets daily.

"But her entrance was the signal for every man in the car to lay down his paper. The next moment every man looked guilty for this breach of manners and picked up his paper again. A block or two was traversed, and I noticed that all the men began casting covert glances at her over their papers. You see I was primed to observe these things. I was expecting them. As I said, the men were all gentlemanly, and as a consequence their glances were eminently respectful. They would wait till the pretty woman was looking another way, and then allow their gaze to rest full upon her. In every instance these glances expressed both admiration and fearfulness. The admiration was of the sort that would be complimentary to any woman. The fearfulness was evidently twofold. In the first place, it indicated that the men were afraid that the young woman would notice their glances and be offended. Second, it showed that they were fearful that their fellow passengers would notice their weakness. To a perfectly impassive observer, as I tried to make myself, the situation was amusing. I was sitting on the same side of the car as the young woman, so presently I got up and sat down opposite, so I could observe how she took all this implied adoration. She apparently did not notice it. She did not allow her eyes to fall once upon a single man in the car. She talked to the older woman, who may have been her mother, constantly. Her color heightened, and she became more vivacious and more charming every minute. I could not help thinking that this may have been due to her consciousness of the general admiration she was provoking. But who could tell? At Eighth avenue both women got out. The younger one looked at no one as she walked out in a dignified manner.

"This is only a single example of what you can see a dozen times daily. Do pretty women, or do they not, recognize the admiration they arouse everywhere they go? If they do, how does it affect them? No pretty woman will confess to her dearest masculine friend that she notices the sensation she makes daily any more than she will show her unknown admirers in the streets by glance or smile that she is aware even of their existence.—New York Sun.

Suspended by a Finger.

One of the most singular accidents on record befell Mrs. S. Hardy, of Madison, one day recently. She went into the stable to see about her hens, and stepping upon the feed trough in one of the stalls, reached up with her right hand and drew herself up. An iron garden rake hung there, and she placed her hand on that. In doing so her foot slipped from under her and she fell, catching one of the teeth of the rake into the flesh of the second finger, above the joint, and there she hung, just high enough for her feet to rest on the floor. In this trying position she concluded she might die before any one could come to her assistance, but with rare presence of mind she caught the handle of a hoe which hung beside the rake with her left hand, drew herself up so as to unhook her finger and fell unconscious to the floor. After a time she recovered and went into the house.—Bangor News.

A Bright Copper.

Policeman (to pedestrian)—Stop where you are!

Pedestrian (frightened)—W—what's the matter?

Policeman—It's all right now. I just wanted to see if you could talk. A deaf and dumb bloke escaped from the asylum last night.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

A Hint for Him.

"Do you think your father likes me, Mamie?"

"I am sure he does."

"What makes you sure?"

"Because it was only yesterday he asked me when you and I were going to be married."—Boston Courier.

Lured by an Ostrich.

Every boy who is fond of shooting knows that there are several species of birds which, when surprised on the nest, feign lameness or some other injury. The object is to produce the impression on the verdant hunter that his prey cannot escape him, and thereby to beguile him away from its nest. An English hunter discovered one day that the African ostrich was up to this trick.

While riding along, an ostrich jumped up so close before his horse that the rider thought the animal had stepped upon the bird. It seemed to be an easy thing to knock the bird upon the head, for it apparently could do nothing more than keep a few feet in front.

But somehow, just at the moment the hunter expected to overtake the ostrich, it seemed to be gifted with fresh vitality. The hunted and the hunter doubled backward and forward, to and fro. He dared not jump off and use his rifle lest he should lose sight of the game in the thick bush.

At last he determined to make a dash and clapped his spurs into the horse. The beast sprang forward, put his foot into a hole and sent the rider spinning over his head. For several minutes the man sat looking at the horse, who stood looking at the hunter. When, however, the man rose and advanced, the brute turned and, with a neigh of derision, started for the camp, three miles off, leaving his rider to follow. The ostrich had led him step by step till a safe distance had been placed between him and its nest.—Youth's Companion.

Raising Huge Masses of Masonry.

At one of the meetings of the British association a paper was read on a plan of raising large stones for the purpose of building huge masses of masonry, and which was supposed to be the means employed in building the Pyramids, although the precise method adopted by the mighty builders of the valley of the Nile was admitted to be a vexed question. The supposition is that the lifting power was applied from below, the stone being raised by a tilting process. One end of the stone would first of all be raised from the ground by means of powerful levers, which might be of considerable length and worked by a large number of men.

After getting the stone to the proper height a slab of stone or metal could be inserted and a similar process adopted with the other end of the stone. So, by alternately working at either end, a certain height might be attained. Then, by the use of wedges and rollers, the stone might be got into position. Another method suggested was by means of slightly inclined planes formed of strong timber work or even masonry, working the stones up on rollers by leverage applied behind. There does not seem to be any suggestion of any direct lifting power applied from the above. The question is certainly one involved in considerable obscurity.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Parson Didn't Reply.

Old Parson Ripley was settled for life over a poor Maine parish, and made a scanty living out of a small, rough farm. One day a neighbor came to help the parson plow, and they started to break up a new piece of land, full of stumps and stones. The neighbor held the plow and the parson drove. Soon the brother began to swear at the numerous interruptions. The parson told him that such language was wicked and unnecessary, and, said he, "If you will drive the team I will convince you that your work can be done without swearing." So the parson took the plow and they started on. Very soon some expressions were heard coming from the parson, such as "That beats all natur," "I never saw the like before." When the parson thought the driver had become convinced, he said: "There, you see I have held the plow several bouts and have not sworn at all." "Well, I own you have not sworn, but you have lied, and I think lying is worse than swearing any time, don't you, parson?" The Norway Advertiser, which tells this story, does not give the parson's answer.—Lewiston Journal.

Slips of Speech.

"Why," said a counsel to a witness, "are you so very precise in your statement? Are you afraid of telling an untruth?" Witness (promptly)—"No, sir." At a recent inquiry into the sanity of a young man of large property, witnesses were being called to prove that he was unfit to manage his affairs. A curious slip was made by a schoolmaster when asked if he had formed any opinion as to the state of mind of the alleged lunatic. "Oh, yes," he replied; "I can certify he is an idiot. He was one of my favorite pupils." "I have met this man," said a lawyer with extreme severity, "in a great many places where I would be ashamed to be seen myself;" and then he paused and looked with astonishment at the smiling court and jury.—Chambers' Journal.

Secret of Health in China.

The Chinese live in houses where the supply of air is so limited that no European could endure the vitiated atmosphere; yet they are a very healthy nation. This is due probably to the fact that their food is invariably simple and clean and thoroughly well cooked. Meat, potatoes and rice are all boiled together. When cooked the mixture is put into small bowls, and as it is eaten with tiny chopsticks, it is impossible to try the mouth or stomach by scalding them with a quantity of very hot food. Moreover, they rarely drink water if they can get tea, either hot or cold.—New York Telegram.

A $50,000 Organ.

The gorgeous mansion in Hopkinton, Mass., which Mrs. Searle, formerly Mrs. Hopkins, has had built, boasts of an organ costing $50,000. Its case is of English ash to correspond with the finish of the room, exquisitely carved with gold molding, is over thirty feet high, and is probably the most costly organ in any private dwelling in America. The music room is large, over forty feet high, with paneled ceiling of terra cotta.—Detroit Free Press.

TOLD OF THE MARINES.

A Much Abused Factor in the Navy.

THE TAR'S PREJUDICE AGAINST THEM.

The Admirals and Captains, However, Praise the Marines.

There is, perhaps, no body of men in the service of the United States government who have come in for a greater share of contumely and received less praise for actual service rendered than have the marines of the United States navy. From time immemorial it has been Jack's saying in response to all doubtful stories, "Tell that to the marines," for the tars as a set are the most incredulous fellows, and the hearty contempt in which they hold the marines is sufficient to incite the firing of a volley of epithets at the latter on the slightest provocation.

It is amusing, too, to see with what avidity the young apprentices seize hold of the prejudices of the able seamen, and a person only need go aboard one of the cruising training ships to hear the youngsters bawl out with all the zest of an old shell back, "Oh! you Hottentot marine!"

The duty of a marine aboard ship is essentially that of a policeman, and by reason of this very duty no fraternizing can be safely permitted between "the guard" and the men forward. As to the tar, any one acquainted with his devil-me-care spirit and wild, fun loving nature must know how he looks upon any one put over him as a check. The tar looks up to and respects his officers, for he fears them; but the marine he hates, for it is the marine who gets him in trouble. But if marines were not a feature of a man-of-war it is doubtful whether the discipline required of a crew of 500 men would be of that efficient nature now in force. Our navy is peculiarly distinctive in its method of mobilization when compared with similar institutions abroad. In the first place, our service offers better pay, better duty and greater emoluments than does any other service in the world.

All United States war vessels carry a marine guard, ranging in size, however, from a captain's command of fifty to sixty men on a flagship to a corporal's squad on a monitor. When a ship is about to go in commission her marine guard, which has been previously detailed, is marched aboard and stands in readiness to salute the ensign as it floats out from the peak. From this moment until the expiration of the three years' cruise the guard watches that "element forward" with a constancy that allows of no relaxation. When the three years' cruise is at an end, when the seamen who have been shipmates through every trial and hardship are about to march ashore and sever their associations, that stern and implacable marine guard may be seen in line on deck and under arms—the last to leave the vessel—and as the flag is hauled down they give the last salute to the colors they have defended.

SHOOTING FROM THE RIGGING.

The marines have warm admirers in those persons who are acquainted with their sterling worth and necessity. Says Admiral Wilkes: "The marines constitute the great—I had almost said the only—difference between a man-of-war and a privateer." "They are," adds another writer, "the bulwark between the cabin and the forecastle," while Rear Admiral Stewart remarked, "the support afforded by a steady column of bayonets has rendered mutinies scarce." The marine is peculiarly a soldier. He is dressed, equipped and handled as a soldier, and his whole life is the very opposite to that of a sailor.

In time of action aboard ship the marines are either stationed at one of the heavy pivot guns, or else disposed about decks and in the tops to act as sharpshooters. It was a marine who from the top of the Frenchman alongside the Victory at Trafalgar, shot down the brave Nelson as he stood on the deck of the latter ship. The guard messes, eats and sleeps in a body, always apart and distinct from the crew.

Let the reader imagine himself at midnight on the gun deck of a large vessel of war lying quietly at anchor. A dim light is burning forward, throwing a heavy glare among the crowded hammocks where 500 men are sleeping. Not a sound is to be heard save the steady tread of the marine sentry overhead, while the swish of the black water against the sides breaks the ominous silence. As the bell strikes "eight," the hour of midnight, a solitary figure in full uniform, with sword and pistols, steps noiselessly from the cabin door. He stops and listens for a moment, as the turning of some restless sleeper in his hammock attracts his attention. He is the commanding officer. Walking forward, he bends over the hammock of a drummer boy and whispers a word in his ear; the only reply is a bound to the deck, and the next instant the long roll is sounding through the ship.

As if by magic 500 men leap from their hammocks, hastily pass three lashings, and throwing them against the sides of the ship, rush half naked to the guns. In three minutes after the first sounding of that call to "general quarters," the guns are cast loose and the glare of the battle lanterns along the deck reveals the crouching forms of the tars as clustered about their pieces they wait the word to open fire. And again all is silent along that deck, the same as when a few minutes previous every man was wrapt in slumber. Not a word of warning had been given, and the sudden alarm aptly proved the excellence of the ship's discipline.—New York Times.

Any Excuse Welcome.

His Nurse—You are to be discharged to-morrow as cured.

Dorrington (who has fallen desperately in love)—My own, would it be presumptuous for me to ask you to give me an overdose of morphine or something, so that I could stay a day or two longer?—Judge.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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The San Francisco Chronicle has several editorial paragraphs in commendation of Southern California industries. It says that in three or four years we shall be able to make the American raisin market independent of the foreign supply; also that the orange grove as a money-making proposition has justified the boasts of its most sanguine advocates.

The statement of Secretary Tracy that the completion of the Nicaragua Canal would double the effectiveness of the Pacific Squadron suggests the propriety of such Government assistance as would secure the use of the canal for the passage of American war-vessels. In the absence of fortifications or powerful national control the canal would fall into the hands of any great naval power which might consider that its interest would justify such possession. If England or France should blockade the Atlantic end of the canal it would be of little use to American men-of-war. The United States should own and control any water-way between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

The Nebraska Supreme Court finds that Mr. Boyd is not a citizen of the United States, and therefore cannot hold the office of Governor of Nebraska. Boyd came to this country in his infancy, and knows no other land nor home. His father is known to have declared his intention to become a citizen, and thereby, as was the case in Wisconsin and Minnesota Territories, became a voter in the Territory of Nebraska, and his son grew up in all things, except a legal technicality, an American citizen. We call attention to the fine example set by Governor Boyd, who without unseemly contention bowed to the court and surrendered the office. Under exactly the same circumstances a member of Congress from the Fort Wayne, Ind., District, was found to be an alien, and he hugg on to his office, supported by his party, and kept his seat to the end of his term. He was a Republican. Mr. Boyd is a Democrat. Patrick Egan of Nebraska was appointed Minister to Chile on a scant five years' residence in this country, and a naturalization that was hardly free from suspicion. Which is the better American, Boyd, raised here from infancy, and knowing no other land nor home, or Egan, a fugitive from his own country, appointed to office while the ink was wet on his commission as a citizen?—Alta.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times in California is the energy with which our irrigating facilities are being developed. The Wright law gave a great impetus to projects in this line, and substituted associated efforts of neighbors for individual initiative. For a long time there was some question as to whether securities arising from the formation of irrigation districts were a safe investment, some persons going so far as to doubt the constitutionality of the Wright law itself. The supreme court having settled that question in the affirmative, it is pleasant to be able to state that the San Francisco chamber of commerce, at a late meeting, adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved: That the trustees of the chamber of commerce of San Francisco, after careful investigation of the conditions connected therewith, are of the opinion that bonds issued by irrigation districts in the state of California under the Wright Irrigation law are a safe investment and excellent security to investors, provided the two following conditions precedent are complied with:

First—A careful investigation as to the compliance with the requirements of the law prior to the issue of said bonds.

Second—An examination of the character of the lands on which it is proposed to issue said bonds, and the facilities for obtaining a water supply.

Of course these restrictions are such as any prudent business man would exact in any transaction in which he puts his money. The great point is that this important and representative San Francisco body gives its sanction to such investments. As the Chronicle points out, in its comments on the action of the chamber, such securities, where a proper inspection has been made, and the property and water rights found satisfactory, are certain to increase in reliability for the reason that the money borrowed is used in adding to the value of the district whose bonds are sold. They, therefore, make a very attractive and stable investment.

ASTOR HOUSE EXTRAVAGANCE.

The Little Old Lady Thought That Too Many Candles Were Burning.

A dear old lady from the country sat with her son, also from the country, in the big dining room of the Astor house a few evenings ago. Men who have come to New York from the country, if they had seen her, would have been reminded of their grandmothers. Her face was kindly, and there was just a little color in it. She wasn't very tall, and her figure was comfortable. She wore a shawl. Her bonnet was a little one, and in the front of it was some white lace. Her gown was of bombazine and of somewhat ancient cut.

The big, brightly lighted room interested her. So did the people at the tables. While the son was engaged in the somewhat perplexing task of selecting the supper the old lady talked audibly with the waiter. She told him that she hoped Landlord Astor and Mis' Astor were pretty well. The waiter explained that Mr. Allen was the landlord, whereat the old lady expressed polite surprise. When the waiter had gone with the order she devoted a few moments to studying the chandeliers. They represent candles.

"I wonder," she said, "how under the sun Mis' Allen ever gets up there to snuff 'em."

"Snuff what?" asked her son.

"Why, them candles; they're so high up."

The young man did not answer.

The old lady again gazed at the chandeliers reflectively. "They ain't no need of all that light," she said. "Mis' Allen is a powerful wasteful woman."

Her son was apparently a man of few words. Her criticism was unnoticed.

Presently the waiter brought the bread and the plates, and what the old lady evidently thought was a superabundance of knives and forks. She greeted him pleasantly. "Back again, hey?" she said; "you're pretty quick. But, Horace," she added to her son, "you ordered somethin' more than bread, didn't you?"

"It will be here shortly," put in the waiter, with a polite bow. The old lady gave him a sweet smile. "I'm pretty hungry," she said.

Several of the diners had overheard her observations. Some of them were hard faced business men. They didn't laugh at her. They only regarded her with lively interest. She smoothed out the tablecloth carefully, and inspected the silver, evidently with approval.

The waiter brought the meal and gave the old lady clean attention, which pleased her immensely. She smiled on him and asked after the health of his family. As she rose from the table she said to him: "Tell Mis' Allen I'd like to have her recipy for that snow puddin', but I'm in a hurry."

The waiter bowed and said gravely that he would do so. And as the old lady passed out of the door one of the diners raised a glass and exclaimed, "The old lady—God bless her!"—New York Letter.

Especial Charm of a Favorite Club.

The fact that we know each other very well is the reason of the charm of a certain American club. It gives an idea of this place to say that people find themselves neglecting their business in order to get there in time for luncheon. It is not that the company is so unusual. There are, no doubt, attractive men, full of interesting knowledge; there is plenty of good talk. But it is not enough that the talk should be good; the men must be seen and heard through an atmosphere of friendship. Some of the nicest men choose to say very little; but there are men in whom, in the course of daily acquaintance, you learn to discover very charming qualities and friendly dispositions.

Possibly everybody is not charming. Perhaps there is even a bore or two; but bores are very human, and, to my thinking, rather cozy. There is a gentleman who tells over the same story, but nobody minds it as much as he would if he knew, and he doesn't. Even the gentleman who is always talking about his health performs a beneficient office; he insinuates into the minds of his auditors an impression that life is valuable.—E. S. Nadal in Scribner's.

Bargain Counter Repartee.

An early morning customer in a big retail dry goods shop is apt to hear some quaint talk among the clerks, who amuse themselves by chaffing one another while waiting for the active trade of the day to begin. In an up town shop the other morning a customer heard the following dialogue:

"Say, fanny?" from the ribbon counter.

"What is it, ribbons?" from the fan counter.

"Why is it that you are so unpopular with the ladies?"

"Give it up."

"Because in cold weather they don't fan—see, you?"

"Say, ribbons, why is your trade like that of a granger?"

"Why is it?"

"Because so much of it is gros grain."—New York Times.

He Takes the Cake for Economy.

There is a farmer in Wrightown township who will perhaps in time get rich, as he is economy and watchfulness personified. He engaged a girl to assist in the house at stated wages per week. When they agreed to settle, nearly a year later, he had a bill against her of a little more than $3 for loss of time for "gaping" at the cars as they went to and fro. It seems that after the construction train got to running she would go every time it passed to the door, look at it, throw up her hands and apron and laugh, so pleased at the sight. This loss of time was charged against her in their settlement. Long headed man, that.—Doylestown Democrat.

Kept His Appointment.

Mrs. Blifkins (time midnight)—Horrors! Husband! husband! I hear some one burrowing through the wall.

Mr. Blifkins—Well, well! It must be that book agent. I knew we'd all be in bed by 11 o'clock, and I told him to call at half-past.—Good News.

Taking Medicine by Electricity.

A noted physician of Paris claims to have succeeded by a novel application of electrolysis and electrosynethis, analagous to the electro-deposition of metals, in conveying by the electric current to diseased internal organs of the human body the constituents of the drugs necessary for their recovery. A commission of the French Academy of Science, one of which is the learned Dr. Charcot, has been appointed to ascertain the value of the results, and to extend the investigations.—Philadelphia Record.

Self Acting Paper Cutter.

A Calcutta newspaper relates an incident which illustrates the magnificent way in which the rajahs of India—or at least those of them who remain opulent and powerful—repay a small debt. Not long ago the Rajah Holkar, of Indore, in paying a visit to the viceroy, the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Calcutta, was shown by the marquis several of the London illustrated newspapers. In cutting the leaves of these journals, Lord Lansdowne used an ivory paper cutter.

The rajah had never seen a paper cutter before and was much interested in the little instrument.

"If your excellency will make me a present of it," he said, "I will send you another in exchange."

The viceroy promptly gave his guest the paper cutter, and the rajah returned with it to his own dominions.

Lord Lansdowne had almost forgotten the incident when he received notice that the rajah's return gift was on the way, and he was presently astonished to have brought to him a young and handsome elephant, each of whose tusks had been skillfully wrought into the shape of a paper cutter.

A servant brought some illustrated newspapers, at which the elephant seized them with his trunk and proceeded very skillfully to cut the leaves with his sharply trimmed tusks. He had been trained to this accomplishment under the rajah's orders.

The living paper cutter, it is understood, is still in Lord Lansdowne's possession, but it is not one of the ordinary furnishings of the viceroy's library. For his customary opening of books and newspapers he keeps a less bulky implement.—Youth's Companion.

Why Russia Persecutes the Jews.

The principal grounds upon which the Russian justifies the persecution of his Hebrew brother are as follows. He asserts: First—That the Jews are too rapacious and too successful in getting money and property away from the surrounding Christians. Second—That they hold themselves, as a class, apart from the rest of the community. Third—That they furnish many of the leading nihilists and mischief makers. Fourth—That they evade service in the army and do not become patriotic Russians.

The first accusation may be ignored, as it amounts simply to saying that the Jew is shrewder and more intelligent than his neighbors of other races. As to the Jew's refusal to mingle more freely with his neighbors of different creeds, or, in other words, to assimilate with the population, it cannot be said that he has as yet received any very warm invitation to do anything of the kind. He has been chased like a beast of prey for centuries, and now he is asked why he does not like his persecutors.

The charge of nihilism is perfectly true, to the extent that the Jews naturally furnish their proportionate quota to the malcontents who have the courage to act. But that the Jews among the nihilists exceed their proper proportion to the whole population is denied by many trustworthy writers. The charge that the Jew evades army service is disproved by official statistics.—P. G. Hubert, Jr., in Forum.

Her Royal Sweetness.

To be called Her Royal Highness is the destiny of every woman born to wear a crown, but it remains for one woman among all the royal families to have the endearing title of Her Royal Sweetness given to her, and that honor belongs to Alexandra, Princess of Wales. She has that marvelous art of making goodness seem attractive; of making the right act the pleasant one and of impressing upon all who know her the knowledge that to do good is to have a pleasant time, and not to do it is to miss some of the pleasure of life.

Many princesses have been written about as having been beautiful, as having caused great wars, as having done great deeds of valor, of having made men die for them and kingdoms quarrel over them, but of none of them can it be said, as it is of this gracious lady, that the whole world bows down before sweetness and goodness, that peace has been the watchword of her life; and not only does she value peace, but those loving sisters, Faith, Hope and Charity, abide with her.—Lady Elizabeth Hilary in Ladies' Home Journal.

Easter Eggs.

The egg is the sign of the resurrection, which the Easter festival commemorates. The Jews place it on the Passover table, thereby indicating that their race is to be resurrected. The Persians and Druids both used it in their religious ceremonies, and not only the Russian, but the Mohammedan, on the early Easter morning gives the greeting, "Christ is risen," and the reply, "Christ is risen indeed," is followed by an exchange of eggs, and the egg is as well a feature in all the old Eastern legends, many of which are too improbable to even bear the semblance of truth; others might be true, inasmuch as truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction.—Emma J. Gray in Good Housekeeping.

Just Like a Girl.

Agnes, aged 4, called at an uptown grocery store the other day. "I want a tick of gum," she announced. After getting the desired article she remarked that she hadn't "any penny." "How do you expect to pay for your gum?" queried the vender of delicacies. "Well," announced the youthful philosopher, "I will give you a kiss." The kiss was taken, but Agnes staid, and finally, flushed with success, she made another offer: "My cousin Ethel would like a tick, and I'll give you another kiss for it." Both girls chewed that afternoon.—Burlington (Vt.) Independent.

Strange and Fatal Accident.

A peculiar and fatal accident happened recently to a man named Dunham who lived in Kechi township, Sedgwick county, Kan. A farmer named Martin had killed a number of hogs, which he left hanging in his yard over night. In the morning one was gone, and in looking around for some trace which might reveal the cause of its disappearance, he noticed, a short distance from his house, something strange propped against a rail fence, and on investigating found his hog hanging by the gambrel stick around the neck of Dunham.

The thief's neck was broken, and he had evidently been dead some hours. The supposition is that while climbing the fence Dunham's burden had slipped and caught his head in the noose formed by the two legs and the cross stick, and the heavy weight had instantaneously cracked his neck.—Kansas City Star.

The Leaves.

No leaf as yet! though like a wraith of snow
The white bell flowers have burst their sheathing green
And yielded to deep violets, and the sheen
Of those faint primroses that early strew
The garment of the earth. Verdure below,
But ne'er a budding leaf to come between
Our eyes and the blue ether, broadly seen
Through tracery of beeches, stretching low
From mighty rafter boughs—the sere brown caves
Of woodland palaces, where rocking high
The solemn rook in sable chorus weaves
A twig into his nest, and yet more nigh
A wild bird sings of love among the leaves—
The leaves that are to be when spring is by.
—C. A. Dawson in Chambers' Journal.

Killed by a Captive Rattlesnake.

Alfred Duc, a Frenchman who has been living in a small cabin on the Schnell ranch, two miles north of Tia Juana, had a sort of fascination for snakes, and the reptiles appeared to realize that he was their especial friend. Neighbors tell that within the past few months he has never been known to be without one or more snakes in the cabin. Blacksnakes and copperheads made their home under his house, and he would stop on the field to caress a snake of any kind.

For about a week he has had a large rattler in the house, but as the reptile was not of the trustworthy family Duc made for it a housing place in an empty oil can. Since then he has been handling the snake at odd times, endeavoring to tame it into docility.

Sunday afternoon he had the snake out as usual, displaying it to a young man named Cresswell. He had it lying on his lap, his right hand closed loosely around the body just back of the head. It writhed about and finally freed its head. Then the reptile formed itself into a curl and like a flash of lightning buried its deadly fangs in the flesh of Duc's right hand. He appeared to think little about the matter and did not even bandage the wound. On Tuesday C. N. Flattery, of the San Diego Undertaking company, received a telephone message from Tia Juana saying, "Bring coffin (giving size) and come at once." The coffin was for Duc, and he died in horrible agony from the bite of the snake.—San Diego Sun.

New Zealand's Wild Horses.

"Aboard the ship that carried me from New Zealand to San Francisco were six thoroughbred New Zealand horses," remarked T. Harding McLaurin, a wealthy sheepgrower of that British possession, soon after he arrived at the Grand Pacific hotel. "And the owner expects to accomplish wonders with these animals. It is a strange thing to many that good horses should be bred in New Zealand. I dare say that when I get to England, and when I relate various matters, my friends will answer with a stare of incredulity. As a point of fact the vast plains to the north of my place—Otago—are the homes of great herds of wild horses that roam about as fearlessly as did the mustangs or broncos of your western plains.

"Are they better horses than the mustangs? Well, they are as far above the American article as the pure blooded Arabian is above an ordinary draught horse. They are large and well built, and there is no uniformity of color. They live upon the rich tussocks and peelie grass that abound on their once volcanic fields.

"The New Zealand wild horse is a hard one to break, but once brought under control he makes a magnificent driving or carriage animal. Cheap too. I have seen beautiful fourteen hand horses sold for fifteen pounds to be used for coaches. Breeding with imported stock produces a variety such as would be well adapted to America. Just now sheep raising is the great industry of the island, but I predict a great future for the horse trade."—Chicago News.

Discovery of Natural Gas.

The first time we heard of natural gas in the state was in the year 1815, when it was found in Charlestown. Some six years later, a story is told of a woman going out one dark night to draw water at a place called Fredonia, in New York state—when she put down her lantern, much to her consternation a spring of gas by the well took fire. In 1824, when Lafayette passed through the same neighborhood, in honor of the occasion, Taylor house, where he staid, was illuminated with the gas laid on by pipes direct from the earth.

The great reservoirs of natural gas were first tapped in the process of boring artesian wells. As soon as one of the drills reached a certain depth the whole apparatus was blown high up into the air, and the gas escaped by the vent with a roar that could be heard from afar. One American gentleman boring for water met with this experience, and, having no other use for the gas, stuck a tall pipe into the hole, applied a light to the top, when the flame shot upward, and thus created a beacon fire which illuminated the country round for miles. Years afterward this light was still burning, and probably may be seen to this day.—Chambers' Journal.

Why Soldiers Break Ranks.

There are very few bridges in the world over which troops are allowed to march in regular step. In general, when coming to a bridge, particularly a suspension bridge, the drums or bands are stopped, the array is broken and the soldiers pass over without keeping step, or rather taking pains not to keep step. The reason is found in the fact that a very slight initial vibration, if continued, is imparted to the whole structure, and in a short time becomes so strong a downward strain at every recurrence as speedily to endanger the safety of the strongest bridge.

The same principle is illustrated in some houses, which can be made to tremble from roof to foundation by persistently and regularly pressing with the foot on a loose board in one of the floors. A similar curious circumstance is seen in the case of certain churches in which it is dangerous to play the heavy pedal pipes of a grand organ, for the reason that the vibration becomes so great as to shatter the panes of glass in the windows, and even to imperil the safety of the roof.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Killed Himself for a Friend.

E. C. Collins, a sewing machine agent, committed suicide at Memphis the other day. First it was supposed he was a defaulter, but that didn't pan out. Then it was assumed that he loved a girl and she wouldn't have him, but that was dispelled. Then came the announcement that he had killed himself to shield a friend, and that friend a plain man. It seems the story is true too. Collins had a friend who was charged with a serious offense. Collins was the most damaging witness in the case. His testimony would undoubtedly salt his friend, and rather than do that he committed suicide.—De-

FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH.

A Young Society Woman's Remarkable Experience Before a Mirror.

"At the ball last night," said a man talking to a companion at his club dinner, "a girl with whom I sat out one of the dances told me of a rather curious experience she had earlier in the evening. She said she was in the hands of her maid for the ball, was seated before her dressing table having her hair done; the room was warm and flooded with light; her ball gown was in her sight. She was reading during the process some light society novel, and, as she rather shamefacedly confessed, munching bonbons between times.

"All at once she grew tired of candies and fiction, and, putting both aside, sat looking in the glass while the maid worked. She was thinking of the ball and various anticipations she had concerning it, when, suddenly, without warning, and from no apparent cause, she found herself face to face with her own death.

"She put it very graphically: 'It was personal death I was struggling with,' she said, 'not the abstract death that we read of in the newspapers nor the future long-to-be-postponed mortality which we more or less indifferently accept as one common destiny. It was the actual end of my life, the finis of everything for me, and the going out from my home and friends to the darkness and horror of the unknown beyond. What religious faith I had forsook me completely.

"'I trembled and a cold dampness gathered on my forehead, I choked and started to my feet. My maid, alarmed, asked if I were ill. I said yes, and I was—ill with dread, but nothing more, for I was conscious of feeling perfectly well. She went to fetch a glass of water, and before she returned the vision, or whatever it was, had gone as quickly as it had come. The hairdressing was resumed, and I could detect no physical results of the visitation, which was terribly real and awful while it lasted, and I shall not soon forget it.'

"I reminded her of some verses of Aldrich on a similar subject, where, while the carriage waits at the door for milady's forgotten fan, the husband or lover is confronted in the same dismal way, but she had never seen or heard of them. Her experience was evidently very genuine and had made a considerable impression upon her."—New York Times.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-Officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO, CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

OFFICIAL.

NOTICE OF

Sheriff's Sale,

ON FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGES.

E. H. EDWARDS, Plaintiff,
vs.
WM. F. MATLACK, Administrator of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased
Defendant.

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER of sale and decree of foreclosure, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, on the 15th day of November, 1890, in an action wherein E. H. Edwards was Plaintiff and Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, was Defendant, and in which said last above mentioned action, E. H. Edwards, the above named Plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, Defendant, on the 15th day of November, 1890, for the sums of $1810.02 and $4171.49, gold coin of the United States, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of $5981.51, gold coin as aforesaid, which said decree was, on that 15th day of November, 1890, recorded in Judgment Book 2 of said Court at page 281, (Wm. F. Matlack, Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, the above named Defendant, was by an order of said Superior Court duly made and entered on the 14th day of May, 1891 substituted as Defendant in said action in the place and stead of said Thomas Parker, now deceased.) I am commanded to sell, to satisfy said judgment and decree for the said sum of $810.02, all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a point twenty chains East of the North-west Section corner of Section No. twenty-eight, in Township No. fifteen South of Range No. thirty-six, East, Mt. Diablo Base and Meridian, (magnetic variation fifteen degrees and fifteen minutes East) thence south thirteen and ninety one-hundredths chains to North-west corner of Josiah G. Dodge's land; thence North, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, twenty two and thirty-one one-hundredths chains to Brewery street in the town of Lone Pine; thence North, twenty-one degrees and forty minutes West, twenty-one one hundredths chains; thence South, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes West, eight and ten one-hundredths chains; thence North eight and forty-eight one-hundredths chains to North line of Section No. twenty-eight; thence West thirteen and twenty-nine one-hundredths chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing fifteen and one-half acres.

Also a lot of land lying East of the last described tract and on the Wm. L. Moore tract of land North-west of the town of Lone Pine beginning at the North east corner of said last described tract, thirty three and twenty-nine one-hundredths chains East of the North-west corner of Section twenty-eight in Township Fifteen South of Range Thirty-six East, of Mount Diablo Meridian, at an iron post set in the ground; thence, South eight and forty-eight one-hundredths chains to the lane from the last described tract of land to the town of Lone Pine; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, eight and seventy one one-hundredths chains to the East side of Brewery street in said town; thence, South twenty-one degrees and forty minutes East, fifty one-hundredths chains to the North line of Corral street in said town; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, seven and eighty-seven one-hundredths chains to the West line of Main street in said town; thence, North twenty-one degrees and forty minutes West, three and nineteen one-hundredths chains to Section line of said Section twenty-eight; thence, West fifteen chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing eight and seventy-five one hundredths acres.

Also lots Nos. two, three, and the North half of lot six, in block No. 13, upon which is a house; and the fractional part of lots Nos. six, seven and eight in block No. 1 in the town of Lone Pine, in said County and State, as the same are known and designated on the plat of said town now on file in the Recorder's office of said County.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging.

I am also commanded to sell, to satisfy said judgment and decree for the said sum of $4171.49, all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

The East half of the South-west quarter and the West half of the South-east quarter of Section No. twenty-one, in Township No. fifteen, South, of Range No. thirty six, East, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on Saturday the 6th day of June, 1891, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House in the County of Inyo, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell separately the above described property, or so much thereof, as may be necessary to satisfy said Plaintiff's judgment, with interest and costs etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 15th day of May, 1891

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff of Inyo County.
By D. HOLLAND,
Under-Sheriff

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

J. W. Murphy.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing .....$2.00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

Snug little FORTUNES have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 PORTLAND, MAINE.

OFFICIAL.

Notice of Election.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Stevens Ditch Company will be held at the office of the Company, in the town of Independence, Inyo county, Cal., on

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891,

At the hour of One o'clock in the afternoon of that day. That at said meeting there will be held an election to elect Five Directors of said Company for the ensuing year. And also to transact such other business as may properly come before said Annual Meeting.

P. H. MACK,
Secretary.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of JOHN LUCAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office in the town of Lone Pine, Inyo county, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said Inyo county, State of California. E. H. EDWARDS,
Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased.

Dated May 5th, 1891.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 18th day of April, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Mullane, deceased the undersigned, the Executor of the Last Will and testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on and after Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1891, and within six months thereafter, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John Mullane at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to, that of the said John Mullane at the time of his death, in and to that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said County of Inyo, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to wit: The South half of the North East quarter; and the North West quarter of the South East quarter of Section No. Seven, and the South West quarter of the North West quarter of Section No. Eight, all in Township No. Nine South, Range No. Thirty-four East, Mount Diablo Meridian, containing one hundred and sixty acres.

Bids or offers must be in writing, and will be received at the residence of the undersigned, near the town of Big Pine, in the County of Inyo, State of California, and may be left at the place herein designated, or delivered to said Executor personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States, ten per cent. of the the purchase money to be paid to the said Executor when the sale shall be made, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court Deed at the expense of purchaser.

RICHARD HESSIAN.
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 18th day of April, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Mullane, deceased, the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, on and after the sixth day of May, 1891, at the residence of the undersigned, near the town of Big Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property to wit: Seventy head of stock cattle, more or less; One plow; One wagon; One horse; One cooking stove and utensils; One set harness; One shovel; One hay fork, and one trunk.

RICHARD HESSIAN.
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of John Mullane, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PETER DIECKSON, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of PETER DIECKSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Lone Pine, in the county of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated April 18th, 1891.

JOHN F. LUBKEN,
Administrator of said Estate.

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal.
P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully
Equal to the Best
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

CROCKERS' HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
W. H. UHLEMEYER, Lessee.
sep1-tf

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, MAY 15 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98¼
Lead, 4 35
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20.40
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence, 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY May 9, 1891

Hamill vs. Collins & Cohn—Judgment entered.

TUESDAY, May 12, 1891

Cohn and D. Levy vs. T. K. Hutchinson—Filed order dismissing action.

A. O. Collins was in town yesterday.

S. G. Gregg was in town a couple of days this week.

Over $7,000,000 in gold was shipped out of the United States last week.

R. Van Dyke came up from Lone Pine yesterday, returning the same day.

George Spratt and Vernon Smith of Big Pine were in town during the week.

There was a heavy thunder storm on Tuesday night, and considerable rain.

Jack Wilson of Darwin spent several days in town this week and returned on Wednesday.

Cattle men are very busy gathering up stock and getting ready to move out for the summer.

N. G. Fairman arrived in town from Panamint to-day. He reports all quiet in that section.

Charley Green was up from Lone Pine on Wednesday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Green.

Betting is about even on the big prize fight to take place between Jackson and Corbett on the 21st.

S. P. McKnight, C. E., with a force of men is engaged in surveying an extension of the Stevens Canal to Lone Pine.

A. V. Davidson has been suffering very much from rheumatism for three weeks past. He is able to be about, however.

The first strawberries of the season were marketed by C. A. Walter of Camp Independence yesterday. They are beauties.

The funeral obsequies of John F. Swift, late minister to Japan, took place from Trinity Church, San Francisco, last Sunday.

R. H. Williams, formerly of Hawthorne, came up from Keeler on yesterday's train. He is a witness in the Lynch—Anderson case.

J. N. Evans arrived at Independence from Reno on Wednesday evening. He will remain for several days attending to his cattle interests here.

Mrs. J. J. Gunn came up from Modock on Tuesday, and Mr. Gunn is expected in a day or two. Work has closed for the summer on the Minnietta mine.

Ed Rose got down from Big Pine on Wednesday with the thoroughbred stallion, Bronco. The horse is very sick, and it is feared that the disease is farcy.

A new railroad is being built toward Los Angeles from Salt Lake. The first objective point is the Deep Creek mines in White Pine county near the Utah line.

Judge Gould suffered a relapse when about to start for Darwin last week and was unable to go. He is now feeling much better and thinks he will return home to-morrow.

There is a large number of new buildings and business blocks being erected in Los Angeles. It does not look as though the bursted boom had affected the real prosperity of the city much.

A valuable horse was killed by lightning in John Clarke's stable at Bishop during the storm of Tuesday night. On the same night a brood-mare heavy with foal and a two-year-old colt owned by James Jones were killed at Fish Springs.

A letter from San Jose states that Miss Annie Kohler is giving excellent satisfaction as a teacher at Knight's Ferry. At Christmas the people of her district presented her with a watch and chain and increased her salary.

H. P. Cartier arrived home from San Francisco on Tuesday morning, coming by way of Mojave. While in the city he saw John Baxter whom he reports to be improving very much an expects to be thoroughly cured in about six weeks.

The Lone Pine public school will hold its closing exercises at Boland's Hall next Wednesday evening. The teachers, Mr. Rathbun and Miss Russell, have been very busy making preparations for the event, and an enjoyable affair will be had.

It is quite likely that a number of mining sales will be reported in Darwin and adjoining districts before long. There is considerable stir in Eastern mining circles, and inquiries for good properties are being constantly made. There is a large group of mines at Darwin and Coso that if owned by a corporation with means to develope them would yield enormous returns.

By request of a number of citizens a mass-meeting is called to assemble at the reading room of the Norman House tomorrow evening to discuss the question of having a Fourth of July celebration at Independence. If the people should take hold of the matter and all work together a grand affair could be had. As Bishop has the Fair that place would surely send a large delegation. Turn out and talk the matter over.

A Land and Water Transaction.

Mr. Henry Herbert of Muckross, Ireland, has arranged for the purchase from the Inyo Land Company of 15,000 inches of water and 15,000 acres of land in Owens Valley, Inyo County. The arrangement was concluded by Mr. Trenmore Coffin of Carson for the land company and William J. Sutherland, President of the Holmes mine of Candelaria, for Mr. Herbert.—*S. F. Post.*

FATAL AFFRAY.

A MAN NAMED JOHN LYNCH SHOOTS AND KILLS MAT. ANDERSON.

The Trouble Occurs at a Mine Near Swansea —Verdict of Coroner's Jury—Lynch In Jail Awaiting Examination —Testimony of an Eye-Witness Given.

About half past seven o'clock on Tuesday evening a telegram was received at Independence stating that a man, Lynch, had shot and killed one, Anderson, at Swansea. Soon afterward Sheriff Gorman and Coroner Matlack started for the scene of the killing. About four miles below Independence they ran into a barbed wire fence, cutting the animals so badly as to necessitate their return to town. With a fresh team they started again, but the night was so dark and murky and being blinded by flashes of lightning, they were compelled to remain at Shepherd's till daylight, when they continued their way to Keeler. Sheriff Gorman arrested Lynch and returned immediately with him to Independence, where he now is awaiting trial.

Dr. I. J. Woodin performed an autopsy under the direction of the Coroner, the body having been removed to Keeler. The bullet entered the abdomen, cutting the intestines in four places, and penetrated to the back. Death was caused almost instantly. Following is

THE VERDICT.

In the matter of the inquisition upon the body of Mat. Anderson, deceased, we, the undersigned, jurors summoned to appear before Wm. F. Matlack, the Coroner of the County of Inyo, on the 13th day of May, 1891, to inquire into the cause of death of Mat. Anderson, having been duly sworn according to law and having made such inquisition after inspecting the body and hearing the testimony adduced, upon our oaths, each and all do say, that we find the deceased was named Mat. Anderson, was a native of Norway, aged between forty-hve and fifty years, that he came to his death on the 12th day of May, 1891, in this county, by a gun shot wound, and we futher find that we believe John Lynch to be the person by whose act the death of said Mat. Anderson was occasioned.

All of which we duly certify by this inquisition in writing by us signed this thirteenth day of May, 1891.

W. C. WILKINSON,
JOHN BARNES,
JESSE THOMAS,
WM. AVERY,
JOHN FIEHMAN,
JOHN C. ANTON,
WM. F. BENNETT,
J. J. MORTON.

There were depositions taken by the Coroner. The following is a direct account of the affair and tells in a straightforward manner what was seen by an

AN EYE-WITNESS.

Richard H. Williams being duly sworn, testifies and says: After supper, at half-past five on May 12, 1891, Anderson demanded his time. Lynch asked me to make out the time for Anderson. They couldn't agree on the time; a difference of one day. Anderson said to me, "Don't make it out, Dick, I won't accept it." I handed the time to Lynch. What became of it I don't know. I went out of the cabin, Lynch called to me, "Wait, Dick, we'll all go down together." Then I walked over to where Anderson's bunk was, about one hundred feet due west of the cabin. There Clay, Lynch and myself stood for a few seconds. Lynch went back to the cabin and in about five seconds Clay followed Lynch. Anderson came to the bunk about this time and put some papers in his coat pocket. He throwed his coat over his shoulder. I says to him: "Which way are you going, Anderson?" He says, "I am going by way of the Marble Quarry.' Anderson says, "Lynch will go with me, or I will die in the road." I says to Anderson, "Come along and Lynch will overtake us." While I was talking to Anderson he turned around and saw Lynch and Clay starting for the town of Keeler. Anderson turns around and walks back to and in the cabin. In a short time, perhaps four or five seconds, I saw Anderson come back with a broken ax handle in his hand. He walked over the trail over the cabin and Anderson met Clay coming back to the cabin. Anderson continued his course right along on his way to Keeler. I heard Lynch say, "Don't come any further." Anderson says to Lynch, "Where are you going?" I couldn't understand the reply Lynch made. Anderson said, "Hold on, I'll go too," or "I'll go with you," I would not be positive. I heard Lynch say, "Don't follow me! Don't come any further!" I turned around when I heard the remark, and walked away from Anderson and Lynch. I heard a shot. I turned around to see if there was any damage done. I still saw Anderson walking toward Lynch. They were about fifty feet apart at the time. I heard Lynch say, "For God's sake don't come any closer," or "further," as the wind was blowing so that I could not hear distinctly. I turned around as I did before, with my back toward Anderson and Lynch. I heard the second shot; don't remember whether there were two or three, but at the last report I saw Anderson lying on the ground. I ran over to the cabin and from there to where Anderson was lying. I saw his shirt was pulled out of his pants. I raised his shirt to see where the wound was and then Lynch called me over to where he was. I see that Lee had Lynch's pistol and Lynch, Clay and myself had started for town, and left Anderson in Lee's charge.

RICHARD H. WILLIAMS.

The prisoner was taken before Judge Gill on Thursday, and the time set for the preliminary examination was Tuesday, May 19, at 10 o'clock a. m. He has refused to make any statement. P. H. Mack, Esq., has been retained for the defense.

Business For Sale

Mr. J. C. Roeper gives notice that he will sell his butcher business at Independence. This would be an excellent opportunity for a young man as the business is well established and yields good returns. The property includes a fine shop building in the center of town. It is well arranged and fitted up with all the necessary implements and screens and has a refrigerator attached. Not a pound of meat need be lost in the hottest weather. Also a neat dwelling on adjoining lot, with four rooms and kitchen. A garden set out with grape, currant gooseberry and other vines, and all bearing. Price set, and terms made known on application. See advertisement.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale.

A well established butcher business in Independence. No opposition. A good substantial butcher shop with ice house, or refrigerator attached. All tools and implements necessary for carrying on the business. Also a comfortable dwelling on lot adjoining shop. Four large rooms and kitchen. Shop and dwelling are both new and in good condition. The entire property must be included in purchase and terms cash. Apply to

J. C. ROEPER.
Independence, Cal.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby raquired to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

FORBES & TOBEY,

HAWTHORNE, NEV.,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS.

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed Flooring.

sept 11-1

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.
THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDIS
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
F. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.
First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.
THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel. Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address

WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine
FRED BURKHARDT.
nov 30-tf

NOTICE
ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.
FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

IRWINS' SALOON
Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence . Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt an furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.
THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
Independence,

BIG 10P ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.
Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.
Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St
In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable
S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
Customers supplied on all points
Of the C. & C. Railroad.
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE SEWART HOUSE.
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,
GROCERIES
MINERS
Supplies
PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 61, '90

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1 Leave—	To Mound House. No. 2. Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p m.	5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p m.	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9 55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m	1:35 a m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p, m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord	2:45 p. m.	10:00 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (37 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver P Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOL
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.
CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE
Blacksmith Shop.
R. C. Spear, Prop'r
—ALL WORK ON—
MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS
—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—
HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING
All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel
BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS
All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS
The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!
Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 tf

No one doubts that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy really cures Catarrh, whether the disease be recent or of long standing, because the makers of it clinch their faith in it with a $500 guarantee, which isn't a mere newspaper guarantee, but "on call" in a moment.

That moment is when you prove that its makers can't cure you.

The reason for their faith is this:

Dr. Sage's remedy has proved itself the right cure for ninety-nine out of one hundred cases of Catarrh in the Head, and the World's Dispensary Medical Association can afford to take the risk of your being the one hundredth.

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk?

If so, the rest is easy. You pay your druggist 50 cents and the trial begins.

If you're wanting the $500 you'll get something better—*a cure!*

Lying is the basis of all evil. After one year of absolute truth all crime would disappear.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE BLIND.

Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his *New Treatment* for the cure of all diseases of the Eye; —*Cataract, Defective Vision, Inflammation*, etc., etc., without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

For further particulars address with stamped envelope, R. J. LA GRANGE, M. D., 215 Powell St., fourth door from Geary, San Francisco, Cal.

Office Hours, 11 till 3.

Justice is a little short-sighted, perhaps, but it frequently has an eye to the main chance.

MAKE YOURSELF A NEW BODY.

Purge away the old, diseased and worn out body, said Dr. Brandreth. Replace the discharged matters of the system with good, simple food and thus build up a new and sound body in place of one feeble and diseased. Every man should know that he must be "renewed" at least once in two or three years, else he would soon break down completely. This renewing process is easily brought about by purging with BRANDRETH'S PILLS. They put new life into old bodies.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

Worrying is mental cowardice in almost every one except yourself.

DEAFNESS CAN'T BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Two good listeners may be friends, but two good talkers never.

Dr. Wallace Ely has removed his offices to 215 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal., where he continues to give special attention to Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland and all diseases arising therefrom. Diabetes and Bright's Disease treated according to the latest approved method. Most cases can be treated successfully by correspondence. Consultations daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. WALLACE ELY, M. D., 215 Powell St., 4 doors from Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

He was so very ugly, this
Extraordinary man,
That when in battle he faced death
Death turned away and ran.

Every since 1864 there have been women (*more each year*) who claim that there is no soap half as good, or as economical as Dobbins' Electric. There *must* be some truth in their claims. Try it, see how much. Your grocer has it.

It is more blessed to give than be given away.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

Beware of imitations of the genuine Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way —**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

S. F. N. U. No. 460. New Series No. 15

THE SPLENDID SPUR.

Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

CHAPTER I.

THE BOWLING GREEN OF THE "CROWN."

He that has jilted the Muse, forsaking her gentle pipe to follow the drum and trumpet, shall fruitlessly besiege her again when the time comes to sit at home and write down his adventures. 'Tis her revenge, as I am extremely sensible; and methinks she is the harder to me, upon reflection how near I came to being her life long servant, as you are to hear.

'Twas on Nov. 29, 1642—a clear, frosty day—that the king, with the Prince of Wales (newly recovered of the measles), the Princes Rupert and Maurice, and a great company of lords and gentlemen, horse and foot, came marching back to us from Reading. I was a scholar of Trinity college, in Oxford, at that time, and may begin my history at 3 o'clock on the same afternoon, when going (as my custom was) to Mr. Rob Drury for my fencing lesson, I found his lodgings empty.

They stood at the corner of Ship street, as you turn into the Corn market—a low wain scoted chamber, ill lighted but commodious. "He is off to see the show," thought I as I looked about me; and, finding an easy cushion in the window, sat down to await him. Where presently, being tired out (for I had been carrying a halberd all day with the scholars' troop in Magdalen college grove), and in despite of the open lattice, I fell sound asleep.

It must have been an hour after that I awoke with a chill (as was natural), and was stretching out a hand to pull the window close, but suddenly sat down again and fell to watching instead.

The window looked down, at the height of ten feet or so, upon a bowling green at the back of the "Crown" tavern (kept by John Davenant, in the Corn market), and across it to a rambling wing of the same inn, the fourth side—that to my left—being but an old wall, with a broad sycamore growing against it. 'Twas already twilight; and in the darkening house, over the green, was now one casement brightly lit, the curtains undrawn, and within a company of noisy drinkers round a table. They were gaming, as was easily told by their clicking of the dice and frequent oaths; and anon the bellow of some tipsy chorus would come across. 'Twas one of these catches, I dare say, that woke me, only just now my eyes were bent, not towards the singers, but on the still lawn between us.

The sycamore, I have hinted, was a broad tree, and must, in summer, have borne a goodly load of leaves; but now, in November, these were strewn thick over the green, and nothing left but stiff, naked boughs. Beneath it lay a cracked bowl or two on the rank turf, and against the trunk a garden bench rested, I suppose for the convenience of the players. On this a man was now seated.

He was reading in a little book, and this first jogged my curiosity; for 'twas unnatural a man should read print at this dim hour, or, if he had a mind to try, should choose a cold bowling green for his purpose. Yet he seemed to study his volume very attentively, but with a sharp look, now and then, towards the lighted window, as if the revelers disturbed him. His back was partly turned to me, and what with this and the growing dusk I could but make a guess at his face, but a plenty of silver hair fell over his fur collar, and his shoulders were bent a great deal. I judged him between fifty and sixty. For the rest, he wore a dark, simple suit, very strailty cut, with an ample furred cloak and a hat rather tall, after the fashion of the last reign.

Now, why the man's behavior so engaged me, I don't know, but at the end of half an hour I was still watching him. By this 'twas near dark, bitter cold, and his pretense to read mere fondness; yet he persevered—though with longer glances at the casement above, where the din at times was fit to wake the dead.

And now one of the dicers upset his chair with a curse, and gets on his feet. Looking up I saw his features for a moment—a slight, pretty boy, scarce above eighteen, with fair curls and flushed cheeks like a girl's. It made me admire to see him in this ring of purple, villainous faces. 'Twas evident he was a young gentleman of quality, as well by his bearing as his handsome cloak of amber satin barred with black. "I think the devil's in these dice!" I heard him crying, and a pretty hubbub all about him, but presently the drawer enters with more wine, and he sits down quietly to a fresh game.

As soon as 'twas started one of the crew, that had been playing but was now dropped out, lounges up from his seat and, coming to the casement, pushes it open for fresh air. He was one that till now had sat in full view—a tall bully, with a gross, pimpled nose—and led the catches in a bull's voice. The rest of the players paid no heed to his rising, and very soon his shoulders hid them as he leaned out, drawing in the cold breath.

During the late racket I had forgot for a while my friend under the sycamore, but now, looking that way, to my astonishment I saw him risen from his bench and stealing across to the house opposite. I say "stealing," for he kept all the way to the darker shadow of the wall, and, besides, had a curious trailing motion with his left foot, as though the ankle of it had been wrung or badly hurt.

As soon as he was come beneath the window he stopped and called softly,

"Hist!"

The bully gave a start and looked down. I could tell by this motion he did not look to find any one in the bowling green at that hour. Indeed, he had been watching the shaft of light thrown past him by the room behind, and now moved so as to let it fall on the man that addressed him.

The other stands close under the window, as if to avoid this, and calls again.

"Hist!" says he, and beckons with a finger.

The man at the window still held his tongue (I suppose because those in the room would hear him if he spoke), and so for a while the two men studied one another in silence, as if considering their next moves.

After a bit, however, the bully lifted a hand, and, turning back into the lighted room, walks up to one of the players, speaks a word or two and disappears.

I sat up on the window seat, where till now I had been crouching for fear the shaft of light should betray me, and presently (as I was expecting) heard the latch of the back porch gently lifted, and spied the heavy form of the bully coming softly over the grass.

Now, I would not have my readers prejudiced, and so may tell them that this was the first time in my life that I had played the eavesdropper. That I did so now I can never be glad enough, but 'tis true, nevertheless, my conscience pricked me; and I was even making a motion to withdraw when that occurred which would have fixed any man's attention, whether he wished it or no.

The bully must have closed the door behind him but carelessly, for hardly could he have taken a dozen steps when it opened again with a scuffle, and the large house dog belonging to the "Crown" flew at his heels with a vicious snarl and snap of the teeth.

It was enough to scare the coolest. But the fellow turned as if shot, and before he could snap again had gripped him fairly by the throat. The struggle that followed I could barely see, but I heard the horrible sounds of it—the hard, short breathing of the man, the hoarse rage working in the dog's throat—and it turned me sick. The dog—a mastiff—was fighting now to pull loose, and the pair swayed this way and that in the dusk, panting and murderous.

I was almost shouting aloud—feeling as though it were my own throat thus gripped—when the end came. The man had his legs planted well apart. I saw his shoulders heave up and bend as he tightened the pressure of his fingers; then came a moment's dead silence, then a hideous gurgle, and the mastiff dropped back, his hind legs trailing limp.

The bully held him so for a full minute, peering close to make sure he was dead, and then, without loosening his hold, dragged him across the grass under my window. By the sycamore he halted, but only to shift his hands a little, and so, swaying on his hips, send the carcass with a heave over the wall. I heard it drop with a thud on the far side.

During this fierce wrestle—which must have lasted about two minutes—the clatter and shouting of the company above had gone on without a break; and all this while the man with the white hair had rested quietly on one side, watching. But now he steps up to where the bully stood mopping his face (for all the coolness of the evening), and, with a finger between the leaves of his book, bows very politely.

"You handled that dog, sir, choicely well," says he, in a thin voice that seemed to have a chuckle hidden in it somewhere.

The other ceased mopping to get a good look at him.

"But sure," he went on, "'twas hard on the poor cur, that had never heard of Capt. Lucius Higgs"——

I thought the bully would have had him by the windpipe and pitched him after the mastiff, so fiercely he turned at the sound of this name. But the old gentleman skipped back quite nimbly and held up a finger.

"I'm a man of peace. If another title suits you better"——

"Where the devil got you that name?" growled the bully, and had half a mind to come on again, but the other put in briskly:

"I'm on a plain errand of business. No need, as you hint, to mention names; and therefore let me present myself as Mr. Z. The residue of the alphabet is at your service to pick and choose from."

"My name is Luke Settle," said the big man boarsely (but whether this was his natural voice or no, I could not tell).

"Let us say 'Mr. X.' I prefer it."

The old gentleman as he said this popped his head on one side, laid the forefinger of his right hand across the book, and seemed to be considering.

"Why did you throttle that dog a minute ago?" he asked, sharply.

"Why, to save my skin," answers the fellow, a bit puzzled.

"Would you have done it for fifty pounds?"

"Ay, or half that."

"And how if it had been a puppy, Mr. X?"

Now all this from my hiding I had heard very clearly, for they stood right under me in the dusk. But as the old gentleman paused to let his question sink in, and the bully to catch the drift of it before answering, one of the dicers above struck up to sing a catch:

"With a hoy, trolly lolly! a leg to the devil,
And answer him civil, and off with your cap;
Sing—Hey, trolly lolly! Good morrow, Sir Evil.
We've finished the tap.

And, saving your worship, we care not a rap!"

Why, this din continued, the stranger held up one forefinger again, as if beseeching silence, while the other remaining still between the pages of his book.

"Pretty boys!" he said, as the noise died away; "pretty boys! 'Tis easily seen they have a bird to pluck."

"He's none of my plucking."

"And if he were, why not? Sure you've picked a feather or two before now in the low countries—hey?"

"I'll tell you what," interrupts the big man, "next time you crack one of your death's head jokes, over the wall you go after the dog. What's to prevent it?"

"Why, this," answers the old fellow, cheerfully. "There's money to be made by doing no such thing. And I don't carry it all about with me. So, as 'tis late, we'd best talk business at once."

They moved away towards the seat under the sycamore, and now their words reached me no longer—only the low murmur of their voices (or (to be correct) of the elder man's, for the other only spoke now and then, to put a question, as it seemed. Presently I heard an oath rapped out, and saw the bully start up. "Hush, man!" cried the other, and "hark ye now;" so he sat down again. Their very forms were lost within the shadow. I myself was cold enough by this time, and had a cramp in one leg, but lay still, nevertheless. And after a while they stood up together, and came pacing across the bowling green side by side, the older man trailing his foot painfully to keep step. You may be sure I strained my ears.

"Besides the pay," the stranger was saying, "there's all you can win of this young fool, Anthony, and all you find on the pair, which I'll wager"——

They passed out of hearing, but turned soon and came back again. The big man was speaking this time.

"I'll be shot if I know what game you're playing in this."

The elder chuckled softly. "I'll be shot if I mean you to," said he.

And this was the last I heard. For now there came a clattering at the door behind me, and Mr. Robert Drury reeled in, hiccoughing a maudlin ballad about "Tib and young Colin one fine day, beneath the hay cock shade-a," etc., etc., and cursing to find his fire gone out and all in darkness. Liquor was ever his master, and today the king's health had been a fair excuse. He did not spy me, but the roar of his ballad had startled the two men outside, and so, while he was stumbling over chairs and groping for a tinder box, I slipped out in the darkness and down stairs into the streets.

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE CLOAK OF AMBER SATIN.

Guess, any of you, if these events disturbed my rest that night. 'Twas 4 o'clock before I dropped asleep in my bed in Trinity, and my last thoughts were still busy with the words I had heard. Nor, on the morrow, did it fare any better with me; so that, at rhetoric lecture, our president—Dr. Ralph Kettle—took me by the ears before the whole class. He was the fiercer upon me as being older than the gross of my fellow scholars, and (as he thought) the more restless under discipline. "A tutored adolescence," he would say, "is a fair grace before meat," and had his hour glass enlarged to point the moral for us. But even a rhetoric lecture must have an end, and so, tossing my gown to the porter, I set off at last for Magdalen Bridge, where the new barricado was building, along the Physic Garden in front of East Gate.

The day was dull and lowering, though my wits were too busy to heed the sky; but scarcely was I past the small gate in the city wall when a brisk shower of hail and sleet drove me to shelter in the Pig market (or Proscholium) before the Divinity school. 'Tis an ample vaulted passage, as I dare say you know; and here I found a great company of people already driven by the same cause.

To describe them fully 'twould be necessary to paint the whole state of our city in those distracted times, which I have neither will nor time for. But here, today, along with many doctors and scholars, were walking courtiers, troopers, mountebanks, cut purses, astrologers, rogues and gamesters, together with many of the first ladies and gentlemen of England, as the Prince Maurice, the Lords Andover, Digby and Colepepper, my Lady Thynne, Mistress Fanshawe, Mr. Secretary Nicholas, the famous Dr. Harvey, arm in arm with my Lord Falkland (whose boots were splashed with mud, he having ridden over from his house at Great Tew), and many such, all mixed in this incredible tag rag. Mistress Fanshawe, as I remember, was playing on a lute, which she carried always slung about her shoulders; and close beside her, a fellow impudently puffing his specific against the morbus campestris, which already had begun to invade us.

"Who'll buy?" he was bawling. "'Tis from the receipt of a famous Italian, and never yet failed man, woman nor child, unless the heart were clean drowned in the disease; the best part of it good muscadine, and has virtue against the plague, smallpox or surfeits!"

I was standing before this jackanapes, when I heard a stir in the crowd behind me, and another calling, "Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"

Turning, I saw a young man, very gayly dressed, moving quickly about at the far end of the Pig market, and behind him an old lackey, bent double with the weight of two great baskets that he carried. The baskets were piled with books, clothes, gewgaws of all kinds; and 'twas the young gentleman that hawked his wares himself. "What d'ye lack?" he kept shouting, and would stop to unfold his merchandise, holding up now a book and now a silk doublet, and running over their merits like any huckster—but with the merriest conceit in the world.

And yet 'twas not this that sent my heart flying into my mouth at the sight of him. For by his curls and womanish face, no less than the amber cloak with the black bars, I knew him at once for the same I had seen yesterday among the dicers.

As I stood there, drawn this way and that by many reflections, he worked his way through the press, selling here and there a trifle from his baskets, and at length came to a halt in front of me.

"Ha!" he cried, pulling off his plumed hat and bowing low, "a scholar, I perceive. Let me serve you, sir. Here is the 'History of Saint George,'" and he picked out a thin brown quarto and held it up; "written by Master Peter Heylin; a ripe book, they tell me (though, to be sure, I never read beyond the title), and the price a poor two shillings."

Now, all this while I was considering what to do. So, as I put my hand in my pocket, and drew out the shillings, I said very slowly (but softly, so that the lackey might not hear), looking him in the eyes:

"So thus you feed your expenses at the dice; and my shilling, no doubt, is for Luke Settle, as well as the rest."

For the moment, under my look, he went white to the lips; then clapped his hand to his sword, withdrew it, and answered me, red as a turkey cock:

"Shalt be a parson yet, Master Scholar, but art in a damned hurry, it seems."

Now, I had ever a quick temper, and as he turned on his heel was like to have replied and raised a brawl. My own meddling tongue had brought rebuff upon me, but yet my heart was hot as he walked away.

I was standing there and looking after him, turning over in my hand the "Life of Saint George," when my fingers were aware of a slip of paper between the pages. Pulling it out, I saw 'twas scribbled over with writing and figures, as follows:

"Mr. ANTHONY KILLIGREW, his acct for Oct. 25th, MDCXLII.—For herrings, 2d.; for coffe, 4d.; for scowring my coat, 6d.; at bowls, 5s. 10d.; for bleading me, 1s. 0d.; for ye King's speech, 3d.; for spiced wine (with Marjory), 2s. 4d.; for seeing ye rhinoceros, 4d.; at ye Ranter-go-round, 6½d.; for a pair of silver buttons, 2s. 6d.; for apples, 2½d.; for ale, 6d.; at ye dice, £17 5s.; for spiced wine (again), 4s. 6d.

And so on.

As I glanced my eye down this paper, my anger oozed away, and a great feeling of pity came over me, not only at the name of Anthony—the name I had heard spoken in the bowling green last night—but also to see that monstrous item of £17 odd spent on the dice. 'Twas such a boy, too, after all, that I was angry with, that had spent fourpence to see the rhinoceros at a fair, and rode at the ranter-go round) with "Marjory," no doubt, as 'twas for her, no doubt, the silver buttons were bought. So that, with quick forgiveness, I hurried after him, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

He stood by the entrance, counting up his money, and drew himself up very stiff.

"I think, sir," said I, "this paper is yours."

"I thank you," he answered, taking it and eying me. "Is there anything besides you wished to say?"

"A great deal, maybe, if your name be Anthony."

"Master Anthony Killigrew is my name, sir; now serving under Lord Bernard Stewart in his majesty's troop of guards."

"And mine is Jack Marvel," said I.

"Of the Yorkshire Marvels?"

"Why, yes; though but a shoot of that good stock, transplanted to Cumberland, and there sadly withered."

"'Tis no matter, sir," said he politely; "I shall be proud to cross swords with you."

"Why, bless your heart!" I cried out, full of laughter at this childish punctilio; "do ye think I came to fight you?"

"If not, sir"—and he grew colder than ever—"you are going a cursed roundabout way to avoid it."

Upon this, finding no other way out of it, I began my tale at once; but hardly had come to the meeting of the two men on the bowling green when he interrupts me politely.

"I think, Master Marvel, as yours is like to be a story of some moment, I will send this fellow back to my lodgings. He's a long eared dog that I am saving from the gallows for so long as my conscience allows me. The shower is done, I see; so if you know of a retired spot we will talk there more at our leisure."

He dismissed his lackey and strolled off with me to the Trinity grove, where, walking up and down, I told him all I had heard and seen the night before.

"And now," said I, "can you tell me if you have any such enemy as this white haired man with the limping gait?"

He had come to a halt, sucking in his lips and seeming to reflect.

"I know one man," he began; "but no—'tis impossible."

As I stood, waiting to hear more, he clapped his hand in mine, very quick and friendly. "Jack," he cried, "I'll call thee Jack—'twas an honest good turn thou hadst in thy heart to do me, and I a surly rogue to think of fighting—I that could make mince meat of thee."

"I can fence a bit," answered I.

"Now, say no more, Jack; I love thee."

He looked in my face, still holding my hand and smiling. Indeed, there was something of the foreigner in his brisk, grateful ways; yet not unpleasing. I was going to say I had never seen the like; ah, me! that both have seen and know the twin image so well.

"I think," said I, "you had better be considering what to do."

He laughed outright this time; and resting, with his legs crossed, against the trunk of an elm, twirled an end of his long lovelocks, and looked at me comically. Said he, "Tell me, Jack, is there aught in me that offends thee?"

"Why, no," I answered. "I think you're a very proper young man; such as I should loathe to see spoiled by Master Settle's knife."

"Art not quick at friendship, Jack, but better at advising; only in this case fortune has prevented thy good offices. Hark ye," he leaned forward and glanced to right and left, "if these twain intend my hurt—as indeed 'twould seem—they lose their labor, for this very night I ride from Oxford."

"And why is that?"

"I'll tell thee, Jack, though I deserve to be shot. I am bound with a letter from his majesty to the Army of the West, where I have friends, for my father's sake—Sir Deakin Killigrew, of Gleys, in Cornwall. 'Tis a sweet country, they say, though I have never seen it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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INYO INDEPENDENT.
COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.
C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.
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BRONCHITIS.

Symptoms and Treatment of the Affliction.

COUGH MIXTURES ARE INJURIOUS.

What to do in Case You Have not a Doctor.

During the winter season bronchitis is one of the most common affections. It is essentially an inflammation of the bronchial tubes, but it rarely occurs alone; the mucous membrane lining the throat and upper part of the windpipe are, as a rule, affected about the same time.

In the majority of cases an attack of bronchitis is preceded by a cold in the head. The inflammation, which starts in the nose, travels downward, affecting the throat more or less, and very soon enters the bronchial tubes. When those are reached there are added to the symptoms of a cold a sense of tightness and of soreness or rawness in the chest. Those unpleasant feelings are aggravated by the cough, which is at first dry, hacking and quite constant. As a rule, the person who is suffering from an attack of bronchitis is somewhat feverish, or, at least, inclined to be chilly. He has less appetite than usual, feels dull and heavy and disinclined to exertion. Those who have bronchitis generally complain of a dull, aching pain in the back and limbs.

The cough, which is at first dry and painful—as some say "tearing"—generally loosens up in from one to two days, and then the patient "raises" quite freely. The coughed up matters are generally of a yellowish or greenish color and salty taste; then they become quite yellow. As soon as the patient "raises" easily he is at once relieved; the pain and soreness disappear, and he goes rapidly on to recovery.

Acute bronchitis is usually caused by taking cold. If one is suddenly chilled, an attack is very likely to occur. By too severe and sudden cooling of the body the blood is driven from the surface to the internal organs. The lining membrane of the bronchial tubes is very easily congested in that way. Considering all things, it naturally follows that bronchitis is more prevalent after sudden changes in the weather and when the same is moist and cold.

When an attack of this disease comes on the sufferers who treat themselves, as a rule, direct their efforts entirely to stopping the cough, without giving much thought to the trouble that excites it.

The remedies which they usually take, while bringing, perhaps, some relief, yet more often do more harm than good, and really in the first stage of acute bronchitis there is seldom great need of what passes under the head of cough medicines.

While there is soreness or rawness in the chest, the patient should be confined to his bed and kept on a light diet.

Mustard poultices should be applied, morning and night, and left on until the pain from them is intolerable. After they are removed, a towel wrung out of warm water should be applied, and over that a dry one laid, and then several folds of flannel.

In the meantime, unless the cough is pleasant, there will scarcely be any need to give medicine for it, and certainly, if any are used, they should be wisely selected. Flaxseed tea is an excellent drink, having a soothing effect in such cases. It should be taken often and in considerable quantities each day.

If the patient is not under the care of a physician, and will not consult any, notwithstanding his cough is very troublesome, keeps him awake, etc., he might have put up at the druggist's a mixture of the sweet spirit of niter, paregoric and sirup of ipecac, of each one-half ounce. Of this mixture the dose for an adult is one teaspoonful, and it may be taken every two or three hours in a wine glass of water.

After two or three days, when the cough has become soft and loose, and the soreness and rawness in the chest has disappeared, then, instead of the medicine advised, the sirup of wild cherry bark should be taken, in teaspoonful doses, every three or four hours. If there is much to raise, it will be well to take also of the sirup of squills one-half a teaspoonful three or four times a day.

If one guards against exposure the affection is likely to subside quite rapidly; less and less is raised until finally the amount of secretion is near that in health and the cough disappears.—Yankee Blade.

Discrimination on Parallel Railroads.

But, without supposing that they were committing a crime, and as yet unconvinced of sin, these three railways, let us say, came together and determined to make a single rate to Chicago for all business received by each of the three lines; these receipts to be pooled and divided. Even had they proceeded upon a basis of the single actual receipts to each for solicited business, there could be no difference to the public either way; but they chose to consider the most complicated problem of a single tariff divided upon the items of expenditure, outlay and cost. What resulted? Simply that there was (as the interstate commerce law says there shall be) no discrimination. But when the interstate law, while keeping the word of promise to the ear by saying there should be no discrimination, broke it to the hope by saying there should be no pool, what resulted? Why, in the case of these three roads, a discrimination in favor of one-third against two-thirds! For, when each of these three roads makes its own tariff, of course, the road having the smallest fixed charges to pay makes the lowest rates. The dwellers along that line have the advantage of these low rates to which, of the other two railways, only one can approximate; while the third line must either go to the other extreme or defraud the holders of its securities.—Appleton Morgan in Popular Science Monthly.

Half Baby, Half Philosopher.

Horace Greeley bore his character in his face—half baby, half philosopher. The sweetest child that ever looked into its mother's eyes had not a more benevolent expression than his countenance habitually wore. The worst portrait does not quite obliterate it; the best renders it imperfectly. The politician who said, "A man who would hurt Horace Greeley would strike his own mother," roughly expressed the feeling which the child-like part of his face often excited. His voice, too, was the pipe of a child. But above the eyes there was such a noble dome of head that a Greek sculptor would have been glad to take it for the model of benevolent wisdom. His demeanor showed similar contrasts. From that baby face what torrents of bad words would come, with no more malice behind them than there is behind a child's vehement crying when some one has broken its toy. With a pen in his hand and a subject before him suited to his talents and disposition, as well as to the momentary needs of The Tribune, what editor ever wrote more effectively?—James Parton in Forum.

The Dead Came to Life.

A long lost brother, who was supposed to be dead, and on whose estate letters of administration were granted to his sister by Surrogate Rollings, of New York, in February, 1887, has turned up alive and healthy. Surrogate Ransom has revoked the letters, and the property, largely increased through his sister's careful management, has been restored to the man whose supposed death she had mourned. His name is Pierre E. Beauron, and his sister is Marie F. Jodrey. He was born in Switzerland forty-six years ago and came to this country when he was seven years old. He lived in Shohola, Pa., until 1863, when he started for Havana. He lived there three years, then started for the Pacific coast, and a few months later departed for Rio Janeiro, where he remained eighteen months. He next went to India and lived there four years. From there he went to Australia, where he lived nine years. Then he proceeded to Europe and remained in France seven months and in Spain seven months more. For over seven years prior to his return to Shohola his sister had not heard of him.—Buffalo News.

A Vote of Thanks.

A village in New England came into possession of a neat and much needed town hall, the gift of public spirited citizens. When completed a meeting was held to dedicate the new building. Speeches were made by prominent citizens, and special reference was naturally made to the chief benefactor and to those who had been most active in forwarding the enterprise.

One speaker mentioned the names of five or six of these citizens, and suggested that a vote of thanks be tendered them. This was done.

A moment later a little wizen faced old man arose in the back part of the hall, and, in a sharp, penetrating voice, called:

"Mr. Cheerman! Mr. Cheerman!"

The speaker being recognized, he proceeded:

"I jist wanted to say that there's them ez hain't been mentioned ez hez done ez much ez them ez hez."—Youth's Companion.

She Carried Him Off.

A charming old lady, worth her millions, called at a carpenter shop the other day, bearing in her hand a neat little basket. "Have you a comfortable chair in the shop?" she asked of the carpenter.

"A comfortable chair?" he repeated, doubtfully.

"Yes," she sweetly said. "I have come to stay until you have a man ready to go back to my house with me and do the work that you have been promising to do for three weeks. I have brought my luncheon and a book, and, if you haven't a comfortable chair, I'll have the carriage cushions brought in. I'm going to stay right here until I get that man."

The carpenter hastened to say that he could go right off just as well as not, and the old lady carried him off in triumph.—Boston Paper.

An Interesting Case.

The payment of an insurance policy of $5,000 on the life of "Doc" Haggerty, a teamster, who was so thoroughly blown away by the explosion of a wagon load of nitro-glycerine which he was driving, near Pleasantville, Pennsylvania, that not more than a pound of his body was found, is being disputed by the companies interested, on the ground that such utter annihilation was impossible even with so powerful an explosive. They claim that the "remains" found are no proof that Haggerty is dead. Interesting testimony is being gathered to show that nitro-glycerine has proved at times more of an eraser of human identity than the Pleasantville incident would indicate.—Harper's Bazar.

His Uncle's Nephew.

The present head of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Henry Bergh, is the nephew of the founder of the society. He is a slender man, under the medium height, with something of the cast of features of his great relative, though his face is smaller. He was elected by the executive committee of the directors, and has literally stepped into the founder's shoes, working all of every day at his office, and taking as keen an interest in the humane mission of the society as the original Bergh did. He is a little above 35 years of age.—New York Star.

Small Houses in Philadelphia.

One family of about five persons to a dwelling is the usual Philadelphia rule. Taking that as the average, Philadelphia built dwelling houses in 1888 for 7,673 families, or 38,365 people. That the love of home—a separate dwelling for each family—holds its own in Philadelphia is shown by the increased proportion of two story dwellings erected in 1888, nearly 6,000 of these little houses, provided with "modern conveniences," having been erected during the year.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Man Eating Shark.

Fishing schooner Northern Eagle brought into this port a large man eating shark of the shovel nose species. This shark, which is very uncommon in northern waters, was caught in a vessel's trawls while set in Ipswich bay. The monster is twelve feet in length and nine feet in circumference and weighs about 1,500 pounds.—Portsmouth (N. H.) Special.

Professionals.

First Base—Were you at Shortstop's marriage last week?

Second Base—Yes.

F. B.—Who was the umpire?—Boston Courier.

ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZERS.

The Wonderful Improvements in Them

DURING THE PAST THIRTY YEARS.

Substitutes for Guano.—A Giant Industry.

Among the other titles to distinction which the Nineteenth century is hereafter to enjoy, one will be found in the fact that in that age agriculture first began to be pursued in a systematic manner with the aid of scientific research. Manuring with the products of the barnyard is a very ancient art, but the resort to the mine for fertilizers is substantially an invention of our own times. Chemists first told the farmer the cause of the frequent speedy exhaustion in the grain producing powers of the soil; it has fallen to the geologist to show whence may be obtained the phosphatic element which is the most quickly exhausted of all the elements of plant food in process of cropping.

Although artificial fertilizers are practically the invention of the last thirty years, the industries connected with their manufacture now demand a capital of about $100,000,000, with an annual product of about that amount, and the volume of the industries is increasing more rapidly, perhaps, than any other art which pertains to mining. The use of artificial fertilizers grew out of the trade in guano. These heaps of bird dung were first made use of by the Peruvians. The account of Garcilasco de la Vega, published in 1604, relates that the Peruvians in the Twelfth century used guano beds as a source of fertilizers. Of such importance did they esteem the material of these beds that the penalty of death was imposed by the early Incas upon any one found killing the birds which made these precious deposits.

For many years the guano beds of the western coast of South America and other similar deposits within the tropical region supplied the demands of our gardens. As the supply of these guanos approached exhaustion and the price increased, the skill of chemists and geologists showed the manufacturers where to find and how to treat deposits of mineral phosphates in such a manner that they might substantially serve to replace the manures of animal origin. In bulletin No. 46, of the United States geological survey, Dr. R. A. F. Penrose, Jr., now assistant state geologist of Texas, has given an important treatise on phosphate deposits, and although his report mainly concerns the phosphates of North America, it gives a synoptic account of the known beds of this nature in all parts of the world. The report makes it plain that only a small part of the deposits of this nature are yet known to us.

The process of discovery of these valuable resources is now, and for a long time will be, slow, and this for the reason that the material occurs in forms which are unfamiliar to the public or even to the ordinarily trained prospector who seeks for mineral resources. In most cases the material appears either in the form of greenish crystals or in the shape of nodular masses looking much like claystones. In neither of these shapes is it likely to attract general attention. In fact the great deposits at Charleston, S. C., had been in view for a century or more. Concretions of cerne phosphate were dug up in the ditches of the rice fields and condemned as worthless until after the war, when a native chemist, once a man of fortune, but brought to need by the havoc wrought upon that country during the rebellion, groping about to find some means of mending his resources, analyzed the rejected stones. As the result of his inquiry they became the very foundation of the commercial prosperity in his state.—N. S. Shaler in Boston Herald.

A Diamond in the Fire.

There is a very unhappy young maiden at the branch telephone exchange at Hunt and Broadway. She was presented by her affianced with a diamond engagement ring, which cost $125. Proud of the jewel, she was exhibiting it to her companion at the exchange, and from one to the other the ring went clear along the line of operators seated at their respective tables, and admired by all of them. Arriving at the upper end of the line, the young lady who last examined it wrapped it up in a small piece of paper, and, calling the check boy, handed it to him, thinking that he knew that it belonged to Miss ——, and that he would hand it to her.

The boy walked to the stove and tossed the valuable little package into the fire. One of the rules of the exchange requires the young ladies, when they sharpen their lead pencils, to gather up the chips in a little paper, call the check boy and have them thrown in the stove.

In the case of the diamond ring, the check boy took it for granted that the package handed him was the pencil chips and tossed it in the stove, in which at the time there was a red hot fire.

Every effort was made to find the ring, but not even the diamond has been recovered. The engaged young girl is inconsolable.—Cincinnati Telegram.

George's Timely Interruption.

"No, George," faltered the maiden, "I fear it cannot be. I admire you as a gentleman, I respect you as a friend, but"——

"Laura," he exclaimed, "before you pass sentence hear me out. A recent lucky stroke in business has enabled me to buy a beautiful home on Prairie avenue, which shall be in your name. I will insure my life for $25,000, and"——

"George," calmly interposed the lovely girl, "you interrupted me. I was about to say that the sentiments of respect and esteem I feel for you, though so strong, are feeble in comparison with the deep love which—which I—which I have long—don't, George, dear!"

For George had interrupted her again.—Chicago Tribune.

GEN. BEN BUTLER'S "SPOONS."

His Story on the Witness Stand Concerning the Famous Silverware.

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler was on the witness stand in Washington the other day in a case brought in the court of claims by the heirs of Gen. David E. Twiggs, of New Orleans, to recover the value of certain property taken by the United States during the military occupation of that city in 1862. Among the property was some silverware, of which the famous spoons constitute a part—the spoons of which so much has been said and so little has been known for twenty-five years.

Gen. Butler has, of course, previously denied that he ever transferred any property in New Orleans to his own pocket, but this is the first time, we believe, that he has been enabled to make a detailed statement under oath as to the disposal of the silverware of which those celebrated spoons formed a part.

After reciting the circumstances of his occupation of the Twiggs mansion, Gen. Butler deposes that when he was relieved of his command he asked his successor, Gen. Banks, to appoint a property commission, which he did. An inventory was then taken of all the property that Gen. Butler and his agents had, and it was turned over to Gen. Banks and a receipt taken for it. As to the particular parcel containing the spoons, Gen. Butler says:

"There is but one article that I have any distinct remembrance of which was in my personal possession. The part of this property not in use was stored in the custom house, where there were large vaults, and among it was a tin box of jewelry, with a most ordinary lock upon it. My property agents at the time brought it to me and said it was very valuable; the custom house vaults were open to everybody and it might be carried off. I thereupon took it from him, sealed it up carefully with the ring which I then wore upon my finger and still wear, and put it into my own safe, and when this inventory was taken I had it receipted for in the words found in the receipt: 'One tin box containing jewelry, sealed.' This property all went into the actual possession of Capt. McClure before I left New Orleans. My property agent had to remain behind to settle up various matters, and I directed him to see to it that the chief quartermaster signed the receipt, which he did on the 1st of January, 1863.

"I have no further personal knowledge of what became of the property."

This particular and detailed statement, made under oath in a United States court, may be presumed to settle finally the once vexed question of what Gen. Butler did with those spoons.—New York Mail and Express.

A Granger in a Big Hotel.

"We had a funny incident only last week. A granger from Indiana strayed into the house and said he'd like to stop until the night train went out. That was just before the dinner hour. When meal time was announced the man from Indiana advanced to the counter and asked where the sink was. I knew what he wanted, and waved my hand in the direction of the washroom. He started off, and in about a minute I heard loud laughter from the people outside in the corridor. On looking out I saw my country friend busily engaged in washing his face at the drinking fountain. I hastened to him to inform him that he had made a mistake, but he met me before I could reach the spot. He presented a ludicrous sight. The water was dripping from his face, head and hands, while his hat, coat and vest lay in a heap on a chair near the fountain. It was too funny, and I, too, joined in the laughter. The old fellow appeared perplexed, but managed to stammer out: 'Whar do ye keep yer towel?' One of the porters then took pity on the old man and led him to the place he wanted, where he finished his toilet. Yes, we see all kinds of people in a hotel, and have some queer experiences," concluded the clerk, as he turned to hand out some writing material to a guest.—Chicago News.

One of New Mexico's Buried Towns.

A few days ago two prospectors, while wandering over the foothills east of the city, accidentally stumbled on signs of previous habitation buried under heaps of sand which had been drifted by the winds of years. Having selected a point at which to make an excavation, they went to work with a will, and in a few hours had reached the floor of a small chamber in the form of a parallelogram. They found the remains of several human beings, several handsome vases carved with geometrical figures in different colors, stone axes, hammers, pieces of cloth apparently manufactured from the fibre of the yucca; several strings of beads, sea shells, arrow heads and an abundance of fragments of obsidian quartz, and an incredible quantity of pieces of broken pottery, including several with a blue glazing. Only in one other instance have we ever heard of this color and quality of ware having been discovered in this territory, and that was at the ancient pueblo near the Santa Rita, in this country, and it indicates that the Spaniards had lived in New Mexico before the extinction of the race who inhabited this ruined and buried village.—Socorro Bullion.

Four Styles of Canal Boats.

It requires intellect to build a canal boat, even if it doesn't seem so. A canal boat never hurries, and people who think they know everything believe that speed is the only thing that requires meditation. Canal boats are built for what they can hold.

There are four styles of them—bullheads, lake boats, scows, steamboats and consorts. The bullhead is the everyday canal boat which impedes the ferries. The laker is a size larger, and can stand a sea. The scow is an old acquaintance, but the steamboats and consorts are new. They have come to revolutionize boating and banish the mule.

There are 3,900 canal boats in commission on the state canals. They keep about 1,400 men and boys busy during the season, and pay them $15 to $36 a month and feed. Boats travel as a rule doubled up—that is, with their two teams pulling both boats.—New York Sun.

You Can't Make Death Cheerful.

"No," said a Brooklyn undertaker, "I can't say that any one has adopted a wreath of flowers as a death signal, as did the Beecher family. You should think it would become fashionable? Well, it might. There are fashions in everything, even undertaking. The idea is right and beautiful, but it isn't likely to grow. You can't make death cheerful. The Chinese are the only people who do. White's their mourning color and flowers and feasts accompany their funerals. They think a man's life only begins when it ends—if that's not too Irish for you. But this country's different. The big knots of black that flutter from bell knobs are not going to vanish yet, and won't this side of the millennium. Yet I'd rather hang up flowers than crape."—New York Sun.

THE WOMEN OF MANILA.

They are Very Handsome and Intelligent.

THEY DRESS PRETTILY, BUT DO NOT LACE

Experts at the Sewing Machine and in Making Toys.

Perhaps one of the most interesting studies in this part of the world is the native and the development of his racial features. Those who are given to the study of physiognomy are impressed at once with the intellectual superiority of the female native over the male. She shows it plainly in her face and manner, and when she speaks it is even more unmistakably apparent. As a rule the native women are modest, industrious, anxious to acquire a knowledge of languages, and make most excellent house servants. They are very expert with the needle and learn music with scarcely an effort; in fact the whole race is naturally musical, and there are probably more really excellent brass bands in Manila than in any other city of its size on the face of the earth. Nearly every district has its brass band, and each regiment of soldiers has one that would do credit to any country. That attached to the artillery regiment received the first prize at the last Paris exposition, and several cities in the orient have bands of natives of the Philippines who furnish the best music to be had.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

Some years ago sewing machines were introduced here and the native women very soon learned to run them as easily as any white woman. Now no well regulated household is completely equipped without a sewing machine and a native woman to run it. An excellent seamstress can be had for twenty cents a day, and nearly every European family has one the year round. Of course, they lose quite a number of days, as the church feasts are numerous and they are most devout in their religious duties; they never work when there is a chance to go to church, so that, taking it altogether, they probably are paid for less than two-thirds of the year.

They live in their own homes—little nipa huts, with one or two rooms—and are in the houses of their employers from about 8 a. m. to 5:30 or 6 p. m. Large numbers of the native women work in the tobacco factories and other manufacturing establishments about the city, while many of them occupy themselves at home, making toys, fancy articles and embroidery for the shops. Some of their toys are very curious and give evidence of wonderful dexterity and delicacy of touch, and are quite as valuable as curios as those of the Chinese or Japanese. Full sets of dolls' furniture, ships, houses, native canoes, carriages, etc., are reproduced in miniature with great expertness and are sold at very low prices.

STREETS FULL OF BEAUTIES.

The natives are a branch of the Malay race, and none are much darker than a very dark brown. They have some of the characteristics of the American Indian, among which are the high cheek bones, which, however, are not as a rule prominent in the female face. A native belle has a bright, expressive face, soft black eyes full of animation, and a mouth that would be beautiful but for a suggestion of sensuality. Yet she is modest and drops her eyes bashfully in the presence of strangers, but has for her intimate friends a smile fascinating in the extreme. And there are many such faces among the natives; one can see them at almost any hour of the day on the streets selling goods of various kinds, returning to or from their places of employment or peeping coyly out of the one window of a nipa hut. These girls are never tall nor awkward, but their forms are just as nature made them, for they are not distorted and deformed by the fashionable dress appliances of civilized life. They are ignorant of the ways of the western world, are guileless and confiding, and it is not strange, considering the class of foreigners who usually come to this far off place, that the Eurasian, or half cast element, is constantly growing.

What would be called Eurasians in other parts of the east are called Mestizos or Mestizas; that is, the offspring of white fathers and native mothers. A fair type of the Spanish Mestiza dress, which is peculiar to this class, consists of a long skirt of heavy silk and a waist and neckkerchief made of the fibers of the pineapple plant and embroidered with white silk linen or cotton. This costume is calculated to greatly enhance the attractiveness of the face and neck, and therefore the Mestizas as a class have a reputation for beauty which they probably would not have if they wore European attire. Some of the skirts are beautifully painted and embroidered and cost fabulous sums, for there are many very wealthy people among the Mestizo class, who, although they could not be welcomed in the best society, form an aristocracy of their own, which is very exclusive.—Manila Letter in St. Louis Republic.

Street Signs in New York.

"What earthly reason is there for street lamps bearing the names of streets to become so depraved that they turn around and deceive innocent strangers?"

The question was asked by an indignant Philadelphian. He was standing at the corner of William and Pine streets. The signs on the lamp indicated with steady malevolence that William was Pine and that Pine was William.

"Every time I come to New York these mendacious lamps mix me up," went on the Philadelphian. "We wouldn't stand it in Philadelphia," he said proudly.

A policeman who was standing by listened to the annoyed gentleman's words and grinned.

"There ain't no earthly reason for it," he said. "It's spooks."

Related to the Whole Crowd.

She was a large, muscular woman with strong features that indicated plainly her prominence in the domestic circle, and he was a little, thin, weak eyed, meek faced man who only came to her shoulders. They sat side by side in a street car, totally oblivious of each other, as long married folks often are. They attracted the attention of two smart young men directly opposite them.

"How funny they must have looked as they stood up to be married," said one. "He must have looked like a lamb led to the slaughter." "Oh," said the other, "he was probably as large as she was in those days. Don't you know a henpecked man actually grows smaller under continued hectoring?" Just then the little man took his market basket from under the seat and left the car alone. She had overheard them, and in anything but dulcet tones she hissed: "Do you think I own any more of these people 'cause I happen to be on the same seat? You thought he was my husband 'cause he sat next me; d'ye think the rest of 'em are my relations too? Mebbe you're my second cousins 'cause you're in the same car?" She was wound up for several blocks further, but the loquacious individuals left the car without waiting to investigate any relationship.—Chicago Journal.

Who Owns the Photograph?

Justice North's decision in a London court that private photographs are private property is a reassertion, or rather a natural application, of a principle which should be familiar. Unscrupulous photographers have claimed the right to sell and exhibit photographs of their customers against their will, and there have been legal opinions confirming this extraordinary view. Thus it has been held that the employment and payment of a photographer to reproduce the features of a private person, for the latter's private purposes, gave the photographer a right to use the negative for the publication of photographs for public sale. Justice North, however, declares the photographer wholly in the wrong, and aptly says that while the negative belongs to the photographer the copyright is vested in the person photographed. This eminently sensible decision should check a practice common abroad. Fortunately, this evil has been less prevalent here, although it exists, and American courts, we believe, have decided that the photographer has no right to make merchandise of the likenesses of private customers.—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

His First Sermon.

A bright young friend of mine who is working his way through the Bates Theological school, and who will some day be a worthy, and, as I believe, a successful worker in the Christian ministry, relates his first experience in "supplying": "I was pretty hard up, and that means considerable to me, for I have never had any troublesome 'surplus' during my course. It looked as if I would have to drop out a while and earn something before I could go on, and I had about concluded to canvass for a book when I got my first chance to supply. You may be sure I accepted it thankfully, for to my mind it promised needed financial aid. The church was some miles out of the city, but I didn't mind that. The next Sunday I hired a livery team and drove out there and delivered my best sermon, and after taking dinner with one of the good deacons, started for home with the contents of the contribution box, which amounted to $1.50. My bill at the livery stable amounted to $2.25, so that I was just 75 cents out of pocket by my first appearance in the pulpit."—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

The Slaughter at Khyber Pass.

One of the most terrible, as it is also one of the most thrilling, tales that history has to tell is recalled by the announcement in the Scottish papers of Miss Edith Brydon's marriage in Inverness cathedral. This lady's father was the famous Dr. Brydon, of the Afghan massacre of January, 1842—the one survivor who, wounded and faint and weary, after a most perilous ride, reached Jellalabad to tell Gen. Sale the piteous story of what had taken place in the Khyber Pass. They were 16,000—or, counting women and children, 26,000—who set out from Cabul on that ill starred journey, and he was the only one who had escaped. Between the dark crags of Jugdullak the murderous Afghans had their fill of blood. The death trap ran with the gore of soldiers, camp followers, women and children alike. Dr. Brydon alone escaped.—New York Telegram.

Boston's Principal Street.

An Omaha man recently arrived in Boston at the Boston and Albany station. The streets of his native city are laid out with regularity, it is well to state, and are of a width commensurate with western lavishness. The man from Omaha entered a hack and asked to be driven to one of the leading down town hotels. The driver proceeded, as had been his wont for years, and had nearly reached his destination when these words from the carriage window greeted him with considerable force and abruptness: "Look here, driver; I'm tired of being driven through all these alleys. You've done nothing but go through them ever since we started. Now, get right on to one of the boulevards so we can get ahead." The driver had enough self possession to stammer in reply: "Why, sir, this is Washington street, our principal street."—Boston Times.

Disconcerting a Witness.

Sir James Scarlett, when practicing at the bar, one day had to examine a witness whose evidence promised to be damaging unless he could be previously confused. The only vulnerable point of the man was said to be his self esteem. The witness, a portly, overdressed person, went into the box and Scarlett took him in hand. "Mr. John Tompkins, I believe?" "Yes." "You are a stock broker?" "I ham." Scarlett regarded him attentively for a few moments, and then said, "And a very fine, well dressed ham you are, sir." The shout of laughter which followed completely disconcerted Mr. Tompkins, and the lawyer's point was gained.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Life in a Nevada Mining Town.

The Virginia City Enterprise gives this picture of life in the mining towns of Nevada. A party of ladies and gentlemen in Sutro wanted to attend the theatre in Virginia City. Starting at the mouth of the Sutro tunnel, at their own doors, they traveled four miles under the mountains to the C. and C. shaft, and then, dismounting from the cars, they boarded the cages in the shaft and were shot upward to the surface, a vertical distance of 1,640 feet, coming out within a stone's throw of the ticket office.

FIELD AND FARM.

Suggestions That are Invaluable to the Farmer.

NOTES ON FRUIT DRYING.

The Orchardist Will Find Matter That Will Interest Him.

In the first place we will state that it is useless to attempt to make first class dried fruit from inferior or even ordinary fresh fruit. To be more explicit, no man wishes to produce a high grade dried fruit, and it should be the aim of every orchardist to do this), then we claim he must begin way back in the early stages of the fruit's growth, in the early spring, we were about to say; but we will go further back into the previous summer when the fruit buds are forming, and say give them good care then, and all the time the trees are in a growing condition until the fruit ripens.

The unreasonable practice of making fruit trees take care of themselves from the time the season's fruit is gathered, until the next spring, may do for those who are willing to take up with a small crop of inferior fruit but the progressive orchardist who wishes to get the best returns for his labor, is willing to do his part of the work, and Mother Nature seldom fails to reward him generously for his pains.

To illustrate this subject more fully, we happen to be acquainted with a painstaking fruit grower who had just turned out as fine a lot of dried apricots as this section affords, and this is how it came about: In the first place, his soil is well adapted to this variety of fruit; next he was wise enough, or fortunate enough to plant the varieties which are known to do best on the Lugonia soil—Hemskirk and Royal. These trees had good care all through the growing season, and when the fruit ripened he did not attempt to clean the trees at one picking, as some have been known to, but went over them carefully every other day, as the case required, picking only such as were fully ripe and well grown and as a result, when the fruit was dried, it was regular in size, well-colored and transparent; qualities which the experienced buyer readily recognizes and is willing to pay the highest price for.

The picking of fruit at the right time, is of more importance than most people seem to imagine, and the careless practice of pulling off green, ripe and overripe fruit at the same time, and putting it all into the same box, should not be tolerated by those who buy the crops for drying. We have found it a good rule in picking fruit to take only such as we would select for eating fresh from the tree. If this rule was followed, the dried fruit market would soon be rid of the black unsightly pieces, which overripe and partially decayed fruit is pretty apt to make, and of the pale, brownish specimens which are sure to result from drying green or half ripened fruit. These failings may have been excusable years ago, for want of experience, but the time has come when the man who produces the best fruit will get the best price, while the careless or indifferent grower will find it difficult to dispose of his fruit at any price.—*C. H. Lathrop.*

THE CURLED LEAF.

The curled leaf (*Ascomyces deformans*), a fungus too well known to most peach growers, has been given several generic names, but is, perhaps, best known as *Ascomyces*. It is now mature, and producing the countless spores which give a glaucous bloom to the distorted leaves. No remedy has been found which promises relief from its ravages, and a circumstance lately observed leads me to fear that its extirpation will be attended by an unexpected difficulty.

At several times during the past few years, leaves and twigs of buckeye (*Æsculus Californica*) have reached me, which were covered with an *Ascomyces*, practically indistinguishable from *A. deformans*, the only difference observed being, perhaps, a slightly more regular narrowing of the asci toward the base. All the specimens sent me, and all that have been observed, so far as I know, have come from the vicinity of infected peach trees. The localities noted are Salmon Falls, El Dorado county; Mormon Island, Sacramento county; San Gregorio Creek, San Mateo county; Scott Creek, near Santa Cruz; and Wildwood Glen, near Saucelito.

The fungus affects the buckeye somewhat differently from the peach. The infected tree usually has one or more rather dense bunches of small twigs, often one or two feet in diameter, the whole mass profoundly diseased, the mycelium ramifying to such an extent that the tender leaves are most frequently killed before the fungus matures, and the mass looks as if it had been dipped in boiling water or killed by a sharp frost. The mycelium evidently persists for years in these twigs and small branches, producing annually a crop of diseased leaves, and does not penetrate to the harder and older wood, for in that case it would be generally diffused. There are usually, besides these diseased bunches, scattered spots of infection upon the leaves in other parts of the tree. The difference in the action of the fungus is probably due to the very brief life of the buckeye leaves. In this State they usually fall in the early summer, the bare, white stems which form a conspicuous feature in so many of our hillside landscapes remaining leafless until the following April. The leaves are thus very apt to fall before the ramifying mycelium reaches the twig; this foot also lessens the danger of their infecting other trees.

The absolute identity of the buckeye *Ascomyces* with that of the peach can only be proved by a series of direct infections of healthy trees. In the meantime we trust our horticultural friends will pay some attention to their buckeyes, and furnish us notes as to the extent to which it prevails in various localities.—*H. W. Harkness, in Zoe.*

Judge Carpenter refused permission to General Butler to address him while on the Bench at Boston. This was due to the fact that outside the court-room Butler has so ridiculed the Judge and his rulings that it would have insured any one less distinguished arrest for contempt.

W. M. Fortescue, late a candidate for Mayor of Leavenworth, Kan., attacked Colonel Anthony on the streets. The latter had not supported the latter during the canvass. Neither was severely injured.

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...failures in monetary and ...ring circles continue in the ...e financial situation is far ...ring in the East, and there ...und for the general uneasi... ...pervades the country, and is ...d by the overflow of gold and ...ondition of the Federal treas...

...Washington correspondent of ...York Press, in an article re... ...he progress of reciprocity ne... ...alludes to the satisfactory ...ained in the Brazilian, ...d Venezuelan treaties, and ...As soon as the Chilean Gov... ...becomes stable the conference between Secretary Blaine and her Minister here will be renewed. A result as gratifying as that reached with Brazil is anticipated. Bolivia, Peru, the Argentine Republic, Ecuador and the rest of the Latin-American confederations have commercial agreements with the United States under consideration. Within a year, it seems safe to predict, many, if not all, of these will be consummated."

Regarding the Immigration Commission about to be sent to Europe, Secretary Foster explains that its purpose is to gather from our Consuls and all other sources as much information as possible on the subject of immigration. He alludes in terms of condemnation to the disposition of officials in many European districts to shift their burdens on this country, and, as in the Chinese invasion, finds the greatest objection arises from the "tramp" steamer traffic. He suggests that if these tramp steamers were obliged to carry back occasionally 50 or 60 per cent of the number of immigrants brought over a stop might be put to the practice.

That was a fearful cyclone that swept away a little settlement near Mexico, Missouri, on Wednesday. When a cyclone lifts up an iron roller, weighing 1200 pounds, and breaks it in pieces we need not marvel that men and women were caught in its wild embrace and dashed to death against flying houses and uprooted trees; nor that a baby was snatched from its father's arms and carried half a mile away. But the wonder is that the infant seems to have escaped with its life. This deadly cyclone is, as far as heard from, responsible for killing outright some fifteen people and maiming many others. How thankful ought the people of this section be when they contemplate such fatal visitations from a land that is exempt from fatal cyclones and destructive tornadoes!

Mashonaland, which the Boers desire to possess, is described by Sir John Willoughby as a country of wonderful fertility, which yields corn, sweet potatoes, beans and tobacco in abundance under the most primitive agricultural methods. There are thousands of square miles of fine grazing land. There is plenty of timber, water is everywhere, the climate is a good one and lovely scenery greets the eye in all directions. Possession of this fine stretch of African territory is not likely to be given up without a struggle. The British Chartered Company has already built forts, laid down railways and opened up telegraphic communication. They have the advantage of possession, but the Boers are of a very aggressive disposition and have not forgotten the successes of the Transvaal.

The Mayor of New Orleans spoke to the Italian offenders brought before him the other day with justifiable severity. When he told them that their threats and attempts to dominate and rule by terrorism would not be tolerated, and that the authorities of the city would use every means afforded them by the law to crush all such offendings and drive out conspirators and terrorizing agencies of hatred and malice, he spoke as became the Executive of the municipality. It was infinitely better than to appeal to the mob spirit and to complain that the law is unequal to its own vindication. Such declarations as the Mayor made on the occasion referred to will tend to discourage resort to violence, and to inspire the people with confidence in the law and in the power of its agencies to protect them and punish offenders.

...os Angeles is in some danger of ... the reputation which she has ...quired of being a law-abiding ...ing the last four days we ...wo sensational murders, ..., in the back room of the Carleton saloon, night before last, is mysterious in the extreme. According to the most careful investigation, the crime must have been committed about nine or half past nine o'clock, in a little cardroom adjoining the billiard room, which was crowded during the entire evening and up to the time of the discovery of the body. This apartment was being constantly passed and repassed by the patrons of the saloon. Miller could even be heard to snore. And yet there was apparently no intimation of the deadly incident to any one on the outside. Two mysterious disappearances complete the record of the four days.

Chinese Ideas About God.

A young lady who teaches Sunday school lessons to two Chinese boys in an Episcopal church on Fifth avenue, speaking of her work, said: "My two sons of the Flowery Kingdom can speak but little English, but I really think they have a good idea of Christ and his mission on earth. They seem very apt at learning, and kneel and stand up at the proper time during church services. Both of them wear queues, though, and would not part from them for any consideration. It took me a long time to make them understand that Christ was divine. They imagined I had reference merely to his goodness. At first they imagined he was an idol that had been found over eighteen hundred years ago at Bethlehem, in Judea, and had been buried, after being exposed on the cross, and then stolen and hidden by those who worshipped the idol. It was hard to get them away from the Joss idea.

"They speak English so imperfectly I think that is a drawback to their rapid advancement. One of them asked me if God was buried in Judea, as well as his son. When I explained that they lived above the clouds an incredulous look came upon the boys' faces, and one said, 'Melican men hab tings way up.' I could not deny that we worshipped a being far above us, but all around us. How long did it take me to make them understand the divinity of Christ? Well, nearly four years. They are bright boys."—New York Herald.

The Average Man.

One of the most galling tyrannies of modern life is that of the "average man." Who ever saw the average man? Is any one acquainted with any one who ever did? Has any one any reason to believe that the average man ever existed? The fact of the matter is that the average man is a myth. He never did and never will exist. He is a philosophical abstraction, a stage property of the metaphysician, a straw man set up to be worshiped or reviled, as the case may be. Yet people always bow down to him and talk in whispers about his thoughts, his moods, his needs and desires. They are rejoiced when he is supposed to smile, and are cast down when he frowns.

Statisticians burn the midnight oil in order to "do sums" about him. Statesmen give up their lives to his service. Political economists look solemn as they take his measure. Physicians explain how he may keep well, and preachers adjust the message of the gospel to his comprehension. Yet, of all the myriads of men who have ever lived each one differs more or less from the supposed average man. Who will deliver the world from the tyrannical rule of the average man? —Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Doomed Duet.

Singers who "murder" music are usually considered more guilty than the music is. The provoked Cincinnati judge was not blaming the music, however, when he turned the metaphor the other way.

His daughter and a young gentleman caller frequently indulge in tuneful vocal practice over the piano, and when they get together in the parlor the judge gets in as remote a part of the house as possible in order to avoid what he terms the uproar. One evening they had been even more devoted than usual to their music, and on the following morning the judge inquired of his daughter:

"What on earth was all that racket you and your caller were making in the parlor last evening?"

"Why, papa, Sam and I were trying a new duet."

"Trying a new duet, were you? Well, from what I heard I should judge that you found it guilty and inflicted the heaviest penalty on it."—New York Times.

An Old New Orleans Custom.

If you have plenty time to loaf and observe everything that passes before your gaze you will notice on nearly every post in the French quarters there are little hand bills tacked up and bearing the heading "Decede." Beneath this there is additional printing, all, however, in French. These are death notices, which seemed to be used instead of the newspapers to announce the invincible hand. They state the hour of the funeral, etc., and the name of the deceased.

As a general thing these notices are tacked up all over the French section in an hour after the person has died. I noticed several upon which the printers' ink had scarcely dried, and which announced the demise of some unfortunate which had taken place only a few minutes before.—New Orleans Cor. Richmond Dispatch.

Neatly Caught.

The following is told of a judge before whom a man was being tried for stealing a gold watch from a woman as she was entering a 'bus. The man declared the watch was his, and the woman was mistaken in identifying it as hers. Suddenly the judge asked:

"Where's the key?"

The prisoner fumbled in his pockets, and said he must have left it at home. The judge asked him if he wound the watch frequently with the key, and he said "Yes."

Then a key was procured, watch and key were handed to the prisoner, and he was told to wind the watch. He opened the case but could not find any place to use the key, because the watch was a keyless one. The sentence was five years.—London Tit-Bits.

The Thoughtful Manager.

Mrs. De Style (in theatre box)—What was this placard, "No Loud Talking," put in our box for?

Mrs. Forundred (after reflection)—I presume the manager left it here so we could show it to the people on the stage when their chatter interrupts our conversation.—New York Weekly.

A GRAVEYARD DANCE.

GHOSTLY CEREMONY WITNESSED IN A JAPANESE CEMETERY.

A Four Days' Feast for Legendary Spirits. Burying Grounds Richly and Luxuriously Decorated with Garlands and Tempting Viands.

Dr. G. H. Colton Salter, who for many years was United States consul in Japan and afterward entered the Chinese government service, gazed thoughtfully into the glowing embers in the grate and after a short pause told the following tale:

The many stories published about Indian ghost dances and the Messiah craze remind me of one of the most remarkable incidents I have ever witnessed during my long career in the Orient, and I am sure there are but few Americans or Europeans who have had the opportunity to see the sights of which I am going to tell.

The native religion of the Japanese is, as you know, Buddhism, and there is no creed which is as full of superstition. Some of the ancient beliefs of the Buddhists are calculated to frighten the faithful and vividly portray the horrible punishment that awaits the sinful man after he closes his earthly career, while others, with charming simplicity, show that the greatest aim of the Hindoo religion is the release from existence.

The doctrine of the transmigration of souls and a hope for a better fate in a future life are the principal foundations upon which Buddhism rests. Nagasaki, where I resided for many years, was famed for the splendid festivals in honor of Buddah, or Gautama, the founder of the religion. Owing to the work of missionaries and the consequent spread of Christianity in Japan, many of the religious fetes are no longer publicly observed, and the one of which I am about to speak had its last grand celebration in 1886, just before I left Nagasaki.

DECORATED GRAVEYARDS.

It is called the Matsidri and was held during the last week in August or the first week in September, continuing four days. These days were set aside for the reception of the spirits of the dead, who, according to a legendary belief, return once a year to their old homes. For many weeks previous to the festival preparations had been in progress. The houses of the believers had all been carefully swept, cleaned and polished, and the home altars, which are to be found in every native house, had been redecorated and refurnished. The interior of all the buildings had been profusely adorned with flowers, the streets had been repaired and the whole city was clothed in holiday attire.

On the morning of the first day the dead were received with much ceremony in the graveyard, which is in a beautiful grove. Each mound was profusely decorated with lighted lanterns and garlands of many colored paper; globes hung from tree to tree. On the top of every grave food of the daintiest kind was spread in a tempting manner and in quantities sufficient to appease the appetites of an army of the hungriest kind of ghosts. On mats spread about the graves sat all the living descendants of the person who had been buried in that particular spot. Not a single tomb was neglected. If in the course of years the family of any one of the silent sleepers had completely died out his grave had been embellished and supplied by strangers.

The spirits were supposed to arrive and depart by water from the sea, and for four days and nights the living commune with their dead and were with them in spirit. The souls of the departed were supposed to hover around the tombs like substantial visible beings, and they were treated with every attention due to sacred and distinguished visitors from the other world.

The night of the second day was devoted to a grand terpsichorean entertainment or spirit dance, and the graveyard was transformed for once into a ball room, where ghostly dancers were supposed to hold revelry.

A SPLENDID SIGHT.

The scenes made a strong and everlasting impression on me. The night was perfect, the moon was at its full and the air was fragrant with the perfumes of thousands of flowers. Myriads of lights were flickering on the hillsides which surround the city, and the colored lanterns swayed gently to and fro, keeping time to the chimes of the silvery bells in the temple tower, which furnished the music for the mystic entertainment. Around an artificial lake in the center of the graveyard the people knelt in silent devotion, worshiping on the shrine of Buddha, whose emblem, the lotus flower, rose from the middle of the lake.

Every one of the four days and nights brought new surprises and ceremonies, many of the latter being held in the temple, the doors of which were closed and guarded against the entrance of infidels. On the last night—or the night of nights, as it was called—a grand procession finished the festival. The people marched in parade to escort their spirit visitors to the water front, where they were to depart.

Boatmen carried on their shoulders a gigantic craft built of wood and straw, in which the dead were supposed to be seated, and which was to convey them back to spirit land and to Ohata, the great father beyond the sea. This boat, which is called Fukuy, was a masterpiece of Japanese carpentry. It was ninety feet long and had a stately mast with a huge sail which bore in native characters the inscription, "Naidinamawidi," a word which is symbolic of Gautama's greatness.

This boat, artistically and richly decorated, was launched with much ceremony after the last spirit had been embraced and, figuratively speaking, had taken his seat on board. It was then pushed out into the sea, and drifting away was finally carried out of sight by the tide. And so ended the last festival of Matsidri ever held publicly in Nagasaki, and the most splendid religious celebration I ever witnessed.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Early Icehouses.

In America icehouses have been known for at least 200 years. They were at first very primitive affairs, being nothing more than deep cellars, the flooring made of boards or stone, upon which was placed a layer of straw or sawdust. The sides were lined with boards set about a foot from the wall, and this space was filled in with sawdust, tanbark or straw. A rough, thatched roof completed the structure, which was then filled with ice, between the layers of which tanbark or sawdust was strewed.

Married Lovers.

The affectionate man, who sits with his arm on the back of the seat when he rides in the cars with his wife, is always open to the suspicion that somewhere in the recesses of his self esteem he considers himself a sadly henpecked individual, and is excessively attentive to his better half in public places for the simple purpose of side tracking any intimation of such a state of affairs that might be apparent if he didn't do his half of the acting.

But the exquisite way a friend of mine directed his pretty wife where to go the other day as they parted at a crowded street corner contained no such intimation, inasmuch as he put in the word "dear" wherever he could catch his breath, and concluded with, "Don't forget, dear, to take a car at Park square, dear, and remember that the number is three hundred, dear, and thirty-seven." —Boston Globe.

Sudden.

Presence of mind is not always monopolized by the brave and wise, nor is it uniformly cultivated for great and good purposes.

Several of the pupils in a certain "backwoods" district determined not to study geography. The teacher believed that they were old enough to begin the subject, and accordingly called one of the oldest boys to her desk and spoke to him about the necessity of a knowledge of his own and other countries.

"I sha'n't study g'ography till I git ready!" growled the youngster.

The teacher rose quickly and seized him by the collar, intending to shake him, when the young rascal hastily added, "But I am ready now!"—Youth's Companion.

This Can Be Done on Nearly Every Farm.

Given a flow of 100 gallons of water per minute and plenty of liver and scraps thrown in, and you can raise 1,000 pounds of trout in a pond 10 feet deep, 10 feet long and ten feet broad, replacing them with small ones as rapidly as they reach marketable size. It can be done very profitably too. The time is looked forward to, and it is not far away, when every farmer will look upon an acre of water as he does upon an acre of land, expecting so much yearly yield from it, whether it is pond, lake, river or estuary. —Washington Star.

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Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

Sang Bile FORTUNES have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time, big money for workers. Entire unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 PORTLAND, MAINE.

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York.

OFFICIAL.

NOTICE OF

Sheriff's Sale,

ON FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGES.

E. H. EDWARDS, Plaintiff, vs. WM. F. MATLACK, Administrator of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased Defendant.

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER of sale and decree of foreclosure, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, on the 15th day of November, 1890, in an action wherein E. H. Edwards was Plaintiff and Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, was Defendant, and in which said last above mentioned action, E. H. Edwards, the above named Plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, Defendant, on the 15th day of November, 1890, for the sums of $1810.02 and $1171.49, gold coin of the United States, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of $5981.51, gold coin as aforesaid, which said decree was, on that 15th day of November, 1890, recorded in Judgment Book 1 of said Court at page 286, (Wm. F. Matlack, Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, the above named Defendant, was by an order of said Superior Court duly made and entered on the 14th day of May, 1891 substituted as Defendant in said action in the place and stead of said Thomas Parker, now deceased.) I am commanded to sell, to satisfy said judgment and decree for the said sum of $1810.02, all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a point twenty chains East of the North-west Section corner of Section No. twenty-eight, in Township No. fifteen South of Range No. thirty six, East, Mt. Diablo Base and Meridian, (magnetic variation fifteen degrees and fifteen minutes East) thence south thirteen and ninety one-hundredths chains to North-west corner of Josiah G. Dodge's land; thence North, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, twenty two and thirty-one one-hundredths chains to Brewery street in the town of Lone Pine; thence North, twenty one degrees and forty minutes West, twenty-one one hundredths chains; thence South, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes West, eight and ten one-hundredths chains; thence North eight and forty-eight one hundredths chains to North line of Section No. twenty-eight; thence West thirteen and twenty-nine one-hundredths chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing fifteen and one-half acres.

Also a lot of land lying East of the last described tract and on the Wm. L. Moore tract of land North-west of the town of Lone Pine beginning at the North east corner of said last described tract, thirty three and twenty-nine one-hundredths chains East of the North-west corner of Section twenty-eight in Township Fifteen South, of Range Thirty-six East, of Mount Diablo Meridian, at an iron post set in the ground; thence, South eight and forty-eight one-hundredths chains to the lane from the last described tract of land to the town of Lone Pine; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, eight and seventy one one-hundredths chains to the East side of Brewery street in said town; thence, South twenty-one degrees and forty minutes East, fifty one-hundredths chains to the North line of Corral street in said town; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, seven and eighty-seven one hundredths chains to the West line of Main street in said town; thence, North twenty-one degrees and forty minutes West, three and nineteen one-hundredths chains to Section line of said Section twenty-eight; thence, West fifteen chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing eight and seventy-five one hundredths acres.

Also lots Nos. two, three, and the North half of lot six, in block No. 13, upon which is a house; and the fractional part of lots Nos. six, seven and eight in block No. 1 in the town of Lone Pine, in said County and State, as the same are known and designated on the plat of said town now on file in the Recorder's office of said County.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

I am also commanded to sell, to satisfy said judgment and decree for the sum of $1171.49, all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

The East half of the South-west quarter and the West half of the South-east quarter of Section No. twenty-one, in Township No. fifteen, South, of Range No. thirty six, East, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on Saturday the 6th day of June, 1891, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House in the County of Inyo, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell separately the above described property, or so much thereof, as may be necessary to satisfy said Plaintiff's judgment, with interest and costs etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 15th day of May, 1891.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff of Inyo County.
By D. HOLLAND,
Under-Sheriff.

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 14th day of May, 1891, in the matter of the estate of John R. Hughes, deceased, the undersigned, the Executor of the last will and testament of John R. Hughes deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on Saturday, the 6th day of June, 1891, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John R. Hughes, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said John R. Hughes at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

An undivided one-half interest in and to the the South half of Lot Number Seven (7), in Block Number Five (5), as the same is known and designated on the official plat of the said town of Lone Pine, now on file in the office of the County Recorder of said Inyo county.

Bids or offers must be in writing and will be received at the residence of the undersigned, about six miles south of the town of Independence, Cal., or delivered to said Executor personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States, ten percent. of the purchase money to be paid to the said Executor on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at expense of purchaser. W. L. HUNTER.

Executor of the last Will and Testament of John R. Hughes, deceased.

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Executor.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.

Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.

☞All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics Hall," Lone Pine.

FRED BURKHARDT.

OFFICIAL.

Notice of Election.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Stevens Ditch Company will be held at the office of the Company, in the town of Independence, Inyo county, Cal., on

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891,

At the hour of One o'clock in the afternoon of that day. That at said meeting there will be held an election to elect Five Directors of said Company for the ensuing year. And also to transact such other business as may properly come before said Annual Meeting.

P. H. MACK,
Secretary.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of JOHN LUCAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office in the town of Lone Pine, Inyo county, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said Inyo county, State of California. E. H. EDWARDS,

Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased.

Dated May 5th, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PETER DIECKSON, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of PETER DIECKSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Lone Pine, in the county of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated April 18th, 1891.

JOHN F. LUBKEN,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A.D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed Flooring.
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P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal.
P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, MAY 29 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98½
Lead, 4 35
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20.40
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence, 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

Service of song entitled "The Roll Call", will be given at Independence on Sunday, the 31st.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

FRIDAY, May 22, 1891.

Clara A. Scott vs. Rufus W. Scott—Filed complaint and issued summons.

WEDNESDAY, May 27, 1891.

Estate of John Mullane, deceased—Filed proof of publication.

MARRIED.

CHESS—GRAHAM At Rocker, Montana, May 19, 1891. Mr. Frank G. Chess to Miss Mattie Graham.

DIED.

CROUGH—At Big Pine, May 24, 1891, Daniel Crough, a native of Massachusetts, aged 34 years.

RODRIGUES—At Lone Pine, May 26, 1891, Casimero Rodriguez, a native of Mexico, aged 60 years.

Martin Mee came up from Lone Pine yesterday.

About $250 has been subscribed for the Fourth of July celebration.

Gus Stevens and J. J. Stewart were up from Lone Pine yesterday.

J. W. Murphy has been confined to his room for the last three days.

Mr. John Clarke and wife, of Bishop, were at Independence on Tuesday last.

Jake Miller and Bill Withrow left for Big Pine this morning to take in the Ball there to-night.

Lem. Baxter was examined before Judge Gill last Saturday on a charge of grand larceny and was discharged.

Hon. P. Reddy is expected down on to-day's train. He will go to Keeler to-day, thence to Darwin to-morrow.

P. W. Forbes, Esq., went to Bishop on Wednesday and First Officer Densmore is navigating the Ship of State.

H. Osborne, of the Los Angeles *Express*, has been appointed Collector at the port of Wilmington.

Quite a number of people were down from Big Pine early in the week to attend the funeral of the late D. Crough.

T. F. A. Connelly, Robt, Love and W. A. Chalfant came down from Bishop on Monday's train returning next day.

James C. Crocker has gone to Bakersfield and will probably be occupied for some time attending to business interests there.

Mr. Frank Fitzgerald, of Modock, accompanied by Miss Stella Meysan, of Lone Pine, paid Independence a short visit on Thursday.

Mrs. J. W. P. Laird went to Bishop last Sunday on a visit with relatives and friends previous to her removal to join Mr. Laird at Bakersfield.

It is said that Jim Keene, after losing $13,000,000 is again recuperating his fallen fortunes and is likely to be again a power in Wall street.

O. I. Mairs has cleared a tract of new ground at the Post and seeded it with potatoes. The soil is a light, sandy loam and should produce an excellent crop.

J. J. Stewart has just returned from a visit to Kernville. His wife and children accompanied him over and will remain on a visit for the Summer with her brothers, John and Israel Rittgers.

There should be a culvert put in the County Road about a mile east of the Meyers ranch at Georges Creek. With this exception the road from Independence to Lone Pine is in excellent condition.

A number of Independence people will go to Big Pine this afternoon to attend the opening ball given by Thos. Williams. The Mono colony at Bishop, all old friends of Mr. Williams, will be down in full force. A good time is sure to be enjoyed.

This season is the most backward ever known in Owens Valley. A most unusual amount of rain has fallen and the weather has been very cold. Small grains are thriving and will produce large crops, but as yet very little corn has been planted.

Jake Shoemaker and Charley Huile have leased the Black Rock sawmill from C. B. Rawson and are busily engaged getting ready to start up. The logging roads have been badly washed out and the flume is out of repair, consequently it will be some time before the saws are started.

Mr. Frank G. Chess and Miss Mattie Graham were united by marriage on the 19th of May, at Rocker, Montana. Frank was a resident of Owens Valley for some time, and was employed as a clerk in Mr. Eibeshutz's store at Independence, and at the store of Given & Ingalls in Bishop. The many friends Frank made while here join us in wishing him a pleasant journey on the sea of matrimony.

The Native Sons have made a thorough canvas during the week and have determined to go ahead with a Fourth of July celebration. The business men have subscribed liberally and a good programme will be presented. There will be a grand ball, with new features, on Friday night, July 4th, and a ball game and children's sports on Saturday. A full programme will be published next week.

A Good Work

The town of Big Pine is enjoying quite a temperance boom. There is a strong lodge organized there with a membership of about ninety. There are many active members that are alert to organize and carry through any movement that will create an interest in the Lodge workings. Last Friday night there was held what is known as a "medal contest." The Demorests, of the magazine of that name published in New York, sent out to lodges a nicely engraved silver medal and two books containing recitations, poems etc. Not less than eight members must enter the contest, and must recite some selection from either book. Judges are appointed, and the person acquitting themselves most creditably receives the medal. The following named were the contestants last Friday evening. Misses Mattie Wallace, Carrie Gregg, Tiny McDonald, Eva Bodle, Nancy Bodle, Ida Hall and Clara Eldred and Master Freeman Mitchell. On summing up the credits each one redeived, the award was made to Miss Mattie Wallace amid much applause. By the conditions governing contes's Miss Wallace will be debarred from future contests until at least seven silver medals have been won by other members. When this has been done a gold medal is sent, and the eight holders of silver medals contest for it, and similarly, holders of eight gold medals contest for a diamond medal. Not less than one month must elapse between each contest. On Saturday the Lodge gave a pic-nic in the grove on the old Jones' ranch which was well attended, and a splendid time enjoyed. A platform was erected, and those who wished had the pleasure of dancing in the open air. There were recitations, singing and other diversions, and the day passed away most agreeably. Besides affording amusement to many people these gatherings serve to keep alive interest in Lodge matters and to increase the membership.

C. & C. Railroad.

The annual meeting of the Carson & Colorado Railroad Company was held at Hawthorne, Nevada, on Thursday, the 11th inst., at which the following Directors were elected to serve for the year ensuing;

H. M. Yerington, D. L. Bliss, W. D. Tobey and D. A. Bender of Carson, Nev.; John Forbes of Hawthorne, Nevada; Lloyd Tevis of San Francisco, S. P. Smith of Sacramento.

The officers chosen were: H. M. Yerington President and General Superintendent, D. L. Bliss Vice President, S. P. Smith Treasurer, D. A. Bender Secretary.

The General Superintendent made the following appointments: Robert J. Laws Assistant Superintendent and Chief Engineer, D. A. Bender General Freight and Passenger Agent, E. B. Yerington Assistant Secretary, Geo. T. Mills Paymaster and Auditor, Hume Yerington Purchasing Agent, A. M. Ardery Superintendent of Telegraph, C. P. Mengel Train Dispatcher, J. H. McBride Roadmaster, James Quinn, Master Machinist, Chas. A. Brulin, Master Car Builder, Joseph Castle Master Painter, Hon. W. M. Stewart Attorney.

Silver to the Front.

Major F. M. Huffaker yesterday received the following letter from Senator Stewart:

"I find the gold monometalists are making a desperate effort to influence public opinion and bury the silver issue.

"Since Congress adjourned I have been doing all I could, in the way of writing letters and circulating documents, to keep the silver question before the country. It is a subject that cannot be ignored, if the friends of silver will continue to exert themselves to hold it to the front. It will be a live issue at the next Congress, when a free-coinage bill will pass both houses. Its fate when it reaches the Executive is uncertain. It may be vetoed, and in that event it is possible we will have enough votes to pass it over the veto. At all events, I believe we can make it the paramount issue in 1892. I have no doubt of ultimate success."—*Enterprise.*

Death of Daniel Crough.

Daniel Crough died at Big Pine on Sunday afternoon about 3 o'clock. He had been confined to his bed for about six weeks, and on the morning of the day of his death he seemed to be rallying, and was much brighter than he had been for some time past. After noon he sank rapidly and died as stated. Dan came to this valley in 18 and has resided here constantly since then. He graduated from the State Normal School and made teaching his life work. He was a member of the Board of Education for a number of years. He had been a member of Inyo Lodge, No. 301, I. O. O. F., and that fraternity took charge of the funeral obsequies. He was buried at Independence on Tuesday, a long concourse of people following the remains to the grave, many of whom had been his pupils. He leaves a widow and two little daughters to mourn his early death.

Fair Directors' Meeting.

The Fair Directors met at Independence on Monday evening, all present except W. S. Enos. The books were examined by a special committee and reported upon. A note held by the Association against Jacob Vagt was ordered canceled in consideration of Mr. Vagt not pushing an agreement made by the Directors to use track constructed by him. He also agreeing to put his track in suitable condition for training purposes. The Fifth Annual Fair will be held at Bishop from September 29th to October 2d inclusive. A premium and speed programme was ordered printed for distribution and an advertisement inserted in the four papers of the District.

"HEALTH, Grace, Beauty" (illustrated with 23 engravings) is the title of an interesting article in the June number of *Demorest's Family Magazine*. The article is from the pen of Professor E. B. Warman the leading exponent of Delsartean Philosophy in this country, who is at present lecturing in the cities on the Pacific Coast. This superb Magazine contains something to interest every member of the family, and is profusely illustrated with over 200 fine engravings. Single copies are 20 cents, and may be had of newsdealers everywhere, or the publisher, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 E. 14th St., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Opening BALL!

There will be a

SOCIAL "HOP"

—AT THE—

Big Pine Hotel,

—ON—

Friday Eve, May 29.

Good music will be furnished and all are cordially invited to attend. Tickets, including supper, $2.00.

For Sale.

A well established butcher business in Independence. No opposition. A good substantial butcher shop with ice house, or refrigerator attached. All tools and implements necessary for carrying on the business. Also a comfortable dwelling on lot adjoining shop. Four large rooms and kitchen. Shop and dwelling are both new and in good condition. The entire property must be included in purchase and terms cash. Apply to

J. C. ROEPER.
Independence, Cal.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

J. W. Murphy.

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE AND REPAIRED.

THE BEST MATERIAL.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Fepairs done Promptly.

Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence,

Grand Fourth of July Celelebration under the auspices of the N. S. G. W. July Fourth, 1891. Full programme next week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS & HILL,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL,

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n4761f

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines, Liquors, & Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK

BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points

Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE SEWART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

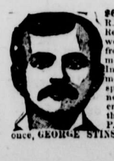
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,

Big Pine, Cal.



$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m.
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2 05 p. m.	2 50 p. m.
Hawthorne	5.50 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9.55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m.
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7.55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m.	5:25 p. m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.	1:55 a. m.
Basaop Creek	2:00p. m.	11:00 a. m.
Alvord	2.45 p. m.	10:00 a. m.
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m.
Lone Pine	5:10p. m.	7:40 a. m.
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m.

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Friday
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., and connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (36 miles); Bodie (65 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leave on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOL

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE

Blacksmith Shop

R. C. Spear, Prop'r

—ALL WORK ON—

MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS

—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—

HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING

All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES,

LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 tf

THE SPLENDID SPUR.

Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

"Your highness," pleaded the unhappy man, "if, to please you, I sang that idocy, which, for fifty years now, I had forgotten"——

"Exc'll'nt shong," says Prince Rupert, waking up; "less have't again!"

To be short, 10 o'clock was striking from St. Mary's spire when, with a prince on either side of me and thirty guineas in my pocket (which was all the loose gold he had), I walked forth from Master Carter's door. To make up the deficiency their highnesses had insisted on furnishing me with a suit made up from the simplest in their joint wardrobes—riding boots, breeches, buff coat, sash, pistols, cloak and feathered hat, all of which fitted me excellently well. By the doors of Christ church, before we came to the south gate, Prince Rupert, who had been staggering in his walk, suddenly pulled up and leaned against the wall.

"Why, odd's my life, we've forgot a horse for him!" he cried.

"Indeed, your highness," I answered, "if my luck holds the same I shall find one by the road." (How true this turned out you shall presently hear.)

There was no difficulty at the gate, where the sentry recognized the two princes, and opened the wicket at once. Long after it had closed behind me, and I stood looking back at Oxford towers, all bathed in the winter moonlight, I heard the two voices roaring away up the street:

"It was a frog leaped into a pool!"

At length they died into silence; and, hugging the king's letter in my breast, I stepped briskly forward on my travels.

CHAPTER IV.

I TAKE THE ROAD.

So puffed up was I by the condescension of the two princes and my head so busy with big thoughts that not till I was over the bridges and climbing the high ground beyond South Hinckley, with a shrewd northeast wind at my back, could I spare time for a second backward look. By this the city lay spread at my feet, very delicate and beautiful in a silver network, with a black clump or two to southward, where the line of Bagley trees ran below the hill. I pulled out the letter that Anthony had given me. In the moonlight the brown smear of his blood was plain to see, running across the superscription:

"To our trusty and well beloved Sir Ralfth Hopton, at our Army in Cornwall—these."

'Twas no more than I looked for; yet the sight of it and the king's red seal quickened my step as I set off again. And I cared not a straw for Dr. Kettle's wrath on the morrow.

Having no desire to fall in with any of the royal outposts that lay around Abingdon, I fetched well away to the west, meaning to shape my course for Faringdon, and so into the great Bath road. 'Tis not my purpose to describe at any length my itinerary, but rather to reserve my pen for those more moving events that overtook me later. Only in the uncertain light I must have taken a wrong turn to the left (I think near Besselsleigh) that led me round to the south; for, coming about daybreak to a considerable town, I found it to be, not Faringdon, but Wantage. There was no help for it, so I set about inquiring for a bed. The town was full, and already astir with preparations for for cattle fair; and neither at the "Bear" nor the "Three Nuns" was there a bed to be had. But at length at the "Boot" tavern—a small house—I found one just vacated by a couple of drovers, and having cozened the chambermaid to allow me a clean pair of sheets, went up stairs very drowsily, and in five minutes was sleeping sound.

I awoke amid a clatter of voices, and beheld the room full of womankind.

"He's waking," said one.

"'Tis a pity, too, to be afflicted thus—and he such a pretty young man!"

This came from the landlady, who stood close, her hand shaking my shoulder roughly.

"What's amiss?" I asked, rubbing my eyes.

"Why, 'tis three of the afternoon."

"Then I'll get up, as soon as you retire."

"Lud! we've been trying to wake thee this hour past; but 'twas sleep—sleep!"

"I'll get up, I tell you."

"Thought thee'd ha' slept through the bed and right through to the floor," said the chambermaid by the door, tittering.

"Unless you pack and go I'll step out amongst you all!"

Whereat they fled with mock squeals, calling out that the very thought made them blush, and left me to dress.

Down stairs I found a giant's breakfast spread for me, and ate the whole, and felt the better for it, and thereupon paid my scot, resisting the landlady's endeavor to charge me double for the bed, and walked out to see the town.

"Take care o' thysel'," the chambermaid bawled after me; "nor flourish thy attainments abroad, lest they put thee in a show!"

Dark was coming on fast; and to my chagrin (for I had intended purchasing a horse) the buying and selling of the fair were over, the cattle pens broken up, and the dealers gathered round the fiddlers, ballad singers and gingerbread stalls. There were gaming booths, too, driving a brisk trade at shovel board, all fours and costly colors; and an eating tent, whence issued a thick reek of cooking and a rattle of plates. Over the entrance, I remember, was set a notice: "Dame Allaway, from Bartholomew fair. Here are the best geese, and she does them as well as ever she did." I jostled my way along, keeping tight hold on my pockets, for fear of cut purses; when presently, about half way down the street, there arose the noise of shouting. The crowd made a rush towards it; and in a minute I was left alone, standing before a juggler who had a sword half way down his throat, and had to draw it out again before he could with any sufficiency curse the defection of his audience; but offered to pull out a tooth for me if I wanted it.

I left him, and, running after the crowd, soon learned the cause of this tumult.

It was a meager old rascal that some one had charged with picking pockets; and they were dragging him off to be ducked. Now in the heart of Wantage the little stream that runs through the town is widened into a cistern about ten feet square and five in depth, over which hung a ducking stool for scolding wives. And since the townspeople draw their water from this cistern, 'tis to be supposed they do not fear the infection. A long beam on a pivot hangs out over the pool, and to the end is a chair fastened, into which, despite his kicks and screams, they now strapped this poor wretch, whose gray locks might well have won mercy for him.

Souse! he was plunged; hauled up choking and dripping; then—just as he found tongue to shriek—souse! again.

'Twas a dismal punishment; and this time they kept him under for a full half minute. But as the beam was lifted again, I heard a hullabaloo and a cry:

"The bear! the bear!"

And, turning, I saw a great brown form lumbering down the street behind, and driving the people before it like chaff.

The crowd at the brink of the pool scattered to right and left, yelling. Up flew the beam of the ducking stool, relieved of their weight, and down with a splash went the pickpocket at the far end. As well for my own skin's sake as out of pity to see him drowning I jumped into the water. In two strokes I reached him, gained footing, and with Anthony's sword cut the straps away and pulled him up. And there we stood, up to our necks, coughing and spluttering, while on the deserted brink the bear sniffed at the water and regarded us.

No doubt we appeared contemptible enough, for after a time he turned with a louder sniff and went his way lazily up the street again. He had broken out from the pit wherein, for the best part of the day, they had baited him, yet seemed to bear little malice. For he sauntered about the town for an hour or two, hurting no man, but making a clean sweep of every sweet stall in his way, and was taken at last very easily, with his head in a treacle cask, by the bear ward and a few dogs.

Meanwhile the pickpocket and I had scrambled out by the further bank and wrung our clothes. He seemed to resent his treatment no more than did the bear.

"Ben cove—'tis a good world. My thanks!"

And with this scant gratitude he was gone, leaving me to make my way back to the sign of "The Boot," where the chambermaid led me upstairs and took away my clothes to dry by the fire. I determined to buy a horse on the morrow, and with my guineas and the king's letter under the pillow dropped off to slumber again.

My powers of sleep must have been noised abroad by the hostess, for next morning at the breakfast ordinary the dealers and drovers laid down knife and fork to stare as I entered. After a while one or two lounged out and brought in others to look, so that soon I was in a ring of stupid faces, all gazing like so many cows.

For a while I affected to eat undisturbed, but lost patience at last and addressed a red headed gazer:

"If you take me for a show you ought to pay."

"That's fair," said the fellow, and laid a groat on the board. This came near to putting me in a passion, but his face was serious. "'Tis a real pleasure," he added heartily, "to look on one so gifted."

"If any of you," I said, "could sell me a horse"——

At once there was a clamor, all bidding in one breath for my custom. So, finishing my breakfast, I walked out with them to the tavern yard, where I had my pick among the sorriest looking dozen of nags in England, and finally bought from the red haired man, for five pounds, bridle, saddle and a flea bitten gray that seemed more honestly raw boned than the rest. And the owner wept tears at parting with his beast, and thereby added a pang to the fraud he had already put upon me. And I rode from the tavern door suspecting laughter in the eyes of every passer by.

The day ('twas drawing near noon as I started) was cold and clear, with a coating of rime over the fields; and my horse's feet rang cheerfully on the frozen road. His pace was of the soberest; but, as I was no skillful rider, this suited me rather than not. Only it was galling to be told so, as happened before I had gone three miles.

'Twas my friend the pickpocket; and he sat before a fire of dry sticks a little way back from the road. His scanty hair, stiff as a badger's, now stood upright around his battered cap, and he looked at me over the bushes, with his hooked nose thrust forward like a bird's beak.

"Bien lightmans, comrade—good day! 'Tis a good world; so stop and dine."

I pulled up my gray.

"Glad you find it so," I answered; "you had a nigh chance to compare it with the next last night."

"Sha'n't do so well i' the next, I fear," he said, with a twinkle; "but I owe thee something, and here's a hedgehog that in five minutes 'll be baked to a turn. 'Tis a good world, and the better that no man can count on it. Last night my dripping duds helped me to a cant tale, and got me a sliver penny from a man of religion. Good's in the worst; and life's like hunting the squirrel—a man gets much good exercise thereat, but seldom what he hunts for."

"That's as good morality as Aristotle's," said I.

"'Tis better for me, because 'tis mine." While I tethered my horse he blew at the embers, wherein lay a good sized ball of clay baking. After a while he looked up with red cheeks. "They were so fast set on drowning me," he continued, with a wink, "they couldn't spare time to look i' my pocket—the ruffin cly them!"

"He pulled the clay ball out of the fire, cracked it, and lo! inside was a hedgehog cooked, the spikes sticking in the clay, and coming away with it. So he divided the flesh with his knife, and upon a slice of bread from his wallet it made delicate eating; though I doubt if I enjoyed it as much as did my comrade, who swore over and over that the world was good, and as the wintry sun broke out, and the hot ashes warm'd his knees, began to chatter at a great pace.

"Why, sir, but for the pretty uncertainty of things I'd as lief die here as I sit"——

He broke off at the sound of wheels, and a coach with two postilions spun past us on the road.

I had just time to catch a glimpse of a figure huddled in the corner, and a sweet, pretty girl, with chestnut curls seated beside it, behind the glass. After the coach came a heavy broad shouldered servant riding on a stout gray, who flung us a sharp glance as he went by, and at twenty yards' distance turned again to look.

"That's luck," observed the pickpocket, as the travelers disappeared down the highway; "to-morrow, with a slice of it, I might be riding in such a coast as that, and have the hydropsy, to boot. Good lack! when I was ta'en prisoner by the Turks a-sailin' i' the Mary of London, and sold for a slave at Algiers, I escaped, after two months, with Eli Sprat, a Gravesend man, in a small open boat. Well, we sailed three days and nights, and all the time there was a small seabird following, flying round and round us, and calling two notes that sounded for all the world like 'Wind'ard! Wind'ard!' So at last says Eli, 'Tis Heaven's voice bidding us to ply to wind'ard.' And so we did, and on the fourth day made Marseilles; and who should be first to meet Eli on the quay but a Frenchwoman he had married five years before, and left. And the jade had him clapped in the pillory, alongside of a cheating fishmonger with a collar of stinking smelts, that turned poor Eli's stomach completely. Now, there's somewhat to set against the story of Whittington next time 'tis told you."

I was now for bidding the rascal good-by. But he offered to go with me as far as Hungerford, where we should turn into the Bath road. At first I was shy of accepting, by reason of his coat, wherein patches of blue, orange tawny and flame color quite overlaid the parent black; but closed with him upon his promise to teach me the horsemanship that I so sadly lacked. And by the time we entered Hungerford town I was advanced so far, and bestrode my old gray so easily, that in gratitude I offered him supper and bed at an inn, if he would but buy a new coat; to which he agreed, saying that the world was good.

By this the day was clouded over and the rain coming down apace. So that as soon as my comrade was decently arrayed at the first slop shop we came to, 'twas high time to seek an inn. We found quarters at "The Horn," and sought the travelers' room, and a fire to dry ourselves.

In this room, at the window, were two men who looked lazily up at our entrance. They were playing at a game, which was no other than to race two snails up a pane of glass and wager which should prove the faster.

"A wet day!" said my comrade cheerfully. The pair regarded him. "I'll lay you a crown it clears within the hour!" said one.

"And I another," put in the other; and with that they went back to their sport.

Drawing near, I myself was soon as eager as they in watching the snails, when my companion drew my notice to a piece of writing on the window over which they were crawling. 'Twas a set of verses scribbled there, that must have been scratched with a diamond; and to my surprise—for I had not guessed him a scholar—he read them out for my benefit. Thus the writing ran, for I copied it later:

MASTER EPHRAIM TUCKER, HIS DYING COUNCELL TO WAY FARDINGERS TO SEEK THE SPLENDID SPUR

Not on the necks of prince or hound,
Nor on a woman's finger twin'd,
May gold from the deriding ground
Keep sacred that we sacred bind:
Only the heel
Of splendid steel
Shall stand secure on sliding fate,
When golden navies weep their freight.

The scarlet hat, the laurel'd stave
Are measures, not the springs, of worth;
In a wife's lap, as in a grave,
Man's airy notions mix with earth.
Seek other spur
Bravely to stir
The dust in this loud world, and tread
Alp high among the whisp'ring dead.

Trust in thyself—then spur amain:
So shall Charybdis wear a grace,
Grim Ætna laugh, the Lybian plain
Take roses to her shrivel'd face.
This orb—this round
Of sight and sound—
Count it the lists that God hath built
For haughty hearts to ride a-tilt.

FINIS—Master Tucker's Farewell.

"And a very pretty moral on four gentlemen that pass their afternoon a-setting snails to race!"

At these words, spoken in a delicate, foreign voice, we all started round, and saw a young lady standing behind us.

Now that she was the one who had passed us in the coach I saw at once. But describe her, to be plain, I cannot, having tried a many times. So let me say only that she was the prettiest creature on God's earth (which, I hope, will satisfy her); that she had chestnut curls and a mouth made for laughing; that she wore a kirtle and bodice of gray silk taffety, with a gold pomander box hung on a chain about her neck; and held out a drinking glass towards us with a Frenchified grace.

"Gentlemen, my father is sick, and will taste no water but what is freshly drawn. I ask you not to brave Charybdis or Ætna, but to step out into the rainy yard and draw me a glassful from the pump there; for our servant is abroad in the town."

To my deep disgust, before I could find a word that villainous old pickpocket had caught the glass from her hand and reached the door. But I ran after; and out into the yard we stepped together, where I pumped while he held the glass to the spout, flinging away the contents time after time, till the bubbles on the brim and the film on the outside were to his liking.

'Twas he, too, that gained the thanks on our return.

"Mistress," said he, with a bow, "my young friend is raw, but has a good will. Confess, now, for his edification—for he is bound on a long journey westward, where, they tell me, the maidens grow comeliest—that looks avail naught with womankind beside a dashing manner."

The young gentlewoman laughed, shaking her curls.

"I'll give him in that case three better counsels yet: first (for by his habit I see he is on the king's side), let him take a circuit from this place to the south, for the road between Marlborough and Bristol is, they tell me, all held by the rebels; next, let him avoid all women, even though they ask but an innocent cup of water; and, lastly, let him shun thee, unless thy face lie more than thy tongue. Shall I say more?"

"Why, no—perhaps better not," replied the old rogue hastily, but laughing all the same. "That's a clever lass," he added, as the door shut behind her.

And, indeed, I was fain next morning to agree to this. For, awaking, I found my friend (who had shared a room with me) already up and gone, and discovered the reason in a sheet of writing pinned to my clothes:

YOUNG SIR—I convict myself of ingratitude; but habit is hard to break. So I have made off with the half of thy guineas and thy horse. The rest due and the letter thou bearest I leave. 'Tis a good world, and experience should be bought early. This golden lesson I leave in return for the guineas. Believe me, 'tis of more worth. Read over those verses on the window pane before starting, digest them, and trust me, thy obliged

PETER THE JACKMAN.

Raise not thy hand so often to thy breast; 'tis a sure index of hidden valuables.

(To be Continued.)

Three years ago a man named Westphal of Los Angeles beat his son on the head with a club, and came near murdering him. He was convicted and sent to San Quentin Prison for ten years. The boy lived in constant suffering until last week when he died.

POPULAR AND PROSPEROUS.

Business men are glad that the PACIFIC BANK, of San Francisco, begins its twenty-eighth anniversary with the same reliable President, Dr. R. H. McDonald at the helm; this being sufficient guarantee that the liberal yet prudent policy which has made the Bank so popular and prosperous in the past will be the watchword in the future.

HER ANSWER.

The question long had been upon my lips;
I asked it, trembling to my finger tips;
She did not falter, though her voice was low;
The answer that she made was simply "No."

She did not look upon me with surprise;
She did not from my glance avert her eyes;
But in her cheeks I saw the roses glow,
As she with gentle firmness answered "No."

She used no trick or artifice with me;
She did not say a sister she would be,
And no confusion did the maiden show
As to my question she responded "No."

What was my question, reader? Let me tell;
She just had told me that she loved me well;
I asked, "Will you e'er love another so?"
And to this question 'twas she answered "No."

—Boston Courier.

Too Suggestive.

Miss De Pretty—Let's form a secret society.

Miss De Pink—Let's. Just like the Odd Fellows and Red Men. Call it the "Ancient Order of—of King's Daughter's."

Miss De Blond—Or the "Ancient Order of Dianas."

Miss De Young—Or the "Ancient Order of American"——

Miss Oldmaid—Oh, don't let's call it the ancient order of anything.—New York Weekly.

"Here, John, Hand Me My Glass Coat."

A process has been discovered and machinery perfected by which waste glass can be manufactured into cloth. Among the many advantages which this textile will have over other fabrics it is claimed that it is incombustible, can be made in all colors and of any desired strength or thickness.—New York Journal.

The German emperor is a voracious newspaper reader. Fifty of the leading journals of Europe are laid on his table every morning, and immediately after breakfast he plunges through them, shears in hand, nipping any item that strikes his fancy.

A Good Motto.

"What is that motto you have over your store door, Mr. Harberdash?"

"That is an old Latin proverb, sir. Sic semper pajamas. It means we are never out of 'em."—Chatter.

There's a good deal of guarantee business in the store keeping of to-day. It's too excessive. Or too reluctant. Half the time it means nothing. Words—*only words*. This offer to refund the money, or to pay a reward, is made under the hope that you won't want your money back, and that you won't claim the reward. Of course.

So, whoever is honest in making it, and works—not on his own reputation alone, but through the local dealer whom you know, must have something he has faith in back of the guarantee. The business wouldn't stand a year without it.

What is lacking is confidence. Back of that, what is lacking is that clear honesty which is above the "average practice."

Dr. Pierce's medicines are *guaranteed* to accomplish what they are intended to do, and their makers give the money back if the result isn't apparent.

Doesn't it strike you that a medicine which the makers have so much confidence in, is the medicine for you?

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

Sanso—Bad times make money scarce. Rodd—Yes; but not nearly so scarce as a really jolly good time does.

WHAT BRANDRETH'S PILLS DO.

In BRANDRETH'S PILLS the true life medicine has been found, composed as they are of numerous vegetables so combined that each multiplies the virtues of the rest. They never can do any harm. Their action is always the same, no matter how long or in what doses they are taken. They purge away the waste particles of the system. They recruit the animal vigor and arrest the progress of decay. They purify the blood. They stimulate the liver. They invigorate digestion. They open the pores. They make the bowels do the work of the kidneys, thus giving those organs an oftentimes needed rest. One or two at night for a week will demonstrate their power and is generally sufficient to cure ordinary disease.

An Ohio man being offered $8 for his vote "fell in a faint." But he was not at that time a member of the Legislature.

PROTECT YOUR HEALTH.

Cold and moisture combined have a torporising effect upon the bodily organs, and the digestive and secretive processes are apt to be more tardily performed in winter than in the fall. The same is true, also, of the excretory functions. The bowels are often sluggish, and the pores of the skin throw off but little waste matter at this season. The system, therefore, requires opening up a little, and also purifying and regulating, and the safest, surest and most thorough tonic and alterative that can be used for these purposes is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Persons who wish to escape the rheumatic twinges, the dyspeptic agonies, the painful disturbances of the bowels, the bilious attacks, and the nervous visitations, so common at this time of the year, will do well to reinforce their systems with this renowned vegetable stomachic and invigorant. It improves the appetite, strengthens the stomach, cheers the spirits, and renovates the whole physique.

When you can get close enough to a frog to poke him with a stick that's a sign of spring.

All who use Dobbins' Electric Soap praise it as the *best*, cheapest and *most economical* family soap made; but if you will try it once it will tell a still stronger tale of its merits *itself*. *Please* try it. Your grocer will supply you.

A good dinner is a shield and armor against the whole world.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Patience is mighty glad nowadays to roost on the site of a monument.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE BLIND.

Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his *New Treatment* for the cure of all diseases of the Eye—*Cataract, Defective Vision, Inflammation*, etc. etc., without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

For further particulars address with stamped envelope, R. J. LA GRANGE, M. D., 215 Powell St., fourth door from Geary, San Francisco, Cal.

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Calumny would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging.

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TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully,

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Or for stamps any single article at the price named. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASELINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents.

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Statement, Jan. 1st, 1891.

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Independence, Cal.,
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SECRETS OF VOUDOO.

Very Little Known About the Sacred Rights.

AFRICAN AND AMERICAN VOUDOO.

Great Secrecy is Maintained by the Negroes.

The superstitions more or less current among the negroes of Louisiana, under the general name of voudoo, are without doubt relics of savagery brought by the ancestors of the civilized negroes from Africa. The voudoo ceremonial has never been described in detail by any writer on the subject, because, for the most part, there is no regular routine or form of the rites, which, whatever they may have been in the beginning, have doubtless become confused and mingled with various superstitious customs, some of which were derived from the whites themselves, and were preserved from the mediæval times when even the most enlightened people of Europe believed in witchcraft and the practice of magic.

Voudoo rites, as practiced in Louisiana, have usually been conducted in secret, but they are commonly believed to consist of prolonged and violent dancing by persons of both sexes, sometimes with little or no clothing. Tales are told of scenes of wild debauchery which occurred at these dances, and from the frequent statements that living snakes are used in some of these exercises it would appear that a sort of serpent worship makes up at least a part of the groundwork upon which the rites are based.

In the West Indies, but most particularly in Hayti, these survivals of negro savagery are quite common, and the rites are described as revolting to the extreme, embracing serpent worship, the most unalloyed debauchery, with human sacrifices and cannibalism. Sir Spencer St. John, in his work on the "Black Republics of the West Indies," has related at length accounts of these matters, which appear to be established as facts by testimony entirely credible. His narratives of the voudoo practices in Hayti are detailed and circumstantial, and while all the testimony is conclusive as to the African origin of these superstitions the writers who have paid most attention to the subject have not been able to trace the myths to the particular tribe and localities from which they were derived.

DERIVATION OF THE WORD.

The first writer to give any apparent accurate circumstantial account of the African superstitious rites is Major A. B. Ellis, a British officer, who, it seems, has made a study of the negro tribes in their ancient Africa. In The Popular Science Monthly he prints an article in which we find some interesting matter. He gives the following as to the derivation and definition of "voudoo:"

The word vodu belongs to the Ewe language, which is spoken on the slave coast of West Africa, between the River Volta on the west and the kingdom of Porto Novo on the east, and extends inland, as far as it is known, about 100 miles. It is derived from the verb vo—to inspire fear—and is used in just the same way as English speaking people used the word "fetich" that is to say, it is used as a descriptive noun = "god," and also an adjective in the sense of sacred or belonging to a god.

Thus any native god may be described as a vodu, and his image, paraphernalia and sacred tract of bush called vodu. A priest is termed vodu no—"He who stays with the vodu." The word is not an epithet of any particular god, it is a general term, and it is, therefore, incorrect to say that "it is the name of an imaginary being of vast supernatural powers residing in the form of a harmless snake."

No doubt the python god, worshiped by the inhabitants of the southeastern districts of Ewe territory, may very correctly be described as a vodu, but it is not more a vodu than Khebioso, So, Legba, Bo, Hunti, Wu and other gods of the Ewe pantheon. The expression "vodu worship" means, then, "god worship," which is a rather comprehensive term.

AFRICAN AND AMERICAN VOUDOO.

The Whydahs, a people of the Ewe nation, are well known worshipers of a python, or serpent god, and they, about the year 1729, were wholly subjugated by the Dahomeys and sold into slavery. Many of them were carried to the French West Indies, where they maintained their religion. Some of these Whydahs were brought to Louisiana, and hence the snake cult which is found here. But many more tribes, which were not snake worshipers, were also reduced to slavery, and some of their number were brought to America, so that their superstitions were mingled with those of the others.

The Whydahs had a very elaborate serpent cult, maintaining temples where bands of young girls ministered and took part in the dances and other exercises. These female attendants were organized as a sisterhood, known as Kosio. The name of their snake god is Danh-gbi. Says the writer quoted above:

The Kosio of Danh-gbi usually appears with the bosom smeared with palm oil, but their distinguishing mark is a necklet called adunka, made of the twisted filaments of a sprouting palm leaf. On ceremonial occasions they wear a fillet of the same material, with anklets, armlets and neck strings of cowries.

As is the case with the women attached to temples in India, this life is not considered dishonorable, because it is regarded as a part of the service of the religion. The kosio are, indeed, not considered as responsible for their actions. It is the god, say the people, who inspires them at such time.

The voodoo rites as practiced in Louisiana are far less brutal and atrocious than those in use in Hayti, but they are savage and demoralizing. There is no statute against them here, but the dances have been stopped when characterized as disorderly assemblages. It has been supposed that these superstitions will be exterminated by civilization, but such a result has not yet been attained. It is to be doubted if superstition is ever eradicated from human nature. It is claimed even that the negroes are returning to their savage worship. This is an interesting question.—New Orleans Picayune.

Lord Eldon introduced a bill into the British parliament for restraining the liberty of the press, and one of the honorable members moved as an amendment that all anonymous works should have the name of the author printed on the title page.

Edward Everett Hale, the Boston preacher, is 79 years old, but few men are busier. He preaches, edits a magazine and a weekly newspaper, leads missions, dips into politics and is also the president of inaumerable societies.

Peculiarities of Chinese Gordon.

Conversation with Gordon was not a colloquy—an interchange of ideas. When interested in a subject he talked, and you listened to his monologue, delivered in a low, monotonous tone, without apparent excitement, for he was very seldom animated. The stamp of earnest sincerity and strong conviction was on all his utterances, but he did not care to argue or discuss any question, and you saw it would be useless to attempt to change any of his opinions or beliefs. Nor did he seem to care much what your appreciation of his views might be. On men's judgments he set but little store.

On one occasion when we were sitting together near a window he rose up suddenly and said, "It is rather dark," and to my great surprise thrust his hand through a pane of glass to open the outer shutter—not remarking that the sash was down. He cut his hand in several places, but tying it up in his handkerchief paid no further attention to it, but resumed our conversation, resisting my attempts to see whether any pieces of glass had remained in the hand.

My wife was a great favorite of his, and he would call at Shepheard's hotel to see her shortly before the dinner hour. If engaged in earnest conversation he would entirely ignore the gong for dinner and refuse to dine at the table d'hote with us, but would frequently remain an hour longer, utterly oblivious of dinner and its duties.—E. de Leon.

General Sherman at School.

A man who was well acquainted with General Sherman the other day said: "The things that General Sherman seemed to have excelled in in later life were those in which he was the most deficient while at West Point. During the time he was a cadet he never was selected as a cadet officer or even a non-commissioned officer, as he was never deemed soldierly enough.

"As to the general's standing in his class when he graduated he was seventh in engineering, seventh in ethics, fourth in mineralogy and geology, twelfth in infantry tactics, eighth in artillery tactics and in deportment he ranked 216 out of a class of 233. Now the idea that a good scholar will not make a good commanding officer is disproved in this case. Had it not been for the general's low average in conduct he would have in all probability been a star scholar; that is, he would have had a star affixed to his name, as the first five men are given this honor. The general's low grade was not due to bad conduct, but to his unsoldierly appearance."—Philadelphia Press.

Taking an Oath.

The topic of kissing the Bible upon the taking of an oath was the subject of a discussion by the Cogburn club the other evening. Nobody seemed to know just why the discussion was started, but several members who have not been heard from lately had pronounced views upon the subject.

One of the members declared that the kissing habit was a relic of an idolatrous age, when men kissed the mouths of idols to such an extent that they wore them away, and it was believed that he who kissed the mouth of an idol and then told a lie would immediately die. Said he: "The practice of kissing the Bible in courts of justice is more than ten centuries old. In every court or upon the table of every justice you will find a soiled book, upon which you are sworn—a book not soiled by reverent hands in turning its pages, but made unclean and unhealthy by the constant handling of unclean witnesses and the contact of impure lips and mouths."—Utica Observer.

Spiders' Webs.

The webs of those spiders which spin snares out of doors, as the geometrical garden spider, are formed of two sorts of silk, one of which is used for the main cables and the radiating threads, the other for the concentric threads. The latter are thickly studded with minute globules of a viscous substance, which retains the fly, gnat or moth that may blunder against them, while the former are quite dry and harmless. A third kind of silk is produced by the busy little spinner when some such large insect as a wasp has become entangled in the web and threatens to break the delicate structure in its struggles. This takes the form of an enveloping mass, which is suddenly produced, and which effectually prevents any further gyrations on the part of the captured insect.—Cornhill Magazine.

Highly Unnatural.

Walker—I had a most unnatural dream last night, Fadman. I dreamt Binks borrowed five dollars of me for a week.

Fadman—Unnatural! Why, that's Binks all over!

Walker—Yes, but I went on dreaming and I dreamt that Binks paid it back to me at the end of the week!—American Grocer.

One Point Settled.

No matter how irregular the fold may be made, the head of the pin must positively fall in the center of the scarfing. Prince Victor of England has set the seal of his approval upon this edict, and there is no going behind such a sanction.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Mr. Conecake—Ticket for Pecosset, Rhode Islan'.

Agent—Air line?

Mr. Conecake—Blame it, no! Steam cars.—Judge.

Young Freddie.

Old Gentleman—And how old are you, my little man?

Little Freddie—I'm not old at all, sir; I'm nearly new.—London Tit-Bits.

MAPS FOR THE BLIND.

Facts About Their Construction.

HOW THE PUPILS USE THEM.

Cities Indicated by Tack Heads.—"Bounding."

A map for the blind is a curiosity. Blind people are fond of history, and as history cannot be properly learned, or indeed learned at all without some knowledge of geography, and to learn the latter without a map is impossible, something of the kind was necessary, and so special maps were invented and manufactured for the use of the eyeless. They are all of the kind known as the "dissected maps," and are of wood—are really carved blocks. All land stands in relief, the mountains are in ridges, the rivers are long depressions, the state lines are elevated. Each state is a separate block, and the pupil is taught to fit the blocks together and thus prepare for himself a map of the whole country.

The name of each state is marked, sometimes on the back, sometimes on the front, of the block, and the observer will notice all over the surface of the blocks small aggregations of what to him are meaningless dots. These are the names of rivers, towns and cities. Cities are designated by pin or tack heads, and the size and shape of these show the approximate number of population. In one map cities of less than 10,000 inhabitants were indicated by pin heads flat on top, and those of 10,000 to 20,000 by hemispherical. Flat tack heads showed the localities of cities having 20,000 to 50,000, rounded tack heads from 50,000 to 100,000. Tack heads flat and square indicated cities between 100,000 and 200,000. Tack heads round, but with a depression on the top, showed cities of greater size.

"Bounding" the states is an easy matter to the pupil. Taking Missouri, for example, the child requested to do the work began by placing the hand flat on the block to get a general idea of its position; then the forefinger of the right hand found the northwest corner, ran rapidly along the elevated Iowa line, followed the Mississippi down to Kansas, went too far and passed to Helena, where a pause was made, the name read and the mistake discovered; returned, found the line, traced it to the west along the southern limits of Pemiscot and Dunklin counties, missed it again at the St. Francis river, recovered it, went north, found the line at Butler county, ran it to the corner of McDonald county, thence along the western boundary to the starting point and then gave the whole result orally without a moment's hesitation.

By means of these dissected maps a fair idea is also gained by the pupils of the respective size of various countries and states. When asked to compare Ohio with Texas the boy laid the Ohio block on the Texas map, measured it off, turned it this way, that way, carefully keeping the count with his fingers on the space already covered, and finally announced that Texas, according to his idea, was about five times as large as Ohio, a calculation close enough to the truth to excite wonder at the accuracy rather than criticism of its lack of exactness. Dissected maps of every continent are provided, and a large globe, made on the principles which underlie the construction of the maps, enables the pupils to gain a fair general idea of the shape and geographical features of our planet. Geography, in most schools, is used as an aid to the study of history, and is studied not as a collection of meaningless names but as a subject which throws indispensable light on the deeds and words of mankind.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Free Wrestling Match.

As nearly as the spectators could judge it was a friendly wrestling bout between the black bears. There were four of them in a narrow cage in Central park. The smallest one was inclined to run things. He was particularly aggressive toward a bigger, blase looking bear, who seemed to want to be by himself and reflect. When the little one amused himself with biting the other's ear the big fellow thought it was time to put an end to it. He brought his paw around and knocked the little fellow against the bars. They growled challenges back and forth like professionals and then began to wrestle.

There was apparently a well understood agreement that there should be no biting nor striking. It was a wrestling bout without rules. The commotion attracted many people. A man with a little round paunch and thin legs put his flat crowned hat on the side of his head, thrust out two fingers and announced that he would referee the match. He called "time" and "foul" in a loud tone, and quoted the rules to the bears so that a white capped nurse nearly fainted with laughter. The bears were having no end of a good time. They rolled about in the cage and roared as loud as a Bowery actor in a melodrama. Once the big one hugged the little one so hard that his eyeballs seemed to start from his head, but the little fellow broke away and overturned his opponent. The spectators shrieked with delight and applauded vigorously. A sparrow policeman came along, swinging his club and wearing a heavy frown. He stalked up to the cage and stared dully and coldly at the wrestlers. The bears slunk back in their cages. The crowd melted away. The sparrow policeman jerked in his chin, shrugged his shoulders and stalked away.—New York Recorder.

It has been concluded that whatever preservative is to be applied, the timber for piles subjected to the action of seaworms should first be charred, so as to kill any germs near the surface, open the pores of the wood for the antiseptic, and destroy the nutritive matter upon which the worm lives while beginning its action.

A Scotch writer gives a list of instances which tend to prove that his countrymen are willing to suffer great extremity for learning. He mentions one young man who, though of fine manners and aristocratic appearance, dined but three times a week, and then upon a hot twopenny pie.

ERI'S BURGLARS.

Farmer Stebbins and His Wife Get a Terrible Scare from Strangers.

Farmer Eri Stebbins, fast asleep after his hard day's work in the field, was suddenly roused to semi-consciousness by a loud crash. Just what or where the noise was did not appear, and, after a little vain listening for further disturbance, the tired farmer sank again into slumber. A moment later he was once more roused—this time most thoroughly so—by his wife's voice whispering hoarsely in his ear: "Eri! Eri! wake up! There's somebody down suller trampin' round! Don't you hear um?"

Eri did hear some one moving somewhere in the lower part of the house, and he instantly slid out of bed ready to do battle. "Somebody in the cellar! He'd show 'em a thing or two worth remembering." With these warlike thoughts flashing through his mind the farmer slipped on his trousers and stole softly down stairs to the kitchen.

The noise in the cellar sounded very loud now, but not at all like tramping; rather it was a combination of scuffling and scratching with a queer slopping sound, as of some one paddling in water.

Eri was taking down his loaded gun from its hooks on the wall just as another crash sounded through the house. This time the sound was unmistakable; a pan of milk had been knocked from the table to the stone floor. The angry farmer cocked his gun, hurried to the cellar door, threw it open and then—stopped short.

The bright moonlight streaming in at the outside door of the cellar showed five or six half grown pigs making a feast of the milk, which was streaming over the floor.

Eri at once understood the situation. The pigs, which were pastured in the orchard about the house, had found their way to the outer door, pushed it open and entered the cellar. The only thing to do was to drive them out.

So, putting his gun back on the hooks, Eri started to eject the intruders.

Now if any one terrestrial quadruped is harder to drive than all others, that quadruped is a pig. However, as the farmer was experienced in pig driving and thoroughly in earnest, he soon got rid of all except one brute that steadfastly refused to go. He would charge full toward the open door, but when within a few feet of it would suddenly dart aside and rush back to the farthest corner of the cellar. When routed from this lurking place he would repeat his former maneuver with just enough variation to render impossible any attempt to stop him.

After three or four such experiences Eri began to get excited. He would have beaten the pig, but he had no weapon of any sort. At last, however, he got near the brute and, raising his foot, kicked him heavily in the rear. Alas for Eri! he had quite forgotten that he was barefooted.

As a result he nearly broke all the toes of his right foot. The kick, moreover, frightened the poor pig so badly that he suddenly made a bolt up the stairs toward the kitchen.

Now it happened that Dame Stebbins, armed with an old boot and carrying a tallow candle, was just coming to her husband's assistance. There was a fine combination of screams, squeaks and grunts, followed by several heavy bumps, as the the woman and pig rolled together down the stairs and into the puddle of milk below.

At this ludicrous sight Eri burst into laughter, whereupon his indignant spouse soundly berated him for his hardness of heart, declaring that he would laugh if she were to break her neck.

While the farmer was pacifying his angry wife prudent piggy slipped quietly out of the door and made good his escape.—Youth's Companion.

A Dog Modiste in Paris.

Lovers of pet dogs will be interested in the visit of an American lady to the store of a dog modiste in Paris. The sights were very amusing. The place was not so much a store as an establishment, with halls and rooms richly furnished. Ladies tripped in and out all day long, most of the visitors having with them pugs or terriers. The pet dogs were scattered through the rooms, each awaiting its turn. Many small mats and rugs were around the waxed floors, and every bit of carpeting of the kind was occupied by some pretty little creature. These dogs have various dresses. The robe used in the morning is a garment of dark blue cloth. It is called a paletot, and is lined with red flannel. From a leather collar little bells jingle as its wearer walks along. Sometimes a bunch of violets is fastened on the left shoulder of a dog. On very cold days the pet is clad in sealskin of the same pattern, the collar being in fur, mounted in silver.—American Register.

A Tenderfoot in Boom City.

Eastern Man—Yes, I like this climate and have about concluded to send for my family and settle here.

Boom City Man—Well, sir, I can show you some of the finest lots in——

"I can't afford to build. I must live in a rented house at the start. By the way, where is this Boom City you have been talking about?"

"You are in Boom City now. This railroad depot is at the foot of Metropolitan avenue, facing Monument square."

"But where are the houses? There isn't one in sight."

"See here, young fellow; if you are so danged unaesthetic that you can't enjoy the beauties of nature without having it spotted all over with houses you'd better go back East."—Omaha World.

Dr. Christopher Columbus Johnson, an honorary member of the club at Mobile, forwarded a communication in regard to spring tonics, and gave the following recipe for preparing what he calls "Johnson's Liver Annihilator:"

"Water, one gallon; alcohol, one quart. Put in sassafras root, peach stones, tonka beans, persimmon buds, New Orleans molasses and tar to suit the taste, and keep in a dark place for one week. This is warranted to cure perspiration of the liver in three days."

The secretary was ordered to return the heartfelt thanks of the club, and various members will at once prepare the tonic.—Detroit Free Press.

He Didn't Like to Walk.

A clever French comedian when a young and struggling actor in Paris hit on an ingenious plan to save himself the walk from the theater after rehearsal to his lodgings, which were situated near Montmartre cemetery. He dressed in black, and if he espied a funeral procession with a vacant seat in any one of the coaches he promptly pulled out a handkerchief and hid his face in it while hailing the vehicle. Under the impression that he was one of the mourners arrived late he was of course immediately installed in the vacant seat.—London Tit-Bits.

THE TURKISH BATH.

It is Very Popular With the Ladies.

BATHING TO INCREASE THE WEIGHT.

Ladies' Day at a St. Louis Institution.

While St. Louis cannot boast of any Turkish bath houses marked by Parisian or even Levantine luxury and elegance as to fittings and conveniences, she can claim to have a large contingent of fresh looking, handsome women who give full credit to the beautifying influence of regular Turkish baths. All the public Turkish baths have "Ladies' Days," and the register of the leading establishment yields on inspection a long list of names of ladies prominent in society, in the schools, in the churches—in all the sets and circles of the body social of our city. On "Ladies' Days" this bath house can hardly accommodate the crowds of maids, matrons, children and school girls that are its regular customers.

The visitor as well as the attendants at the bath house soon learn to look for certain classes on the same days of each successive week. Those who come by order of their physicians, or for some special physical ailment, are generally promptly on hand Tuesday; society women who come to recuperate their expended strength and for beauty baths, favor Thursday as the off day of their week, when the gayeties pause for breath and one is less likely to "miss something" on that day. Saturday is the teachers' day, when they may stop to shed the dead skin of their spent forces and relax the taut muscles of discipline on the slab where the spray soothingly falls on the just and the unjust alike, for most often, too, some of their recalcitrant pupils come in gay, noisy little shoals and make the corridors ring with their laughter and little screams of merriment.

The faith of many women in the virtues of the Turkish bath is limitless. Those who are too thin believe that they will attain the plumpness of their standard of perfection by continuing the baths. Those who groan with flesh think the bathing and the rubbing will make the burden roll away; those whose complexions are too pale or too sallow seek there color and clearness. The pimpled face expects to grow smooth, the flushed face pale—in sooth, they think the Turkish bath the real fountain of eternal youth and beauty. Women as ugly and old as the Witch of Endor have parboiled themselves until the sap of life has left their skins like parchment, and they have finally dried up and blown away on the way from their tri-weekly trips to the Turkish baths, where they hoped to grow fat, fair, and 40 at least, when scragginess and the seventies had seized them ten years before.

One entire fat family of social as well as personal magnitude in this city never fails to send its ample supply of daughters for a douche and a pounding every Thursday; but pounding only seems to make them more pulpy. Then there are three thin sisters who go to gain symmetry; and three other sisters who have the natural rotundity and rosiness of stocky girls only one generation removed from the farm life of their mother's parental precincts, go for—well, for what? Perhaps to get elongated; perhaps to acquire a little etherealization—heaven knows for what—perhaps only for the fun of it. Then there comes a tall girl, neither too thick nor too thin, too rosy nor too pale, and, as is natural, she inclines to the stout, short girls, and they compare notes on the advantages of Turkish baths.

The mother of nine children, whose friends tell her she "doesn't look a day older" (than whom or when?), comes regularly, and says, "it's the Turkish bath does it." The phrase may be a little promiscuous, but it seems to be understood by her friends and fellow bathers. After her will come a beautiful matron of ten years' standing, who never had any children, and her acquaintances will tell her she never looked so beautiful and strong, and congratulate her on the good times she has going around the world and having no children to keep her at home, and wind up by saying she looks younger than ever, and she says, it is all the Turkish bath.

Then a widely known teacher, wise and learned, will be heard telling a pale little Dante woman that nothing so helps to clear the brain and put spring into the vertebra and make keen the nerves, which, unclogged, aid all the faculties to digest the learned dissertations of the doctors now expounding doctrines of the flesh and the devil as given forth by Goethe at the guild rooms of St. George's, as a thorough massage of the physical woman.

A suffragist, tossing wildly on a hard couch near by, from which she can see the clock, whose warning hour hand stands at half-past 12, notes the fact that "we must all be getting out of here pretty soon for those selfish men, who want the place at 1 o'clock. When women can vote we'll change all this." "I hope you won't vote to let the men in during the women's hours," exclaimed the horrified woman of calculus and belles lettres. "No! wait till I get my corsets on," cries a beauty from her dressing room who has only heard "men" mentioned, and she immediately applies the rabbit's foot to her cheeks, ties down her lace veil and goes out with a last injunction to her bather to "take care of my terry blanket and things"—and with her face toward the door to get the first glimpse of any of those "horrid men" who may be coming, she looks over the register as she signs her name and reads therein a list of the best known names in the city.—St. Louis Republic.

There has been begun in Paris a campaign against trained nurses, and a return to the old system of nursing by Sisters of Charity has been strongly advocated. It is alleged that the mortality in hospitals is 4 per cent. higher since the introduction of trained nurses.

STOPPING ELECTRIC CARS.

Results of Some Experiments on Boston's Principal Line.

Some experiments that have been made to determine the distances required to stop an electric car under ordinary circumstances, from various speeds, have furnished interesting results as to the brake power of street cars, as appears by the annual report of the railroad commissioners. In making the experiments the following conditions were observed: A man with a number of surveying pins was stationed on the step of the rear platform; two observers with stop watches stood upon the platform; a fourth gave the signal for the driver to stop. With the car running at a uniform speed, it was necessary to determine—first, the rate of speed, and, second, the distance required to make a stop.

At a given signal the first stop watch was started and a pin was dropped upon the ground. At the expiration of ten seconds the observer with his stop watch gave another signal and stopped his watch. When this signal was given a second pin was dropped on the ground, the second stop watch was started and the signal given for the driver to put on the brakes. When the car came to rest the second stop watch was stopped and a third pin was dropped. The time required to pass over the distance between the first and second pins showed the rate of speed. The distance between the second and third pins was the length of stop.

On a subsequent occasion the speed was obtained by measuring the time necessary to pass over the distance between given streets. This method of observation was easy to carry out, but was, of course, not precise, and the given lengths of stop were slightly greater than the distances passed over from the time the brakes were actually applied to the wheels, owing to the fact that a fraction of a second was probably lost in giving the signals.

A great variation was shown between the different stops made. "Supposing," say the experts, "the friction to be the same, the length of stop should be as the square of the velocity. Really the friction is less the greater the velocity, so that the length of stop should be somewhat greater than in proportion to the square of the velocity. This was shown in a stop in thirty-six feet at 6.3 miles per hour, and in a stop in forty-eight feet at 12.2 miles per hour instead of a stop in 144 feet, as it would be according to the square of the velocity; or if the stop in forty-eight feet be taken as a basis of comparison the stop from six miles an hour should have been made in twelve feet. The grades in these cases were not greatly different. Again, comparing two experiments in which the speed was nearly the same, the stop on the down grade was much better than on the up grade. Other discrepancies of a similar character were noticed."—Boston Transcript.

The Need of Teaching Patriotism.

At the close of the first half century of the government, when, for instance, Webster delivered his eulogy of Adams and Jefferson, or his oration at the foundation of the Bunker Hill monument, there was no necessity of considering how to stimulate and deepen the sentiment of nationality. The vast flood of foreign immigration with which we are familiar had hardly begun to rise, and an appeal to American patriotism touched every heart with the same emotion. That day is passed.

The necessity and the consequent duty of instruction in national history and of preservation of the national traditions are imperative. The fundamental truths that there is no liberty without law, that every form of class legislation is anti-republican, that educated intelligence is a chief bulwark of free institutions, that individual vigilance and activity are the guarantee of political progress, must be constantly and practically inculcated.—Harper's Weekly.

A Sneezing Spot.

Everybody knows the "crazy bone" in the elbow. A man has had his attention called to an alleged crazy spot above the nose, about which little has been said. He sneezed while in the barber's chair having his hair combed.

"Did I touch the sneezing point?" inquired the barber. He then proceeded to explain that the "sneezing spot" was a sensitive place to the left of the middle of the forehead. "Why," said he, "there are men who come in here who sneeze regularly every time I comb their hair or shave them, just as soon as the comb passes over that spot. I had a man in here who sneezed three times just as hard as he could, all because I touched the 'sneezing spot.' It must be a very small nerve that tickles the nostril."—Albany Journal.

He Weighed 504 Pounds.

Dr. Charles T. Bean died at his home in Chelsea recently of pneumonia. A few years ago he was obliged to abandon outdoor practice on account of growing obesity, and has been confined to his home. His general health has been fair and his mind not impaired. His unnatural corpulence, which amounted to a disease, steadily increased, however, and a short time since he turned the scales at the enormous weight of 504 pounds.

"Here, John, Hand Me My Glass Coat."

A process has been discovered and machinery perfected by which waste glass can be manufactured into cloth. Among the many advantages which this textile will have over other fabrics it is claimed that it is incombustible, can be made in all colors and of any desired strength or thickness.—New York Journal.

THE GREAT BUDDHA.

A Mass of Gold Worshiped in Japan.

LAUGHTER RIGHT UNDER THE GOD'S NOSE

A Head and Shoulders Only, Ninety-Five Feet High.

The temple of Dai-Doutsou (the great Buddha) seems a temple built for fun—an enormous joke to amuse the faithful. This "Great Buddha" has only a head and shoulders, at least ninety-five feet high; he seems to be rising from the depths of the earth, with his neck stretching up like some one making a painful effort to struggle out of the ground. He alone fills all his temple, and his curling hair touches its roof.

One reaches him, just as all the gods are reached, by a series of stairways, porticoes and courts. From the gate of the sanctuary one can not very well explain to oneself at the first glance what is that hillock of gold, that shapeless mass in front (the shoulders of Buddha). It is only afterward, when you look up very high, that you see far above you the colossal gilded face, the huge fixed eyes gazing down upon you from the height of ninety feet with idiotic placidity.

I find myself making this pilgrimage at the same time as a good natured Nippon family of country people, who have come to the holy city for the first time; and the good folks, especially the ladies, cannot get over the idea of seeing so big a god; and there are cries of "Ah!" and "Oh!"—exclamations of surprise—little screams and little laughs. Now, really! this Buddha is just too funny, with his stork-like neck and his stupid air—funny as any of those snow men which urchins make at the corners of the streets—funny as some enormous caricature made to order by little children. And there the little country family are all laughing right under the god's nose—laughing till the tears roll down their cheeks, and the other visitors, and even the guardian bronzes themselves, also laugh to see them laugh. Then they all look at me to see how I feel about it, and I have to laugh, too—can't possibly help it. What a country this Japan, where everything is oddity and contrast! Who could ever imagine that this frivolous little temple, with its reverences and its eternal laugh, could have lived through centuries locked up in such ferocious mystery, and have given birth to those thousands of other temples, with their monsters and their hobgoblins?

MAKING THE ROUND.

By the payment of two cents one is privileged to make the round of the great Buddha—one ascends by a series of sloping plank galleries, placed at a very steep angle, on which you can pass behind the head of the colossus, a little above the nape of the neck. I advance upon it, still accompanied by the voyaging family; the sloping way is slippery, old, broken through here and there, worm eaten—the ladies very nearly fall. I put out my hand to help them, and then we become good friends right away. Behind the enormous head, in a dark nook, an old bronze is squatting down—for one cent he shows us a suit of armor and a war mask which once belonged to the great Taiko-Sama—and then he throws open for our benefit, sundry very ancient idol closets, in which animal headed divinities are conserved with various relics of weird aspect. There we do not laugh any more.

In the court of this temple is the most monstrous of all the bells of Kioto—at least seven or perhaps eight yards around. It is rung by means of an enormous beam tipped with iron—a sort of battering ram suspended horizontally with ropes.

For two cents extra one has the right to experiment with it. I harness myself to the pulling straps, a circle is formed around me, and children run up. Even two or three young girls come behind me to take hold, bothering me a great deal, pulling the wrong way half the time, bursting into fits of laughter. The united strength of the three is almost equal to the power of three good kittens.

Meanwhile the battering ram begins to yield; gradually it begins to swing. Boom! boom! A sound awful, cavernous, and prolonged into mighty orchestral vibrations which must be heard through the whole of the sacred city.

Then the audience is so happy!—delirious with joy—can't get enough of it; every one laughs, every one is in ecstasy.—New Orleans Times-Democrat's Translation from the French.

Metals and Alloys.

One of the curiosities of science is to be found in the effect of impurities upon an alloy of gold and copper or other metal. Workers in the precious metal have long known that minute quantities of certain other metals render gold brittle and unworkable. It is, in fact, a serious difficulty with which jewelers have always had to contend.

In an experiment recently made to demonstrate this truth, 200 sovereigns were melted and a minute portion of lead added, amounting only to the 2,000th part of the weight of the mass. A little of the pure gold had been first run into a small ingot, which was bent and flattened to prove that it was perfectly workable.

The rest of the mass was allowed to harden in the form of a bar, and when it was sufficiently cool to handle it could be broken by a slight tap of a hammer, or even with the fingers. The color of the gold was quite altered and had become an orange brown, while its tenacity—that is, its resistance to a force exerted to pull it asunder—had been reduced from eighteen tons to the square inch to five tons.

A bar of tin, which could scarcely be broken, though it would readily bend double, was rubbed with a slight quantity of quicksilver. The fluid penetrated the solid one, and in a few seconds the bar could be readily broken. Its fractured surface was white, like silver.

Concerning Hydrophobia.

Our knowledge concerning the conditions under which the poison which creates hydrophobia acts has been somewhat advanced by the recent experiments of M. Galtier, of Paris. According to the experiments the dried virus has its poisonous properties destroyed in from four to six days. On the other hand, earlier experiments of the same savant show that an animal which has died of rabies may retain the poison in that part of the brain called the medulla oblongata for six or seven weeks. It is evident that this fact may be of importance in cases where persons have been bitten by animals supposed to be rabid. If the body of the creature has been buried it may be possible to exhume it after many days and make experiments which will serve to show whether danger from the wound is to be apprehended. In this way unfounded anxieties may be allayed.—Popular Science News.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
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Peru wants to enjoy the benefits of reciprocity with this country. As a natural consequence reciprocity with Peru means increased trade for San Francisco.

Lieutenant Governor Poujade of Nevada writes from Salt Lake that there is more talk than ever in that city of pushing the railroad south from Milford to Los Angeles.

The President of the Argentine Republic has given assurances that that country will be fitly represented at the World's Fair. In that case he will probably send some apparatus that will make at least one revolution daily.

The Governor of Massachusetts has appointed two women as factory inspectors. It does not seem to have been necessary to make women voters to give them official distinction, as the women suffrage advocates have all along held.

Under the amended law trustees of school districts are no longer required to submit to the voters a proposition to raise money for special school purposes. All that is now required is for the trustees to estimate the amount required and submit the same to the Board of Supervisors. The rate of taxation is then fixed and the money collected the same as other county money.

This is the season of the year when the sweet girl graduate talks learnedly about "standing upon the threshhold of the world prepared for the stern battle of life"—and ponders deeply the question whether that sweet thing in the light summer suit has really noticed how beautifully her hair is banged. But a few short years, and she will bang his hair with a wash board and suggest to him that he had better quit smoking cigarettes and buy little Willie some new pants.

The school and college commencements in this State show a patronage of learning entirely above the proportion due from our population. There is no part of the Union where so much attention is paid to good schools as here. The public schools are pressed by attendance beyond their proper accommodations, and at the same time private institutions, kindergartens, intermediate, academic and collegiate, are crowded full. Such attention to learning and letters argues well for the future of the common-wealth.

Senator Stewart of Nevada says he will introduce an amendment to the constitution at the next term of congress to limit the eligibilty of persons elected to the presidency to one term. He thinks four years' possession of the high office is honor enough for any man, and that the temptation of an incumbent to use his great position and patronage to secure a second election is injurious to the public interests. There is no doubt that the same objections that have been tacitly acquiesced in by the people against a third term are in a measure also tenable against a second term. But on the other hand when the duties of chief magistrate have been discharged with signal ability by a great man, it is natural that the people should desire to re-elect him. The danger lies in the possibility that the power of the office and the ability of the incumbent may at some time be abused so as to compass the perpetuation of the presidency in one individual, thus destroying the character of our institutions and practically forcing upon us a monarchy. While there is no constitutional limit to the number of times a man may be re-elected, yet the unwritten law of common consent has drawn the line at a third term. The test of the efficacy of this unwritten law was made in 1876, when it was proposed to nominate General Grant after he he had served two terms. The movement developed great strength but failed to succeed. No president has been found strong enough to resist the temptation of trying to succeed himself. Many have declared at the outset that they would not seek a second term, but changed their minds before the first term had expired. The merit of Senator Stewart's proposed amendment is to take away the temptation to use the great patronage of the presidency with a view to re-election, so that the duties of the office shall be carried out with a sole view to the advancement of the interests of the country instead of the ambition of the incumbent.

WAY OF THE WORLD.

Aloft on the bough the fair fruit hung,
Caressed by the wind and kissed by the sun.
And standing below as it swung out of reach
One longed for a taste of so luscious a peach.

One just as perfect was lying below
Where the fickle wind tossed it hours ago;
Its tints as dainty, its form as round,
But nobody cared—for it lay on the ground.

It is ever the fruit that is just beyond reach,
Be it fame or honor, or love or a peach,
That man longs for the most—why we never will know,
Yet he scorns to pick where the fruit grows low.

—Ada E. Field in New York Herald.

An Englishman Couldn't See It.

Little Marshall P. Wilder, the famous merrymaker, is perennial, and has a humorous skit for every hour of the day. This is one of his latest, illustrative of an Englishman's appreciation of humor:

I have been in England, and I have studied English humor. Its fundamental principles are not related to the American article that raises a cyclone of laughter. An Englishman was dining at a swell hotel out west, and after he finished his regular dinner he asked for sweets. A waiter from the Bowery had gone west for employment, and was waiting on the particular table at which the Englishman sat.

"And phwat is sweets, sur?" asked the waiter.

The Englishman finally explained that he meant dessert, pudding, etc.

"We 'ave apple and mince pie," said the Bowery man.

"Give me mince pie."

"What's der matter wid der apple pie?" asked the waiter in a hard, I-don't-care-a-continental tone of voice. Many heard the remark and laughed. An hour later I happened to meet the Englishman, and he asked me if I heard the waiter ask him what was the matter with the apple pie. I said 'Yes.' Then the Englishman naively asked me:

"Well, what was the matter with the apple pie?"—New York World.

That Lovely Narcissus.

Narcissus was a mythological young person who had so much beauty that it was in the way. He was interrupted during office hours by people who wanted to admire him, and a case went on record of a woman's thinking so much of him that she would always keep still until he got clear through talking. At last he got a good look at himself in a mirror, and he said he couldn't blame them. He felt that he was a menace to society, and history says that he drowned himself. But he didn't.

He went and got a pair of voluminous trousers, decorated his eye with a large piece of glass, took the fit out of the back of his coat, shoved his chin out of place with his collar, and went about his business satisfied that he had restored their peaces of mind to the feminine members of his acquaintance. But it was in vain. And he is obliged to devote large portions of his time—in fact, nearly all of it—to the search for improvements that will make his garments effective for their true purpose. In the meantime he is obliged to go on bothersomely beloved.—Washington Post.

Clothing of the Esquimaux.

Clothing for men consists of knee breeches, belted at the loins, a loose-fitting cloak trimmed around the bottom, and the hood with wolf or wolverine, or a blending of both, a pair of stockings and a short legged pair of boots with sealskin soles. In winter two suits are worn, the inner suit with the hair next the body and the outer with the hair turned out.

The difference between the dress of men and women is that the latter have their boots, stockings and pantaloons all in one garment. The cloaks of all females have at the back of the neck a fullness for carrying infants.

These cloaks come down below the knees and are gored out at the sides up to the hips, making the front look like an apron.—Exchange.

Many Roman and Greek epicures were very fond of dog's flesh. Before Christianity was established among the Danes, on every ninth year ninety-nine dogs were sacrificed. In Sweden each ninth day ninety-nine dogs were destroyed. But later on dogs were not thought good enough, and every ninth year ninety-nine human beings were immolated, the sons of the reigning tyrant among the rest, in order that the life of the monarch might be prolonged.

It has been concluded that whatever preservative is to be applied, the timber for piles subjected to the action of sea-worms should first be charred, so as to kill any germs near the surface, open the pores of the wood for the antiseptic, and destroy the nutritive matter upon which the worm lives while beginning its action.

A Scotch writer gives a list of instances which tend to prove that his countrymen are willing to suffer great extremity for learning. He mentions one young man who, though of fine manners and aristocratic appearance, dined but three times a week, and then upon a hot twopenny pie.

Lord Eldon introduced a bill into the British parliament for restraining the liberty of the press, and one of the honorable members moved as an amendment that all anonymous works should have the name of the author printed on the title page.

Edward Everett Hale, the Boston preacher, is 79 years old, but few men are busier. He preaches, edits a magazine and a weekly newspaper, leads missions, dips into politics and is also the president of innumerable societies.

Two miles of silk have been drawn from the body of a single spider, and yet it is calculated that twenty-seven large spiders would be required to produce a pound weight of the material.

Promiscuous handshaking in America has repeatedly served as a target for European cynicism. Yet the handshake, after all, is the sincerest manifestation of courteous good will.

At the Table; Guests Present.

Mamma—Why, Bessie! Get down from the back of your chair. What are you doing?

Bessie—Mamma, you told me little girls should be seen, not heard.—Demorest's.

The Red Man's Disappointment.

"Ugh!" said the Indian, in disgust.

"What's the matter, Swallowtail?" asked the agent.

"Big Injun chase white man four mile. Want scalp. Catch white man. Ugh! white man bald."—Harper's Bazar.

EGGS BY MACHINERY.

A PLAN TO MAKE THEM BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN HENS CAN.

What the Manufactured Article Contains. How the Ingredients Are Secured—The Making of the Shell Is Really a Delicate Piece of Work.

Patents have been granted to James Storrey, of Kansas City, for the manufacture of eggs.

All the necessary machinery, which is not worth more than $500 at the outset, is in readiness to begin this overwhelming competition with the American men. If as much success attends the new venture as is anticipated by Mr. Storrey, the contest between the machine and the hen for supremacy in the egg producing business will be short, with the victory to the credit of the former.

Mr. Storrey's process is very simple, and yet he is prepared to manufacture an artificial egg that a connoisseur will find it difficult to distinguish either in appearance or taste from the prime product of a Plymouth Rock or Leghorn.

Lime, water, blood, milk, tallow, peas and one or two other vegetables are the ingredients of his compound. The shell and the yolk will not be difficult of manufacture. To make a good imitation of the "white" of the egg is the part that has required the most ingenuity to conquer, but Mr. Storrey has succeeded in solving the problem successfully.

MAKING THE YOLK.

The yolk of an egg is composed of 30 per cent. of yellow fat, 14 per cent. of caseine, about 3 per cent. albumen and water. The fat is common animal fat, and beef fat, which is very cheap, will be the chief ingredient. To this a liberal amount of caseine, which is that portion of the milk which produces butter and cheese, will be added, and albumen mainly from beef blood, together with water, will be mixed in small quantities. The color, already a yellow, will be treated with a chemical which will serve a double purpose of deepening the color and preserving the mixture in a semi-liquid state until it is cooked.

The "white" of the egg is about one-eighth pure albumen, and is a difficult substance to produce chemically. A substance that appears to the eye exactly similar, and which hardens and whitens when cooked, has been produced by a mixture of legumin, or vegetable albumen, extracted from common peas, and which forms one-fourth of the peas, a little albumen from beef blood, a trifle of sulphur, considerable gelatine and a chemical solution to prevent rapid decomposition, and which also whitens the whole bulk when subjected to heat, just as the egg becomes white when boiled.

As beef blood will be utilized in very large quantities in the big egg mill, a few special cars will be fitted up with tanks to bring the blood from the Chicago slaughter houses.

MAKING THE SHELL.

The shell will be perfectly imitated by a simple solution of lime, water and glue. The machinery that is required is needed mainly in putting the egg together. Every yolk will be first run into a mold to be properly shaped, and then dumped into a second mold, where the right quantity of the white is placed previously. This latter substance, being a gelatine like matter, will incase the yolk very readily. By a unique machine the meat is there enveloped in the shell.

The shell is only partially hardened when the egg is put into it, and as there is a liberal amount of glue added to the lime, the edges of the shell soon adhere to each other very tightly, leaving no traceable mark where they were joined. In order to make the imitation more completely successful, molds of several sizes will be introduced, making the eggs vary in bulk as do the products of any respectable flock of hens. The color of the shell will also be of two or three shades, rendering the likeness to the original still more striking.

Tests have been made which show that the artificial egg can be preserved for a month under proper conditions, and still taste as fresh as one laid by an ordinary hen. As all the ingredients of this reform egg are exceedingly cheap, it can be manufactured at the rate of about three cents a dozen. There will be no limit to the capacity of the novel mill, and families and boarding house keepers can be supplied in any quantities at prices so dazzlingly small as to warrant immediate popularity.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Strange Wants.

They must have a strange herd of sheep in New Zealand, where a settler announced that he wanted "an industrious man to take charge of 3,000 sheep who could talk Spanish." He must have been related to the young lady who announced "that she could do all kinds of sewing and embroidery except music." A western "ad." reads: "Wanted an energetic young man for a retail store partly out of doors, partly behind the counters." A contemporary asks what will be the result when the door is shut.—Providence Journal.

A Share in a Jewel.

There is a story told of a French savant who was shown a priceless jewel by a great duke.

"Thank you, my lord duke," said the man of science, "for allowing me to share with you the possession of so great a treasure."

"In what way?" said the duke.

"Why, your grace can do no more than look at it, and you have allowed me to do the same."—All the Year Round.

Spoke Too Quick.

Mr. Repplier (playing cribbage)—What a very fine crib board, Miss Passee!

Miss Passee (playfully)—A gift from my very first sweetheart, Mr. Repplier, when I was only 15.

Mr. Repplier (with polite interest)—Indeed! That is quite the oldest crib board I ever saw—that is—er—I mean——.—West Shore.

A Dreadful Threat.

A poet having loaned a small amount to a friend found it very difficult to collect the same, as his friend failed to recollect the incident. Meeting his friend in need the poet said:

"If you don't pay me that $17 which you owe me I shall have to resort to extreme measures."

"And what may they be?"

"I'll dedicate my next poem in your honor."

The friend turned pale and shelled out abruptly.—Texas Siftings.

A MOCKING BIRD'S LESSON.

In a Few Minutes It Learned Some New Sounds But Forgot It's Clever Songs.

"There he goes again!" groaned Mr. George Phalen, a wealthy resident of Highbridge. "Was ever man cursed with such a bird?"

"Bird!" exclaimed Mr. Phalen's visitor in astonishment. "Why, you don't mean to say you keep a bird with all those cats in the house?" For the sudden chorus of hissing, spitting and mewing that floated in from the rear room seemed to indicate that an animated feline argument was in progress there.

"There is no cat under my roof," was the reply. "All the noise you hear is made by a single mocking bird. Just step into the other room and look at him. A more woebegone creature you never saw."

The bird, indeed, looked as though he had seen hard and long service. He had no vestige of a tail left, and one of his eyes was gone. His few feathers were ruffled, and all his sleek and glorious beauty had departed.

"Three years ago old Nick (that is his name) was a remarkably handsome bird," said Mr. Phalen, "and his numerous accomplishments made him a great favorite and very valuable. He could whistle 'The Campbells Are Coming' and a dozen other airs with wonderful clearness and musical precision, and he was so clever that he could learn a new tune in an hour. I would not have sold him then for $500.

"But one night everybody in the house was awakened by an awful uproar in the back parlor. The mocking bird was shrieking, shouting and swearing like a human being; a cat, that must have entered by the cellar door, for we harbored none of his kind, was spitting and hissing furiously, and the sound of some heavy metallic object dashed frequently and violently against the furniture was distracting. I went down stairs with a light, and I found that the cat's paw was tightly wedged between the wires of the bird's prison, and the terrified brute was swinging the cage about the room, trying to release himself. Old Nick was nearly dead and badly dilapidated, as you see him now, before I could disentangle the cat from the wires and kick him out into the darkness.

"The bird's tail never grew again, nor did his plumage regain its luster. He was quite silent for a full week, and then he suddenly made the air vocal with a horrible series of caterwaulings, and he has kept them up almost without intermission ever since. In the few dreadful minutes that he passed face to face with the cat he learned every intonation of voice that his assailant could teach him, and utterly forgot all the songs and speeches with which years of careful tuition had enriched his mind. A poor exchange, it seems to me."—New York Sun.

A Scotch student had a curious method of studying. He spread out his books where the hearth rug would naturally have been, and lay there at full length, learning his task by the light of a fire made from roots of decayed trees which he had dug in a wood near Edinburgh and carried to his lodgings.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.

WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates.

☞Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,

Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
dependence, Cal.

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.

Real Estate Agents,

Address,
P. H. MACK, P. W. FORBES,
Independence, Cal. Bishop, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
☞Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.☜
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.

MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

HIVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
☞NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.☜
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the easiest possible pain inflicted. Address

WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

Smug little FORTUNES have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 PORTLAND, MAINE.

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce Street, New York

OFFICIAL.

NOTICE OF

Sheriff's Sale,

ON FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGES.

E. H. EDWARDS, Plaintiff,
vs.
WM. F. MATLACK, Administrator of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased
Defendant.

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER of sale and decree of foreclosure, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, on the 15th day of November, 1890, in an action wherein E. H. Edwards was Plaintiff and Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, was Defendant, and in which said last above mentioned action, E. H. Edwards, the above named Plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, Defendant, on the 15th day of November, 1890, for the sums of $1810.02 and $4171.49, gold coin of the United States, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of $5981.51, gold coin as aforesaid, which said decree was, on that 15th day of November, 1890, recorded in Judgment Book 1 of said Court, at page 281, (Wm. F. Matlack, Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, the above named Defendant, was by an order of said Superior Court duly made and entered on the 14th day of May, 1891 substituted as Defendant in said action in the place and stead of said Thomas Parker, now deceased.) I am commanded to sell, to satisfy said judgment and decree for the said sum of $1810.02, all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a point twenty-chains East of the North-west Section corner of Section No. twent-eight, in Township No. fifteen South of Range No. thirty six, East, Mt. Diablo Base and Meridian, (magnetic variation fifteen degrees and fifteen minutes East) thence south thirteen and ninety one-hundredths chains to North-west corner of Josiah G. Dodge's land; thence North, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, twenty-two and thirty-one one-hundredths chains to Brewery street in the town of Lone Pine; thence North, twenty-one degrees and forty minutes West, twenty-one one hundredths chains; thence South, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes West, eight and ten one-hundredths chains; thence North eight and forty-eight one hundredths chains to North line of Section No. twenty-eight; thence West thirteen and twenty-nine one-hundredths chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing fifteen and one half acres.

Also a lot of land lying East of the last described tract and on the Wm. L. Moore tract of land North-west of the town of Lone Pine beginning at the North-east corner of said last described tract, thirty three and twenty-nine one hundredths chains East of the North-west corner of Section twenty-eight in Township Fifteen South of Range Thirty-six East, of Mount Diablo Meridian, at an iron post set in the ground; thence, South eight and forty-eight one-hundredth chains to the lane from the last described tract of land to the town of Lone Pine; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, eight and seventy one one-hundredths chains to the East side of Brewery street in said town; thence, South twenty-one degrees and forty minutes East, fifty one-hundredths chains to the North line of Corral street in said town; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, seven and eighty-seven one-hundredths chains to the West line of Main street in said town; thence, North twenty-one degrees and forty minutes West, three and nineteen one-hundredths chains to Section line of said Section twenty-eight; thence, West fifteen chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing eight and seventy-five one hundredths acres.

Also lots Nos. two, three, and the North half of lot six, in block No. 13, upon which is a house; and the fractional part of lots Nos. six, seven and eight in block No. 1 in the town of Lone Pine, in said County and State, as the same are known and designated on the plat of said town now on file in the Recorder's office of said County.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

I am also commanded to sell to satisfy said judgment and decree for the said sum of $4171.49, all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

The East half of the South-west quarter and the West half of the South-east quarter of Section No. twenty-one, in Township No. fifteen, South of Range No. thirty six, East, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on Saturday the 6th day of June, 1891, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House in the County of Inyo, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell separately the above described property, or so much thereof, as may be necessary to satisfy said Plaintiff's judgment, with interest and costs etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 15th day of May, 1891.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff of Inyo County.
By D. HOLLAND,
Under-Sheriff.

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 14th day of May, 1891, in the matter of the estate of John R. Hughes, deceased, the undersigned, the Executor of the last will and testament of John R. Hughes deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on Saturday, the 6th day of June, 1891, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John R. Hughes, at the time of his death, and all the right title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said John R. Hughes at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, state of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

An undivided one-half interest in and to the South half of Lot Number Seven (7), in Block Number Five (5), as the same is known and designated on the official plat of the said town of Lone Pine, now on file in the office of the County Recorder of said Inyo county.

Bids or offers must be in writing and will be received at the residence of the undersigned, about six miles south of the town of Independence, Cal., or delivered to said Executor personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States, ten percent. of the purchase money to be paid to the said Executor on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at expense of purchaser. W. L. HUNTER,

Executor of the last Will and Testament of John R. Hughes, deceased.

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Executor.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.

Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.

☞All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.

FRED BURKHARDT.

OFFICIAL.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Marmol, Nevada.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of May 1891, an assessment (No. 13) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of July, 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 28th day of July, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

LONE PINE CANAL COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of canal, near Independence, Inyo county.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 30th day of May, 1891, an assessment (No. One) of Fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, Independence, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 3d day of July, 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 25th day of July, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

NOTICE FOR PROPOSALS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Lone Pine Canal Company, at its office, in the town of Independence, up till 10 o'clock a. m. of June 13, 1891, for the construction of one mile of ditch, commencing at a point on H. J. Robinson's land about one-half a mile south of the terminus of the Stevens Ditch and running thence in a Southerly direction along and following the line of survey as shown by a map now on file in the company's office.

Said mile of ditch to have a ten inch bottom, eighteen inch cut, and two feet of banks, two feet horizontal to one foot vertical.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

P. H. MACK,
Secretary.

Independence, June 4th, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of JOHN LUCAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office in the town of Lone Pine, Inyo county, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said Inyo county.

State of California. E. H. EDWARDS,
Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased.

Dated May 5th, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PETER DICKSON, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Administrator of the estate of PETER DICKSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Lone Pine, in the county of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated April 18th, 1891.

JOHN P. LUDWIG,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County, or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said Complaint, above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed
Flooring.
sep 11-1 y

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JUNE 5 1891

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 97¾
Lead, 4 35
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will breach in Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; George Creek 2:30; Independence, 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at Lone Pine and Independence at 2 p. m.

COUNT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

FRIDAY, May 29, 1891.

Estate of John Lucas, deceased—Filed petition for order of sale.

WEDNESDAY, June 3, 1891.

Estate of John C. Eddy, deceased—Issued inventory and appraisement.

A. Cohn et. al., vs. T. K. Hutchison—Filed original summons.

THURSDAY, June 4, 1891

Estate of Ben. Theban, deceased—Filed inventory and appraisement.

Estate of Duncan Campbell—Filed order.

Estate of John Lucas—Filed proof of publication.

See notice for proposals in another column.

E. H. Edwards came up from Lone Pine yesterday, returning the same day.

The first new potatoes of the season appeared at Independence last week.

Silas Reynolds has been very ill with the grippe at Georges Creek this week. Dr. L. L. Woodin has been in constant attendance.

Mrs. H. J. Winsor has gone to Loyalton Sierra County, to visit her sister.

C. H. Parsons came down from Round Valley on Tuesday and is visiting in the vicinity.

Will Bill Johnson inform us how long it has been since cabbage plants bloomed but once a century?

Misses Sophie and Emily Rhine arrived from San Francisco on last Friday's train on a visit of several weeks with her brothers.

Mrs. J. W. P. Laird, accompanied by Masters Lester and Roland Laird, returned yesterday from a visit to Bishop and Round Valley.

S. P. McKnight, C. E. and daughter came down from Bishop on Tuesday. Mr. McKnight is engaged on work for the Inyo Canal Company.

Hon. Tremmore Coffin of Carson has been visiting Independence and vicinity during the week. He is in a fair way to recover from his recent illness.

A purse of $75 is offered for a footrace [illegible] between Olds, Ober and Diaz. It is understood that Diaz will have plenty backing if the race comes off.

McBride's stallion, Bronco is getting around all right again, and his trainer says he will be in good shape for the races next fall. He will not be used in the stud again this season.

The Independence base ball nine have sent a challenge to the Bishop nine to play at Independence on July 4th, for $75 a side, and have deposited $25 with the secretary as a forfeit.

Master Julian and Miss Elsie Eibeshutz will arrive on to-day's train from San Francisco where they have been attending school. The latter has not visited her home for three years. Mrs. Eibeshutz went to Reno to meet them.

One of the features of the Memorial services at the Opera House to-night will be an address by Judge Conklin. He is a fluent, forcible speaker, and there will evidently be a good attendance to hear him. —*Bakersfield Gazette.*

A very good idea may be obtained of what can be accomplished with a little labor and care by visiting Lank & Kehoe's place in town. They purchased the Lake place five years ago and set out a young orchard, mostly of apple trees. These are now all making thrifty growth and are bearing, many of them, their second crop. A small vineyard was set out at the same time and this is heavily loaded with young grapes, a quantity being marketed from it last year. There are four hundred trees in the orchard and in five years time every tree will net at least ten dollars a year.

Breyfogle Mines

A *Gazette* reporter had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with L. J. Hanchett, who passed through Reno last evening on his return to San Francisco from his last visit to the Breyfogle mines. Mr. Hanchett is so well known among the mining men of Nevada and this coast generally that his opinions when based upon his own observations, are considered worthy of full credence, and hence may be regarded in the light of authority. Mr. Hanchett was one of the original owners in the old Pioche mine at Pioche in the early '70's, from which he amassed a large fortune, as did his son-in-law, A. H. Rutherford. Mr. Hanchett has been engaged in mining for many years and hence his views are regarded as those of an intelligent practical miner. He says that he has made two visits to the Breyfogle mines. On his first visit he was well impressed with the prospects, as footwalls in both the Montgomery and Yount claims rich ore was found on the surface. But on his second visit the little sinking which had been done, to a depth of seven or eight feet, changed the appearance of the rock altogether, and the results of horn tests and assays were not at all encouraging. In fact, Mr. Hanchett on his first visit felt inclined to take a small mill into the district, but when he completed his examinations on the second trip he decided to drop the proposition altogether. He is candid in admitting that possibly good mines of small productive character may be developed in time with industry and economy, but he does not believe there is any prospect for any large mining operations to be created in that section.

BIG PINE CORRESPONDENCE.

The opening ball given by the proprietors of the Big Pine Hotel last Friday evening was an unqualified success. Early in the evening guests began to arrive from all over the valley, filling the large house to overflowing. A cordial greeting was given to all by Mr. and Mrs. Williams. A large platform had been erected for dancing on the south end of the building. A piece of canvas about eight feet high was stretched around the sylvan hall, the branches of the locust trees forming a canopy overhead. Chinese lanterns were hung all about and with the gracefully moving forms of the dancers made a lovely picture. The music was good and the management all that could be desired. The supper—well, that settles it. I can't discuss the supper. I am somewhat of an eater myself, but as I was unable to sample more than half the good things provided I am unqualified to express an opinion. I will say, however, that the roasted porker with its gay decorations deserved the place of honor at the feast. After supper dancing was continued until after three o'clock, and a thoroughly enjoyable time was had. The old Mono friends of Mr. and Mrs. Williams were present *en masse*, and the cordial reception given and the evident desire to please, won many new friends who will look forward with pleasure to any affair given at Big Pine Hotel.

DECORATION DAY CEREMONIES.

The patriotic citizens of Big Pine held a public meeting and determined to fittingly observe Decoration Day. In response to a call a large number of people gathered in the school house on Saturday afternoon last. The meeting was called to order by D. J. Hessian, President of the Day, in a few brief words, and the following programme was well rendered.

1. Song, "Rest, Comrades Rest"..Choir.
2. Address, ...Mr. John Hale.
3. Recitation, "Lives of Great men Imperishable".....Mr. Ed. Smith.
4. Song, "Our Last Grand Camping Ground".....Choir.
5. Recitation, "Thirty-seven".....Fred. Crocker.
6. Recitation, "Custer's Last Ride"..Mr. John Hale.
7. Reading, "Cover Them Over"..Carrie Gregg.
8. Song, "They Rest in Peace"....Choir.

A procession was then formed and marched to the cemetery, and the graves were handsomely decorated with flowers. The grave of Bray Miller, a young man who died last winter, was beautifully decorated with flowers sent from San Francisco. The gathering was then dispersed.

There is a general growl among horse men that no programme is announced for the coming fair. We have some good horses here, but we cannot commence training until we know what we are going to run for.

The smiling countenance of Jake Miller showed up early in the week. Big Pine still has some attractions for Jake.

This burgh is very quiet at present but there a number of colonization schemes on the tapis that may result in lively times in the near future. Will keep you posted.

MR. E.

The Fourth at Independence.

Arrangements for a big Fourth of July celebration at Independence are now fairly under way and a grand affair will surely be had. Over $300 has been subscribed, and more will yet be raised. The native Sons are determined to make their initial venture a grand success. A grand ball will be given at the pavilion on Friday evening, the 3rd. A plan is now under discussion to serve the supper at the pavilion grounds which will be a great convenience. On the morning of the 4th appropriate exercises will be held at the pavilion. In the afternoon children's sports, games and races will complete the programme. There has been considerable discussion as to the respective merits of Olds, Ober and Diaz, and it has been decided to give a purse of $75 for a race of 125 yards, free for all, ten per cent entrance to be added to the purse, the race to start if any two or all of the above named start; otherwise to be declared off. Entries are to close with the secretary, F. E. Densmore, June 20th. This will be a good betting race, and will afford a good opportunity to prove which is the best man at the distance. Other novel features will be added to the programme from time to time.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Hugnenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

The Native Sons have written D. A. Bender endeavoring to get a special train from Hawthorne on the 4th.

BIG PINE HOTEL.

BIG PINE - CAL.

New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates

Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.

Special attention given to the wants of every guest.

Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

NOTICE

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will presen the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale.

A well established butcher business in Independence. No opposition. A good substantial butcher shop with ice house, or refrigerator attached. All tools and implements necessary for carrying on the business. Also a comfortable dwelling on lot adjoining shop. Four large rooms and kitchen. Shop and dwelling are both new and in good condition. The entire property must be included in purchase and terms cash. Apply to

J. C. ROEPER.
Independence, Cal.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine, Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

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ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
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BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP

Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
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W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing .....$2.00 for Cash

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BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,
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Grand Fourth of July Celelebration under the auspices of the N. S. G. W. July Fourth, 1891. Full programme next week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL,
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
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MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and pric before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points

Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE SEW ART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,
GROCERIES
MINERS
Supplies

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p. m.		5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.		2:50 p. m
Hawthorne	5.50 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.		9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs.....	8:05 p. m.		9:15 a. m
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.		7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10:00 p. m.	Lv.	7:20a. m.
	No. 3.		No. 4.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Belleville.....	8 20 a. m.		5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.		1:25 p m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p. m.		11:00 a. m
Alvord.....	2.45 p. m.		10:00 a. m
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10p. m.		7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar. 5:55 p. m.	Lv.	7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leavin Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver P Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies'
Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOL

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE

Blacksmith Sh
R. C. Spear, Prop
—ALL WORK ON—
MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS
—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—
HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING

All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

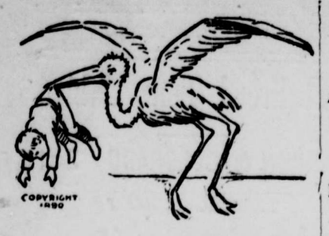
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td



Taken away

—sick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. It's a large contract, but the smallest things in the world do the business—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest, but the most effective. They go to work in the right way. They cleanse and renovate the system thoroughly—but they do it mildly and gently. You feel the good they do—but you don't feel them doing it. As a Liver Pill, they're unequaled. Sugar-coated, easy to take, and put up in vials, and hermetically sealed, and thus always fresh and reliable. A perfect vest-pocket remedy, in small vials, and only *one* necessary for a laxative or *three* for a cathartic.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, because they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for *the good* you get.

That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on, through druggists.

If a man has nothing to say, he is sure to take much time and use many words in saying it.

STOOD THE TEST.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have successfully stood the test of over thirty years' use by the public; their virtues have never been equalled by the unscrupulous imitators who have sought to trade upon the reputation of ALLCOCK'S by making plasters with holes in them, and claiming them to be "just as good as ALLCOCK'S."

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS stand to-day indorsed by not only the highest medical authorities, but by millions of grateful patients who have proved their efficacy as a household remedy.

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.

EXCURSIONS EAST

Every Tuesday. Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago without change. Shortest Route; Quickest Time; Select Company; Lowest Rates. For descriptive circular, berths and tickets apply to E. A. Holbrook, General Traffic Agent, Chicago and Northwestern Railway, 2 New Montgomery Street, under Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

Truth, wisdom, love, seek reasons; malice seeks only causes.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet DR. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

That which is called cynicism is often only disagreeable truth.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

THE BEST STANDARD REMEDIES.

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

DR. AUGUST KŒNIG'S Hamburg Breast Tea (Hamburger Brusttheе) —FOR— **COUGHS and COLDS.**

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 packages $1.00) in stamps.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

DIAMOND VERA-CURA —FOR— **DYSPEPSIA** AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (6 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent free on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDERICK, Saugerties, New York.

A worn-out Stomach.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

BROOKLYN HOTEL Bush St., bet. Montgomery & Sansome, S. F.; conducted on both the European and American plan. This Hotel is under the management of Charles Montgomery, and is the best Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco. Home comforts, cuisine unexcelled, first-class service, highest standard of respectability guaranteed. Board and room, per day, $1.25 to $2.00; single room, 50 cts. to $1.00 per night. Free coach to and from the Hotel.

ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER CURED TO STAY CURED. A NEW DEPARTURE. WRITE TO DR. HAROLD HAYES, M.D. BUFFALO, N.Y.

S. F. N. U. No. 463. New Series No. 18

THE SPLENDID SPUR.

Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

Be sure I was wroth enough; nor did the calm interest of the two snail owners appease me when at breakfast I told them a part of the story. But I thought I read sympathy in the low price at which one of them offered me his horse. 'Twas a tall, black brute, very strong in the loins, and I bought him at once out of my shrunken stock of guineas. At 10 o'clock I set out, not along the Bath road, but bearing to the south, as the young gentlewoman had counseled. I began to hold a high opinion of her advice.

By 12 o'clock I was back at the inn door, clamoring to see the man that sold me the horse, which had gone dead lame after the second mile.

"Dear heart!" cried the landlord, "they are gone, the both, this hour and a half. But they are coming again within the fortnight, and I am expressly to report if you returned, as they had a wager about it."

I turned away, pondering. Two days on the road had put me sadly out of conceit with myself. For mile after mile I trudged, dragging the horse after me by the bridle, till my arms felt as if coming out from their sockets. I would have turned the brute loose and thought myself well quit of him, had it not been for the saddle and bridle he carried.

'Twas about 5 in the evening, and I still laboring along, when, over the low hedge to the right, a man on a sorrel mare leaped easily as a swallow and alighted some ten paces or less in front of me, where he dismounted and stood barring my path. The muzzle of his pistol was in my face before I could lay hand to my own.

"Good evening!" said I.

"You have money about you, doubtless," growled the man curtly, and in a voice that made me start. For by his voice and figure in the dusk I knew him for Capt. Settle; and in the sorrel with the high white stocking I recognized the mare Molly, that poor Anthony Killigrew had given me almost with his last breath.

The bully did not know me, having but seen me for an instant at "The Crown," and then in a very different attire.

"I have but a few poor coins," I answered.

"Then hand 'em over."

"Be shot if I do!" said I, in a passion; and, pulling out a handful from my pocket, I dashed them down in the road.

For a moment the captain took his pistol from my face and stooped to clutch at the golden coins as they trickled and ran to right and left. The next, I had struck out with my right fist, and down he went staggering. His pistol dropped out of his hand and exploded between my feet. I rushed to Molly, caught her bridle, and leaped on her back. 'Twas a near thing, for the captain was rushing towards us. But at the call of my voice the mare gave a bound and turned; and down the road I was borne, light as a feather.

A bullet whizzed past my ears; I heard the captain's curse mingle with the report; and then was out of range and galloping through the dusk.

CHAPTER V.

MY ADVENTURE AT THE "THREE CUPS."

Secure of pursuit, and full of delight in the mare's easy motion, I must have traveled a good six miles before the moon rose. In the frosty sky her rays sparkled cheerfully, and by them I saw on the holsters the silver demi-bear that I knew to be the crest of the Killigrews, having the fellow to it engraved on my sword hilt. So now I was certain 'twas Molly that I bestrode, and took occasion of the light to explore the holsters and saddle flap.

Poor Anthony's pistols were gone—filched, no doubt, by the captain; but you may guess my satisfaction when, on thrusting my hand deeper, I touched a heap of coins, and found them to be gold.

'Twas certainly a rare bargain I had driven with Capt. Settle. For the five or six gold pieces I scattered on the road, I had won close on thirty guineas, as I counted in the moonlight; not to speak of this incomparable Molly. And I began to whistle gleefully, and taste the joke over again and laugh to myself, as we cantered along with the north wind at our backs.

All the same, I had no relish for riding thus till morning. For the night was chill enough to search my very bones after the heat of the late gallop; and, moreover, I knew nothing of the road, which at this hour was quite deserted. So that, coming at length to a tall hill with a black ridge of pine wood standing up against the moon like a fish fin, I was glad enough to note below it, and at some distance from the trees, a window brightly lit, and pushed forward in hope of entertainment.

The building was an inn, though a sorry one. Nor, save for the lighted window, did it wear any grace of hospitality, but thrust out a bare shoulder upon the road, and a sign that creaked overhead and looked for all the world like a gallows. Round this shoulder of the house and into the main yard (that turned churlishly towards the hillside), the wind howled like a beast in pain. I climbed off Molly, and, pressing my hat down on my head, struck a loud rat-tat on the door.

Curiously, it opened at once, and I saw a couple of men in the lighted passage.

"Heard the mare's heels on the road, Cap—Hillo! What in the fiend's name is this?"

Said I, "If you are he that keeps this house, I want two things of you—first, a civil tongue, and next a bed."

"You'll get neither, then."

"Your sign says that you keep an inn."

"Ay—the 'Three Cups;' but we're full."

"Your manner of speech proves that to be a lie."

I liked the fellow's voice so little that 'tis odds I would have remounted Molly and ridden away; but at this instant there floated down the stairs and out through the drink smelling passage a sound that made me jump. 'Twas a girl's voice singing:

> "Hey nonni—nonni—no!
> Men are fools that wish to die!
> Is't not fine to laugh and sing
> When the bells of death do ring."

There was no doubt upon it. The voice belonged to the young gentlewoman I had met at Hungerford. I turned sharply towards the landlord, and was met by another surprise. The second man, that till now had stood well back in the shadow, was peering forward, and devouring Molly with his gaze. 'Twas hard to read his features, but then and there I would have wagered my life he was no other than Luke Settle's comrade, Black Dick.

My mind was made up. "I'll not ride a step farther to-night," said I.

"Then bide there and freeze," answered the landlord.

He was for slamming the door in my face, when the other caught him by the arm, and, pulling him a little back, whispered a word or two. I guessed what this meant, but resolved not to draw back; and presently the landlord's voice began again, betwixt surly and polite:

"Have ye too high a stomach to lie on straw?"

"Oho!" thought I to myself, "then I am to be kept for the mare's sake, but not admitted to the house;" and said aloud that I could put up with a straw bed.

"Because there's the stable loft at your service. As ye hear" (and in fact the singing still went on, only now I heard a man's voice joining in the catch), "our house is full of company. But straw is clean bedding, and the mare I'll help to put in stall."

"Agreed," I said, "on one condition—that you send out a maid to me with a cup of mulled sack; for this cold eats me alive."

To this he consented, and, stepping back into a side room with the other fellow, returned in a minute alone and carrying a lantern, which, in spite of the moon, was needed to guide a stranger across that ruinous yard. The flare, as we picked our way along, fell for a moment on an open cart shed, and, within, on the gilt panels of a coach that I recognized.

In the stable that stood at the far end of the court I was surprised to find half a dozen horses standing, ready saddled and munching their fill of oats. They were ungroomed, and one or two in a lather of sweat that on such a night was hard to account for. But I asked no questions, and my companion vouchsafed no talk, though twice I caught him regarding me curiously as I unbridled the mare in the only vacant stall. Not a word passed as he took the lantern off the peg again and led the way up a ramshackle ladder to the loft above. He was a fat, lumbering fellow, and made the old timbers creak. At the top he sat down the light and pointed to a heap of straw in the corner.

"You's your bed," he growled, and before I could answer was picking his way down the ladder again.

I looked about, and shivered. The eaves of my bed chamber were scarce on speaking terms with the walls, and through a score of crannies at least the wind poured and whistled, so that after shifting my truss of straw a dozen times I found myself still the center of a whirl of draught. The candle flame, too, was puffed this way and that inside the horn sheath. I was losing patience when I heard footsteps below; the ladder creaked, and the red hair and broad shoulders of a chambermaid rose into view. She carried a steaming mug in her hand, and muttered all the while in no very choice talk.

The wench had a kind face, though, and a pair of eyes that did her more credit than her tongue.

"And what's to be my reward for this, I want to know?" she panted out, resting her left palm on her hip.

"Why, a groat or two," said I, "when it comes to the reckoning."

"Lud!" she cried, "what a dull young man!"

"Dull?"

"Ay—to make me ask for a kiss in so many words;" and with the back of her left hand she wiped her mouth for it frankly, while she held out the mug in her right.

"Oh!" I said, "I beg your pardon, but my wits are frozen up, I think. There's two, for interest, and another if you tell me whom your master entertains to-night, that I must be content with this crib."

She took the kisses with composure and said:

"Well, to begin, there's the gentlefolk that came this afternoon with their own carriage and heathenish French servant; a cranky old grandee and a daughter with more airs than a peacock; Sir Something-or-other Killigrew—Lord bless the boy!"

For I had dropped the mug and spilled the hot sack all about the straw, whose it trickled away with a fragrance reproachfully delicious.

"Now I beg your pardon a hundred times, but the chill is in my bones worse than the ague;" and, huddling my shoulders up, I counterfeited a shivering fit with a truthfulness that surprised myself.

"Poor lad!"

"—And 'tis first hot and then cold all down my spine."

"There, now!"

"And goose flesh and flushes all over my body."

"Dear heart—and to pass the night in this grave of a place!"

"And by morning I shall be in a high fever; and oh! I feel I shall die of it!"

"Don't; don't!" The honest girl's eyes were full of tears. "I wonder, now?—she began; and I waited, eager for her next words. "Sure, master's at cards in the parlor and 'il be drunk by midnight. Shalt pass the night by the kitchen fire, if only thou make no noise."

"But your mistress—what will she say?"

"Is in heaven these two years, and out of master's speaking distance forever. So blow out the light and follow me gently."

Still feigning to shiver, I followed her down the ladder and through the stable into the open. The wind by this time had brought up some heavy clouds and massed them about the moon; but 'twas freezing hard, nevertheless. The girl took me by the hand to guide me, for, save from one bright window in the upper floor, there was no light at all in the yard. Clearly, she was in dread of her master's anger, for we stole across like ghosts, and once or twice she whispered a warning when my toe kicked against a loose cobble. But just as I seemed to be walking into a stone wall she put out her hand. I heard the click of a latch and stood in a dark, narrow passage.

The passage led to a second door that opened on a wide, stone paved kitchen, lit by a cheerful fire, whereon a kettle hissed and bubbled as the vapor lifted the cover. Close by the chimney corner was a sort of trap, or buttery hatch, for pushing the hot dishes conveniently into the parlor on the other side of the wall. Besides this, for furniture, the room held a broad deal table, an oak dresser, a linen press, a rack with hams and strings of onions depending from it, a settle and a chair or two, with (for decoration) a dozen or so of ballad sheets stuck among the dish covers along the wall.

"Sit," whispered the girl, "and make no noise, while I brew a rack punch for the men folk in the parlor." She jerked her thumb towards the buttery hatch, where I had already caught the murmur of voices.

I took up a chair softly, and set it down between the hatch and the fireplace, so that while warming my knees I could catch any word spoken more than ordinary loud on the other side of the wall. The chambermaid stirred the fire briskly, and moved about singing, as she fetched down bottles and glasses from the dresser:

> "Lament ye maids an' darters
> For constant Sarah Ann,
> Who hanged hersel' in her garters
> All for the love o' man,
> All for the"——

She was pausing, bottle in hand, to take the high note; but hushed suddenly at the sound of the voices singing in the room upstairs:

> "Vivre en tout cas
> C'est le grand soulas
> Des honnetes gens:"

"That's the foreigners," said the chambermaid, and went on with her ditty:

> "All for the love of a soulger
> Whose christ'ning name was Jan."

A volley of oaths sounded through the buttery hatch.

"—And that's the true born Englishmen, as you may tell by their speech. 'Tis pretty company the master keeps these days."

She was continuing her song when I held up a finger for silence. In fact, through the hatch my ear had caught a sentence that set me listening for more with a still heart.

"Damn the captain!" the landlord's gruff voice was saying; "I warned 'n agen this fancy business when sober, cool headed work was toward."

"Settie's way from his cradle," growled another; "and times enough I've told 'n: 'Cap'n,' says I, 'there's no sense o' proportions about ye.' A master mind, sirs, but 'a 'll be hanged for a hen roost, so sure as my name's Bill Widdicomb."

"Ugly words—what a creeping influence has that same mention o' hanging!" piped a thinner voice.

"Hold thy complaints, Old Mortification," put in a speaker that I recognized for Black Dick; "sure the pretty maid upstairs is tender game. Hark how they sing!"

And, indeed, the threatened folk upstairs were singing their catch very choicely, with the girl's clear voice to lead them:

> "Comment dit papa
> —Margoton, ma mie?"

"Heathen language, to be sure," said the thin voice again, as the chorus ceased; "thinks I to mysel', 'They be but Papisters,' an' my doubting mind is mightily reconciled to manslaugter."

"I don't like beginning 'ithout the cap'n," observed Black Dick; "though I doubt something has miscarried. Else, how did that young spark ride in upon the mare?"

"An' that's what thy question should ha' been, Dick, with a pistol to his skull."

"He'll keep till the morrow."

"We'll give Settle half an hour more," said the landlord. "Mary!" he pushed open the hatch, so that I had barely time to duck my head out of view, "fetch in the punch, girl. How did'st thou leave the young man i' the loft?"

"Asleep, or nearly," answered Mary—

> "Who hanged hersel' in her gar-ters,
> All for the love o' man——

"Anon, anon, master: wait only till I get the kettle on the boil."

The hatch was slipped to again. I stood up and made a step towards the girl.

"How many are they?" I asked, jerking a finger in the direction of the parlor.

"A dozen all but one."

"Where is the foreign guests' room?"

"Left hand, on the first landing."

"The staircase?"

"Just outside the door."

"Then sing—go on singing for your life."

"But"——

"Sing!"

"Dear heart, they'll murder thee! Oh! for pity's sake, let go my wrist—

> "Lament, ye maids and darters!"

I stole to the door and peeped out. A lantern hung in the passage, and showed the staircase directly in front of me. I stayed for a moment to pull off my boots, and, holding them in my left hand, crept up the stairs. In the kitchen, the girl was singing and clattering the glasses together. Behind the door, at the head of the stairs, I heard voices talking. I slipped on my boots again and tapped on the panel.

"Come in!"

Let me try to describe that on which my eyes rested as I pushed the door wide. 'Twas a long room, wainscoted half up the wall in some dark wood, and in daytime lit by one window only, which now was hung with red curtains. By the fireplace, where a brisk wood fire was crackling, leaned the young gentlewoman I had met at Hungerford, who, as she now turned her eyes upon me, ceased fingering the guitar or mandolin that she held against her waist, and raised her pretty head not without curiosity.

But 'twas on the table in the center of the chamber that my gaze settled; and on two men beside it, of whom I must speak more particularly.

The elder, who sat in a high backed chair, was a little, frail, deformed gentleman of about fifty, dressed very richly in dark velvet and furs, and wore on his head a velvet skull cap, round which his white hair stuck up like a ferret's. But the oddest thing about him was a complexion that any maid of sixteen would give her ears for—of a pink and white so transparent that it seemed a soft light must be glowing beneath his skin. On either cheek bone this delicate coloring centered in a deeper flush. This is as much as I need say about his appearance, except that his eyes were very bright and sharp and his chin stuck out like a vicious mule's.

The table before him was covered with bottles and flasks, in the middle of which stood a silver lamp burning, and over it a silver saucepan that sent up a rare fragrance as the liquid within it simmered and bubbled. So eager was the old gentleman in watching the progress of his mixture, that he merely glanced up at my entrance and then, holding up a hand for silence, turned his eyes on the saucepan again.

The second man was the broad shouldered lackey I had seen riding behind the coach, and now stood over the saucepan with a twisted flask in his hand, from which he poured a red sirup very gingerly, drop by drop, with the tail of his eye turned on his master's face, that he might know when to cease.

Now it may be that my entrance upset this experiment in strong drinks. At any rate, I had scarce come to a stand about three paces inside the door, when the little old gentleman bounces up in a fury, kicks over his chair, hurls the nearest bottles to right and left, and sends the silver saucepan spinning across the table to my very feet, where it scalded me clean through the boot, and made me hop for pain.

"Spoiled—spoiled!" he screamed; "drenched in filthy liquor, when it should have breathed but a taste!"

And to my amazement he sprang on the strapping servant like a wild cat and began to beat, cuff and belabor him with all the strength of his puny limbs.

'Twas like a scene out of Bedlam. Yet all the while the girl leaned quietly against the mantel shelf and softly touched the strings of her instrument, while the servant took the rain of blows and slaps as though 'twere a summer shower, grinning all over his face and making no resistance at all.

Then, as I stood dumb with perplexity, the old gentleman let go his hold of the fellow's hair, and, dropping on the floor, began to roll about in a fit of coughing, the like of which no man can imagine. 'Twas hideous. He barked, and writhed, and barked again, till the disorder seemed to search and rack every innermost inch of his small frame. And in the intervals of coughing his exclamations were terrible to listen to.

"He's dying!" I cried, and ran forward to help.

The servant picked up the chair, and together we set him in it. By degrees the violence of the cough abated, and he lay back, livid in the face, with his eyes closed and his hands clutching the knobs of the chair. I turned to the girl. She had neither spoken nor stirred, but now came forward and calmly asked my business.

"I think," said I, "that your name is Killigrew?"

"I am Delia Killigrew, and this is my father, Sir Deakin."

"Now on his way to visit his estates in Cornwall?"

She nodded.

"Then I have to warn you that your lives are in danger." And, gently as possible, I told her what I had seen and heard down stairs. In the middle of my tale the servant stepped to the door, and returned quietly. There was no lock on the inside. After a minute he went across and drew the red curtains. The window had a grating within, of iron bars as thick as a man's thumb, strongly clamped in the stone work, and not four inches apart. Clearly, he was a man of few words; for, returning, he merely pulled out his sword and waited for the end of my tale.

The girl also did not interrupt me, but listened in silence. As I ceased, she said:

"Is this all you know?"

"No," answered I, "it is not. But the rest I promise to tell you if we escape from this place alive. Will this content you?"

She turned to the servant, who nodded. Whereupon she held out her hand very cordially.

"Sir, listen; we are travelers bound for Cornwall, as you know, and have some small possessions that will poorly reward the greed of these violent men. Nevertheless, we should be hurrying on our journey did we not await my brother Anthony, who was to have ridden from Oxford to join us here, but has been delayed, doubtless on the king's business"——

(To be Continued.)

The Canadian Surveyor-General denies that Canada has lost any territory by the misplacement of boundary marks in Washington. On the contrary, there is a probability that she has gained a slice of a quarter of a mile, for several miles, of Uncle Sam's domain.

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Among the old land-marks of San Francisco, and around which nothing but pleasant memories cling, is the PACIFIC BANK. No depositors can say they have lost money in this staunch institution. In stands at the head of all that is just and right, and has become a synonym through twenty-seven years of continued prosperity, of all that is solid, substantial and reliable in a financial sense.

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Of many a night, made doubly long by its protracted agony, the rheumatic sufferer tosses to and fro on his sleepless coach, vainly praying for that rest which only comes by fits and starts. His malady is one which ordinary medicines too often fail to relieve, but there is ample evidence to prove that the efficient blood depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, affords the rheumatic a reliable means of relief. Check the malady in its incipient stages, when the first premonitory twinges come on, with this agreeable medicine, and avoid years of torture. Whatever be the rationale of the active influence of the Bitters upon this malady, certain it is that no evidence relating to its effect is more direct and positive than that which relates to its action in cases of rheumatism. Like all sterling remedies, however, it deserves a protracted, systematic trial, and should not be abandoned because not at once remedial. It is equally efficacious in dyspepsia, indigestion and kindred diseases.

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There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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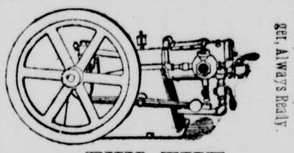

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Contains nothing injurious. One bottle sufficient to treat 500 Fowls. Best, cheapest, and most easily applied Remedy on the market.

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Pour one tablespoonful of this liquid into a pint of luke warm water, into which dip the bird's head two or three times, completely filling nostrils, mouth and eyes. 100 can be treated in one hour. *Price, $1.00 Per Bottle. Six Bottles, $5.00.*

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Oakdale Poultry Yards, Oakdale, Cal. In nearly every instance it effected a cure. I consider it the BEST remedy for Roup I ever tried. O. J. COLLY.

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A State of Siege

How many people there are who regard the coming of winter as a constant state of siege. It seems as if the elements sat down outside the walls of health and now and again, led by the north wind and his attendant blasts, broke over the ramparts, spreading colds, pneumonia and death. Who knows when the next storm may come and what its effects upon your constitution may be? The fortifications of health must be made strong. **SCOTT'S EMULSION** of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will aid you to hold out *against Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases,* until the siege is raised. *It prevents wasting in children.* **Palatable as Milk.**

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

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TROUBLE HUNTERS.

Things Seen by Telegraph Pole Climbers.

LOOKING ON BEECHER'S DEATH BED.

How Breaks in the System are Discovered and Remedied.

To a person not thoroughly versed in matters pertaining to telegraphing the line room on the seventh floor of the Western Union building on Broadway would prove particularly interesting. It is situated immediately beneath the switchboard, and has over 5,000 wires entering the different windows. This is the linemen's headquarters, and the starting point of the "trouble hunters."

"I am often asked what a 'trouble hunter' is, and I'll tell you," said one of the oldest hands to a Star reporter who was sitting in the room yesterday. "We are notified by one of the operators at the switchboard that circuit thirty-six, say, is dead, and the 'trouble hunter' starts from this point and follows the wire carefully to the spot where the break is. There his responsibility ceases and the repair gang take hold and remedy what defect they find. There are three classes of difficulties we encounter. They are designated as 'open,' 'ground' and 'escape.' An 'open' is a complete break in the wire, which is easily enough repaired when found.

A COOL HEAD REQUIRED.

"When a wire 'grounds' it's a different thing. The earth, of course, is a repository for all electrical fluids, and if an exposed wire touches at any place it naturally interferes with the circuit. A green pole, when wet, is also an excellent conductor, and frequently causes us no end of trouble. A telegraph pole should be thoroughly seasoned before being put into use, but frequently a green one is put up, and then after a heavy shower the wrapper around the wire may become worn, and, the line coming in contact with the green wood, the electrical current, instead of being carried along on the circuit, runs into the earth; and until the defect is remedied the line is practically useless. A green pole from a window, touching an exposed wire, would not interfere with the working unless the pole in some way ran into the earth.

"An 'escape' is on the same principle as a 'ground.' It generally occurs where the insulation on a wire becomes worn and part of the electrical fluid escapes and part runs on the circuit."

"What are the principal qualifications to become a lineman?"

"A cool head. Any one could perform the mechanical part of the work after a little experience, but to do it at an elevation of a couple of hundred feet on a slim pole, when a fall means certain death, is another thing. When a strong wind is blowing it makes the task particularly hard and dangerous. The spurs we wear, attached to our boots, sometimes give way; and then again the wood is often rotten, and one misstep means a fall. There's a knack in climbing up a pole properly, but it's not half as bad as the coming down. The sensation, I can tell you, is very peculiar at a new hand.

SEEN FROM THE POLE'S TOP.

"According to the statement of half a dozen linemen spoken to, some very queer sights have been witnessed by them while perched on a crossbar of a pole. One of them in relating his experience said he was working for a telegraph company in Brooklyn and had been sent to repair a wire on Clark street. It was necessary for him to climb nearly every pole in the street, and while ascending one near the corner of Hicks street he was enabled to look diagonally into the windows of a house. The sight he saw riveted his attention for a few moments. There was an elderly gentleman on the bed surrounded by members of his family, and was evidently dying. The man gazed at the picture a moment in surprise, and then proceeded with his work and descended to the ground. The house faced on Hicks street, and before the door a small crowd had gathered, and were discussing some news.

"Whose house is that?" he asked an old gentleman who had come down the steps. The gentleman looked at him in surprise a moment.

"That is Henry Ward Beecher's house," he replied, "and he has just died."

Another lineman related a peculiar experience he had while perched on a pole on Third avenue, near Seventy-third street. He had a pair of pinchers in his hand, and was in the act of twisting the two ends of a broken wire, when he heard a woman scream. He turned his head and saw a man in a room abusing a woman, who was screaming at the top of her voice. On the impulse of the moment he threw his pinchers through the window at the brute, who beat a hasty retreat. When he reached the ground the woman was waiting for him. She had called an officer and wanted to have him arrested for assaulting her husband by throwing the pinchers at him. The lineman was obliged to pay for a pane of glass, through which he had thrown the pinchers, notwithstanding he considers his act saved the woman's life. The various experiences they relate, many of them of a very dramatic and interesting character, would fill volumes and show the different phases of life to be found in a great city.—New York Star.

Not a Judge.

Albert Hawkins, the executive coachman, is a broad minded philosopher. Like the sun, he shines for all. As the White House coach was standing in front of the portico yesterday morning a gentleman came up, looked at the horses with a critical eye and remarked:

"That is not as good a team as Cleveland's, is it?"

Albert's black face was covered with an expression of unutterable disgust, and he remarked: "Now, boss, you ought to know more than to be saying such things like that to me. You'll get me in trouble. The other day I was standing out here and some ladies came along, and one of them says: 'Albert, I am glad that President Harrison kept you in your old place.' 'Thank you, mum,' says I, 'for your kindness.' Then she says: 'Albert, Mrs. Harrison is not as pretty a lady as Mrs. Cleveland, is she?' There were lots of people standing around listening to what she was saying to me and what I was saying to her, and I tho't I would fall off the box; but I just drew myself up and said: 'Madame, I ain't no judge of ladies.'"—Washington Letter.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Peaches are not a favorite except with a few animals, though rabbits fancy them.

Never cut your corns with a sharp instrument. This is at best but a temporary relief.

The United States has referred thirty-three international disputes to arbitration during the present century.

All the letters of the alphabet appear in in the following sentence, "The quick brown fox jumps over a lazy dog."

A child three years old has actually been carried off by an eagle near Trencsin, in Hungary, in sight of the father and mother.

A citizen of St. Louis is said to make a good living by renting turtles to restaurants for advertising purposes.

On dark nights a white light can be seen farther than any other color; on bright nights red takes the first place.

Mrs. Worth, the wife of the famous Parisian dressmaker, dresses very plainly. It goes to prove the truth of an old proverb.

Lady Burton's revised version of Sir Richard Burton's translation of the "Arabian Nights" is the edition from which the ex-emperor Dom Pedro is making a Portuguese translation.

Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and three of flour. Roll this into the upper crust of pies. It will render the crust flaky and tender.

A Boston society woman says it is quite a fad among Boston young gentlemen to take up the practice of veterinary surgery. The same thing is noted in Washington.

In armorplate tests steel has generally been found to compete more successfully with compound armor when the plates were eighteen inches thick than when they were only twelve inches thick.

Previous to the emancipation act of 1829 Roman Catholics were excluded from corporate offices, from parliament, forbidden to marry Protestants or to carry arms, and were under various other disabilities.

It is well known that vegetable and animal oils are unsuitable for cylinder lubrication, and recently in France where colza oil was used it was found necessary to burn out the deposits in the ports of the locomotive cylinders.

Katie Got the Book.

Katie was going to bed after a day of toil minding her sick and maimed dolls—chronic invalids all of them—and her b-e-a-u-tiful duck, the one old quacker that traveled with the hens because he had no better company. The robin that had been watching her out of the corners of his bright eyes, as he ran over the lawn and listened to her prattle, was asleep already with his head under his wing, and Katie's hung heavily on mother's shoulder as she was undressing her. "Now I lay me" had been said, with many yawns in between, and mamma's pet had been tucked in snugly; but just as the sleepy eyes were closing she sat suddenly bolt upright.

"Mamma," she said, "I want Johnnie's picture book—that with the lambs."

"Hush, Katie!" said her mother, the least bit wearily, for the little feet and the little tongue had never ceased going one moment all day. "Now we will go to sleep."

"But, mamma," and the big eyes pleaded earnestly, "can't I have Johnnie's picture book this onst?"

"Not tonight, dearie; it is too late."

"Mamma," said Katie, sitting up very straight and looking very solemn indeed, "I heard a story of a little girl—she was a good little girl—that asked her mamma onst when she was put to bed for the picture book with the lambs, and the mamma told her she couldn't have it, and—and"—the baby voice fell to an awed whisper and the eyes grew very big—"in just—about—two—minutes—she was dead!"

"My, Katie! And what killed her so quick?"

"Because," said Katie with conviction, "because she didn't get the book."

She got it, and in five minutes was asleep with it in her arms.—Harper's Young People.

Wanted to Know.

Few men were ever fonder of news and gossip than was old Jerry Clishen. Despite this fondness, however, Jerry was not a talker, and rarely took part in conversation other than to ask an occasional question about some point of special interest. One day Jerry's brother William, who lived some miles away, came to visit him. William had his right hand heavily bandaged, and this fact, of course, required an early explanation.

"Burnt it 'most off 't the fire t' other night," said William. "Ye see, old 'Square Dean's barn got afire, 'n' I went with the rest; but 'twan't any use, 'bout everything was burnt. If I wuz the 'square I'd give that boy seen a lickin' 't he couldn't stan'."

"What for?" asked the interested Jerry.

"Why, fur settin' the barn afire," was the reply; "but there! I furgot ter tell ye 'bout that part of it. Ye see the square's boy—great dough head—he found an owl settin' on the ridge pole, and so, of course, he had ter shoot at it.

"Wal, the barn winder was open, 'n' the gunwad went right inter the haymow, 'n' 'twan't five minutes afore 'twas all a-blaz in'. Everybody turned out, and we got out the old hoss, 'n' then Bill Treat said"—and so the old man went on with a long story, giving every detail of what was done, said and thought by each one who was present at the fire.

When at last the story was ended old Jerry remained for several minutes silently meditating on what he had heard; then he suddenly looked up and gravely asked, "Did ye say whether the boy killed the owl?"—Youth's Companion.

Girls Like to Be Kissed.

A young society man who moves in the younger circles told something out of the usual run the other day. He is a handsome fellow, tall and erect, and a prime favorite among the girls.

He said that he attempted to kiss a pretty girl, and just as he got his arms around her slender waist and was about to kiss her she said if he dared she would scream.

Not wishing to have a scene, which such an action would cause, he withdrew his arm and resumed his seat at the other end of the sofa. In an instant the pretty girl said, "Oh, I thought you were braver than that."

She, however, obstinately refused to let him kiss her.

In a couple of days he called on another girl. He wanted to kiss her, but she likewise threatened to scream if he should attempt it. He thought he would profit by his former experience and paid no attention to the warning.

He kissed her—she screamed; her mother came in and demanded an explanation. The girl came to his rescue, however, and said a mouse was in the room, and she screamed as it ran across the floor. Furthermore, by saying the young man had gallantly tried to catch the mouse, she explained his blushes to the mother's satisfaction.—Louisville Commercial.

ART WORK IN BUILDING.

A Church That Attracts Attention.

ITS EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL NOVELTIES

Conventional Ideas Disregarded by the Architects.

The Peddie Memorial Baptist church in Newark is the most recent and most notable example of ecclesiastical architecture in the metropolis of New Jersey. It is situated on Broad street, in the very heart of the city, and the pleasing and impressive mass would attract attention anywhere, though it is doubtful whether an uninformed passer-by would guess that it was a building erected for religious worship. The architect, Mr. William Halsey Wood, has not been restrained by the conventional rules of ecclesiastical architecture, and the only suggestion in the exterior of the building of the purpose of the structure is in the pointed towers, one taller than the other, and with clustered spires.

The predominating idea of the whole is Romanesque, though the dome is Byzantine, and the short, thick columns of the loggia and the loggia itself are early Italian. The arches are Romanesque, as is also the belt of sculpture which enriches the upper story of the two principal fronts. On the apex of the dome is a figure representing an angel with a trumpet. This figure has excited a deal of local criticism. The loggia, through which are the main entrances to the church, opens upon a vestibule sheltered by swing doors of oak; the inner doors of the vestibule and the partition separating it from the auditorium are of heavy plate glass, through which those arriving have a complete view of the interior before entering.

THE INTERIOR.

The general effect of the interior of the building is as novel in a church as the exterior, and it is equally agreeable. Low galleries sweep around the greater part of a circle, and there is no chancel. The predominating tone of color is that of old gold, with deeper shades of reddish brown and amber. The woodwork, with the exception of the pews, which are of sycamore, is of North Carolina pine, somewhat darkened by oil. The wood of the inner dome is unplaned, with the intention of assisting the acoustic qualities of the auditorium.

The few wall spaces are of marble and stone in warm colors. The pulpit, which is rather low on the floor, is almost directly beneath the great skylight in the eye of the dome. Behind the pulpit is the baptistery, a somewhat narrow structure, the floor of which is higher than the platform of the pulpit. In the rear of this is a decorated screen of cherry wood and hard pine, which rises perpendicularly and cuts off the rear portion of the dome. Behind this screen are the Sunday school rooms, three stories in height and with an entrance from the street.

There are six stained glass windows in the front of the church, four of them being memorials of deceased members of the congregation. Four windows on the north front are occupied with one continuous composition representing the baptism of Christ. A landscape and river scene stretches through the four windows, and the figures of the composition occupy the two central windows.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATIONS.

In the semi-circular recess in the northwest angle of the church on the second floor are three memorial windows and two tablets fixed into the walls. These are commemorative of the life and services of the late Henry Clay Fish, for many years pastor of the church. This recess opens into the auditorium through a noble arch, and affords a retiring room or place for social greeting for the congregation. An impressive and beautiful effect of the interior is a vast arch that spans the perpendicular screen in the rear of the pulpit platform, springing from either side of the building and reaching into the dome above. This arch is enriched with tracery of a Moresque quality, and bears on its face in illuminated letters the words, "These stones shall be his memorial."

Opposite this and spanning the recessed bay of the second or gallery floor, in which are the windows on the front, is another fine arch; this is supported on either side by large, delicately carved stones, the work on which is of remarkable beauty. To the left of this arch, as one faces the pulpit, is a small balcony in the wall, the entrance to which is from the pastor's study in the north tower. From here is obtained the best view of the interior of the edifice, the details of the elaborate architecture being fused into harmony, while the mellow luster from the great yellow skylight above falls down in a flood of softened color. On either side of the church, at the bases of the memorial arch, rise the clustered pipes of the two organs.

This church was the gift of the late Mr. Peddie to the First Baptist congregation, of which he was long time a member. Mr. Peddie came from Scotland to Newark when a young man. He began his career in Newark as a journeyman trunkmaker. Beginning the manufacture of trunks and bags in a small way, his business grew with the years, and he became a very rich man. This church is the memorial he chose for himself.—Harper's Weekly.

Chicken Feathers.

Dashaway—Look here, Uncle Jasper, I thought you said your wife's new dress was trimmed with feathers? I didn't see any yesterday when she had it on.

Uncle Jasper—No, sah. Dat's de 'culiarity 'bout dat dress. De feathers is dar, sah, but you can't see 'em.—Cloak Review.

Very Bad Form.

Daughter (after the theater)—That play was so interesting I couldn't do a thing but just sit and listen to it.

Fashionable Mother—It was abominable, the way you watched that play. People must have thought we were from the country.—New York Weekly.

Profit and Loss.

A prominent legal firm in this city which does a great deal of business for a rich mercantile concern lately rendered a bill which the senior partner of the mercantile establishment, who was accustomed to liberal charges, thought was too high. He therefore took the bill to the law firm and asked the chief to look it over and see if it was all right. The account was subsequently returned with $10 added for "advice as to the reasonableness of the bill."—Boston Journal.

From Her Point of View.

Cousin Jack (who has just been showing a Hebrew Bible)—Funny way they have of reading books—beginning at the back.

Mabel—Why, doesn't everybody do that?—Life.

The Arizona Kicker.

We take the following from the last issue of The Arizona Kicker:

APOLOGETICAL.—We hope our readers will excuse the typographical appearance of the inside pages of The Kicker this week. We were working them off as usual on Wednesday, having Joe the Digger Indian as roller boy, when Judge Shackawacksen made us a call and jumped on our collar. Greatly to our surprise we picked the judge up and mopped him all over the office and flung him out doors. His boot heels, hind buttons, spectacles and tobacco box flew about and alighted on the forms, and in our excitement we failed to notice them.

The big hole in our editorial on the tariff was caused by a boot heel. The blurr on the poem entitled: "When Baby Wakes Again," was caused by two hind buttons. Such society items as are unreadable owe their present state to the judge's spectacles. We hope it won't occur again.

NOT THIS EVE.—Our name is being prominently mentioned in connection with the United States senatorship from Arizona. While we are flattered and feel to step high, we must beg our friends to hold up.

In the first place, we are too honest, sober and conscientious.

In the second place, we are needed at home. We propose to run about ten thousand human coyotes out of this territory during the next twelve months, and put a thousand others behind prison bars.

While we feel tickled all over and can hardly sleep nights, we can't accept the office nor leave Arizona. Just pass the place along to some other man and leave us to do our work.—Detroit Free Press.

An Extreme Remedy.

It was time to go, by the steamer's clock, yet she lingered still at her dingy dock, and the mate blasphemed, and the captain roared, and the rain it steadily poured and poured on the luckless men who still implored that obstinate mule to go aboard. With rigid limbs and a stony stare, with ears firm set and its tail in the air, and an aw-he-haw-he long and loud, that horrible mule defied the crowd; and heedless of hunch and kick and nudge, it stood stock still in the muck and sludge—a mule with an everlasting grudge, that had taken an oath it wouldn't budge.

"Let me take that mule," said a passer by; "I'll load him or know the reason why. I've had some dealings with men and mules, and learned some things not taught in the schools." The crowd made way and the man drew near, and into the unresisting ear of the hapless beast he sang—for shame!—he sang of "The Letter That Never Came." With a voice like a wheezy clarionet's he warbles the song, "Sweet Violets." Bewildered by the dismal sound, the tortured mule turns half way round, and full in its face the man then sings the crowning woe they call "White Wings." With a trembling step at each fell note, the animal backs into the boat. 'Tis done. But the mule—ah! well-a-day. 'Tis its corpse the steamer carries away.—Chicago Tribune.

"Ain't It Cute?"

A lady recently visited the Lick observatory and asked to see Sirius, the Dog Star. The learned scientists at once turned the great telescope on Sirius, and the lady looked at it long and earnestly. Then turning around to the scientific gentlemen who were waiting for her to make some astronomical remark, she placidly murmured, "Ain't it cute?" just as if she had been viewing the latest thing in poodles.—New York Tribune.

A Triumph of Art.

Customer (in "hand-me-down" store)—This suit is all full of creases and wrinkles. It looks as if it had been slept in.

Dealer—Dot vas our ladest improved tourist suit, mister; noddings like it in Viladelphia. Dot suit make all your vriends dink you shust return vrom a tervelve months tour off Europe. No extra sharge vor dose wrinkles. Dey goes mit de suit.—Philadelphia Record.

A Trifle Skeptical.

Minister—Well, Bobby, what did you learn at school today?

Bobby—I learned that the world is round, and turns on hinges like that globe in the parlor.

Minister—Well, what did you think of that?

Bobby—I think they're asking me to believe a good deal for a small boy.—New York Sun.

Sad News.

Two pronounced Celts, who were apparently old acquaintances, met in Scollay square the other day, and after the usual preliminary greetings were given one said, "By the way, Dan, did you know that —— is dead?" "Dead?" returned the other, "Arrah, long life to the poor man, when did he die?"—Boston Budget.

Something of an Artist.

A small boy, seeing an apple on the mantelpiece, begged his grandmother to give it to him.

"What do you want of it?" asked grandma.

"Well, I guess my mother could make an apple pie of it," was the reply. "She's considerable of an artist."—Harper's Bazar.

Boyhood Friends.

Clerk (to busy employer)—There is a gentleman outside, sir, who says that he is a very old friend of your father's.

Busy Employer—Tell him I'm sorry, but my father is dead.—Life.

HAUNTING A MURDERESS.

Story of a Terrible Tragedy in a Prison.

VISITATIONS OF A GHOST TO THE SCENE.

It Disappears When Spoken to.—Tumbling Washtubs.

People passing the woman's wing of the penitentiary on rainy nights have heard moans and mutterings coming from the washhouse, and a sound as if some one was turning over tubs and chairs. Most of the belated wayfarers, on hearing the noise, have merely quickened their pace and said nothing about it.

The strange occurrence, however, has gained some notoriety in the neighborhood, and a reporter questioned Deputy Warden Crass about it.

"What is it?" said the deputy warden. "Why, those groans were uttered by our ghost."

"A ghost?" incredulously queried the reporter.

"Yes; and if you will come with me I will introduce you to witnesses who have seen it with their own eyes. But before we go I will give you a brief history of how we come to have such an unearthly visitor.

"On page 96, book C, prison records, is inscribed: 'Aug. 3, 1883. Mollie Dinwood, sent up March 26, 1883, two years for arson, was killed at 9:15 o'clock today, in the wash yard, by Sue Fletcher, sent up two years for larceny.' The two women quarreled and Sue cut Mollie's throat with a small penknife. I'll never forget the face of the poor doomed wretch as Drs. Eve and Roberts bent over her trying in vain to stop the flow of blood. She was lying on the cover of the old well moaning and gasping for breath. She was past human aid, and after a close examination Dr. Eve arose and said there was no hope. We buried her and Sue was given ten years more for her murder.

"Can the dead come back? It is a question that has worried the brains of the scientific and thinking men of every period, yet the question is no nearer a solution now than it was a thousand years ago. Now, come with me and you may hear the story of those who have seen the wraith of poor Mollie with their own eyes."

The reporter was carried to the woman's wing and talked to a number of the women who claimed to have seen the ghostly visitor.

Sue Fletcher, alias Burton, the murderess, said, with wild, dilating eyes: "She comes to me every rainy night. One night, about four years ago, she came to my bed and stood for a while, then said, 'The Lord has forgiven me and I won't come any more.' She was dressed in the old brown dress, with white trimmings, but I could see right through her. After that she did not come back any more until about a month ago, when she came into my cell and stood by my bed, moaning and the blood dripping out of the hole in her neck. I am scared of her and I hate to see it cloud up, for she comes every rainy night, and when I can I get some one to sleep with me, for I am afraid to sleep alone."

Numbers of the women claim to have seen her in the old brown dress, floating over the well platform and going in and out of the washhouse. They say that when she goes into the washhouse she turns over tubs and keeps up a continual moaning as if she was in pain. She has even been seen in the day time when it was dark and cloudy wandering about the yard.

One peculiarity is that when spoken to by any one but Sue Fletcher she disappears for an instant, then becomes visable in a few moments in some other portion of the yard. Her favorite place is over the old well where she died. The spirit has been seen by the terror stricken women to float over the spot for an hour at a time. Nearly all the women have seen and are afraid of her, and all swear that she is a "haunt" and not a human being.—Nashville American.

Well Known.

He was a cabin passenger, and the steamship was one of the ocean racers. The company, even those who occupy the mose expensive staterooms, is not always "select," in the society sense; but this man seemed more than ordinarily out of place. Who was he? No one knew.

One day the mystery was solved. He seated himself beside a distinguished lawyer and opened the conversation.

"I've read your speeches in the newspapers many a time, and I'm pleased to know you."

"Thank you," the other answered, and then, improving the opportunity, he added, "Do you live in New York?"

"Why, bless you!" was the answer, "you must know who I am. I'm Mike McCarthy; everybody knows me. I've been a boss teamster in New York for more than forty years."—Youth's Companion.

Such a Convenience.

A young lady living up town received a special delivery letter. The messenger handed her the book to sign for it. She took the book, and instead of writing her signature she wrote: "Dear John: Glad to hear from you. Come up Sunday night." She had answered the letter!—Philadelphia News.

A Passion for Music.

He (to Miss Breezy, of Chicago)—Are you fond of opera, Miss Breezy?

She—Oh, passionately!

He—Do you prefer the Italian school?

She—I have never seen any but the Chicago school. That is just splendid.—New York Sun.

A Visit to Ancient Carthage.

But the chief interest in Tunis is in its nearness to the site of one of the most famous cities of the ancient world. It is but a drive of six miles to the spot where once stood Carthage. In our visit we had again the invaluable companionship of our archæologist. As we rode across the plain it was very easy to see that the ancient city had ample room to spread out on every side except toward the sea, where it had the most splendid position on the very shore, presenting a long front to the Mediterranean, while a headland which projected into the sea served as a mighty breakwater, and formed a harbor in which all the Roman and Carthagenian fleets could ride together. On that headland Scipio Africanus landed the army which, marching round to the mainland, took Carthage in the rear and finally captured the city.

No city of antiquity has left so few ruins as Carthage. When it was taken by the Romans the decree of implacable hate, Carthago est delenda—Carthage must be destroyed—was inexorably carried out. Its merciless conquerors left but few monuments of its former greatness. Indeed, the only structures of imposing size which remain are the cisterns—great reservoirs covered by arches—which supplied water to the city, and these are said to be of Roman origin. All that is distinctly Carthagenian is the mound on which stood the ancient citadel, around which gathered all the martial life of a city which had the climax of its power and glory hundreds of years before Christ. Beneath that tumulus lie buried the foundations of temples and palaces, all mingled in one undistinguishable ruin.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Rateatcher's Methods.

"A rat that is caught by the tail will not squeal," said a professional rat-catcher. "In those cases where they squealed I had caught them by the body, not having time to get my favorite grip on them. The rat, you see, is paralyzed for a minute by the light; he rises up and tries to reach over it, and as he is doing that I reach the tongs in under him and catch him by the tail if I can, and if I miss the tail I catch anywhere. When he's thrown into the sack he lies quiet; they don't squeal if you let them alone, nor even if there's a dozen of them together. They are content to lie still and await events rather than raise a row; they're thinking all the time maybe I'll forget all about them. That's where they're off. Another thing, A rat cannot gnaw through a hanging bag—the bag 'gives' and the rat cannot get hold. If the bag is laid down they can grip on the creases and gnaw their way out in short order, but a hanging bag is as good as an iron safe. A rat has only four teeth—two above, which are about a half an inch long, and two below, which are about an inch and a half and run clear through the under jaw."—Chicago Tribune.

Origin of "Up Salt River."

The following derivation of the slang phrase "Rowed up Salt river," to express the condition of a defeated candidate for office, is thus explained by Bayard Taylor: "Formerly there were extensive salt works on Salt river, Ohio, a short distance from its mouth. The laborers employed in them were a set of athletic, belligerent fellows who soon became known far and wide for their achievements in the pugilistic line. Hence it became common for the boatmen on the Ohio, when one of their number became refractory, to say to him, 'We'll row you up Salt river,' when, of course, the burly salt men would have the handling of him. By a natural figure of speech, the expression was applied to political candidates—first, I believe, in the presidential campaign of 1840." A better explanation of the phrase than that given by Mr. Taylor above seems to be that in the early days the mouth of Salt river was a favorite stronghold of the river pirates, who preyed on the commerce of the Ohio, and rowed their plunder up Salt river.

A friend suggests a third probable derivation of the phrase. He says that he has heard it applied to defeated candidates as far back as 1833, and that it originated in 1832, when Henry Clay, as candidate for the presidency, had an engagement to speak at Louisville, Ky. He had employed a boatman to row him up the Ohio. Now this boatman was a Jackson Democrat; he pretended to have lost his way, and instead of rowing up the Ohio turned into Salt river. This caused Clay much delay, for he did not reach Louisville until the day after election.—St. Louis Republic.

After a Match.

The average person notices the arrangement of a room surprisingly little. Its dimensions and the relative positions of the furniture may seem to be familiar to him, but in reality they seldom are. The way to become convinced of this is to hunt for something, a match for instance, in the dark.

You have the mantel, and make a grab where you imagine the match safe stands. Down goes a piece of bric-a-brac to the floor.

More care is used. You find the end of the mantel, and run your hand along the marble slab. Off goes a verse or two. You strike the clock; you've got it. No, it's on the other side. Not there! Ah, then it's on the table.

After running against the stove and tripping over the chair, you find—the sofa. Keep cool and take your bearings. The table is north of the sofa, and the sofa runs east and west; north, therefore, is in front of you. Now you have it. That article that dropped to the floor sounded like the match safe. But it's the ink well, and your fingers are dyed with a color warranted not to fade.

A bright idea—the stove! You burn your fingers and warp your patience, but you secure a light. And the match safe? It is on the mantelpiece in front of the clock—the only place you didn't search.—Albany Argus.

Jones' Scheme.

Brown—Jones is not so miserly as I thought he was.

Green—No?

B.—No; I see he has gone to the expense of moving out of one of his houses into another.

G.—Ay, but do you know the reason?

B.—No.

G.—The house he has gone into has an electric light before the door. He moved to save gas bills.—Boston Courier.

Highly Unnatural.

Walker—I had a most unnatural dream last night, Fadman. I dreamt Binks borrowed five dollars of me for a week.

Fadman—Unnatural! Why, that's Binks all over!

Walker—Yes, but I went on dreaming and I dreamt that Binks paid it back to me at the end of the week!

Drew a Crowd.

Jones—I hear you had a dog show in your town last week. How did it go off?

Adams—Splendidly. It was a howling success.—Kate Field's Washington.

A SECRET OF DUDEDOM.

How Some of the Gilded Youth Dress Well.

SOMETHING THAT PUZZLES MANY PEOPLE

Small Salaries and Stolen Goods.—The Second-Hand Man.

There is a permanent interrogation point in a great many people's minds, and that is how young men earning anywhere from $10 to $18 a week can dress as well as men earning five or six times as much. Yet they manage to do it, and have enough money left to make a polite little ripple in the society in which they move.

The early elevated trains and horse cars are crowded with well dressed young men, who gaze about as complacently and self satisfied as if they were part owners in a railroad and lived only to cut coupons and draw dividends. They are dressed well, and their clothing, from the cape coat to the light cloth gaiters over their shoes, would compare favorably with the latest fashion plate. Yet if you follow them you will be pretty sure to learn that they are simply clerks in brokers' offices, and do not receive more than $15 in a majority of cases. How do they dress so well, then? Do they "borrow" from their employers, or do they speculate in bucket shops? They do not "borrow," and, as for speculating, they do that sometimes in a small way. Their clothes are bought honestly enough with the money they earn every week, and the way they do it is very easy.

Most New Yorkers have heard of that class of people known as "fences," whose business is to buy stolen goods from the thieves direct at a ridiculously low price, and sell the stuff to small dealers at a small profit. A "fence" will buy anything that is stolen, from a silver spoon to a suit of clothes or an assortment of clothing, and thereby hangs part of a tale. Every time there is a big clothing robbery the stuff is fenced and immediately passed to the sacred precincts of Baxter street. Sometimes the better portion of the thieves' work find their way into clothing stores in better neighborhoods, and because of the extremely reasonable price at which it is bought, the suits are sold very cheap. Now, you would not suppose a broker's clerk would go to Baxter street for clothes. Neither does he. He sends the clothing man's agent for what he wants. This agent calls on the clerk and is told what style of clothing is wanted. Then the young man is measured, and when the clothes come home they need very little altering. The cost is comparatively nothing. A good Prince Albert coat and vest can be bought for from $8 to $20, while cutaways and sack suits are to be had for prices ranging from $5 to $15. Of course a great deal of the stuff is second hand and a great deal is stolen. The second hand clothes are easily "fixed up," and the merchants of Baxter street have so delicate a facility for this "fixing up" process that they will change the whole complexion of a suit. The stolen goods are sold just as they are bought with the exception of a slight change in the maker's tag on the inside of the collar.

Still there is another, more legitimate, way of obtaining clothing that is fashionable, new and costly. There are a great many young men, rich and fashionable, in New York, who spend most of their time buying and giving clothes away after wearing them once or twice. This may seem strange to men who have but two suits, and wear them until they are absolutely too threadbare to wear any longer, yet nevertheless it is the case. Suits of clothes costing all the way from $50 to $100 each are made for these wealthy young men, and are worn probably three or four times and then given to valets. To follow the course of the clothes from this point would be a pretty heavy undertaking. Sometimes they are sold to second hand dealers on Sixth, Fourth and Third avenues, who make a handsome profit on every suit bought and sold. Out of the clothes given to him the valet keeps the best for himself, of course, and manages to make considerable money out of what he sells. Thus it is that so many young men earning small salaries can dress so fashionably and live honestly.—The Clothier.

He Was Wrong.

"Can I speak to you a moment?" he said softly as he called the chief clerk in the postoffice to the window the other day.

"Certainly."

"Thanks. I didn't know but you were busy. Two months ago I came here and asked for a letter. Remember it?"

"I do not."

"Probably not, as you are always busy. I didn't get any. I gave it as my opinion that some of you had stolen it. Remember?"

"No."

"Probably not, but I spoke very emphatically. That was my opinion, and I went away feeling very much hurt. Remember?"

"No."

"Probably not, as I am of no great consequence. I now desire to ask your pardon. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course."

"Thanks. I believed you would. You see, I expected a letter from my aunt. None came. She couldn't write one. She was dead. See? Therefore, how could I get one? I take it back. I apologize. I was wrong. Shake."

"That's all right."

"Thanks. I'll never do it again. This is an honest postoffice. I was wrong. Good-by."—Detroit Free Press.

A Mistake Corrected.

First Sweet Child—Oh! Isn't it lovely! How I wish I could have some real old lace, too.

Second Sweet Child—Mamma bought this yesterday. It's just common lace, like yours.

F. S. C.—Why, I thought it was the same kind those Bonanza children wear.

S. S. C.—No, I just tumbled down in the mud.—Tid Bits.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

C. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JUNE 12 ..... 1891.

The selection of new designs for coins of the United States is now occupying the attention of the Director of the Miut and a committee of three artists appointed by him.

While some portions of Europe are confronted with the horrors of famine or the prospects of poor crops, the American farmer expects to reap a bountiful harvest, and to make such generous contributions to Europe's demand for bread stuffs as will turn the golden tide again toward this country.

The share-holders of the Panama Canal, who are still urging the French Government to use its influence to assist De Lesseps to complete the undertaking in which so many millions have been sunk, are obviously going to be bitterly disappointed. The more gloomy the prospects appear to them the brighter they appear to the rival enterprise at Nicaragua.

There is a pleasing prospect for an early and satisfactory settlement of the Behring Sea difficulty. The bill before the British Parliament, to prohibit the taking of seals, is likely to become a law. Its introduction indicates that the British Government is disposed to co-operate with the United States for the preservation of the seals. The passage of the bill would remove all occasion for trouble in Alaskan waters this season, and before the opening of the next season a settlement of the question at issue is likely to be reached by arbitration. Neither nation was anything to gain by hostilities over such a matter, and there are many reasons why the peace and good will existing should be preserved.

It is to be expected that advocates in Congress of the McKinley blunder will defend their pet measure upon the stump. We are not therefore surprised to find Mr. Reed declaring that the Act has been "unjustly criticised." But the truth is, no measure ever passed Congress that the people took so absolutely upon trust and with reliance upon the predictions of its advocates. but thus far there has been no criticism of the bill not justified by developments under it. Take, for instance, the promise that it would enhance wages and stimulate new manufactures neither of which has happened, nor is there any indication that there is going to be any augmented manufacturing, over and above the normal increase consistent with the growth of the country. There are in the bill very many articles removed from the free to the dutiable list that enter directly into manufacturing industries, which have been crippled in consequence. A very few were, it is true, added to the free list, but not compensating for the new burdens put upon matcrials by the increase of the dutiable schedules.—Record-Union.

There is more than one good reason to be advanced in support of the Michigan plan for selecting Presidential Electors by Congressional Districts. In that State the new law requires the Electors to be chosen in each Congressional District, save from the two grand divisions of the State, as provided in the Act. The system commends itself because, for one thing, it does away with the "pivotal" State business, and therefore cuts short a great amount of rascality, corruption and ballot-box manipulation. Under this system—which, by the way, was practiced a number of years in the earlier history of the Republic—the States classed as "certain" will become less so, and those rated as "doubtful" will be more doubtful still. Just in that proportion the incentive to tamper with elections dishonestly will be reduced. Under the Michigan system there is minority representation, and the election of President is brought nearer the people without abandoning the electoral system, which is wise and should not be discarded, since it represents the sovereign States of the Union. Election by direct vote would tend to centralization that is not wholesome or necessary, and would give to congested population undue voice in the Federal administration. But, under the plan Michigan has adopted, States will break up their electoral vote in many cases and go solid as States in the few only. There is no good reason, it would appear, why the electoral vote of a State should not divide and the minority have a representation in the Electoral College.

BETTER NOW.

If you have a fragrant flower
In your heart's own garden grown,
For your friend, and some glad hour
Mean to make it all her own,
Do not wait; the lilied coffin
Sees no wreath; dear heart! Learn how
Love's best blossoms may be given
Better now.

If a box of alabaster
For your darling's head you hold,
Costly, precious, and would cast her
All its sweetness manifold,
Some glad day, wait not. Tomorrow
By her grave, perhaps, you'll bow—
Stay not for the touch of sorrow;
Break it now.

Better silence by the casket,
Funeral eulogy unsaid,
Than the living lips that ask it
Lack the word that's merited.
Death reads no obituary,
Hears no requiem; learn how
Praise to speak, pre-mortuary;
Speak it now.

Better coffin plain and flowerless,
Holding one whose life was filled
Full of fragrance. Gifts are powerless
When the beating heart is stilled.
Kiss belated, love post-portem
Cannot smooth the furrowed brow;
Garlands throw no backward perfume—
Wreath them now.

—Julia H. May in Good Housekeeping.

A CITY MYSTERY.

Miss Melinda Parkinson had come down to New York to buy her summer patterns and to indulge herself with a glimpse at the great world, of which hitherto she had only become acquainted through the columns of the weekly newspaper.

"It must be a mortal strange place," said that amiable spinster, "where folks walk up and down Broadway in their Sunday clothes, and milk sells for ten cents a quart. And where they hain't no garrets to their houses, and go out to parties just when we *Centervillers* are tying on our nightcaps to go to bed. Well, well, it takes all sorts of people to make a world."

So Miss Melinda retrimmed her leghorn hat with sage green ribbons, sponged over her ancient black silk gown, indulged in the extravagance of new gloves, and set forth for the great American metropolis to visit Cousin Lemuel Larkins, whose family had frequently spent halcyon summers at the farm, and to partake of whose hospitality she had had a standing invitation for some time.

Cousin Lemuel and his eldest daughter, Persephone, met her at the depot, with faces of friendly welcome. Cousin Lemuel was a photographer on the Bowery, and Miss Persephone "did" supernumerary parts at the Sparkle theater, and had the promise of "going on" whenever there should be a vacancy in the regular dramatis personæ.

"Come along, Cousin Melly," said Mr. Larkins. "Where's the check for your baggage? Here, expreseman! And look sharp, d'y' hear?"

"But," shrieked Miss Melinda, "that check is all I've got to show for my trunk. How do you know he'll ever bring up the trunk at all," gasped Miss Parkinson. "I once read in The Sentinel how"——

"Come along," said Mr. Larkins, good humoredly. "You'll find it'll all be as right as a trivet!"

"Ain't we going in a carriage?"

"Bless us, no," said Cousin Larkins. "We're agoin' in the 'short cars.'"

"But why are you going in the short cars?" said Miss Melinda in great bewilderment. "I thought you said you lived a mile and a half from the depot?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Larkins. "'short' means the cars, not the distance. Let me help you aboard, there's a good girl."

No sooner was Miss Parkinson safely bestowed between a stout gentleman reading his paper and a black velvet cloaked lady than she again began to be uneasy in her mind.

"Lemuel," said she, in a stage whisper, "I don't like these cars. I'd rather walk."

"But why?" said Mr. Larkins, who was hanging from a strap like a first class trapeze performer. "Eh? The man next you a pickpocket? But, my dear woman, it can't possibly be! He's a-holding up the paper with both hands! How can he be picking your pocket?"

"Ah!" nodded Miss Parkinson, "they can't deceive me. One of 'em's stuffed! I've read all about it! And he may be a-takin' my watch and my twenty-five dollars out of my under pocket with the real hand, this very minute, for all I know!"

"Madam," said the strange gentleman, jumping up and turning very red, as he started for the door, "I have not yet arrived at my destination, but I much prefer walking a few blocks to finding myself the subject of aspirations such as these! Conductor, you will have the goodness to stop."

"There," cried Miss Parkinson, starting to her feet, "it's just as The Sentinel says! He's escaping! Driver, I insist that he shall be searched! Conductor, call the police!"

"Pr'aps," suggested Cousin Lemuel, "you'd better see if your watch and money ain't safe, Melinda!"

"Because, marm," added the conductor, with the corners of his mouth twitching, "that there gent is Judge De Griffiths, of the court of common complaints, as ain't noway addicted to pocket picking, as ever I heerd on!"

And Miss Parkinson, discovering that her valuables were all safe, subsided once more into her place and merely remarked that "we are all liable to mistakes."

She was rather surprised to discover that the Larkins family, instead of occupying one of the palatial mansions contiguous to Central park, lived on the fourth floor of a rusty brick house on the Bowery, whose front windows were blinded by the elevated road and whose rear outlook consisted chiefly of cats and chimney tops. There was a summer garden next door, where a band discoursed sweet music until 3 o'clock in the morning, and a shooting gallery on the other side, and the ground floor of their own building was occupied by a job printer, whose steam machinery, albeit it was underground, roared and hissed and kept the walls a-tremble, until Miss Parkinson declared it was just like living over the crater of Vesuvius!

"La, my dear," said Mrs. Larkins, a comfortable, elderly lady with a greasy poplin dress and a cap covered with crumpled artificial flowers, "you won't mind it after a day or two. It's really a very superior neighborhood!"

They supped off clam chowder, boiled lobsters, Vienna bread and Limburger cheese—for the Larkins family were cosmopolitan in their tastes—and spent the evening at the Ingomar theater, for which Miss Persephone had always a limited number of "orders."

Miss Melinda Parkinson retired to rest in a back hall bedroom, with the elevated road shaking the very casters of her bed every thirteenth minute, and a quartet of cats on the roof rivaling the German arias of Mme. Frida Von Poppenhusen in the garden below, she seriously believed that gentle sleep was banished altogether from her eyelids.

In the middle of the night Mrs. Larkins was aroused from her balmy slumbers by a rapping at her chamber door.

"Eh?" said Mrs. Larkins, sitting up in bed, her classic brow crowned by a cheveux de frise of curl papers. "It ain't burglars, is it? Nor the fire department? Dear me, Cousin Melinda, what can you possibly be wanting at this time of night?"

"Lucretia," said Miss Parkinson, "hush! Come with me at once."

"Laws!" cried Mrs. Larkins, hurriedly shuffling her feet into list slippers and flinging on an ancient flannel dressing gown. "What is the matter? Ain't nobody sick, is there?"

"It's a somnambulist," whispered Miss Parkinson, as Mrs. Larkins joined her in the hall. "A poor crazy creature on the roof next door, all alone by herself, with nothing but a step between her and death."

"La!" said Mrs. Larkins, beginning to tremble and develop strongly hysterical symptoms. "Are you sure, quite sure, now, Melinda, that it ain't the Limburger cheese settin' heavy on your stomach? It don't agree with everybody, you know. And"——

"Come and see for yourself," said Melinda; and she drew her cousin to the curtained casement which commanded the feline and the smoke blackened view previously alluded to. "There! Don't you see her dress flutter? Do you perceive how dangerously near the parapet wall she stands?"

"Oh, good gracious!" cried Mrs. Larkins, covering her eyes with her hands. "Let's call Lemuel."

"Who is it that lives in the next house?" demanded Melinda. "For we must go there ourselves, Lucretia. There's no time to rouse up anybody."

"And Lemuel sleeps like a log," said Mrs. Larkins, "and always thrashes round with his fists when he's roused up sudden, thinkin' of burglars the very first thing, poor dear. It's Mr. Burnabee as lives there, a manufacturer of ladies' felt skirts; quite decent and respectable. Oh, yes, my dear; p'raps we'd better go, then, or the poor dear'll fling herself over the parapet, and it'll be a clear case for the coroner's inquest."

In the cloudy moonlight the two women crept down stairs and rang loudly at Mr. Burnabee's door.

There was a delay. There always is a delay after the ringing of a city door bell. But to Miss Parkinson and Mrs. Larkins there was a delay which seemed almost interminable before Mr. Burnabee appeared on the scene, a little old red nosed man, with scanty gray hair, a palm leaf patterned dressing gown, and a candle whose feeble flame flickered to and fro while he held it shaded from the night wind with one hand.

"Is it fire," said Mr. Burnabee, "or is it a accident on the elevated road? I've always knowed it would come sooner or later."

"The roof! The roof!" gasped Melinda.

"Save her!" shrieked Mrs. Larkins.

"Eh?" said Mr. Burnabee. "Save who? What are you talking about, ladies?"

"The sleepwalker!" cried Miss Parkinson. "The poor creature who hovers between life and death on the top of this house!"

"We saw a woman on the roof," explained Mrs. Larkins, "and she wouldn't answer when my cousin called to her, and we're almost certain sure she's insane."

Mr. Burnabee's wrinkled countenance broke into a smile.

"There ain't no woman there," said he.

"Man," said Miss Melinda, "you are deceiving us."

"It's nothing on earth," went on Mr. Burnabee, "but my wire dummy as I fit the skirts over. The roof leaked all over her new pink cambric slip in the hard shower yesterday, so I jest set her out on the roof to dry. I put her out at night, because I knowed if I did it in the daytime there'd be no end of people asking questions and minding everybody else's business but their own."

"Oh!" said Miss Parkinson, rather awkwardly.

"Of course," said Mrs. Larkins, biting her lip.

"Much obliged to you, all the same," said Mr. Burnabee blandly, although he still chuckled.

And the two women crept home again.

"Lucretia," said Miss Parkinson, standing opposite her own door.

"W-w-well!" faltered Mrs. Larkins, scarcely able to repress her shivering.

"Don't speak of this to any one, will you?"

"No, I won't" said Mrs. Larkins.

But it is to be feared that she did not keep her word, for Mr. Larkins was full of dark allusions the next day, and Miss Persephone could scarcely speak for laughing.

Miss Parkinson purchased her patterns, and secured her summer styles, and hastened speedily back to Centerville, and ever since she declares that all the wealth of the Indies would not induce her to live in that sink of iniquity and head center of mystery, New York! And if people ask her why, she only shakes her head and says mysteriously:

"Never mind!"—Amy Randolph in New York Ledger.

Catholic Bibles.

The clergy of the Roman Catholic church brought out in 1582, at Rheims, an English translation of the New Testament, and in 1610, at Douai, an English version of the Old Testament, now known as "the Douai Bible." Like Wyclif's, these were translations of a translation, taken from the Latin Vulgate. The Douai Bible abounds in curious hybrid words which one never meets with anywhere else, but quite a large number of the readings and renderings of the Douai Bible were adopted by the revisers in 1881. They did not, however, adopt the variation of the "treacle" rendering which the Douai revisers took, "Is there no rosen in Galaad?"

The Catholic version of the Bible now most commonly used in this country is one made by Dr. Challoner, in 1749 and 1750, of the Rheims New Testament and the Douai Old Testament. A revision of both was also made in 1783 by the Rev. Bernard MacMahon, with the approbation of Archbishop Troy, of Dublin, and is known as "Troy's Bible."—Chambers' Journal.

Ten Days for Wearing "Speelers."

Talking about police justices, an old time observer said: "We have had some pretty good specimens of police justices in Brooklyn long before today, but one of the most modest, unique characters I ever came across was the late Tom Riley. When Riley ascended the bench he did not know much about law, but could beat the decks in the quickness with which he would judge a prisoner by his appearance. In those days what were known as "speeler" trousers were in vogue with certain young men, and Riley was very much down on them. Indeed, it was said that the mere fact that an accused person had his nether limbs covered by the objectionable garment was regarded by Riley as prima facie evidence of guilt.

"One morning a young fellow was arraigned before him. The judge listened to the evidence, but that did not seem to move him. Finally he arose from his seat, looked over the desk at the young man's trousers, the ends of which protruded far over the shoes, and calmly remarked: 'Speelers. Ten days.' It is needless to add that after that the new kind of trousers soon went out of fashion."—Brooklyn Eagle.

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Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday	January 24th
"	February 21st
"	March 21st
"	April 18th
"	May 23rd
"	June 20th
"	July 18th
"	August 15th
"	September 12th
"	October 17th
"	November 14th
"	December 12th

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Snug little FORTUNES have been made at work for us by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time, big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

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OFFICIAL.

NOTICE OF

Sheriff's Sale,

ON FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGES.

E. H. EDWARDS, Plaintiff,
vs.
WM. F. MATLACK, Administrator of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased
Defendant.

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER of sale, upon a decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo State of California, on the 12th day of June, 1891, in an action wherein E. H. Edwards was Plaintiff and Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, was Defendant, and in which said last above mentioned action, E. H. Edwards, the above named Plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, Defendant, on the 15th day of November, 1890, for the sums of $1810.02 and $417.49, gold coin of the United States, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of $59-1.51, gold coin as aforesaid, which said decree was on that 15th day of November, 1891, recorded in Judgment Book 1 of said Court at page 281 (Wm. F. Matlack, Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, the above named Defendant, was by an order of said Superior Court duly made and entered on the 14th day of May, 1891 substituted as Defendant in said action in the place and stead of said Thomas Parker, now deceased) I am commanded to sell, to satisfy said judgment and decree for the said sum of $1810.02, all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a point twenty chains East of the North-west Section corner of Section No. twenty-eight, in Township No. fifteen South of Range No. thirty six, East, Mt. Diablo Base and Meridian, (magnetic variation fifteen degrees and fifteen minutes East) thence south thirteen and ninety one-hundredths chains to North-west corner of Josiah G. Dodge's land; thence North, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, twenty two and thirty-one one-hundredths chains to Brewery street in the town of Lone Pine; thence North, twenty-one degrees and forty minutes West, twenty-one one hundredths chains; thence South, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes West, eighteen and ten one-hundredths chains; thence North eight and forty eight one-hundredths chains to North line of Section No. twenty eight; thence West thirteen and twenty-nine one-hundredths chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing fifteen and one-half acres.

Also a lot of land lying East of the last described tract and on the Wm. L. Moore tract of land North-west of the town of Lone Pine beginning at the North-east corner of said last described tract, thirty three and twenty-nine one-hundredths chains East of the North-west corner of Sect on twenty-eight in Township Fifteen South of Range Thirty-six East, of Mount Diablo Meridian, at an iron post set in the ground; thence, South eight and forty-eight one-hundredths chains to the lane from the last described tract of land to the town of Lone Pine; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, eight and seventy one one-hundredths chains to the East side of Brewery street in said town; thence, South twenty one degrees and forty minutes East, fifty one-hundredths chains to the North line of Corral street in said town; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, seven and eighty-seven one-hundredths chains to the West line of Main-street in said town; thence, North twenty one degrees and forty minutes West, three and nineteen one-hundredths chains to Section line of said Section twenty-eight; thence, West fifteen chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing eighty and seventy-five one hundredths acres.

Also lots Nos. two, three, and the North half of lot six, in block No. 13, upon which is a house; and the fractional part of lots Nos. six, seven and eight in block No. 1 in the town of Lone Pine, in said County and State, as the same are known and designated on the plat of said town now on file in the Recorder's office of said county.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

I am also commanded to sell, to satisfy said judgment and decree for the said sum of $59-1.49, all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

The East half of the South-west quarter and the West half of the South-east quarter of Section No. twenty-one, in Township No. fifteen, South, of Range No. thirty six, East, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on Monday the 6th day of July, 1891, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House in the County of Inyo, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell separately the above described property, or so much thereof, as may be necessary to satisfy said Plaintiff's judgment, with interest and costs etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 12th day of June, 1891.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff of Inyo County.
By D. HOLLAND,
Under-Sheriff.

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 11th day of May, 1891, in the matter of the estate of John R. Hughes, deceased, the undersigned, the Executor of the last will and testament of John R. Hughes deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on Saturday, the 6th day of June, 1891, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John R. Hughes, at the time of his death, and all the right title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said John R. Hughes at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

An undivided one-half interest in and to the the South half of Lot Number Seven (7), in Block Number Five (5), as the same is known and designated on the official plat of the said town of Lone Pine, now on file in the office of the County Recorder of said Inyo county.

Bids or offers must be in writing and will be received at the residence of the undersigned, about six miles south of the town of Independence, Cal., or delivered to said Executor personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States, ten percent. of the purchase money to be paid to the said Executor on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at expense of purchaser. W. L. HUNTER.

Executor of the last Will and Testament of John R. Hughes, deceased.

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Executor.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Marmol, Nevada.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of May 1891, an assessment (No. 13) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of July 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 28th day of July, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE Secretary.

Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

LONE PINE CANAL COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of canal, near Independence, Inyo county.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 30th day of May, 1891, an assessment (No. One) of Fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, Independence, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 3d day of July, 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 25th day of July, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

NOTICE FOR PROPOSALS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Lone Pine Canal Company, at ... in the town of Independence, up till 10 o'clock a. m. of June 13, 1891, for the construction of one mile of ditch, commencing at a point on H. J. Robinson's land about one-half a mile south of the terminus of the Stevens Ditch and running thence in a Southerly direction along and following the line of survey as shown by map now on file in the company's office.

Said mile of ditch to have a fifteen foot bottom, eighteen inch cut, slope of banks one foot horizontal to one foot vertical.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids. P. H. MACK, Secretary.

Independence, June 4th, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of JOHN LUCAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of John Lucas deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office in the town of Lone Pine, Inyo county, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said Inyo county, State of California. E. H. EDWARDS,

Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased.

Dated May 5th, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PETER DIECKSON, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Administrator of the estate of PETER DIECKSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Lone Pine, in the county of Inyo, State of California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated April 18th, 1891.

JOHN F. LUCAS,
Administrator of said estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

MARY A. BALL, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT BALL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Ball, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant and for costs of suit, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. H. MACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 6th day of June, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Lucas deceased, the undersigned will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, on Saturday, the 27th day of June, 1891, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the late residence of said deceased, near the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property, to wit:

117 Head of Stock Cattle.
18 Head of Horses

Bids or offers in writing will be received at the office of the undersigned, in the said of Lone Pine, up to and including the 26th day of June, 1891.

E. H. EDWARDS
Administrator of the Estate of John Lucas deceased.

Dated June 12th, 1891.

BIG PINE HOTEL
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

DEPENDENT.

DENCE, CAL.

.....1891.

ET REPORT.

13 @ 19.

...or will preach at the ...Schoolhouse on Sunday, June 14, ...0 a. m., at ...ion Schoolhouse at 2:30 ...Lone Pine ...:30 p. m.

...v. J. Smi... will preach at Independence ...7:30 p. m.

...ill preach at Keeler, Wed...une 17, in the dining... ...Hotel.

...one Pine and Independence ...

COURT NOTES.

Geo. H. Bail, Superior Judge.

MONDAY, June 8, 1891.

... Decker vs. Ida C. Decker—Filed order dismissing action.

Ida C. Decker vs. S. Decker—Filed complaint and issued summons.

Estate of Charles D. Begole—Filed order for sale of real estate and personal property.

TUESDAY, June 9, 1891.

Manuel Diaz vs. Abraham Diaz et al—Entry default.

A. ... Olivas et al. vs. Nathan Rhine—Demurrer ...ed and sustained.

Frank Silva vs. Southern Development Company—Plaintiff allowed 30 days to file brief showing ...hy action should not be dismissed.

WEDNESDAY, June 10, 1891.

A. Cohn & Co., vs. T. E. Hutchinson—Filed demurrer to complaint.

BORN.

...—At Lone Pine, June 5, 1891, to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Spear, a daughter.

DIED.

...—Near Independence, June 7, 1891, Nicholas Cleer, a native of Germany, aged ...

OLIVAS—At Lone Pine, June 7, 1891, ...daughter of Mr. and J. Olivas, aged 11 months.

Ben Cosby was up from Lone Pine early in the week.

It requires considerable experience to be able to handle ...les.

...rekel of the ... is visiting ...ce with Mrs. F. W. P. ...

...me down from Big Pine ...will start training for the fourth.

...ing to numerals from the District the ...census children at Independence is ...less than last year.

The Independence Silver Cornet Band met at Independence last Tuesday evening and commenced practicing for the Fourth.

H. S. Miner Esq. arrived at Independence last Monday and is still in town. He is occupied on business in the Superior Court.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. ...klin has been seriously ill during the ...k but when last heard from was im...

It is said that 300 colonists will soon enter Owens Valley to settle on land recently purchased there by Lord Herbert of Ireland.—*Enterprise.*

The kite craze has joined its predecessors as a relic of the past. The last kite floats its skeleton to the breeze on a telegraph wire near the depot.

There have been several fishing parties up on the creeks during the week and good catches are reported, though the water is too high for very successful fishing.

Unless we have warm weather soon the corn crop will very likely be a total failure. Crops of wheat, barley and oats and also the hay crop will be larger than usual.

Sir John McDonald, the Canadian Premier, is dead. He was an exceedingly able statesman and Canada is much exercised over the task of securing a fitting successor.

Silas Reynolds is steadily improving in health and will soon be well again. At one time his life was despaired of but constant attention and good nursing brought him through.

P. H. Mack Esq. has purchased the law library of the late Charles Schuman and received the same from Bridgeport early in the week. It numbers about eight hundred volumes of the choicest law books.

P. R. Reynolds of Los Angeles is at Keeler and will visit Independence in a few days. Mr. Reynolds is a thoroughly skilled dentist and comes highly recommended. He expects to visit all the towns in the Valley before returning to Los Angeles.

Hon. P. Reddy arrived in the Valley two weeks ago to-day, going to Darwin to look after mining interests there. He came up to Independence on Tuesday to attend to legal business in the Superior Court and started on his return to the City yesterday morning.

Mr. Carl Richel and daughter went north on their way to Bishop yesterday coming from Los Angeles by way of Mojave. A son of Mr. Richel's was at Bishop some months ago and located land. Mr. Richel will spend a lock over the Valley with a view to locating here.

Dr. J. Wasson of Bakersfield came up to Independence on yesterday's train and will remain in town for a few days. Dr. Wasson is the senior member of the firm of Wasson & Wasson, Dentists. The firm has been located at Bakersfield for many years and have established an excellent reputation for conscientious workmanship. We have a personal acquaintance with the Doctor and confidently recommend him for first class work.

A Busy Company.

Charley Luce of the Marble works at Verdi was in town yesterday. He reports that company is employing 30 men at the quarry in Inyo county, 22 in the mill at Verdi and 130 in the yard at San Francisco. It will take them two years to finish the contract for the Mills building. They are figuring on other buildings, among them the new home for the *Examiner* on the corner of Third and Market streets, San Francisco.—*Gazette.*

Died On The Road.

Last Sunday Paul Myrtengreen left Lone Pine in charge of Nicholas Cleer, en route for the County Hospital. Cleer had been ailing for some time with the asthma and had become so weak as to require being carried to the conveyance. When arriving at Georges Creek he became entirely exhausted and with one feeble gasp for breath expired. Paul lashed the body to the buggy seat and continued on to Independence. A Coroner's inquest was held that afternoon and continued until Monday pending the arrival of witnesses. The jury rendered a verdict of death from natural causes and the body was interred under the direction of the Coroner.

An Excellent Article.

The edition of the San Francisco *Chronicle* of Sunday, June 7th, contains nearly thirteen pages, or ninety columns, of an article on irrigation. The first portion of the article is devoted to what has been accomplished in foreign countries by irrigation; then follows an exhaustive resumé of irrigation in California, including irrigation law and Supreme Court decisions. The article is profusely illustrated and evidences a vast amount of labor and expense. The article should be read carefully by every farmer in Inyo county, as to irrigation more than anything else must we look for whatever future prosperity we may meet with.

Meteorological Summary.

Following is the report of the Signal Service Station at Keeler for the month of May, 1891.

Mean barometer.....29.784
Highest barometer.....29.993
Lowest barometer.....29.300
Mean temperature.....64.2
Highest temperature, 30th.....86.
Lowest temperature, 8th.....36.
Greatest daily range temperature, 31, 28.
Least daily range temperature, 31st, 13.
Prevailing direction of wind, North.
Total movement of wind, 5943 miles.
Extreme velocity of wind, direction and date, 38 miles N. on 20th.
Total precipitation, 0.87 inches.
Number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell, 7.
Number of cloudless days.....13
Partly cloudy days.....11
Cloudy days.....7

H. E. WILKINSON,
Sergt., Signal Corps, Observer.

On Monday evening cards of invitation were received to the commencement exercises of the Nevada University, sent at the instance of Misses Ella T. and Sadie F. Malone, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. James Malone of Independence. The young ladies have been attending the above institution for some time past, and that they are graduating with honor is a source of pleasure to the many friends here.

Ben T. Williams came in from Modock yesterday and will return today. He reports mining matters in a flourishing condition in that region. Eight men are at work taking out ore in the lower tunnel and about ... ton of ore are shipped every week. Two men are at work in the Minietta. A considerable quantity of ore is being shipped from Darwin.

James Meehan of the Sutro Tunnel and Dominick Briden, two first class miners and prospectors returned Sunday from a week's prospecting trip in Inyo County. They reported having inspected a number of good claims, and they may return and take another look before long.—*Enterprise.*

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

PALACE SALOON.
LONE PINE, CAL.
—THE FINEST—
WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS
—o—
☞ This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURKHARDT, Lessee.
112-tf

Dentistry!

Dr. Wasson, the well known Dentist, located at Bakersfield, has arrived at Independence and can be seen at the Norman House. Those who need dentistry should lose no time in calling as his stay will not be long.

NOTICE

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.
FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale.

A well established butcher business in Independence. No opposition. A good substantial butcher shop with ice house, or refrigerator attached. All tools and implements necessary for carrying on the business. Also a comfortable dwelling on lot adjoining shop. Four large rooms and kitchen. Shop and dwelling are both new and in good condition. The entire property must be included in purchase and terms cash. Apply to
J. C. ROEPER.
Independence, Cal.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer with out cost of repairs than any other machine, Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,
C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

J. W. Murphy.

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing.....$2.00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence,

1776 Breathes there a man with soul so dead, 1891
1776 Who never to himself hath said, 1891
1776 "This is my own, my native land!" 1891

INDEPENDENCE GLORIOUS TRIBUTE.
—TO OUR—
NATAL DAY.
Under the management of
POLETA PARLOR, N. D. C. W.
INYO PARLOR NO. 145, N. S. G. W.
MT. WHITNEY PARLOR NO. 136, N. S. G. W

A CORDIAL INVITATION EXTEDNED TO ALL

Commencing with a
☞ GRAND BALL ☜
Friday Evening, July 3d. Grand March at 8 Sharp.
Excellent music and splendid floor. Supper in the Annex, with seating capacity for all.
BERTRAND RHINE, FLOOR DIRECTOR.
FLOOR COMMITTE:
Milt. Clark, S. A. Chapman, R. Hessian,
F. E. Denrmore, J. D. Lewis, J. E. Shepherd
Robt. Carrasco, Ben Lasky, Henry Rhine

SATURDAY, JULY FOURTH.
Grand salute . . . . . At sunrise.
Parade and Literary Exercises.
Parade forms at Reddy place. Line of march direct to Pavilion.
GEORGE H. LEWIS, GRAND MARSHALL.
MISS MARGIE BELL, GODDESS OF LIBERTY.
PROGRAMME:

Prayer, Rev. H. J. Winsor.	Oration, F. E. Densmore,
Red, White & Blue, Choir.	Unfurl the Glorious Banner, Miss M Mulholland,
Remarks, by C. W. Craig,	Declaration of Independence, Miss L. Clark
President of the Day.	America, Choir.
Music, by the Band.	Benediction, Chaplain.
Recitation	
Hail Columbia, by Band.	

FUN FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS,
125 YARD FOOT RACE,
BASE BALL TOURNAMENT

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $75 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. You can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDIS
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
☞ Buyers and consumers should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9 1884.
n-761f

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.
☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.
THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.
—o—
The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.
PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Address orders and packages to
HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

BI' 10P ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.
Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.
Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St
In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable
S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

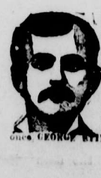
Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE SEWART HOUSE.
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.



$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R
TAKING EFFECT
Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m
Dayton.....	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska.....	2.05 p. m.	2:50 p. m
Hawthorne.....	5.50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning.....	7:05 p. m.	9.55 a. m.
Soda Springs.....	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.	7:55 a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville.....	8 20 a. m	5:25 p m.
Benton.....	11:50 a m	1:35 a m.
Bisnop Creek.....	2 00p. m.	11:05 a. m
Alvord.....	2.45 p. m	10:00 a. m
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10 p. m	7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar 5:35 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Cole, tri weekly stages (Tuesdays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downieville Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Mountain, Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc.
AT
L. WOOL
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.
CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE
Blacksmith Shop.
R. C. Spear, Prop'r
—ALL WORK ON—
MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS
—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—
HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING
☞ All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel
BEER, WINES,
LIQUORS and CIGARS
All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CGARS
☞ The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!
Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 1d

Let's reason together.

Here's a firm, one of the largest the country over, the world over; it has grown, step by step, through the years to greatness—and it sells patent medicines!—ugh!

"That's enough!"—

Wait a little—

This firm pays the newspapers good money (expensive work, this advertising!) to tell the people that they have faith in what they sell, *so much faith* that if they can't benefit or cure they don't want your money. Their *guarantee* is not indefinite and relative, but *definite* and *absolute*—if the medicine doesn't help, your money is "*on call.*"

Suppose every sick man and every feeble woman tried these medicines and found them worthless, who would be the loser, you or they?

The medicines are Doctor Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," for blood diseases, and his "Favorite Prescription," for woman's peculiar ills. If they help toward health, they cost $1.00 a bottle each! If they don't, *they cost nothing!*

"There is music in the heir," said the young husband, reaching for the paregoric bottle.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hypnotism will presently crowd the insanity dodge out of murder trials.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

Worn in Front—"I've seen that man's face before." "That's where he generally carries it."

Five cents saved on soap; five dollars lost on rotted clothes. *Is that economy?* There is not 5 cents difference between the cost of a bar of the poorest soap made and the *best*, which is as all know, Dobbins' Electric.

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EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

She broke off, as I started; for below I heard the main door open, and Capt. Settle's voice in the passage. The arch villain had returned.

"Mistress Delia," I said, hurriedly, "the twelfth man has entered the house, and unless we consider our plans at once, all's up with us."

"Tush!" said the old gentleman in the chair, who (it seems) had heard all, and now sat up brisk as ever. "I, for my part, shall mix another glass, and leave it all to Jacques. Come, sit by me, sir, and you shall see some pretty play. Why, Jacques is the neatest rogue with a small sword in all France!"

"Sir," I put in, "they are a round dozen in all, and your life at present is not worth a penny's purchase."

"That's a lie! 'Tis worth this bowl before me that, with or without you, I mean to empty. What a fool thing is youth! Sir, you must be a dying man like myself to taste life properly." And, as I am a truthful man, he struck up, quavering merrily:

"Hey, nonni—nonni—no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is't not fine to laugh and sing
When the bells of death do ring?
Is't not fine to drown in wine,
And turn upon the toe,
And sing, hey—nonni—no!
Hey, nonni—nonni—"

"Come and sit, sir, nor spoil sport. You are too raw, I'll wager, to be of any help, and boggling I detest."

"Indeed, sir," I broke in, now thoroughly angered, "I can use the small sword as well as another."

"Tush! Try him, Jacques."

Jacques, still wearing a stolid face, brought his weapon to the guard. Stung to the quick, I wheeled round and made a lunge or two, that he put aside as easily as though I were a babe. And then—I know not how it happened, but my sword slipped like ice out of my grasp, and went flying across the room. Jacques, sedately as on a matter of business, stepped to pick it up, while the old gentleman chuckled.

I was hot and ashamed, and a score of bitter words sprang to my tongue tip, when the Frenchman, as he rose from stooping, caught my eye, and beckoned me across to him.

He was white as death, and pointed to the hilt of my sword and the demi-bear engraved thereon.

"He is dead," I whispered; "hush!—turn your face aside—killed by those same dogs that are now below."

I heard a sob in the true fellow's throat. But on the instant it was drowned by the sound of a door opening and the tramp of feet on the stairs.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FLIGHT IN THE PINE WOOD.

By the sound of their steps I guessed one or two of these dozen rascals to be pretty far gone in drink, and afterwards found this to be the case. I looked round. Sir Deakin had picked up the lamp and was mixing his bowl of punch, humming to himself without the least concern:

"Vivre en tout cas
C'est le grand soulas,"

with a glance at his daughter's face, that was white to the lips, but firmly set.

"Hand me the nutmeg yonder," he said, and then, "Why, daughter, what's this?—a trembling hand?"

And all the while the footsteps were coming up.

There was a loud knock on the door.

"Come in!" called Sir Deakin.

At this, Jacques, who stood ready for battle by the entrance, wheeled round, shot a look at his master and, dropping his point, made a sign to me to do the same. The door was thrust rudely open, and Capt. Settle, his hat cocked over one eye and sham drunkenness in his gait, lurched into the room, with the whole villainous crew behind him, huddled on the threshold. Jacques and I stepped quietly back, so as to cover the girl.

"Would you mind waiting a moment?" inquired Sir Deakin, without looking up, but rubbing the nutmeg calmly up and down the grater; "a fraction too much, and the whole punch will be spoiled."

It took the captain aback and he came to a stand, eying us, who looked back at him without saying a word. And this discomposed him still further.

There was a minute during which the two parties could hear each other's breathing. Sir Deakin set down the nutmeg, wiped his thin white fingers on a napkin, and addressed the captain sweetly:

"Before asking your business, sir, I would beg you and your company to taste this liquor, which, in the court of France"—the old gentleman took a sip from the mixing ladle—"has had the extreme honor to be pronounced divine." He smacked his lips, and, rising to his feet, let his right hand rest on the silver foot of the lamp as he bowed to the captain.

Capt. Settle's bravado was plainly oozing away before this polite audacity; and, seeing Deakin taste the punch, he pulled off his cap in a shamefaced manner and sat down by the table with a word of thanks.

"Come in, sirs; come in," called the old gentleman, "and follow your friend's example. 'Twill be a compliment to make me mix another bowl when this is finished." He stepped around the table to welcome them, still resting his hand on the lamp, as if for steadiness. I saw his eye twinkle as they shuffled in and stood around the chair where the captain was seated.

"Jacques, bring glasses from the cupboard yonder! And, Delia, fetch some chairs for our guests—no, sirs, pray do not move!"

He had waved his hand lightly to the door as he turned to us; and in an instant the intention as well as the bright success of this comedy flashed upon me. There was now no one between us and the stairs, and as for Sir Deakin himself, he had already taken the step of putting the table's width between him and his guests.

I touched the girl's arm, and we made as if to fetch a couple of chairs that stood against the wainscot by the door. As we did so, Sir Deakin pushed the punchbowl forward under the captain's nose.

"Smell, sir," he cried, airly, "and report to your friends on the foretaste."

Settle's nose hung over the steaming compound. With a swift pass of the hand, the old gentleman caught up the lamp and had shaken a drop of burning oil into the bowl. A great blaze leaped to the ceiling. There was a howl—a scream of pain; and as I pushed Mistress Delia through the doorway and out to the head of the stairs, I caught a backward glimpse of Sir Deakin rushing after us, with one of the stoutest of the robbers at his heels.

"Down stairs, for your life!" I whispered to the girl, and, turning, as her father tumbled past me, let his pursuer run on my sword, as on a spit. At the same instant, another blade passed through the fellow transversely, and Jacques stood beside me, with his back to the lintel.

As we pulled our swords out and the man dropped, I had a brief view into the room, where now the blazing liquid ran off the table in a stream. Settle, stamping with agony, had his palms pressed against his scorched eyelids. The fat landlord, in trying to beat out the flames, had increased them by upsetting two bottles of aqua vitæ, and was dancing about with three fingers in his mouth. The rest stood for the most part dumfounded; but Black Dick had his pistol lifted.

Jacques and I sprang out for the landing and round the doorway. Between the flash and the report I felt a sudden scrape, as of red hot wire, across my left thigh and just above the knee.

"Tenez, camarade," said Jacques' voice in my ear; "a moi la porte—a vous le maitre, la-bas;" and he pointed down the staircase, where, by the glare of the conflagration that beat past us, I saw the figures of Sir Deakin and his daughter standing.

"But how can you keep the door against a dozen?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders with a smile—

"Mais—comme ca!"

For at this moment came a rush of footsteps within the room. I saw a fat paunch thrusting past us, a quiet pass of steel, and the landlord was wallowing on his face across the threshold. Jacques' teeth snapped together as he stood ready for another victim; and as the fellows within the room tumbled back he motioned me to leave him.

I sprang from his side, and, catching the rail of the staircase, reached the foot in a couple of bounds.

"Hurry!" I cried, and caught the old baronet by the hand. His daughter took the other, and between us we hurried him across the passage for the kitchen door.

Within, the chambermaid was on her knees by the settle, her face and apron of the same hue. I saw she was incapable of helping, and hastened across the stone floor and out towards the back entrance.

A stream of icy wind blew in our faces as we stepped over the threshold. The girl and I bent our heads to it, and, stumbling, tripping and panting, pulled Sir Deakin with us out into the cold air.

The yard was no longer dark. In the room above some one had pushed the casement open, letting in the wind; and by this 'twas very evident the room was on fire. Indeed, the curtains had caught, and, as we ran, a pennon of flame shot out over our heads, licking the thatch. In the glare of it the outbuildings and the yard gate stood clearly out from the night. I heard the trampling of feet, the sound of Settle's voice shouting an order, and then a dismal yell and clash of steel as we flung open the gate.

"Jacques!" screamed the old gentleman; "my poor Jacques! Those dogs will mangle him with their cut and thrust"—

'Twas very sigular and sad, but, as if in answer to Sir Deakin's cry, we heard the brave fellow's voice; and a famous shout it must have been to reach us over the roaring of the flames:

"Mon maitre—mon maitre!" he called twice, and then "Sauve toi!" in a fainter voice, yet clear. And after that only a racket of shouts and outcries reached us. Without doubt the villains had overpowered and slain this brave servant. In spite of our peril (for they would be after us at once), 'twas all we could do to drag the old man from the gate and up the road; and as he went he wept like a child.

After about fifty yards we turned in at a gate and began to cut across a field, for I hoped thus not only to baffle pursuit for a while, but also to gain the wood that we saw dimly ahead. It reached to the top of the hill and I knew not how far beyond; and, as I was reflecting that there lay our chance of safety, I heard the inn door below burst open with loud cries and the sound of footsteps running up the road after us.

Moreover, to complete our fix, the clouds that had been scurrying across the moon's face now for a minute left a clear interval of sky about her; so that right in our course there lay a great patch brilliantly lit, whereon our figures could be spied at once by any one glancing into the field. Also, it grew evident that Sir Deakin's late agility was but a short and sudden triumph of will over body; for his poor crooked legs began to trail and lag sadly. So, turning sharp about, we struck for the hedge's shadow, and there pulled him down in a dry ditch and lay with a hand on his mouth to stifle his ejaculations, while we ourselves held our breathing.

The runners came up the road, pausing for a moment by the gate. I heard it creak, and saw two or three dark forms enter the field—the remainder tearing on up the road with a great clatter of boots.

"Alas, my poor Jacques!" moaned Sir Deakin; "and to be butchered so, that never in his days killed a man but as if he loved him!"

"Sir," I whispered harshly, "if you keep this noise I must gag you." And with that he was silent for a while.

There was a thick tangle of brambles in the ditch where we lay; and to this we owe our lives. For one of the men, coming our way, passed within two yards of us, with the flat of his sword beating the growth over our heads.

"Reu-ben! Reuben Gedges!" called a voice by the gate.

The fellow turned; and, peeping between the bramble twigs, I saw the moonlight glittering on his blade. A narrow, light haired man he was, with a weak chin; and since then I have paid him out for the fright he gave us.

"What's the coil?" he shouted back.

"The stable roof's ablaze—for the Lord's sake come and save the hosses!"

He strode back, and in a minute the field was clear. Creeping out with caution I grew aware of two mournful facts: first, that the stable was indeed afire, as I perceived by standing on tiptoe and looking over the hedge; and, second, that my knee was hurt by Black Dick's bullet. The muscles had stiffened while we were crouching, and now pained me badly. Yet I kept it to myself as we started off again to run.

But at the stile that, at the top of the field, led into the woods I pulled up.

"Sorry I am to say it, but you must go on without me."

"O—oh!" cried the girl.

"'Tis for your safety. See, I leave a trail of blood behind me, so that when day rises they will track us easily."

And, sure enough, even by the moon, 'twas easy to trace the dark spots on the grass and earth beside the stile. My left boot, too, was full of blood.

She was silent for a while. Down in the valley we could hear the screams of the poor horses. The light of the flames lit up the pine trunks about us to a bright scarlet.

"Sir, you hold our gratitude cheaply."

She unwound the kerchief from her neck, and, making me sit on the stile, bound up my knee skillfully, twisting a short stick in the bandage to stop the bleeding.

I thanked her, and we hurried on into the depths of the wood, treading silently on the deep carpet of pine needles. The ground rose steeply all the way; and all the way, though the light grew feebler, the roar and outcries in the valley followed us.

Towards the hill's summit the trees were sparser. Looking upwards I saw that the sky had grown thickly overcast. We crossed the ridge, and after a minute or so were in thick cover again.

'Twas here that Sir Deakin's strength gave out. Almost without warning, he sank down between our hands, and in a second was taken with that hateful cough, that once already this night had frightened me for his life.

"Ah, ah!" he groaned, between the spasms, "I'm not fit—I'm not fit for it!" and was taken again, and rolled about barking, so that I feared the sound would bring all Settle's gang on our heels. "I'm not fit for it!" he repeated, as the cough left him, and he lay back helpless among the pine needles.

Now, I understood his words to bear on his unfitness for death, and judged them very decent and properly spoken; and took occasion to hint this in my attempts to console him.

"Why, bless the boy!" he cried, sitting up [illegible] and staring, "for what d'ye think I'm unsuited?"

"Why, to die, sir—to be sure!"

"Holy Mother!" He regarded me with surprise, contempt and pity, all together; "was ever such a dunderhead! If ever man were fit to die, I am he—and that's just my reasonable complaint. Heart alive! 'tis unfit to live I am, tied to this absurd body!"

I suppose my attitude expressed my lack of comprehension, for he lifted a finger and went on:

"Tell me—can you eat beef and drink beer and enjoy them?"

"Why, yes."

"And fight—hey? and kiss a pretty girl, and be glad you've done it? Dear, dear, how I do hate a fool and a fool's pity! Lift me up and carry me a step. This night's work has killed me; I feel it in my lungs. 'Tis a pity, too, for I was just beginning to enjoy it."

I lifted him as I would a babe, and off we set again, my teeth shutting tight on the pain of my hurt. And presently, coming to a little dingle about half a mile down the hillside, well hid with dead bracken and blackberry bushes, I consulted with the girl. The place was well sheltered from the wind that rocked the treetops, and I feared to go much farther, for we might come on open country at any moment and so double our peril. It seemed best, therefore, to lay the old gentleman snugly in the bottom of this dingle and wait for day. And with my buff coat, and a heap of dried leaves, I made him fairly easy, reserving my cloak to wrap about Mistress Delia's fair neck and shoulders. But against this at first she protested.

"For how are you to manage?" she asked.

"I shall tramp up and down, and keep watch," answered I, strewing a couch for her beside her father; "and 'tis but fair exchange for the kerchief you gave me from your own throat."

At last I persuaded her, and she crept close to her father, and under the edge of the buff coat for warmth. There was abundance of dry bracken in the dingle, and with this and some handfuls of pine needles I covered them over and left them to find what sleep they might.

For two hours and more after this I hobbled to and fro near them as well as my wound would allow, looking up at the sky through the pine tops, and listening to the sobbing of the wind. Now and then I would swing my arms for warmth, and breathe on my fingers, that were sorely benumbed; and all the while kept my ears on the alert, but heard nothing.

'Twas, as I said, something over two hours after, that I felt a soft, cold touch, and then another, like kisses on my forehead. I put up my hand and looked up again at the sky. As I did so the girl gave a long sigh and awoke from her doze.

"Sure I must have dropped asleep," she said, opening her eyes and spying my shadow above her; "has aught happened?"

"Ay," replied I, "something is happening that will wipe out our traces and my bloody track."

"And what is that?"

"Snow! See, 'tis falling fast."

She bent over and listened to her father's breathing.

"'Twill kill him," she said, simply.

I pulled some more fronds of the bracken to cover them both. She thanked me and offered to relieve me in my watch, which I refused. And indeed by lying down I should have caught my death very likely.

The big flakes drifted down between the pines, till, as the moon paled, the ground about me was carpeted all in white, with the foliage black as ink above it. Time after time, as I tramped to and fro, I paused to brush the fresh forming heap from the sleepers' coverlet and shake it gently from the tresses of the girl's hair. The old man's face was covered completely by the buff coat, but his breathing was calm and regular as any child's.

Day dawned. Awaking Mistress Delia, I asked her to keep watch for a time, while I went off to explore. She crept out from her bed with a little shiver of disgust.

"Run about," I advised, "and keep the blood stirring."

She nodded; and, looking back, as I strode down the hill, I saw her moving about quickly, swinging her arms, and only pausing to wave a hand to me for good speed.

'Twas an hour before I returned, and plenty I had to tell. Only at the entrance to the dingle the words failed from off my tongue. The old gentleman lay as he had lain through out the night. But the bracken had been tossed aside, and the girl was kneeling over him. I drew near, my step not arousing her. Sir Deakin's face was pale and calm; but on the snow that had gathered by his head lay a red streak of blood. 'Twas from his lungs, and he was quite dead.

CHAPTER VII.

I FIND A COMRADE.

But I must go back a little and tell you what befell in my expedition.

I had scarce trudged out of sight of my friends, down the hill, when it struck me that my footprints in the snow were in the last degree dangerous to them, and might lead Settle and his crew straight to the dingle. Here was a fix. I stood for some minutes nonplused, when above the stillness of the wood (for the wind had dropped) a faint sound as of running water caught my ear, and helped me to an idea.

The sound seemed to come from my left. Turning aside, I made across the hill towards it, and after two hundred paces or so came on a tiny brook, not two feet across, that gushed down the slope with quite a considerable chatter and impatience. The bed of it was mainly earth, with here and there a large stone or root to catch the toe; so that, as I stepped into the water and began to thread my way down between the banks of snow, 'twas necessary to look carefully to my steps.

Here and there the crook fetched a leap down a sharper declivity, or shot over a hanging stone; but, save for the wetting I took in these places, my progress was easy enough. I must have waded in this manner for half a mile, keeping the least possible noise, when at an angle ahead I spied a clearing among the pines, and to the right of the stream, on the very verge, a hut of logs standing, with a woodrick behind it.

'Twas a low building, but somewhat long, and I guessed it to be, in summer time, a habitation for the wood cutters. But what surprised me was to hear a dull, moaning noise, very regular and disquieting, that sounded from the interior of the hut. I listened, and hit on the explication. 'Twas the sound of snoring.

Drawing nearer with caution, I noticed, in that end of the hut which stood over the stream, a gap, or window hole. The sound issued through this like the whirring of a dozen looms. "He must be an astonishing fellow," thought I, "that can snore in this fashion. I'll have a peep before I wake him." I waded down till I stood under the sill, put both hands upon it, and, pulling myself up quiet as a mouse, stuck my face in at the window, and then very nearly set back into the brook for fright.

For I had gazed straight down into the upturned faces of Capt. Settle and his gang.

How long I stood there, with the water rushing past my ankles, and my body turning from cold to hot and back again, I cannot tell you. But 'twas until, hearing no pause in the sleepers' chorus, I found courage for another peep; and that must have been some time.

(To be Continued.)

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The winter girl for months has reigned,
But now her beauty waxes dim;
Her power is waning, soon she'll find
That she must either sink—or swim.

THROUGH THE WEARY HOURS

Of many a night, made doubly long by its protracted agony, the rheumatic sufferer tosses to and fro on his sleepless couch, vainly praying for that rest which only comes by fits and starts. His malady is one which ordinary medicines too often fail to relieve, but there is ample evidence to prove that the efficient blood depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, affords the rheumatic a reliable means of relief. Check the malady in its incipient stages, when the first premonitory twinges come on, with this agreeable medicine, and avoid years of torture. Whatever be the rationale of the active influence of the Bitters upon this malady, certain it is that no evidence relating to its effect is more direct and positive than that which relates to its action in cases of rheumatism. Like all sterling remedies, however, it deserves a protracted, systematic trial, and should not be abandoned because not at once remedial. It is equally efficacious in dyspepsia, indigestion and kindred diseases.

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Waist 40, leg either 30, 31, 32, 33 or 34 inches.
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Waist 34, leg either 30, 32, 33, 34 or 35 inches.

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Mens' cassimer pants, in neat styles for old or middle aged men, in extra sizes, as follows: Waist 40, leg 31; w. 41, l. 30; w. 42, l. 29 or 30; w. 44, l. 31 or 32; w. 46, l. 31, 32, 33, 34; w. 47, l. 30. These are true to measure. Price, $3.50 to $6.00.

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FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO. BUFFALO, N. Y.

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YOUNG MEN! The Specific A No. 1 cures all unnatural discharges of Men, no matter of how long standing. Prevents stricture, it heals an inflamed urethra. Cure a week without everything else. Use failed. Circular on application. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price by The A. Schommer Manufg Co., San Jose, Cal. PRICE $3.00

R. H. McDonald PRES'T. ESTABLISHED 1863. Oldest Chartered Bank on the Pacific Coast. PACIFIC BANK. Capital $1,000,000. Surplus $800,000. Av. Resources, $4,704,000. Yearly Volume of Business, $230,000,000. R. H. McDONALD, San Francisco, California.

Deposits Received from $1 upwards. Money Saved is Money Earned. PEOPLE'S HOME SAVINGS BANK. 808 Market St., cor. 4th St. IN FLOOD BUILDING. San Francisco, California. Guarantee Capital, $1,000,000. Paid up in Cash ..... $333,333.33. Subject to Call ..... 666,666.67. Interest per annum (5.52% on TERM Deposits for last three terms: (4.60% on ORDINARY Deposits. B. O. Carr, Manager and Sect'y. Columbus Waterhouse, President. San Francisco, California, Jan'y 1, 1891.

VASELINE.

For ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:

One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline.. 10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle Vaseline Pomade. 15 "
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream ..... 15 "
One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice..... 10 "
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented... 10 "
One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented..... 25 "
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline. 25 "
——$1.10

Or for stamps any single article at the price named. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASELINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A little of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents.

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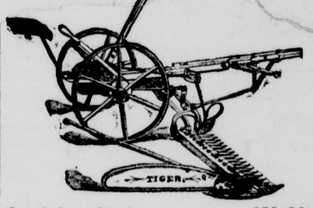

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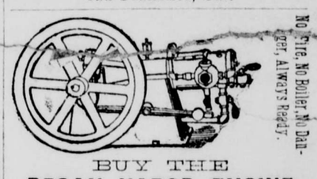

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THE SMOKER Will have no other Tobacco Who once tries "SEAL OF NORTH CAROLINA" Plug Cut. This is the secret of its Immense sale.

This Picture, Panel size, mailed for 4 cents. J. F. SMITH & CO., Makers of "Bile Beans," New York City.

CURE Biliousness, Sick Headache, Malaria. **BILE BEANS.**

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists. 25 CTS. 25 CTS.

"Say aye "No" and ye'll ne'er be married" —Don't refuse all— Our Advice to use SAPOLIO: It is a solid cake of scouring soap, used for cleaning purposes

I asked a maid if she would wed,
And in my home her brightness shed;
She faintly smiled and murmured low,
"If I can have SAPOLIO."

INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1891.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

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BATHS FOR HORSES.

Where They Receive the Turkish Kind.

VERY POPULAR IN CASE OF SICKNESS.

It is the Only Establishment of the Kind in the West.

Turkish baths for horses are not only given in Milwaukee, but they are quite popular and are very generally made use of in case of sickness as well as to humor the caprice of aristocratic family pets. The bath house in this city is the only establishment of the kind in the west. The place was designed by Dr. T. T. Toussaint, and the baths are given under his personal supervision. Being a veterinary surgeon, Dr. Toussaint first made use of the bath for the [illegible] of certain diseases, but afterwards he became popular among horse owners, who send their favorite blooded animals for a regular weekly bath.

The bath house is designed much the same as those which are patronized by humanity, only on a larger scale. There are three rooms connected with wide doors that shut so closely as to be almost air tight. The horse is first taken to the rear room, where the floor is made of hard wood strips. A steam coil is concealed in the wall, and the steam can be turned on from the room adjoining. After the horse has been led in, the door is closed and the room filled with steam until the temperature rises 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The animal is left there until the perspiration is streaming from its body, when the door is opened and the horse is led into the middle room. Here there is no steam, but the temperature is at 165 degrees. Two attendants now come forward and a little window is opened into the first room, through which the horse's head is placed. This is done so that the animal will not breathe the air at a temperature above 100 degrees.

From the ceiling a shower bath is directed on the horse, and the two attendants, standing on either side with smooth, flexible pieces of hard wood, rub off the perspiration and the water. The shower bath is continued for the space of fifteen minutes, then it is stopped and the horse is given a shampoo, where soft brushes are used. He is then rubbed for a few minutes with dry cloths and is led into the front room. The room is at moderate temperature and is fitted with an adjustable table, padded and covered with an oiled canvas.

The horse is given a drink of brandy and then led up beside the table. This padded table is of mechanical construction. When first seen it seems to be an upright platform. The top of the table is in a perpendicular position, one side of which rests on the stone floor. Through it are drawn wide strips of heavy canvas, and as the horse is led up beside the table top the canvas is placed around the animal's body and fastened. His feet are also buckled in straps, and when he is securely fastened against the upright table top an attendant begins to turn a revolving shaft that tips the padded board over, and it soon rests in a horizontal position with the horse lying at full length on his side.

The rubbing process is now carried out, while the horse lies on the table and a preparation of bay rum is applied. The mane and tail are combed and braided, and when the horse is again restored to an upright position by the tipping of the table, he is given another drink of brandy and led out.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Historic Match Box.

Yesterday I saw in the possession of a gentleman here an elegant gold match box that once belonged to Prince Maximilian, who was shot in Mexico more than twenty years ago. Just before he was put to death he gave this box and two watches to the soldiers who were detailed to carry into execution the sentence of death which had been passed upon him. He told them that he gave them these mementoes to show that he bore no ill will towards them, as they were only acting in obedience to orders. "Aim at my heart!" he said. They did so, and in a moment he was a corpse. The soldiers who were his executioners appear to have had very little sentiment, and were glad to sell the relics of the prince for a good price.

They were bought by an American traveling in Mexico and were brought to Washington, where some time later they were exposed for sale at Galt's jewelry store. One of the watches, which was beautiful and costly, was bought by the Austrian minister then here. The match box was picked up by a gentleman who is a connoisseur in things with a history. It is of solid Mexican gold, elaborately chased and ornamented with exquisite armatory designs, among which are a Cupid, heart, bow and arrow and altar. It is presumed to have been a gift to the prince from some lady admirer. If it had been a present from his wife, the unfortunate Princess Carlotta, it is likely her name would have appeared on it, and he would hardly have given it away. A large diamond glistens upon the spring by which it is opened.—Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Blondes and Brunettes.

M. Topinard has been making a statistical inquiry into the colors of the eyes and hair in France, and from his 180,000 observations he deduces many interesting results, one of the most curious being that where the race is formed from a mixture of blondes and brunettes the hereditary blonde coloring comes out in the eyes and the brunette element reappears in the hair. To this tendency probably is to be attributed the rarity of a combination of light hair with dark eyes. Several observers have asserted that the American people, who are pre-eminently a mixed race, are becoming a dark haired and blue eyed nation, and if this be true such a development must be owing to the working of the law formulated by M. Topinard.—Boston Budget.

Silver Point Sketching.

Mr. Charles Sainton is hard at work at his silver point sketches, which are to be exhibited at Dowdeswell's next October. Forty pictures will be required altogether, and the artist is about half way through already. A silver point is simply a sketch made on prepared paper, with a bit of silver mounted in a holder in lieu of a bit of lead. The effect is extremely delicate, and many of Mr. Sainton's portraits look like faces seen in a dream. The study of this art is said to be deeply absorbing, and it possibly owes some of its fascination from the extreme care requisite in its execution. Erasure is impossible, and a false step can never be retrieved. Mr. Sainton's sketches are varied in character, and the select party of friends who were recently invited to view his work at his studio were much delighted at the delicate effect of the pictures, all set off by white enamel frames.

A large decorative sketch of a nymph floating over a limpid lake, followed by a fairy sprite, was exceedingly well composed, and there were portraits of society beauties and heads of artists' models. But by far the most effective thing in the whole collection was the danseuses, sketched from memory at the Empire. The medium is particularly suited to the transparent draperies, fairy like effects, and the graceful figures, with their floating skirts and star crowned hair, are beautifully brought out against a soft shaded background. We may safely predict a great success for Mr. Sainton's exhibition, which will probably revive a taste for this fascinating art.—London Star.

A Bird That Dances.

Macon has the most remarkable bird in the known world, being nothing less than a musical gander. This wonderful bird is owned by some negroes living in the vicinity of the gas works, at the foot of Mulberry street. For several weeks the employes of the gas works, as well as the electric light works in the same neighborhood, have been seen to stop every evening on quitting work and surround a lot of little negroes who daily congregate on the square near the railroad embankment. Yesterday a Telegraph man determined to see the cause of the gathering, and on proceeding to the locality found the little negroes engaged in "patting" with all their might and an old gray goose in the center of the circle dancing, first on one foot and then on the other. The gander seemed to enjoy the dance, and, though it might read like a "fake," was keeping most excellent time to the rude music of the children. For an hour or so that fool goose will dance to the patting, always stopping when the children cease their music, and seems always ready to resume. Any one who will take the trouble to go down to the gas works any of these evenings will see the wonderful goose.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

An Empress' Economy.

The Japan Weekly Mail, in a recent issue, observes that the empress of Japan has long shown an extreme interest in all the charitable institutions of Tokio which are devoted to women and children. Especially is this the case in regard to the Tokio Female hospital, which has proved so useful to the poorer classes in the capital that larger premises became necessary, while the funds were insufficient for the purpose. Her majesty cast about for some methods of giving effectual assistance to the institution, and at last decided that she could best do so by exercising strict economy in her personal expenditure and devoting what could be spared to the hospital. As the result of one year's saving, her majesty has just bestowed a sum of 8,446 yen, 90 sen and 8 rin on the institution. This amounts to about $7,500. A sen is equivalent to a halfpenny, and contains 10 rin. "There is something picturesque," observes The Mail, "about these sen and rin. They represent an account minutely and faithfully kept between her majesty's unavoidable expenses and the benevolent impulse that constantly urged her to curtail them. Such gracious acts of sterling effort command admiration and love."

The Koburger Bible.

The latest addition to the private collection of antiquities, curios, old manuscripts, in possession of Gen. Charles W. Darling, of Utica, N. Y., is a perfect copy of the Koburger Bible, printed in folio by Anthony Koburger, of Nuremburg, 1483. Previously to this time printing had been done mostly in Latin, although in 1480 the Italians began to print with Greek and Hebrew types. Anthony Koburger was distinguished for his learning as well as celebrated for the elegance of his printing. He was likewise a very extensive book seller, and had large book stores in his own city, Lyons, and in many other of the great European cities. In twenty-six years he printed thirteen editions of the Bible, twelve in Latin and one in Greek, all large folios, and extremely beautiful specimens of the art.—New York Times

Noble Street Singers.

Now that the aristocracy are taking to trade they seem determined to let no industry escape. Even the street singer has titled rivals, for the other night the Marchioness of Bristol, the ladies Hervey, and a few of their friends went through the streets and squares of Belgravia, singing and playing on guitars and mandolins. They tried to suit all tastes, and sang "O Bella Italia" and "Oh dem Golden Slippers!" with equal vigor. The proceeds of the night's work are to be given to the Hospital Sunday fund.—London Star.

Increase of a Bad Habit.

The cigarette habit is increasing. The commissioner of internal revenue collected taxes last year upon 2,151,515,300, which is an increase of 288,789,260 over the preceding fiscal year. The number taxed is a pretty good indication of the consumption. The number of cigars taxed during the last fiscal year was 3,867,385,640, an increase of 22,658,990, showing that the consumption of cigarettes is increasing more rapidly than that of cigars.—Exchange.

FACTS ABOUT CIGARS.

A Talk With an Observing Tobacconist.

HOW THE "DRY SMOKE" HABIT IS FOSTERED

Peculiarities of the Fragrant Havana. Heavy Smokers.

"Much has been written about cigars and smokers," said a La Salle street tobacconist, "but there are some things that haven't been told yet. For instance, do you know that 'dry' smoking is on the increase? A dry smoke is making away with the cigar without lighting it—crunching, chewing, crushing away on it with the teeth until the last particle of juice is extracted."

"What is the origin of this habit?" asked the reporter, as he puffed away at a fragrant Havana the cigar dealer had passed over to him.

"In nearly every case it begins with heart scare. You see, in some forms of dyspepsia the stomach distends with wind and presses a trifle against the heart. The smoker turns pale as he reflects that the red corpuscles of the blood have become triangulated, as his scientific doctor told him they would, and now he must give up smoking if he would live. But giving up smoking is, with most tobacco users, far easier said than done. Then comes the compromise. The frightened smoker holds the cigar in his mouth but does not light it. Every nerve in his body is a-quiver, and nothing but the extract of tobacco will allay that nervousness. The teeth press down upon the unlighted torch, the nicotinous fluid starts. This is a dry smoke. The man soon learns to like it, and the habit grows upon him just as the real fire smoke habit had done. But he is no better off. He gets fully as much tobacco into his system by that practice as by the other—in many cases more."

"Can a man get away with many cigars in that way?"

"I should say so. I have a customer—a well known attorney—who buys daily a box of twenty-five imported Havana cigars, for which he pays me $4.50, or eighteen cents apiece. He is wealthy and can afford the expense. He dry smokes these cigars pretty thoroughly, too. I have another customer—a real estate broker, and one of the most companionable and sociable of fellows—who buys thirty-five straight ten-cent domestic cigars every morning, and he smokes every one of them himself. Should he give one to a friend he buys another to take its place. He is systematic in all things, and he will smoke no more and no less than the number mentioned."

The reporter subsequently saw this broker, who confirmed the statement, and denied that his nerves or his health were in any wise affected by the large number of cigars he smoked.

"Men's whims and caprices are shown as decidedly in the matter of cigars as in anything in the world. A physician, and a popular one, too, smokes just seven cigars a day, no more and no less, and they are of a special brand. He has smoked them for thirteen years. During all this time, he assures me, he has never smoked one more or one less than seven a day. Physicians are called out so irregularly that one would least expect to find method in their ranks; yet he has a regular hour for smoking, and will let nothing interfere with it.

"Is there such acute taste as that in cigars? Is it possible for a man to be educated up to a particular brand, so that he can enjoy no other?"

"Imagination plays a big part in that particular. A certain brand which has had a big run will suddenly grow unpopular. Smokers will declare the quality has depreciated, but such is not the case. Any honest manufacturer will seek above all things to maintain the quality. It's imagination. I demonstrated that once to my entire satisfaction. I had an excellent brand, which for convenience I'll call the 'Escurial,' but it palled on my customers' taste. Knowing it to be a splendid cigar, the qest quality of goods I carried, I got the manufacturer to change the name to—well, let me call it 'The Amber,' and at once those who had rejected it under another name took to it handsomely. That was a year ago, and I have no more popular cigar in my entire stock."

"Has the color of the wrapper anything to do with the strength of cigars?"

"It has very little. You will observe how small a part of the weight it is. It is the filler, the great inside bulk, which determines the quality of a cigar's strength, and not the binder or the wrapper, neither of which constitutes a twentieth part of the volume of goods used."

"Concerning flavored Havana cigars?"

"There it is again. How often have I heard self styled connoisseurs in imported cigars invite attention to the delightful perfume in a certain brand and allege that therein is the virtue of the cigar.

"Let me tell you there is not a manufacturer in Havana who ever did or ever will export a scented cigar. They do place stems in a hogshead and fill it with water, and use the water when it becomes impregnated with the strength of the stems for the sprinkling of the tobacco when they work it. But this is done to give slightly added strength to the goods, not to perfume it. There is no essence or extract on the face of the earth that can compare in excellence, from the smoker's standpoint, with the natural bouquet of choice tobacco grown in Cuba. Let me get back to the wrapper business to say this:

"Don't you know that the Sumatra wrapper is being used more and more by domestic manufacturers, not to impart any distinctive flavor, or to give strength or to take it away from the cigar, but in order to add to its comeliness, the leaf being very smooth and pretty? If the wrapper affected the strength of the cigar to any extent, or interfered in any degree with its flavor, manufacturers would not, as they do here daily in America, put a Sumatra wrapper around a filler of imported Havana tobacco which is of far better quality and of more desirable strength."—Chicago Herald.

A Trophy of the Bloody Angle.

One of the happiest men who returned from the Gettysburg memorial encampment is C. W. Bishing, of Harvey's Lake, this county. He was a private in Capt. Rice's company, Fifty-third Pennsylvania volunteers. Bishing was shot twice at Gettysburg, his wounds being ugly ones, a bullet shattering an arm and another entering near his right thigh. This occurred near the bloody angle and not far from the spot on which the regimental monument stands. As soon as he received the wounds he set to work to bury his musket. He fell near a big rock, and, though suffering great pain and bleeding profusely, he managed to scoop out enough dirt at the base of the bowlder to slip his musket into the excavation. Afterward he carefully covered it and wondered whether he would ever see it again.

Bishing accompanied the surviving members of his old regiment, the Fifty-third Pennsylvania volunteers, to Gettysburg on the occasion of the dedication of their monument. While there Bishing, accompanied by several old comrades, started out to look for the musket he had buried twenty-six years before. The bloody angle was easily found, and he soon distinguished the huge bowlder at whose base he had fallen and where he had hidden the gun. It took but a few moments to dig the earth up, when, to his joy, he struck the old musket and quickly resurrected it. It had the appearance of Rip Van Winkle's fowling piece. The stock had fallen apart, but was still in a good state of preservation. The barrel was bound about with a thick coat of rust, and the lock and other portions were in the same condition. But Bishing lifted the old musket tenderly, and, as the recollections of the past filled his mind, he kissed it with the enthusiasm of a father who has found a long lost child. Bishing brought the musket to Wilkesbarre this afternoon. He says he is poor, but no money will buy the musket.—Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Cor. New York Sun.

A Queer Sect of Turks.

Among the last batch of Syrians arriving at Castle Garden were three Druses. Two were farmers and the third was a shoemaker. They went from Castle Garden to Baltimore.

These three men are the only Druses who have ever come to this country. An isolated and peculiar race, the Druses have lived for generations near Mount Lebanon. Their total number is about 40,000. Hakem, the third Fatimite caliph, is claimed by them as their founder. They honor him as a divine being, and faithfully observe the curious religious rites which he established.

They are divided into two classes—the elect and the ignorant. The elect are the high priests, and the ignorant are those who are too young and inexperienced to be initiated into the mysteries of their religion. The high priests guard the mysteries of their faith zealously, and tolerate neither Hebrews nor Christians. The ignorant are far less conservative, and frequently mingle socially with believers in their creeds.

The elect Druses believe that Jesus Christ was merely an ordinary prophet, and that Hakem was really God, manifested in the flesh. They are confident, too, that the number of orthodox Druses can never decrease or increase.

The three Druses in this country are fine looking men, and are evidently possessed of unusual intelligence.—New York Herald.

Where's the Aurora?

The aurora borealis is a phenomenon that for years has been conspicuous by its absence from these skies. Time was, and that not so long ago, when the northern heavens presented a spectacle of weird, bewildering beauty. Why this dearth of electrical display? The earth and the heavens and the sun and the air are the same, to all appearances. Yet the borean horizon is innocent of its shifting canopy of northern lights. Nor has there been any reason given by scientific men for this disappearance. Big spots on the sun come and go. Their appearance has been in former years found to be coeval with the aurora, but the rule has not held good for a decade. Have the thousands of dynamos that have come into existence in that time ground out such a lot of electrical energy that there is not enough left in the atmosphere to fit out a single display in the northern heavens?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Love and Law.

When two fellows are in love with the same girl, and one of them happens to be a postmaster, what a big advantage the latter has over his rival! A Maine postmaster recently found himself in this situation and made the best of his opportunity—or the worst, just as you may think. The girl sent her new lover papers through the postoffice. The seller of stamps thought all was not right, and upon investigation discovered that within the paper was a letter written to his fortunate rival. The postmaster reported the case and the girl was fined $10. The fine was subsequently remitted. And now the query is, doesn't the postmaster wish he hadn't done it?—Lewiston Journal.

A Western Inventor.

Edgar F. Lincoln, of Topeka, Kan., has taken out more patents during the last two years than any man in the country. His inventions cover all fields, and he has patented almost everything, from an improved electric light to a celluloid toothpick. Like a great many inventors he finds it difficult to make money out of his cleverness. Other men reap the profit of his brain effort. His latest design is a toboggan brake. It enables a toboggan to stop in the middle of the steepest incline instantly if any obstruction suddenly appears on the chute.—New York Telegram.

The son and successor of the dead Prince of Monaco is reported to be opposed to gambling, and the inference is that he will close the world (in-)famous gambling establishment in the principality, with its train of ruined lives and fortunes.

AFTER MEXICAN LIONS.

Hunting Big Game in the Lone Star State.

DAREDEVIL BOB HARPER'S PROPOSITION.

Scaring Four of Them out With an Improvised Bomb.

Along in the '60s W. H. Stephens, an old and well known Texas frontiersman, established a cattle ranch on the Medina river, twelve miles above the town of Bandera, and as his stock was large and rapidly increasing he built several small cabins in different parts of his range for the convenience of his hands.

In 1879 the writer, with some half a dozen companions, was up in the mountains above Bandera on a camp hunt, and one night camped at one of Mr. Stephens' "sub-ranches," as we called it, which that night happened to be the camping ground of Stephens himself and some of his cowboys.

Stephens, or Uncle Billy, as he was called, was enraged over the depredations of some varmint on his stock. He had that day found a fine colt and a fine Jersey bull calf dead and partially devoured, and, from the tracks, he was satisfied that either a Mexican lion or a "painter," as he called it, had killed his animals.

He said the country around abounded in both. He and his men had killed a number of each, and he knew the difference between the two animals very well.

Killing deer, turkeys and squirrels had grown rather monotonous to our party, and we determined to have a try for larger game and more exciting sport. We had several good hounds, and had already enjoyed several night hunts for wild cats and the like, of which we had killed several.

One of Uncle Billy's hands said he was satisfied he knew where a pair of lions had their den, from the fact that a few evenings before, about sundown, he had seen two cubs frolicking on a large rock on a small hill densely covered with brush, about five miles from camp, and he knew the old ones could not be far off.

He had no dog or gun with him, but had determined to beat up their quarters the first convenient opportunity, and he now offered to guide us to the place. His offer was gladly accepted, and the next morning our party set out for the varmints' lair, accompanied by Uncle Billy and the guide, John Jarvis.

A short chase brought us to what looked like a cave in a ledge of rocks, or rather beneath the ledge, and the beaten trail leading into it plainly showed that it was occupied by some wild animals.

The dogs ran to the opening and stopped. They sniffed around, whining and giving an occasional yelp, but declined to enter. We approached cautiously and peered in, but could see nothing.

At intervals, however, our ears were greeted with a low growl. We knew we had run something to its lair, but whether it was a lion, panther or bear, we could not tell. The next question was how to induce whatever it was to come out and be killed.

Leaving four of the coolest men and best shots to watch the entrance, the balance of the party began a search to see if there was any other entrance to the den or cave.

A short time satisfied us there was not, and we returned, when a council of war was held. Bob Harper proposed that two or three of us crawl in and see what we could find. We scouted the idea, and Bob admitted that he was not in earnest.

He was just enough of a daredevil to have tried it, though. We tried to smoke them out, but either the smoke did not penetrate the cave or there were crevices enough in the rocks for it to escape. Anyhow, it didn't have the desired effect.

A bright idea struck Uncle Billy. He sent Jarvis back to our temporary camp for a small canteen he had in his saddle and a blanket.

Jarvis soon returned, accompanied by our two companions who had been left to keep camp.

Uncle Billy took the canteen and poured nearly a pint of powder into it from the horn he carried. He next cut several strips from the blanket, which he damped slightly and then smeared with a small bottle of bear oil he had in his pouch, rubbing them thoroughly with powder, making a very respectable fuse.

He then tied a small rope to the canteen, and sticking the end of the fuse into the mouth of the canteen he bade us look to our guns while he lowered the improvised bomb into our den.

We formed a sort of semicircle in front of the den and breathlessly awaited the result. As soon as Uncle Billy felt the canteen lodge he tied the rope, and striking a match he carefully lighted the fuse and then fell back in good order, calling out:

"Look out, boys! If that darned thing works he'll come!" The "darned thing" worked. We heard a dull report in about three minutes, and not only "he," but she and the little ones came; and the old ones came "like the waves come when navies are stranded."

They didn't wait a second, and charged at once on the party nearest to them. But what chance had two brutes, no matter how large and fierce, against seven or eight men armed with Winchesters, each with sixteen cartridges in the magazine?

Both the old ones were badly wounded at the first volley, but it took several shots each to finish them.

The whelps were supposed to have been about two months old. Some of the boys shot one of them, but Bob Harper and Jarvis captured the other, receiving several severe scratches.

The lion measured 7 feet and 2 inches from tip to tip, the lioness 7 feet 3 inches.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Believes in Witches.

Samuel Armstrong, of Wapello, 82 years old and possessed of $250,000, is insane and at times so violent that it becomes necessary to confine him. His history has some queer features. For many years he was a prominent and successful contractor in Cincinnati, where he accumulated money and invested it in real estate in that vicinity. His largest holdings lay in Avondale, Greenville and Columbia, O., and they have become very valuable. About a score of years ago, as he was driving away from the place, a man who was trespassing hurled a heavy stone at him. The missile struck him in the back of the head, and from that time on he began to lose his mind.

While this infirmity was coming on, and before it had proceeded so far as to call for interference in his behalf, he was induced to transfer his Avondale estate to an unprincipled man, who, it is said, did not render him the slightest compensation for it. Litigation followed, and the sale was set aside.

Some time after this a Greenville man was appointed his guardian. The Avondale property was sold for $100,000. The rest of his property is still untouched. Armstrong was never married. His only heirs are his nephews and nieces, children of his sister, and nearly all of them live in Louisa county, not far from Wapello. Several years ago he was brought there and since then has made his home with his niece and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Paris. He is subject to several harassing delusions, principal among which is a firm belief in witches. He sees them come into his room through small openings, such as keyholes, and is greatly bothered by them in various ways. He keeps the crevices in his room closely stopped and wears straps around his ankles to keep the witches from crawling up the legs of his pants.—Chicago News.

The Remaining Territories.

After the admission of the two Dakotas, Washington and Montana, there will still remain five territories that will be candidates for admission. Four of these have at some time formulated constitutions that have been left to season. Two of these, Idaho and Wyoming, are now engaged in either revamping constitutions or making new ones. The third one, New Mexico., is about to engage in the same work. The question of the admission of these five territories will probably come before congress at the next session. The latest estimates of population made by officers of these several territories show the population to be as follows:

Arizona	50,000
Idaho	100,000
New Mexico	160,000
Utah	210,000
Wyoming	85,000

The figures here given, especially for New Mexico and Utah, will probably bear trimming down. No territory has a right to statehood by virtue of population or other qualifications. There is no statute conferring on a territory right of admission. There are, of course, numerous precedents. But the Federal government exercises the sovereign right of both admission and rejection.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Turning of the Leaves.

A lunch was given at Flushing, L. I., last week to celebrate the turning of the leaves. The walls of the dining room into which the guests were ushered were painted a yellowish cream, with brown tones in the frieze and a flush of red in the cornice warming the brown. The fireplace and the deep window seats were filled with maple boughs flashing from yellow into the most vivid crimson. Maple boughs hung from the chandeliers, and twigs of maple and oak and brownish yellow chestnut leaves filled a huge old yellow bowl that stood in the middle of the table. The hostess wore a cream colored silk, with brown brocade redingote and crimson sash, and flaming leaves fluttered down through the menu cards that lay by the napkins. Each guest received as a favor a chestnut twig bearing a prickly burr, which, when opened, proved to be a satin lined bon bonniere.—New York Mail and Express

The Rivers of Russia.

The Russian Gazette has received some disturbing intelligence on the subject of the rivers of Russia, which play such an important part in the internal communication of the country. The Dnieper has become so shallow that navigation is difficult at even the deepest parts, such as between Kiev and Catherinoslav. Small boats can only pass now where vessels sailed formerly. The Volga itself is not much better, and the river steamers are unable to reach Nijni Novgorod. In consequence of these facts a strenuous measure of river dredging and stricter regulation for the control of the navigation of the greater rivers, such as the Don, the Dnieper, and the Volga, is being advocated, and it is believed that the minister of ways of communication has the subject under his serious consideration.

The Octogenarian Cardinal.

Cardinal Newman, who is now in his 89th year, cordially receives American visitors whenever his health permits. He is simple to a degree in his habits, getting up until quite lately, even if he does not still, between 5 and 6 in the morning, both in summer and winter. He then says mass in a chapel adjoining his bedroom, and afterward takes his breakfast and during the day presides over the meals of the fathers at 1 o'clock and at 6. On great feast days, such as that of St. Philip Neri, who founded the congregation, or of Sts. Peter and Paul, the cardinal conducts the service of benediction for the boys in the school chapel, but even this light effort has been more than he could frequently undertake during the last two or three years.—Boston Journal.

The German emperor will present the queen with his bust in memory of his recent visit to England. The bust is now being executed and represents Emperor William in the uniform of the Prussian body guards. He wears his helmet, instead of being bareheaded, as in all previous likenesses.

ANOTHER MAMMOTH CAVE.

A Cavern That Rivals That of Kentucky.

WHAT THE EXPLORING PARTY FOUND.

It Contains a Lake of Unfathomable Depth.

A rival to the great Mammoth cave has at last been discovered. Henry Griendle, living on Limestone Ridge, over the line in Wyandot county, was plowing, when one of his horses broke through the earth into a deep hole. It was rescued from its position with great difficulty. Upon examing the spot Griendle found a large hole leading perpendicularly down into the earth. He dropped in a stone, and heard it rumble and rattle in its downward course till the sound died away in the distance.

Sensational reports of this discovery reached this city, and an exploring party was made up and drove over to the ridge to ascertain what was at the bottom of the story and the hole. The party consisted of half a dozen well known gentlemen, who were provided with ropes, lights, fireworks, etc., to make a thorough exploration. Having fixed everything in readiness for the descent, the question arose as to who should first go down. The men looked into the dark mysterious hole, mentally made a calculation as to the probability of finding a nest of rattlesnakes at the bottom, and each one was perfectly satisfied to let several of the others go first.

Finally one of the party summoned up sufficient courage and volunteered to make the descent alone. As he was lowered down, down, down, the light of his lantern could be seen growing fainter and smaller until a tiny speck was visible. After letting out the rope about 100 feet a faint, muffled whisper announced that he had found solid bottom. The reporter went down next, and finally the whole party found itself at the bottom of the shaft.

The hole descends through limestone rock all the way down and varies in diameter from three to thirty feet. The bottom is dry rock, and the place proved to be a capacious cavern. The place where the landing was made was estimated to be sixty feet in width, and while the ceiling at that point was low it gradually rose like a dome to the height of fully fifty feet. The floor was very uneven. The party had not gone a quarter of a mile when they were suddenly confronted by a yawning chasm, ten feet in width and of an unknown depth. Beyond this impassable cleft they could see the roof glittering in the light of their lanterns.

Several Roman candles were fired into the space, but the side walls could not be seen, so that there is no telling how far the cave extends in that direction. The fireworks revealed numerous stalactites and stalagmites of beautiful formation, whose marble like whiteness glistened and shone resplendent in the vari-colored lights. The roof sparkled with a frost like incrustation, which reflected the light from a myriad of shining points as though the whole dome were set in diamonds.

Retracing their steps for some distance, the party found to the right a small opening at the top of the steep ascent, and, entering it, were obliged to crawl on hands and knees for a distance of perhaps ten yards. Then the cavern suddenly opened into another mammoth chamber, apparently much larger than the first one, and possessing more stalactite formations. At a great distance from the entrance they came upon a lake of pure, cold water, as clear as crystal and of unfathomable depth. Holding the light to the water, a shining penny was dropped in and its gradual descent watched until it had fallen apparently fifty feet, when all trace of it was lost.

The water of the lake was perfectly still and dead, there being no current, and no signs of fish or animal life were visible. A few shells were picked up on the shores of the lake, and, being again shut off from further advance, the party retraced their steps. Openings were seen in other directions, as though the cavern extended its wings still further, but the fear of losing their way and of the oil in the lanterns giving out prevented further explorations at present. It is proposed at some time in the near future to make further examination, going provided with boats, ladders, planks, etc., that the lakes and chasms may not stop the way.—Findlay (O.) Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Girls Saved by a Dog.

Last Sunday Miss Susie Feney, of Strawberry valley, and Miss Jessie Martin, of Oroville, who was visiting her, accompanied by an English mastiff, went into an adjacent wood in search of ferns. While seated on a log in an isolated part of the forest, quite a distance from their home, they were approached by a cinnamon bear. At sight of their visitor the young ladies started to run toward home, screaming at the top of their voices and followed by the bear. The mastiff was not afraid, and caught hold of the bear by the neck. A desperate struggle took place until two of Miss Feney's brothers arrived and shot the bear. The dog was so badly mangled that he will probably die.—Marysville Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Strange Disturbance of Nature.

Four miles southeast of Villanow, Ga., on the west slope of John's Mountain, on lot 241, owned by William Roper, occurred over two months ago a strange disturbance of nature. It was confined to a strip of land running east and west and being 250 yards in length and between 30 and 50 yards in width. On that limited area the ground shows the mark of some mighty convulsion. Stumps were forced asunder, rocks were split and huge roots torn in twain. Fissures run in every direction. Accompanying the disturbance was an evident upheaval. As it passed, at the east end the ground settled back below the original level, while at the west end it was left raised.—Atlanta Constitution.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19..... 1891.

With this issue the INYO INDEPENDENT begins its twenty-third volume. For twenty two years the "INYO" has been constantly identified with the interests of the county and has become a household word. During the period of its existence it has changed proprietors a number of times but its policy, that of viewing all matters from an independent and unbiased standpoint has been steadily maintained. With this issue the name at the head of the editorial page again changes but the independent spirit will be if anything intensified. The present proprietor is under no obligation to any corporation or firm. There are no "strings" upon him of any kind whatever and he is therefore in a position to advocate freely and fearlessly any course that he deems for the benefit and good of the people of Inyo County. As an individual he is a staunch Democrat in principle, but the paper will be, as it always has been, strictly independent as regards county politics. The present editor holds no salaried position from the government or county and depends wholly and solely on the patronage of the people of Inyo county for support. The paper will not be conducted in the interest of any man or set of men, but of the people at large. While any measure that will benefit the people will be freely advocated, any scheme that will work an injury to future advancement will be correspondingly denounced. With this outline of future policy we confide ourselves to the people of Inyo for whatever success we may attain.

Queen Victoria may have been somewhat displeased at the part her princely son played at Tranby Croft, but she stands by the verdict. The official journal announces that the name of Sir William Gordon Cumming has been removed from the list of officers of the army, the Queen having no further need of his services. This will determine the course of society toward the disgraced officer if there were doubt of that course before. No person who pretends to be anybody will receive the disgraced officer after this. People wil be curious to know what course American society will take in this matter. The Englishmaniacs of New York will doubtless receive their law from the English Queen, but there are some very respectable people in this country who will not.

Unquestionably the public pulse in the United States beats in sympathy with the Chilean insurgents. But it has happened in such cases that the American impulses have cooled, and our judgment controlled the manifestation of our sympathies. As matters now stand, however, there is a strong current of sympathy for the Congressional party. The reproach of the insurgents because of the seizure of the arms borne by the Itata is therefore felt to be measurably just. At the same time, the American people are conscious that the action of the United States Government in maintaining the inviolability of the neutrality laws was proper, and that we could not have consistently have taken any other position. It is a case, in short, in which Americans stand between their sympathies on one side and a stern sense of duty on the other.

One of the things which has puzzled Californians for the past ten or twenty years is the slow growth of the State. We have progressed fairly well, but not so rapidly as our natural advantages would seem to warrant. One would say that lands, which can, at comparatively small expense, be made worth from five hundred to one thousand dollars an acre would not long remain in the market at from $10 to $25 an acre. Yet this is the condition of things. There are within two hours' ride of the city of San Francisco hundreds and thousands of acres of land now worth $500 an acre, which ten years ago was bought for from $25 to $50. What has been done in the past will be repeated in the future on a much larger scale. The fortunes that will be made in land in the next ten years cannot even be guessed at. But we are still face to face with the question why people do not take advantage of these opportunities. Why is the movement from the State nearly equal to the movement toward the State? Why, in fact, does any person who comes to California ever return to the Eastern States except on a visit? A number of prominent citizens have tackled this problem and propose to work at it until a solution is evolved. They will consider the question from every possible point of view. They will try to find out if the dollar limit, as applied to San Francisco, keeps people from buying land in interior counties. They will inquire if the non-savory character of recent Legislatures has frightened people away from the State. They will ask if life and property are not as secure in California as in the East, and if happiness may not be pursued with as much diligence and success as in Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts. What does a man or woman want that may not be had in California with as little effort as anywhere else in the world? The people will follow the deliberations of the coming State Convention to promote immigration with the eager interest with which an intelligent man or woman follows an inquiry that has so far led to unsatisfactory results.

FOR ILL CHINAMEN.

A Chinese Hospital in Brooklyn in Charge of a Chinese Doctor.

The interest of the Chinese embassy in this country a few years ago was aroused by the condition of their sick and destitute countrymen in New York. The embassy made some efforts to establish a hospital here, but failed because there was no properly authorized physician who understood the Chinese language. That difficulty was not solved until when there was graduated from the Long Island college Joseph C. Thoms, the first Chinaman graduated from an American medical school.

In November a number of people interested in the Chinese mission work took hold of the project. A meeting was held at which there were present representatives of sixteen churches of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. It was determined to provide a place where ill Chinamen could obtain proper treatment and care. There are about 8,000 Chinese in New York and the immediate vicinity, and not more than fifty of them are so situated as to possess comfortable beds in case of sickness. They live in small, poorly ventilated basements and cellars, and can with the greatest difficulty be persuaded to enter the general hospitals.

Chinese are particularly liable to pulmonary diseases. Their habits of life and the change from their native climate render consumption and phthisis the most prevalent disease among them. Fifteen or twenty Chinese doctors practice in Mott street. Their methods are as crude as their ways of life. Their decoctions are things to be wondered at and avoided. Lizards and beetles are their favorite remedies. Fluid extracts of dogs' tails and snakes are also used by them.

The Chinese Hospital association was organized to fill the want, which was an opportunity for these abuses. The building at 45 Hicks street, Brooklyn, was hired, and Dr. Thoms was placed in charge. He is assisted by a Chinese nurse, who studies with him, and by three Chinese missionaries. Dr. C. E. Bruce, of New York; Dr. S. R. Forman, of Jersey City, and Drs. N. B. Sizer and W. A. Little, of Brooklyn, are the attending staff. The association is made up of delegates from various churches in this and neighboring cities, and elects a board of managers, which have charge of the affairs of the hospital.

The hospital is a three story brick building. There are three wards, one for one bed, one for three and one for four. The King's Daughters furnished the largest one. Everything about the hospital is neat and well cared for. Dr. Thoms makes a special effort to impress his patients with the value of light and air. Poor ventilation, he says, is the cause of half their sickness. Since the opening the hospital has received thirty-three patients. No contagious diseases are treated. Most of the patients suffered from consumption, of which eight of them died.

Those who are in the first stages of the disease are always advised to go home to China, and in several cases this advice has been followed. Those who have the disease in its advanced stages are cared for and rendered as comfortable as possible. The hospital has been full from its beginning, and has been fairly successful in the treatment of its patients.

The hospital has had unexpected support from Mott street. Over $1,300 has been given by the Chinese merchants. The association hopes to obtain a larger building, and endeavors to obtain subscriptions for that purpose. A contribution of twenty-five dollars entitles a person to membership in the association for one year. A contribution of $250 names and one of $5,000 endows a bed. Dr. C. E. Bruce, 456 Lexington avenue, is the treasurer of the association.—New York Sun.

Numbering Houses.

When our forefathers began to number the houses in their cities they went to work in a very simple fashion. They put 1 on the first house, 2 on the next, 3 on the third, and so on until they came to the end of a street. Then they crossed over, and if the last house they had numbered was 80, the first on the opposite side was 81, the next 82, and so on until they came back to their starting point, when perhaps number 160 faced number 1. As straight and regular streets took the place of crooked and winding ones a new plan of numbering came into vogue. The odd numbers were given to the houses on one side of the street, and even numbers to those on the other side. When a street's direction was known a number at once told whether a house faced north or south, or east or west.—Youth's Companion.

A Large Difference.

"What was your lawyer's fee in that case, Dimling?"

"It wasn't a fee, Totling; it was an honorarium."

"What's the difference?"

"Well, an honorarium is about ten times as much as a fee."—Harper's Bazar.

Odds Is the Difference.

When a subject of the king of Dahomey is ailing he is bled from the arm. If this doesn't cure him he is laid on his face and two men walk up and down his spine. If this fails, his case is called incurable, and he is left to shift for himself as a very obstinate fellow.—Detroit Free Press.

Tea Gowns Always Popular.

It is not likely that tea gowns will ever go out of fashion. They are too comfortable, too graceful, and far too picturesque to be forsaken, at least until some garment with similar or greater advantages and attractions can be devised, and that creation has not as yet appeared. Most women never look so well as in flowing robes that follow, though not too closely, the lines of the figure, and more luxurious and expensive fabrics and more daring color melanges can be employed than would be permissible in an ordinary day gown. Even the stylish tailor girl is glad to relax for a time and seek easy comfort in a tea gown, and no "five o'clock" reception room or pretty boudoir looks normal with the inmates tight bodiced and round skirted. The tea gown is as necessary in either place or case as Hamlet in "Hamlet."

Not in the Second Hand Business.

As Sheridan was entering court one day carrying his books and briefs in a green bag, according to the custom of the time, some of his brother barristers, thinking to play a joke on him, urged some boys to ask him if he had old clothes for sale in his green bag. "Oh, no!" instantly replied Sheridan, "they are all new suits."—San Francisco Argonaut.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dentistry!

Dr. Wasson, the well known Dentist, located at Bakersfield, has arrived at Independence and can be seen at the Norman House. Those who need dentistry should lose no time in calling as his stay will not be long.

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Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 28th
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
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To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce street, New York.

OFFICIAL.

NOTICE OF

Sheriff's Sale,

ON FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGES.

E. H. EDWARDS, Plaintiff, vs. WM. F. MATLACK, Administrator of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased Defendant.

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER of sale, upon a decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, on the 12th day of June, 1891, in an action wherein E. H. Edwards was Plaintiff and Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, was Defendant, and in which said last above mentioned action, E. H. Edwards, the above named Plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, Defendant, on the 15th day of November, 1890, for the sums of $1810.02 and $4171.49, gold coin of the United States, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of $5981.51, gold coin as aforesaid, which said decree was, on that 15th day of November, 1890, recorded in Judgment Book 1 of said Court, at page 284, (Wm. F. Matlack, Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, the above named Defendant, was by an order of said Superior Court duly made and entered on the 14th day of May, 1891 substituted as Defendant in said action in the place and stead of said Thomas Parker, now deceased.) I am commanded to sell, to satisfy said judgment and decree for the said sum of $1810.02, all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a point twenty chains East of the North-west Section corner of Section No. twenty-eight, in Township No. fifteen South of Range No. thirty six, East, Mt. Diablo Base and Meridian, (magnetic variation fifteen degrees and fifteen minutes East) thence South thirteen and ninety one-hundredths chains to North-west corner of Josiah G. Dodge's land; thence North, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, twenty-two and thirty-one one-hundredths chains to Brewery street in the town of Lone Pine; thence North, twenty one degrees and forty minutes West, twenty-one one hundredths chains; thence South, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes West, eighteen one-hundredths chains; thence North eight and forty eight one-hundredths chains to North line of Section No. twenty-eight; thence West thirteen and twenty-nine one-hundredths chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing fifteen and one-half acres.

Also a lot of land lying East of the last described tract and on the Wm. L. Moore tract of land North-west of the town of Lone Pine beginning at the North east corner of said last described tract, thirty three and twenty-nine one-hundredths chains East of the North-west corner of Section twenty-eight in Township Fifteen South of Range Thirty-six East, of Mount Diablo Meridian, at an iron post set in the ground; thence, South eight and forty-eight one-hundredth chains to the lane from the last described tract of land to the town of Lone Pine; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, eight and seventy one one-hundredths chains to the Eastside of Brewery street in said town; thence, South twenty one degrees and forty minutes East, fifty one-hundredths chains to the North line of Corral street in said town; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, seven and eighty-seven one-hundredths chains to the West line of Main street in said town; thence, North twenty-one degrees and forty minutes West, three and nineteen one-hundredths chains to Section line of said Section twenty-eight; thence, West fifteen chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing eight and seventy-five one hundredths acres.

Also lots Nos. two, three, and the North half of lot six, in block No. 13, upon which is a house; and the fractional part of lots Nos. six, seven and eight in block No. 1 in the town of Lone Pine, in said County and State, as the same are known and designated on the plat of said town now on file in the Recorder's office of said County.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

I am also commanded to sell, to satisfy said judgment and decree for the said sum of $4171.49, all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

The East half of the South-west quarter and the West half of the Southeast quarter of Section No. twenty-one, in Township No. fifteen South, of Range No. thirty six, East, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on Monday the 6th day of July, 1891, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House in the County of Inyo, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell separately the above described property, or so much thereof, as may be necessary to satisfy said Plaintiff's judgment, with interest and costs etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 12th day of June, 1891.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff of Inyo County.
By D. HOLLAND,
Under Sheriff.

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 11th day of May, 1891, in the matter of the estate of John R. Hughes, deceased, the undersigned, the Executor of the last will and testament of John R. Hughes deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on Saturday, the 6th day of June, 1891, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John R. Hughes, at the time of his death, and all the right title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said John R. Hughes at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

An undivided one-half interest in and to the the South half of Lot Number Seven (7), in Block Number Five (5), as the same is known and designated on the official plat of the said town of Lone Pine, now on file in the office of the County Recorder of said Inyo county.

Bids or offers must be in writing and will be received at the residence of the undersigned, about six miles south of the town of Independence, Cal., or delivered to said Executor personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States, ten percent. of the purchase money to be paid to the said Executor on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

W. L. HUNTER.
Executor of the last Will and Testament of John R. Hughes, deceased.
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Executor.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT

OFFICIAL.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Marmol, Nevada.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of May 1891, an assessment (No. 13) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of July 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 28th day of July, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.
Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

LONE PINE CANAL COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of canal, near Independence, Inyo county.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 30th day of May, 1891, an assessment (No. One) of Fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, Independence, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 3d day of July, 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 25th day of July, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
P. H MACK, Secretary.

NOTICE FOR PROPOSALS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Lone Pine Canal Company, at its office, in the town of Independence, up till 10 o'clock a. m. of June 13, 1891, for the construction of one mile of ditch, commencing at a point on H. J. Robinson's land about one-half a mile south of the terminus of the Stevens Ditch and running thence in a Southerly direction along and following the line of survey as shown by a map now on file in the company's office.

Said mile of ditch to have a fifteen foot bottom, eighteen inch cut, slope of banks, two feet horizontal to one foot vertical.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids. P. H. MACK, Secretary.

Independence, June 4th, 1891.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of JOHN LUCAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office in the town of Lone Pine, Inyo county, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said Inyo county, State of California. E. H. EDWARDS, Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased.

Dated May 5th, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PETER DIECKSON, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Administrator of the estate of PETER DIECKSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Lone Pine, in the county of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated April 18th, 1891.

JOHN F. LUBKEN,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 6th day of June, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased, the undersigned will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States on Saturday, the 27th day of June, 1891, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the late residence of said deceased, near the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property, towit:

117 Head of Stock Cattle.
18 Head of Horses.

Bids or offers in writing will be received at the office of the undersigned, in the said town of Lone Pine, up to and including the 26th day of June, 1891.

E. H. EDWARDS,
Administrator of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased.

Dated June 12th, 1891.

BIG PINE HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19.....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 97½
Lead, 4 35
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .06
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

MARRIED.

SAINZ—GRIJALVA—At Lone Pine, June 17, Albert M. Sainz and Herminia C. Grijalva, both of Lone Pine. Rev. H. J. Winsor officiated.

DIED.

NERNEY—At Fish Springs, June 13th, the wife of D. Nerney.

COLLINS—At Los Angeles, June 6, 1891, wife of Charles Collins of Warm Springs.

WHIPPLE—At Independence, June 18, 1891, H. C. Whipple, a native of Wisconsin, aged 44 years.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY, June 13, 1891.

Jos. Fernbach vs. Anna M. Fernbach—Action for Divorce. Filed complaint and summons.

Estate of Ezra M. Goodale—Filed inventory and appraisement.

TUESDAY, June 16, 1891.

Diaz et al. vs. Rhine—Demurrer to amended complaint overruled and defendant allowed 30 days to answer.

W. H. Uhlmeyer vs. Sylvania Mining Company and J. F. Turner—Complaint filed.

Estate and Guardianship of Johnson children—Filed petition for order for conveyance of real estate in exchange.

WEDNESDAY, June 17, 1891.

Ida C. Decker vs. Stephan Decker—Filed amended complaint and issued Alias Summons.

Ertate of B. F. Theban, deceased—Filed claim of Nathan Rhine.

Who-o-o-o-o!

See new advertisements this week.

L. D. Matthews was in town Wednesday.

Jimmy McNally came down from Bishop on Wednesday.

Phil Keough came down from Bishop on Monday, returning next day.

Hon. John A. Hannah has been appointed a Notary Public.

F. Fitzgerald and family came in from Modock on Wednesday.

Every lady attending the Ball will receive a handsome souvenir.

Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Decker, of Lone Pine, were in town on Wednesday.

A. W. De La Cour Carroll returned to Independence on Tuesday's train.

The Bishop Band has been engaged and will furnish the music for the Fourth.

Silas Reynolds has recovered from his recent severe illness and is around again.

Mrs. Julia Church and Miss Maud Cook arrived on Monday's train from Hawthorne.

Nathan Gilbert, of Deep Spring Valley was in town this week. He reports good crops on his place.

A. A. Johnson started for San Francisco on Tuesday's train. He expects to be gone about two weeks.

Mark Hand left Lone Pine yesterday morning for Reno to meet a nephew coming from the States.

Dr. J. B. Wasson has rented the Tibbett's building, opposite the Land Office, and is fitting up Dental Rooms there.

Mrs. D. Nerney died at Fish Springs last Saturday and was buried Sunday. She had been ailing for a long time.

Tom Webb, Giles and other cattle men started for Long Valley last Monday with the second drive for the year.

Gus Stevens, Frank Edwards and N. L. Apple will leave Lone Pine to-morrow on a hunting and fishing trip to Kern River.

Miss Addie Lewis has gone to San Francisco on a visit to her sister, Mrs. F. Samuels. She will be absent several months.

Miss Angie Brockman and Miss Louisa Clarke have kindly accepted an invitation to recite at Literary Exercises on the Fourth.

Ober says he will run Rosenthal or any one else for all the money they can show up. It is understood Diaz will give him a tussle.

The Committee have decided to abandon the project of holding the Ball Supper at the Pavilion, and supper will be given at either hotel.

S. P. Smith of Bishop was in town yesterday. He took away with him a fine Clydesdale stallion purchased by P. P. Keough from A. A. Johnson.

Walter J. Maxwell has been rejected as Chief of the Horticultural Department at the World's Fair and General N. P. Chipman, of Red Bluff, appointed.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the foot-race on the Fourth. It is reported that B. Rosenthal, of Hawthorne, will be one of the contestants.

M. Castro and wife and C. A. Harvey and wife started for the lower country last Sunday, going by way of Mojave. Curt is expected to return in a day or two.

A Special Train has been chartered and the following will be the rates for return trip tickets:

Hawthorne	$7 50
Candelaria, Belleville	6 50
Soda Springs and Rhodes	6 50
Benton	4 00
Bishop	2 50
Alvord	1 50
Lone Pine	1 00
Keeler	2 00

Train will leave Independence Sunday morning, July 5, for return trip. Free transportation to and from the Station and Independence.

High Tradegy In Mono.

Bridgeport has been having a decided sensation lately. About two weeks ago a reservation Indian from Walker Lake went into a China house at Bridgeport to play poker and was never again seen alive. The Indians at the Agency became alarmed at his absence and began hunting him. A few days afterward a human body was found in the river in a terribly mutilated condition. The head and limbs were cut from the body and the trunk cut open and viscera removed. There is no doubt but this was the body of Poker Tom. All the circumstances pointed to Ah Quong Tia, a Chinese store keeper, as the murderer. The Indians were greatly wrought up and threatened vengeance, and Tia sought the protection of the officers. On a preliminary examination Tia was discharged, there being insufficient evidence to hold him for trial. As soon as the verdict was rendered the Indians entered the court-room, siezed the Chinaman, hurried him to an adjoining field and lynched him, cutting his body to pieces as was the dead Indian's. The white residents were greatly excited, fearing the savages would commit further atrocities. But the Indians went about the affair in a business like manner, got through with the job and quietly returned to the Reservation. So far as known no action has yet been taken by the authorities in the matter and the general expression of opinion is that the Chinaman met his just deserts.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. B. Wasson, D. D. S., Resident Dentist of Bakersfield for a number of years is still in our town, very busy attending to the wants of our citizens in having their teeth looked after. But, since his arrival more than a week ago, he has been so much hurried filling teeth alone, as well as cleansing, etc.,—and extracting, treating, and preparing mouths for new teeth, that he has had no time to commence inserting new teeth, or doing plate work, of which he has a large number of sets engaged to be done at once. Many of our people in Inyo County have been unfortunate in having to patronize traveling dentists, who seemed to have lacked both skill and reputation for first-class dentistry. The consequence has been failures often as well as damage done to their teeth in many ways. A good dentist, well educated and versed in his profession is a necessity in every community, and we hope the time will soon come when quacks and frauds in this, as well as other professions, will soon find no place for them on the Pacific Coast, more than they find back East, where they come from. Dr. Wasson, Sen., has had a quarter of a century's experience in his profession, in the United States, and in Europe and the Orient, where he has practiced before coming to California.

A Grave Injury.

During the last two weeks an excerpt from an article published in the Daily *Report* has been published in the *Index*. As a paid advertisement in the *Report* the article was well enough, as a man who pays for his space may represent his wares in as glowing a manner as he desires. But to report the same in the *Index* without advertising marks or editorial comment is to endorse the statements contained. The editor of the *Index* has lived in Inyo county long enough to know that many of the statements were glaring falsehoods, and betrays a willingness to serve as a tool of corporations to the detriment of the farmers of the west side of the Valley. Our farmers are accused of shiftlessness, ignorance and laziness. In fact the land of the west side of the Valley is greatly depreciated by comparing it with that owned by the Eastside Corporation, and our people are abused and spat upon to make more alluring the prospects held out by the speculators. Such a course is reprehensible in the extreme and works a great detriment to every farmer and business man in the Valley.

A Valuable Enterprise.

There is an enterprise being prosecuted in this vicinity about which there is little said, but which promises to be very beneficial to Lone Pine and the surrounding country. The projectors of the Lone Pine Canal are determined to extend the Stevens Ditch to Owens Lake. The project is a feasible one because there is no better land in Inyo County than at Lone Pine and extending south to the Lake. With but one exception, all the ditches and canals in this county were built by home parties, and that shows conclusively that our home people have faith in our county and are willing to invest their money at home. There are about 12,000 acres of land lying below the projected canal, and this land, with sufficient water to irrigate it will be worth at a low estimate, fifty dollars an acre.

Passed Away.

Henry C. Whipple died at Independence last evening at eight o'clock. He was feeling much better during the day and was sitting up laughing and chatting with Dr. Woodin. Suddenly he started up saying, "Doctor, I am blind." The doctor says he died immediately. He had no relatives but friends took charge of the remains, and made every arrangement for the interment. The funeral took place to-day. The deceased lived in Inyo County in the '60s removing from here to Mono where he was under-Sheriff for a considerable time. He returned to Inyo about six years ago, living for the last four at Independence. He was ill during the whole time but his sudden death was entirely unexpected. His mother and sisters live in Los Angeles.

A Sad Death

Charley Collins went north on Tuesday morning on his way home from Los Angeles. On the evening of the 6th he received a telegram from Los Angeles stating that his wife was dead and he started at once but arrived too late to attend her funeral. Mrs. Collins gave birth to a fine boy, which survives her, and was doing very nicely, but neglect on the part of the physician attending her brought on fever of which she died. Mrs. Collins leaves a little boy and girl besides the infant, to comfort the young husband on the taking away of all that was nearest and dearest to him. Many expressions of heartfelt sympathy greeted him on returning from his sad mission.

Modock Mines.

OFFICE OF FRANK FITZGERALD,
Modock, June 13, 1891.

ED. INDEPENDENT:—There was sold on May account ore to the value of $5,634 80. The various places that are being worked show the usual amount of ore. The sinking of a winze was started on the 11th at the 300 foot point in the main tunnel that shows ten inches of metal averaging 255 ounces silver and $38 gold per ton. There are two foremen, two cooks and twenty-three men employed.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

W. S. Enos, wife and family started for the lower country on Tuesday, going by way of Mojave. Mr. Enos took with him a fine band of young horses, mostly fillies by Albenton.

General Benton has another representative in the 2:30 list. Last Saturday Willard, a roan gelding, beat Moraquita and Maud B. at San Jose in the fast time of 2:24¼, 2:23.

Mr. Terry, of Fresno, passed through town on Monday with a band of young horses he had purchased in the valley. He paid an average price of $65 a head for sixteen animals, all of them unbroken.

There was a terrible smash-up at Port Costa last Tuesday. The Los Angeles express collided at that point with a gravel train, both engines being entirely wrecked, two men killed and several injured.

A letter received during the week states that Andrew Bell, who was committed to the Asylum at Stockton about a year ago, has been discharged as thoroughly cured, and he is now at work on a ranch at La Grange.

About thirty bug-hunters of the United States commission are at Lone Pine. Half the number have gone into the mountains, their objective point being Mt Whitney. They will camp for the present on Cottonwood Creek.

Bids were received by the Lone Pine Canal Co., for the construction of one mile of ditch but the Board of Directors considered them too high and have decided to prosecute the work by days pay. Ground was broken this week,

Fred Biegle, aged 18 years, committed suicide at Virginia City, June 7th, by taking strychnine caused by false charges made against him by his employer, who immediately jumped the town for California, after the tragedy.

Dr. Wasson will deliver one of his instructive and popular lectures on travels in the East, Orient and Holy Land, next Sunday at 2 o'clock, in the M. E. Church. Let all both old and young come out to hear him, it will do them good.

In conversation with Dr. Wasson, he informs us he has written to his son Julian C. Wasson, D. D. S., located at Bakersfield, to join him next week, and to remain with him this Summer. After leaving Independence they will visit Big Pine, Bishop, Candelaria mining camps and other places professionally, at which time further notice will be given.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.
Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS,
O. I. MAIRS.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,
J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

1776 Breathes there a man with soul so dead, 1891
1776 Who never to himself hath said, 1891
1776 "This is my own, my native land!" 1891

INDEPENDENCE GLORIOUS TRIBUTE.

—TO OUR—

NATAL DAY.

Under the management of
POLETA PARLOR, N. D. C. W.
INYO PARLOR NO 142, N. S. G. W.
MT. WHITNEY PARLOR NO. 136, N. S. G. W

A CORDIAL INVITATION EXTEDNED TO ALL

Commencing with a
GRAND BALL
Friday Evening, July 3d. Grand March at 8 Sharp.
Excellent music and splendid floor. Supper in the Annex, with seating capacity for all.
BERTRAND RHINE, FLOOR DIRECTOR.
FLOOR COMMITTE:
Milt. Clark, S. A. Chapman, R. Hessian,
F. E. Denrmore, J. D. Lewis, J. E. Shepherd
Robt. Carrasco, Ben Lasky, Henry Rhine

SATURDAY, JULY FOURTH.

Grand salute . . . . . At sunrise.
Parade and Literary Exercises.
Parade forms at teddy place. Line of march direct to Pavilion.
GEORGE H. LEWIS, GRAND MARSHALL.
MISS MARGIE BELL, GODDESS OF LIBERTY.

PROGRAMME:

Prayer, Rev. H. J. Winsor.
Red, White & Blue, Choir.
Remarks, by C. W. Craig, President of the Day.
Music, by the Band.
Recitation, Miss Brockman
Hail Columbia, by Band.
Oration, F. E. Densmore
Unfurl the Glorious Banner, Miss M Mulholland,
Declaration of Independence, Miss L. Clark
America, Choir.
Benediction, Chaplain.

FUN FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS,
125 YARD FOOT RACE,
BASE BALL TOURNAMENT

MISCELLANEOUS.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.

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Independence, Cal., March 9, 1894.
n47tf

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John Barnes, Prop'r.

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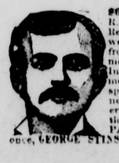

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2.05 p. m.	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m.	Lv. 7:20a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m	1:25 p. m.
Bisnop Creek	2:00p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord	2.45 p. m	10:40 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leavin Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver P Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

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General Superintendent.

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Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
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CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries & canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE
Blacksmith Shop.
R. C. Spear, Prop'r
—ALL WORK ON—
MINING TOOLS
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—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—
HORSE SHOEING,
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All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

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BEER, WINES,
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All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
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LIQUORS,
& CGARS

The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon.
sept-12 td

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would rate down *all* as worthless because *one* is unworthy.

As if there were no motes in sunbeams!

Or comets among stars!

Or cataracts in peaceful rivers!

Because one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless?

Because one doctor lets his patient die, are all humbugs?

It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line.

"They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have cured thousands.

"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nervine.

And here's the proof——

Try one or both. If they don't help you, tell the World's Dispensary Medical Association so, and you get your money back again.

April the First appealed to the Sun:
Begged that more slowly his course he would run;
For to deal with All Fools in twenty-four hours
Was a task quite beyond the range of his powers.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

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THROUGH THE WEARY HOURS

Of many a night, made doubly long by its protracted agony, the rheumatic sufferer tosses to and fro on his sleepless coach, vainly praying for that rest which only comes by fits and starts. His malady is one which ordinary medicines too often fail to relieve, but there is ample evidence to prove that the efficient blood depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, affords the rheumatic a reliable means of relief. Check the malady in its incipient stages, when the first premonitory twinges come on, with this agreeable medicine, and avoid years of torture. Whatever be the rationale of the active influence of the Bitters upon this malady, certain it is that no evidence relating to its effect is more direct and positive than that which relates to its action in cases of rheumatism. Like all sterling remedies, however, it deserves a protracted, systematic trial, and should not be abandoned because not at once remedial. It is equally efficacious in dyspepsia, indigestion and kindred diseases.

"Butter was unknown to the ancients," says a writer. Possibly; but ancient butter is not unknown to boarders.

Do you *want* to *save money*, clothes, time, labor, fuel, and health? All these can be saved if you will *try* Dobbins' Electric Soap. We say "*try*," knowing if you try it *once*, you will always use it. Have your grocer order.

The grammar school girl at the boarding-house may be asked to parse the butter but not to analyze it.

The Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, is universally pronounced by the public the model hotel of the Pacific Coast. Everything is perfection to the minutest detail, and guests are made to feel entirely at home. J. A. Hooper, Manager.

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

Try Germea for Breakfast.

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. G. GREEN Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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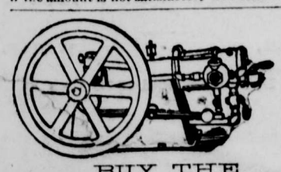

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DON'T BE A WALL-FLOWER If you can't dance, we can help you along. Complete self-instruction. Send for circular. JERRIS M'F'G & PUB'G CO., 834 Broadway, New York City.

THE SPLENDID SPUR.

Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

There were but six rascals besides the captain (so that Jacques must have died hard, thought I), and such a raffle of arms and legs and swollen upturned faces as they made I defy you to picture. For they were packed close as herrings, and the hut was filled up with their horses, ready saddled and rubbing shoulder to loin, so narrow was the room. It needed the open window to give them air; and, even so, 'twas not over fresh inside.

I had no mind to stay; but before leaving found myself in the way of playing these villains a pretty trick. To right and left of the window, above their heads, extended two rude shelves that now were heaped with what I conjectured to be the spoils of the larder of the "Three Cups." Holding my breath and thrusting my head and shoulders into the room, I ran my hand along and was quickly possessed of a boiled ham, two capons, a loaf, the half of a cold pie and a basket holding three dozen eggs. All these prizes I filched one by one, with infinite caution.

I was gently pulling the basket through the window hole, when I heard one of the crew yawn and stretch himself in his sleep. So, determining to risk no more, I quickly packed the basket, slung it on my right arm, and with the ham grasped by the knuckle in my left, made my way up the stream.

'Twas thus laden that I entered the dingle, and came on the sad sight therein. I set down the ham as a thing to be ashamed of, and bared my head. The girl lifted her face, and turning, all white and tragical, saw me.

"My father is dead, sir."

I stooped and piled a heap of fresh snow over the blood stains. There was no intent in this but to hide the pity that choked me. She had still to hear about her brother, Anthony. Turning, as by a sudden thought, I took her hand. She looked into my eyes, and her own filled with tears. 'Twas the human touch that loosened their flow, I think; and sinking down again beside her father she wept her fill.

"Mistress Killigrew," I said, as soon as the first violence of her tears was abated, "I have still some news that is ill hearing. Your enemies are encamped in the woods, about a half mile below this"—and with that I told my story.

"They have done their worst, sir."

"No."

She looked at me with a question on her lip.

Said I, "You must believe me yet a short while without questioning."

Considering for a moment, she nodded. "You have a right, sir, to be trusted, though I know not so much as your name. Then we must stay close in hiding?" she added, very sensibly, though with the last word her voice trailed off, and she began again to weep.

But in time, having covered the dead baronet's body with sprays of the withered bracken, I drew her to a little distance and prevailed on her to nibble a crust of the loaf. Now, all this while, it must be remembered, I was in my shirt sleeves and the weather bitter cold. Which at length her sorrow allowed her to notice.

"Why, you are shivering sore!" she said, and, running, drew my buff coat from her father's body, and held it out to me.

"Indeed," I answered, "I was thinking of another expedition to warm my blood." And promising to be back in half an hour I followed down my former tracks towards the stream.

Within twenty minutes I was back, running and well nigh shouting with joy.

"Come!" I cried to her, "come and see for yourself!"

What had happened was this: Wading cautiously down the brook, I had cause suddenly to prick up my ears and come to a halt. 'Twas the muffled tramp of hoofs that I heard, and, creeping a bit farther, I caught a glimpse, beyond the hut, of a horse and rider disappearing down the woods. He was the last of the party, as I guessed from the sound of voices and jingling of bits farther down the slope. Advancing on the hut with more boldness, I found it deserted. I scrambled up on the bank and round to the entrance. The snow before it was trampled and sullied by the footmarks of men and horses; and as I noted this, came Settle's voice calling up the slope:

"Jerry—Jerry Toy!"

A nearer voice hailed in answer.

"Where's Reuben?"

"Coming, captain—close behind!"

"Curse him for a loitering idiot! We've wasted time enough, as 'tis," called back the captain. "How in thunder is a man to find the road out of this cursed wood?"

"Straight on, cap'n—you can't miss it," shouted another voice, not two gunshots below.

A volcano of oaths poured up from Settle. I did not wait for the end of them, but ran back for Mistress Delia.

Together we descended to the hut. By this time the voices had faded away in distance. Yet to make sure that the rascals had really departed, we followed their tracks for some way, beside the stream; and suddenly came to a halt with cries of joyful surprise.

The brook had led us to a point where, over a stony fall veiled with brown bracken, it plunged into a narrow ravine. Standing on the lip, where the water took a smoother glide before leaping, we saw the line of the ravine marked by a rift in the pines, and through this a slice of the country that lay below. 'Twas a level plain, well watered and dotted here and there with houses. A range of wooded hills closed the view, and towards them a broad road wound gently, till the eye lost it at their base. All this was plain enough, in spite of the snow that covered the landscape. For the sun had burst out above, and the few flakes that still fell looked black against his brilliance and the dazzling country below.

But what caused our joy was to see, along the road, a small cavalcade moving away from us, with many bright glances of light and color, as their steel caps and sashes took the sunshine—a pretty sight, and the prettier because it meant our deliverance.

The girl beside me gave a cry of delight, then sighed; and after a minute began to walk back towards the hut, where I left her, and ran up hill for the basket and ham. On my return I found her examining a heap of rusty tools that, it seemed, she had found on a shelf of the building. 'Twas no light help to the good fellowship that afterwards united us that from the first I could read her thoughts often without words, and for this reason, that her eyes were as candid as the noonday.

So now I answered her aloud:

"This afternoon we may venture down to the plain, where no doubt we shall find a clergyman to sell us a patch of holy ground."

"Holy ground?" She looked at me awhile and shook her head. "I am not of your religion," she said.

"And your father?"

"I think no man ever discovered my father's religion. Perhaps there was none to discover; but he was no bad father"— She steadied her voice and went on: "He would prefer the hillside to your 'holy ground.'"

So, an hour later, I delved his grave in the frosty earth, close by the spot where he lay. Somehow, I shivered all the while, and had a cruel shooting pain in my wound that was like to have mastered me before the task was ended. But I managed to lower the body softly into the hole and to cover it reverently from sight, and afterwards stood leaning on my spade and feeling very light in the head, while the girl knelt and prayed for her father's soul.

And the picture of her as she knelt is the last I remember, till I opened my eyes, and was amazed to find myself on my back, and staring up at darkness.

"What has happened?"

"I think you are very ill," said a voice; "can you lean on me, and reach the hut?"

"Why, yes—that is, I think so. Why is everything dark?"

"The sun has been down for hours. You have been in a swoon first, and then talked—oh, such nonsense! Shame on me to let you catch this chill!"

She helped me to my feet and steadied me, and how we reached the hut I cannot tell you. It took more than one weary hour, as I now know; but at the time hours and minutes were one to me.

In that hut I lay four nights and four days between ague fit and fever, and that is all the account I can give of the time, save that on the second day the girl left me alone in the hut and descended to the plain, where, after asking at many cottages for a physician, she was forced to be content with an old woman reputed to be amazingly well skilled in herbs and medicines, whom after a day's trial she turned out of doors. On the fourth day, fearing for my life, she made another descent, and, coming to a wayside tavern, purchased a pint of aqua vitæ, carried it back and mixed a potion that threw me into a profuse sweat. The same evening I sat up, a sound man.

Indeed, so thoroughly was I recovered, that, waking early next morning and finding my sweet nurse asleep from sheer weariness in a corner of the hut, I staggered up from my bed of dried bracken and out into the pure air. Rare it was to stand and drink it in like wine. A footstep aroused me. 'Twas Mistress Delia; and, turning, I held out my hand.

"Now this is famous," said she; "a day or two will see you as good a man as ever."

"A day or two? To-morrow, at latest, I shall make trial to start." I noted a sudden change on her face, and added, "Indeed, you must hear my reasons before setting me down for an ingrate;" and told her of the king's letter that I carried. "I hoped that for a while our ways might lie together," said I; and broke off, for she was looking me earnestly in the face.

"Sir, as you know, my brother Anthony was to have met me—nay, for pity's sake turn not your face away! I have guessed—the sword you carry—I marked it. Sir, be merciful, and tell me!"

I led her a little aside to the foot of a tall pine; and there, though it wrung my heart, told her all, and left her to wrestle with this final sorrow. She was so tender a thing to be stricken thus that I, who had dealt the blow, crept back to the hut, covering my eyes. In an hour's time I looked out. She was gone.

At nightfall she returned, white with grief and fatigue; yet I was glad to see her eyes red and swollen with weeping. Throughout our supper she kept silence; but when 'twas over she looked up and spoke in a steady tone:

"Sir, I have a favor to ask, and must risk being held importunate"——

"From you to me," I put in, "all talk of favors had best be dropped."

"No—listen. If ever it befell you to lose father or mother or dearly loved friend, you will know how the anguish stuns— Oh, sir! today the sun seemed fallen out of heaven, and I, a blind creature, left groping in the void. Indeed, sir, 'tis no wonder; I had a father, brother and servant ready to die for me—three hearts to love and lean on; and today they are gone."

I would have spoken, but she held up her hand.

"Now when you spoke of Anthony—a dear lad!—I lay for some time dazed with grief. By little and little, as the truth grew plainer, the pain grew also past bearing. I stood up and staggered into the woods to escape it. I went fast and straight, heeding nothing, for at first my senses were all confused; but in a while the walking cleared my wits, and I could think, and thinking I could weep; and having wept, could fortify my heart. Here is the upshot, sir—though 'tis held immodest for a maid to ask even far less of a man. We are both bound for Cornwall—you on an honorable mission, I for my father's estate of Gleys, wherefrom (as your tale proves) some unseen hands are thrusting me. Alike we carry our lives in our hands. You must go forward; I may not go back. For from a king who cannot right his own affairs there is little hope; and in Cornwall I have surer friends than he. Therefore take me, sir—take me for a comrade! Am I sad? Do you fear a weary journey? I will smile—laugh—sing—put sorrow behind me. I will contrive a thousand ways to cheat the milestones. At the first hint of tears, discard me, and go your way with no prick of conscience. Only try me—oh, the shame of speaking thus!"

Her voice had grown more rapid towards the close; and now, breaking off, she put both hands to cover her face, that was hot with blushes. I went over and took them in mine.

"You have made me the blithest man alive," said I.

She drew back a pace with a frightened look, and would have pulled her hands away.

"Because," I went on quickly, "you have paid me this high compliment, to trust me. Proud was I to listen to you; and merrily will the miles pass with you for comrade. And so I say—Mistress Killigrew, take me for your servant."

To my extreme discomposure, as I dropped her hands, her eyes were twinkling with laughter.

"Dear now; I see a dull prospect ahead if we use these long titles."

"But"——

"Indeed, sir, please yourself. Only as I intend to call you 'Jack,' perhaps 'Delia' will be more of a piece than 'Mistress Killigrew.'" She dropped me a mock courtesy. "And now, Jack, be a good boy, and hitch me this quilt across the hut. I bought it yesterday, at a cottage below here"——

She ended the sentence with the prettiest blush imaginable; and so, having fixed her screen, we shook hands on our comradeship and wished each other good night.

CHAPTER VIII.

I LOSE THE KING'S LETTER.

Almost before daylight we were afoot, and the first ray of cold sunshine found us stepping from the woods into the plain, where now the snow was vanished and a glistening coat of rime spread over all things. Down here the pines gave way to bare elms and poplars, thickly dotted, and among them the twisted smoke of farmstead and cottage here and there, and the morning stir of kitchen and stable, very musical in the crisp air.

Delia stepped along beside me, humming an air or breaking off to chatter. Meeting us, you would have said we had never a care. The road went stretching away to the north west and the hills against the sky there; whither beyond we neither knew nor (being both young and one, by this time, pretty deep in love) did greatly care; but the conduct of those we met, their gruff refusals of food, their smiles and winks, caused Delia to insist that at the first opportunity I should get her a suit of boy's clothes.

On the far side of the valley we entered a wood, thinking by this to shorten our way, for the road here took a long bend to eastward. Now, at first this wood seemed of no considerable size, but thickened and spread as we advanced. 'Twas only, however, after passing the ridge and when daylight began to fail us that I became alarmed. For the wood grew denser, with a tangle of paths crisscrossing amid the undergrowth. And just then came the low mutter of cannon, shaking the earth. We began to run forward, tripping in the gloom over brambles and stumbling into holes.

For a mile or so this lasted, and then, without warning, I heard a sound behind me and looked back, to find Delia sunk upon the ground.

"Jack, here's a to-do!"

"What's amiss?"

"Why, I am going to swoon!"

The words were scarce out when there sounded a crackling and snapping of twigs ahead, and two figures came rushing towards us—a man and a woman. The man carried an infant in his arms, and though I called on them to stop, the pair ran by us with no more notice than if we had been stones. Only the woman cried, "Dear Lord, save us!" and wrung her hands as she passed out of sight.

"This is strange conduct," thought I; but, peering down, saw that Delia's face was white and motionless. She had swooned, indeed, from weariness and hunger. So I took her in my arms and stumbled forward, hoping to find the end of the wood soon. For now the rattle of artillery came louder and incessant through the trees, and, mingling with it, a multitude of dull shouts and outcries. At first I was minded to run after the man and woman, but, on second thought, resolved to see the danger before hiding from it.

The trees in a short while grew sparser, and between the stems I marked a ruddy light glowing, and then I came out on an open space upon the hillside, with a dip of earth in front, and beyond a long ridge of pines standing up black, because of a red glare behind them, and saw that this came not from any setting sun, but was the light of a conflagration.

The glare danced and quivered in the sky as I crossed the hollow. It made even Delia's white cheek seem rosy. Up amid the pines I clambered, and along the ridge to where it broke off in a steep declivity. And, lo! in a minute I looked down, as 'twere, into the infernal pit.

There was a whole town burning below, and in the streets men were fighting, as could be told by their shouts and the rattle and blaze of musketry, for a garment of smoke lay over all and hid them. Only the turmoil beat up as from a furnace, and the flames of burning thatches, and quick jets of firearms like lightning in a thunder cloud. Great sparks floated past us and over the trees at our back. A hot blast breathed on our cheeks. Now and then you might hear a human shriek distinct amid the din, and this spoke terribly to the heart.

Now the town was Marlborough, and the attacking force a body of royal troops sent from Oxford to oust the garrison of the parliament, which they did this same night, with great slaughter, driving the rebels out of the place and back on the road to Bristol. Had we guessed this, much ill luck had been spared us; but we knew naught of it, nor whether friends or foes were getting the better. So (Delia being by this time recovered a little) we determined to pass the night in the woods and on the morrow to give the place a wide berth.

Retreating, then, to the hollow (that lay on the lee side of the ridge, away from the north wind), I gathered a pile of great stones and spread my cloak thereover for Delia. To sleep was impossible, even with the will for it. For the tumult and fighting went on and only died out about an hour before dawn, and once or twice we were troubled to hear the sound of people running on the ridge above. So we sat and talked in low voices till dawn, and grew more desperately hungered than ever.

With the chill of daybreak we started, meaning to get quit of the neighborhood before any espied us, and fetched a compass to the south without another look at Marlborough. At the end of two hours, turning northwest again, we came to some water meadows beside a tiny river (the Kennet, as I think), and saw, some way beyond, a high road that crossed to our side (only the bridge was now broken down), and, farther yet, a thick smoke curling up, but whence this came I could not see. Now we had been avoiding all roads this morning and hiding at every sound of footsteps. But hunger was making us bold. I bade Delia crouch down by the stream's bank, where many alders grew, and set off towards this column of smoke.

By the spot where the road crossed I noted that many men and horses had lately passed hereby to westward, and, by their footmarks, at a great speed. A little farther and I came on a broken musket flung against the hedge, with a nauseous mess of blood and sandy hairs about the stock of it; and just beyond was a dead horse, his legs sticking up like bent poles across the road. 'Twas here that my blood went cold on a sudden, to hear a dismal groaning not far ahead. I stood still, holding my breath, and then ran forward again.

The road took a twist that led me face to face with a small whitewashed cottage, smeared with black stains of burning. For seemingly it had been fired in one or two places, only the flames had died out; and from the back, where some outbuildings yet smoldered, rose the smoke that I spied. But what brought me to a stand was to see the doorway all cracked and charred, and across it a soldier stretched—a green coated rebel—and quite dead. His face lay among the burned ruins of the door, that had wofully singed his beard and hair. A stain of blood ran across the doorstone and into the road.

I was gazing upon him and shuddering, when again I heard the groans. They issued from the upper chamber of the cottage. I stepped over the dead soldier and mounted the ladder that led upstairs.

The upper room was but a loft. In it were two beds, whereof one was empty. On the edge of the other sat up a boy 16 or thereabouts, stark naked and moaning miserably. With one hand he seemed trying to cover a big wound that gaped in his chest; the other, as my head rose over the ladder, he stretched out with all the fingers spread. And this was his last effort. As I stumbled up, his fingers closed in a spasm of pain; his hands dropped, and the body tumbled back on the bed, where it lay with the legs dangling.

The poor lad must have been stabbed as he lay asleep. For by the bedside I found his clothes neatly folded and without a speck of blood. They were clean, though coarse, so thinking they would serve for Delia, I took them, albeit with some scruples at robbing the dead, and, covering the body with a sheet, made my way downstairs.

Here, on a high shelf at the foot of the ladder, I discovered a couple of loaves and some milk, and also, lying hard by, a pair of shepherd's shears, which I took also, having a purpose for them. By this time, being sick enough of the place, I was glad to make all speed back to Delia.

She was still waiting among the leafless alders, and clapped her hands to see the two loaves under my arm.

Said I, flinging down the clothes, and munching at my share of the bread:

"Here is the boy's suit that you wished for."

"Oh, dear! 'tis not a very choice one." Her face fell.

"All the better for escaping notice."

"But—but I like to be noticed!"

Nevertheless, when breakfast was done, she consented to try on the clothes. I left her eying them doubtfully, and strolled away by the river's bank. In a while her voice called to me:

"Oh, Jack—they do not fit at all!"

"Why, 'tis admirable!" said I, returning and scanning her. Now this was a lie; but she took me more than ever, so pretty and comical she looked in the dress.

"And I cannot walk a bit in them!" she pouted, strutting up and down.

"Swing your arms more, and let them hang looser."

"And my hair. Oh, Jack, I have such beautiful hair."

"It must come off," said I, pulling the shears out of my pocket.

"And look at these huge boots!"

Indeed, this was the main trouble, for I knew they would hurt her in walking; yet she made more fuss over her hair, and only gave in when I scolded her roundly. So I took the shears and clipped the chestnut curls, one by one, while she cried for vexation; and took occasion of her tears to smuggle the longest lock inside my doublet.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The American Natural Gas Company, which is said to be backed by the Standard Oil Company, has secured a large tract of land north of Salt Lake City for the purpose of drilling for natural gas. There is a tale that the local gas company may sell out to or combine with the American Company.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

"Have you any references from your last place?" "Yis, ma'am. But they wouldn't mek yez feel any more comfortable about takin' me."

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

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BILE BEANS.

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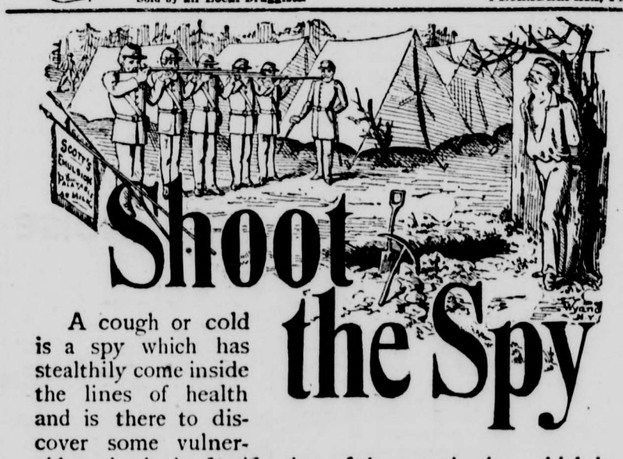

Shoot the Spy

A cough or cold is a spy which has stealthily come inside the lines of health and is there to discover some vulnerable point in the fortification of the constitution which is guarding your well-being. That point discovered the spy reports it to the enemy on the outside. The enemy is the changeable winter climate. If the cold gets in, look out for an attack at the weak point. To avoid this, shoot the spy, kill the cold, using SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the weapon. It is an expert cold slayer, and fortifies the system against *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (specially in Children).* Especially helpful for children to prevent their taking cold. Palatable as Milk.

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Our 50 cent goods are not often over 42 in drawers or 44 in shirts.

Scarlet or blue grey flannel, in extra sizes and quality, drawers up to 46, and shirts to 48; the scarlet are $2.00, and the grey $1.75.

Riveted overalls, Brown Duck, extra quality, at 65 cents, to close the lot bought at a sacrifice. Waist 42, leg either 30, 31, 32 or 33 inches. Waist 40, leg either 30, 31, 32, 33 or 34 inches. Waist 38, leg either 33, 34, 35 or 36 inches. Waist 36, leg either 30, 32, 33, 34, 35 or 36 inches. Waist 34, leg either 30, 32, 33, 34 or 35 inches.

We have the largest variety of good quality overalls in extra sizes to be found in town. If out of one color in above lot will substitute another unless otherwise directed. We have one odd dozen beautiful grey color, size 38x31, at same price, formerly sold at $1.10.

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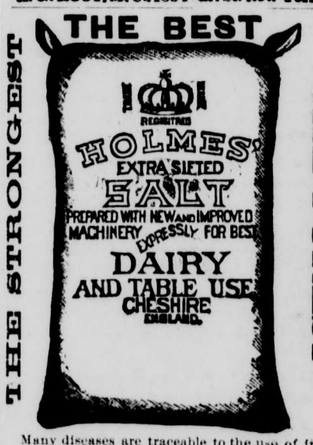

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Will it pay you to risk the health of your family and the spoiling of your butter for the sake of saving the small difference in cost to you between the common salt and the BEST?

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It needs no sifting, consequently does not waste, and being perfectly soluable five pounds will go as far as six or seven pounds of ordinary salt, without any danger of spoiling butter by gritty undissolved particles and impurities. No injury to health can result from the use of Holmes' Extra Sifted Salt.

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1891.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

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THE ALUMINUM AGE.

A Metal That Will Supercede Iron.

IT IS NOT ONE OF THE LOST ARTS.

How will the Death of Fred J. Seymour Affect it?

From the tone of the lament sent up by the press throughout the length and breadth of the land, one would suppose that the cheap aluminum problem is, since the death of this one man, as far from being solved as it was in 1853, when a very poor quality of that valuable material was worth $250 per pound; on this point, however, the people are being misled.

I do not believe it to be the intention of the press to be misleading in this or any other matter, however trivial, but what one of the numerous croakers who have helped to swell the cry, "Lost, lost!" from shore to shore believes, after a moment's sober afterthought, that an invention or process necessary to the advancement of mankind could be irretrievably lost by the death of one man?

The Pompeiians could cast plaster statues whole and hollow at a single cast; nothing of the kind can be done in this day and age of the world.

The ancients understood the process of manufacturing malleable glass; cups were made in those olden times which could be dashed violently to the ground without a fracture; only dents, where, perchance, they came in contact with cobble stones or other pebbles; the dents could be hammered out just for all the world like we would hammer dents in tinware at the present day. Malleable glass is another of the lost arts. In the year 976 A. D. the Chinese emperor, Tai Tsung, came into possession of a wonderful painting of an ox, which was visible only during the night—at daylight it vanished. It was a specimen of the ancient luminous painting of which not a single example is now extant.

Above I have catalogued three representatives of the lost arts, arts which are indeed lost; but mind, dear reader, they were not lost by the death of a single individual. Cities were overwhelmed with many feet of plastic, fiery lava; whole nations were wiped off the face of the earth by frightful pestilence, and islands and continents sunken beneath the rushing waters which closed over them, making the wreck of the nation in which it thrived as complete as the loss of the art itself.

With these facts in view it is hardly possible, if the "Aluminum Age" has really been foreshadowed to the extent claimed by enthusiastic scientists and inventors, that the brilliant white metal era will forever recede from our sight. Because one man has lived his allotted days and passed to the great unknown without revealing his process of cheapening a material that will make an age as much in advance of this age of iron as the iron age is in advance of the stone age or that of prehistoric bronze, there are no reasons for considering the art lost forever. For the past two or three years many extravagant stories have been circulated regarding this peerless metal. According to a certain class of writers aluminum, so cheaply produced as to be a dangerous rival of iron and steel, was not only one of the future, near future, possibilities, but to them the era had really dawned. Overzealousness and too much faith in the inventive ingenuity of an age which has given to us the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the electric motor and hundreds of other useful inventions and appliances, are the only excuses that can be offered in extenuation of these egregious epistles.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

By Rail to Jerusalem.

The British consular agent at Jaffa in his last report on the trade of his district states that a concession for a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem has been granted by the sultan to Mr. Joseph Navon, an Ottoman subject, for seventy-one years. It is stated that a company has been formed in England and France to carry out the scheme, and that the engineers are soon expected to undertake the work. The carriage road between Jaffa and Jerusalem has been greatly improved. The government sold last year the income from the toll of the road for £2,085, as compared with £1,812 the year before last, which shows an increase in the traffic. The Jewish colonies in Palestine are greatly improving; one of them, which is called Richon le Zion, has planted about 2,000,000 vines, all promising well. The colonists are good laborers; nearly all their land is cultivated. The greater part of them are Turkish subjects, and are all subject to the laws of the country.—London Times.

Carlos I and His Father.

The late king of Portugal was a corpulent man of fifty, with a dark complexion and a grave face. An American who saw him recently says he bore a striking resemblance to ex-President Cleveland. His son, who succeeds him as Carlos I, is very different from his father physically, being very light in complexion. He is an ambitious young man, not possessing the quiet, scholarly tastes of the late Luis. He is anxious to become prominent in European politics. In all his mental characteristics he more resembles his mother than his father.—Montreal Star.

Curious Result of Cigarette Smoking.

Two young men of our town addicted to the constant smoking of cigarettes are singularly affected, not so much in mind as in body. They are becoming spotted all over their bodies, giving them the appearance of leopards. Their minds, though now apparently sound, are in imminent danger, for their nervous systems are so affected that neither of them can sleep without smoking several of these abominable cigarettes after retiring.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Sayings and Doings.

Very Smart Babies.

An instance of premature dentition came to light yesterday. George Droescher, who is employed in the Gambrinus brewery, married, a year ago, the 18-year-old daughter of Jacob Wetterer, a brewer. Three weeks ago Mrs. Droescher was delivered of a girl baby. It was perfectly formed and weighed ten pounds. The first thing to attract attention was the fact that the little one had an unusual growth of very dark hair, the mother being a perfect blonde. The hair was nearly an inch long. The family could hardly believe it when the mother called them in and showed that the babe had also been born with the two lower incisors almost full grown, while with the finger could be felt the rest of the teeth on both jaws. Since then the upper and lower molars have made their appearance, and the babe has a full grown set of teeth in sight.

Mrs. Tibbles, of Oregon street, gave birth to a boy baby on Dec. 3. Dr. Haile, who was in attendance, found that the child, which is a fine, fully developed male, had five upper teeth in front, well through the gum. The lower teeth were just under the skin, ready to pop through. Dr. Haile then made a thorough examination of the baby's mouth, and was greatly astonished to find two molars in the upper jaw, on opposite sides, as large as the nail of the little finger of a man. They were well out of the gum and had been cut evidently some time before birth. They were as far advanced as those of a child of 6 years. Opposite these teeth, in the lower jaw, were two more molars just under the skin, through which they were ready to cut. All the other teeth were plainly visible through the gum, and it is very probable that in a few days the child will have a full set cut. The mother is a healthy woman and has had several children, all of whom, however, cut their teeth at the proper periods.—Cincinnati Telegram.

The Coming Princess Albert Victor.

I hear from a high English source that the Princess Feodore of Schleswig-Holstein, who did the Eiffel tower the other day, chaperoned by her elderly maiden aunt, Amelie, of the same house, is in all likelihood the coming Princess Albert Victor of Wales. She is a sister of the German empress and a niece of Prince Christian, the dull old husband of the best of Queen Victoria's daughters, is going on 16, looks a good sort of girl, and is almost pretty. But she is not likely to improve when the bloom of youth departs, and she wants winsome graces. Evidently she has not come to her full height. When she does, she will probably be as tall as her imperial sister.

The queen would like to secure to her the crown of Great Britain, because she is descended from her majesty's mother, the Duchess of Kent, whose first husband was Prince Leiningen. Princess Feodore has been a good deal here with a party of aristocratic English friends, some of whom are connections of her aunt-in-law on the maternal side, Countess Gleichen. Count Gleichen abandoned his high born German status to marry Laura Seymour, and is a professional sculptor, high in the queen's favor. Against German etiquette she has been latterly styling them both serene highnesses. An objection to the proposed royal match is that the young lady's mother is in a madhouse. There is already more than a touch of insanity in the royal family of England.—Paris Letter.

The Guinness Gift.

The magnificent gift of Sir Edward Guinness may be accepted without any fear that it will demoralize the class which it is intended to benefit. The £200,000 which are to be invested for the better housing of the London poor will be, in the most unfavorable event, an extension of the Peabody scheme, which has been found in practice not to have done much for the destitute population that lives upon casuality labor. The neat and comfortable tenements have been occupied by respectable and thriving artisans, and very great has been the benefit which they have received. But the object of Sir Edward Guinness is to provide decent homes for the class below them—to let the tenements at rents within the means of the poorest. Yes, but these are the persons who have no means at all—no regular means, none that will insure the periodical payment of even the smallest rent. That Sir Edward Guinness' gift will do much good cannot be denied; but it will require very cautious handling to make it do just that kind of good which is intended.—St. James Gazette.

A New Italian Coin.

A dollar is to be struck in Italy, larger in size and greater in value than the familiar five lire piece. The old Marie Therese is to be the model. Even in coins, and even in Italy, they seem to be going back to the old patterns. The Marie Therese thaler is not now so unusual as it used to be. There is a tendency in coins to locate themselves. To this day the forty franc pieces of the First Napoleon, rare in the north of France and not often met in Paris, are in free circulation on the Rivera. The new coin will, of course, have on the reverse the familiar effigy of King Humbert and be surrounded by an inscription setting forth the Italian sovereignty over its African possessions.—American Banker.

Sailors Try to Ride Down a King.

Some of the sailors from the German war ship Sophie made a dastardly attempt to injure Mataafa the other day. He was coming home from church, attended by one or two of his guard, when several German sailors, who were horseback riding, galloped near him, driving him up against a fence. He, thinking that the matter was purely accidental, did not take any notice until they turned their horses and galloped toward him again. One of them again rode close past him, when one of his guard raised his rifle and made a move to protect the king. The king ordered him not to fire, but it is needless to say the Germans decamped.—Apia Telegram in San Francisco Chronicle.

NOT A BEARD IN TOWN.

A Specimen of Southern Humor.

THE MYSTIC CIRCLE OF THE SLICK.

Compelling People to get Shaved and Have Their Hair Cut.

A stranger visiting Sylvania right now would be amazingly impressed with the similarity in appearance of all its male inhabitants, and he would have been much more amused had he witnessed the process by means of which they all reached this state of common brotherhood.

It was so dull the first part of the week that even the honorable and time honored "Sylvania Gas company" began to show signs of falling into innocuous disuse and ceased to furnish its members with the usual enlivening elixir of mirth. Of course something had to be done; so a few of the members decided that they would shave up clean and have their heads clipped. Our barber, Mr. H. R. Kemp, did the work up in rare and rapid style, and the boys were so well pleased with their new selves that they magnanimously resolved to "do" the town up likewise; so out they started on a "clipping" expedition.

The first victim who walked into the hands of the spoilers was a young man with curly hair and quite a long beard, of which he was very proud. He "kicked" and swore, but it was no use. He was escorted up stairs, and in a few minutes, by virtue of his white head and shining face, was a member of the Mystic Circle of the Slick. Then the fun commenced in real earnest. No one was spared.

Young men, old men and boys, just as they happened to come along, were gathered into the fold. Some submitted meekly to the inevitable; some pleaded piteously or threatened prosecution, some protested and struggled violently, but the same fate awaited them all alike—each came out with a slick face and a hairless head. When the "subject" became too obstreperous one of the committee took the clippers and mowed a furrow down the center of his head. This always had a very quieting effect, and the operation was then performed without any further trouble. One of our lawyers escaped several times by fast running, but finally came out and gracefully surrendered, and he, too, now wears a white head. Another lawyer outran an official of the county, and managed to save his scalp for a while.

The only man in the town who did not escape—if escape it can be called—was a young clerk who, when the canvassing committee was out on the war path, slipped upstairs and was quickly clipped, thus taking fate by the forelock, as it were. Everybody is alike down here now, and it is a rare sight to see a citizen with hair on his head. One man in this unique condition came in town yesterday, and, from the way he was stared at and followed around, one would have thought he was John L. Sullivan himself. Our barber was into the clique and did all the work for nothing. Of course he will not do anything more in the hair cutting line for several months to come, but probably he didn't think of that, or was willing to submit to the sacrifice for the fun.—Sylvania (Ga.) Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Boycotting Paris Dressmakers.

Emperor William's sister has the poorest trousseau of all the royalties. The emperor is not exaggeratively fond of any of his sisters, and is besides perfectly incapable of seeing why he should spend his money on furbelows for a woman. Therefore he has killed two birds with one stone, and saved his money and enhanced his reputation for patriotism by obliging her to buy everything in Berlin. The German dressmakers are the cheapest and the worst anywhere in Europe, and no fashionable German ever gets her clothes anywhere save in Paris. The emperor hates this custom and hopes to break it up by forbidding his sister to follow it, but this wise young woman, having submitted with all apparent meekness to her brother's orders, has got around the difficulty by buying as few things as she can possibly get on with in Berlin and spending all the rest of her money in laces, in which she has invested more than half of the money set aside for her trousseau; then as soon as she is married and can do as she pleases she will go to Paris and get all the clothes she wants.—New York World.

The Making of Postage Stamps.

Among those who this year bid for the contract to manufacture postage stamps for the government was Charles F. Steel, of this city, and it was found that Mr. Steel's figures were lower than other competitors. The award has not yet been made, but there is little doubt that Mr. Steel will secure the contract and thus bring to this city an industry that for twenty-eight years has been in New York. Mr. Steel has been identified with the manufacture of postage stamps for thirty years. He was with Toppan, Carpenter & Co., who made the stamps in this city prior to 1861. In that year the National Bank Note company secured the contract and the work went to New York city, and Mr. Steel continued in its employ. He is the originator of the present system of keeping the stamp accounts and the check on the production. In this city he will employ 200 hands, a large number of whom will be females. The annual output will be about 140,000,000 sheets.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Hard on the Travelers.

Up in the vicinity of Schoodic lake, a man who had a new road to sell failed to make satisfactory terms with the town, and so, on the theory, "no pay, no road," felled trees across the way until the town should pay him for opening it. Travelers who recently passed through that region think the innocent passenger gets the worst of the controversy.—Lewiston Journal.

An Aeronaut's Terrible Death.

Last night Professor Higgins and Miss De Voy were announced to make a balloon ascent from the Manchester race course and to descend by means of parachutes. Miss De Voy did not make the ascent, but the professor went up, and his assistant, a man named Lennox, also ascended, but in the car attached to the balloon. Professor Higgins descended from a great height in Alexandra park, falling into the ornamental pond there, but was unhurt. The balloon then went over towards Burnage, and, suddenly collapsing, fell, Lennox being killed. The balloon is said to have burst when approaching or passing over Fallowfield. The pace at which the balloon was descending was so terrific that the sand, instead of falling earthwards, actually streamed up into the air as the balloon shot through it, and as it was flying upward it had the appearance of smoke issuing from the balloon.

A Mr. Linton, who saw the balloon pass over Fallowfield, states that at that time he saw the man Lennox out on the netting which inclosed the silk portion of the balloon, climbing up to the top of the balloon. Evidently he had then discovered that the gas was fast leaving the balloon at the top, and was making a desperate effort to remedy the injury. When the balloon had descended to a distance of some four or five hundred yards from the ground the silk portion collapsed entirely, and the balloon then presented the appearance of an elongated cigar. A few seconds later the balloon fell with a terrific thud in a field. Two or three men at once rushed to the spot and tried to get the man from beneath the car. Apparently the car had fallen straight on the ground, and the whole of the upper part of the balloon had fallen on Lennox, completely covering him. It did not take the willing helpers long to remove the silk envelope, netting, etc., from above Lennox, but when they reached his body he gave not the slightest sign of life. One of his legs was twisted and broken, and he was badly cut about the face and head. He had apparently been instantaneously killed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Rescued Him from a Bear.

Willie Hammer, an 11-year-old son of Benjamin Hammer, had an adventure last week, while herding his father's sheep over in the White river country, that came near proving fatal. The boy had been looking for grouse with a 32-caliber gun, and had just lain down on the ground to rest, when the sheep became frightened, and on looking to see the cause of the commotion a huge cinnamon bear was a few paces away facing him. Willie fired the gun at the breast of the bear, which caused him to come for him. He turned to run, but had gone only a few steps when he stepped into a hole and fell, and on rising and looking around the bear was close to him, and, rising up on his hind legs, he seized him and commenced to squeeze him, stopping for breath, the boy all the while trying to use a knife which he pulled from his pocket, but with no success, as his arms were held tightly above the elbow.

At this critical time the dog came up and bit the bear, causing him to drop the boy, which he did with a blow on the back of the head with his huge paw, knocking him senseless. This was about 3 o'clock, and when he came to his senses it was about 5 o'clock. He then gathered up the sheep, which had become badly scattered, and went to camp, his clothes nearly torn off and covered with blood, which, by the way, came from the bear, for the boy, though very sore and with head badly swollen, did not have a scratch on him.—Castle Rock Journal.

The National Flower.

According to Dr. Charles Pickering ("Chronological History of Plants," p. 908), the first reference to Magnolia glauca was made in a report of some navigators in 1584, who, proceeding to Roanoke island (North Carolina), found "the trees that beareth rind of the black synamon, of which like Capt. Winter brought from the Streights of Magellaun." It is found from New York and New Jersey through the Atlantic states, generally near the coast, to Florida, and through the gulf states into Texas. In the southern states it sometimes becomes a large tree, sixty or seventy feet high, with a trunk three or four feet in diameter, and is an evergreen. It has been suggested by some enthusiasts that this should be chosen as the "national flower," if we must have one. But, although the exquisite beauty and fragrance of the flower make it popular and desirable wherever known, it is recognized and prized by a comparatively small number of the people.—Garden and Forest.

A Huge Contract.

The Peruvian congress is progressing speedily in the discussion of the Donoughmore contract. Five articles are already approved—the first, by which the bondholders declare the foreign debt of Peru as finally canceled; the second giving them the railways of the state for sixty-six years (the perpetual possession did not meet with approbation); the third giving them 2,000,000 tons of guano, although the entire amount now exported does not reach over 600,000 tons; the use of the road and appurtenances thereof on the Arequipa railway, and the navigation of Lake Titicaca under the national flag and in national vessels, with the Peruvian officers in uniforms. All these have been passed.—Once a Week.

Georgia's Polyglot Nonogenarian.

Col. James Edward Calhoun, one of the richest men in this section of the country, and who is said to own 99,000 acres of land, is one of the finest educated men in the south. He was once a naval officer, and acquired such a knowledge of fifteen different languages that he could speak and write them fluently. He imperfectly knew ten other languages. He has not an English book in his house, but spends all his time reading works in some foreign language. He is now 92 years old, and is in remarkably good health for his age.—Elberton (Ga.) Star.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

A Ghost Story That Reads Like a Novel.

A YOUNG MAN'S TRAGIC DEATH.

Futile Efforts to Drive the Uncanny Thing Away.

Stories have been afloat for some time which have excited a great deal of comment among residents of the West End and which have given employment to the tongues of the gossips. It is a veritable ghost story, and while the incredulous have smiled and affected a contempt for what they term nonsense of that kind, the fact remains that the tale continues to go the rounds and to increase in interest as the days go by.

The house which is the scene of operations for his alleged ghostship stands on the south side of Chestnut street, west of Twenty-ninth, and is just such a looking place as might be selected for such a strange inhabitant. It is a dark, gloomy looking structure, rearing its solemn front above the street in strange contrast to the cheerful aspect of its neighbors. From week to week the somber shutters which hide its windows from the eyes of the curious are never opened to admit the cheerful sunshine, and no noise of laughter or prattle of children at play ever greet the passer by. An air of mystery pervades the place, and a strange, uncanny feeling comes over those who pass it.

The weird visitor is said to be the ghost of a young man who, in days gone by, blew out his brains upon the very threshold of the house. A young lady, with whom he fell in love and who had plighted him her troth, grew tired of his attentions, and broke her engagement with him. By every means within his power he sought to regain her affections, but in vain. She turned a deaf ear to his most earnest entreaties, and finally forbade his visits entirely.

Still clinging to the hope that he might in time regain her love, he sought an interview, which was denied him, and, filled with despair, he resolved to end his life. He called to see her, but finding that she had gone to visit a neighbor he repaired to the house where it was supposed she had gone, and, reaching the door, he placed a pistol to his head and coolly blew himself into eternity.

It chanced, however, that he had mistaken the house, and the story is that his spirit, which had gone in search of the lady he had loved and failing to find her, has from that time, as each recurring day brings back the hour at which he died, returned to renew the fruitless search. Inhabitants of the house were startled by strange, unearthly noises, and on more than one occasion the weird visitor was seen to ascend the steps leading up from the cellar and go wandering about the house as if vainly searching for some one. It groped its way from room to room, and after accomplishing its rounds would disappear. So thoroughly frightened did the inmates of the house become, that, overcome at last by fear, they removed to another locality and for a time his ghostship was left in sole possession of the premises. Then the property was sold and the new owner, who had heard the weird stories that were told, resolved to remodel the house with a view to driving out the unwelcome visitor. The cellar from which the phantom had arisen on the occasion of his visits was filled completely up, in the hope that when its hiding place was gone it (the ghost) would take its departure, and the interior of the house was carefully rearranged, but without avail.

The ghostly visitant still remained. It is said that it still wanders through the house, and rumors go abroad of strange sights and sounds to be seen and heard at night. However it may be, no one has been able to solve the mystery, and the inmates of the house are seldom seen. They hold themselves carefully aloof from the outer world, and maintain an air of mystery that lends credence to the tale. No one is seen to come or go across the mysterious threshold, darkened by the blood of the self murdered man, and the neighbors glance at the house significantly and relate the story with an air of general belief.

A reporter, in order to learn the exact facts, called at the house, but was denied admission. Inquiry among the neighbors, however, verified the statements here made.—St. Louis Republic.

Hard on the Advertisers.

There are tidings of great joy for the simple minded foreigner traveling upon English railways. When he expects to get to his destination he often finds himself at Pears' soap or Colman's mustard and Beecham's pills. Mr. Swetenham, M. P., is going to alter all this. He has brought in a bill for the repression of vice and profaneness at railway stations, since it provides that every station should have its name painted upon at least two sign boards, both on the up and on the down platforms. The name is to be painted in plain letters equal in size to the largest letters used in any advertisements displayed within the same station. Moreover, it is forbidden to exhibit any advertisement within ten feet of the station's name as thus notified. The bill comes rather late in the session, but, if necessary, an autumn session ought to be held on purpose to pass it.—St. James' Gazette.

Fright Restored the Voice.

A strange circumstance occurred at Rockport, W. Va., in connection with the flood disaster. Miss Sheets, a daughter of James Sheets, lost her voice last winter, and since then had not been able to speak, except in a whisper. The night of the flood the water came up around the house. In attempting to leave the house Miss Sheets stumbled and fell. She was badly frightened, of course, and tried to scream for help. Immediately she recovered her voice, and found that she could speak as well as ever.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

ELISE'S BEAUTIFUL ARMS.

The Great Triumph and Tragic End of an Artist's Model in Berlin.

Two years ago Elise Kemmler, then 18 years old, was a waitress at a restaurant in the students' quarter in Berlin. She was not pretty. She was freckled, square shouldered and dumpy. She was so plain that she did not even get the usual caresses and love pats which the German waitresses almost invariably get from every man they serve. She had, however, one beauty of form—her arms. They were large, white and exquisitely molded. A young artist noticed them one day as Elise, with her sleeves rolled up, brought him his beer and roast goose. From that day on Elise was probably more sought after by young men than any other waitress in Berlin. Every artist wished her to sit for him, so that he could paint her beautiful arms.

After the young artist who discovered her arms had given their counterparts to his Hebes and Venuses and Dianas, dozens of other artists wished to reproduce them on their canvases. As a model Elise made double and treble the money that she had earned as a waitress. She spent it all upon her person and became immediately vain. By means of a bit of lacing, a free use of cosmetics, and a lot of new gowns, she made herself over into a very attractive young woman. She had lovers by the dozen. Hardly an evening passed for the next two years but that she drank wine with an artist or student in a fine Berlin restaurant, or sat beside him in some second class theatre.

A few weeks ago Elise had an engagement to sit for the young artist who discovered her. She went to his room and prepared to reveal the beautiful arms which he had wished to paint. He told her, however, that she need not take the trouble. He had found a woman with more finely molded arms than hers. She threw herself on the floor and wept. He tossed her some money to comfort her. She threw it back to him and hurried off home. There she locked herself in her rooms. For two days she refused admittance to every one and ate nothing. On the morning of the third day her landlady was attracted to her bedroom by groans. On the bed lay Elise in convulsions. She confessed that she had poisoned herself, but begged the landlady not to summon a doctor, as she wished to die. A physician who was called in considered her incurable. She was sent to the Charite hospital, where she died two days later.—New York Sun.

Seeking His Own Happiness at Last.

A tall, fine looking man of distinguished appearance and clerical air stepped into the office of Clerk of Courts Hewitt yesterday and asked with great dignity if Mr. Hewitt were the one who made folks happy. Mr. Hewitt joined him in a little blush, and shyly admitted that he sometimes distributed great chunks of happiness to young men for a consideration.

"I want a marriage license, then," the stranger remarked.

"What is the name?" asked Mr. Hewitt.

"Spratt—Rev. G. M. Spratt, of Philadelphia."

After the usual questions required by law to be asked of those who come there for tickets in the lottery, Mr. Hewitt observed: "Of course I can see that you are of age, but," in an apologetical tone, "I am required to ask your exact age."

"Certainly, certainly, sir," responded the clerical visitor. "I know how it is. I have officiated at a large number of weddings since the law went into effect. I am 75."

The bride Mr. Spratt was to lead to the altar was Mrs. Amelia Down Wheeler, of Corry, whose age is 67, so that the combined ages of the bride and groom reach the almost unprecedented age of 142 years, an even century more than the age of the average bride and groom.—Erie Gazette.

Holland's King as a Patient.

I have alluded to the trouble which the doctors have had with the king of Holland. Not only is it a fact that his temper is frequently painfully short, but during his last and most serious illness he took it into his head to make game of his medical attendants. The old king used upon occasions, with a grim and sardonic humor it is difficult to realize, to deceive his doctors by exaggerating his symptoms or even by affecting to have developed new ones.

Then just as the royal physicians were about to leave the royal chamber the patient would burst into loud laughter, or, if too weak for that, would chuckle grimly at the way in which his medical attendants had been misled by him. It can be imagined, therefore, how increasingly difficult the task of the Dutch doctors was made. Since his unexpected partial recovery—the latest account is unfavorable—it has been necessary for the old king to breathe air of one temperature, and that a rather high one, so that his apartments have to be kept heated in a manner which makes the devotion of the young queen to her wreck of a husband all the more notable.—London Truth.

Luck in Oklahoma.

A local hack driver purchased two lots on the day after the opening from men who decided that there would never be a city, and who were going away in disgust. For one he paid $10 and for the other he traded a well worn six shooter. One of the lots he has since sold for $1,100, and he is holding the six shooter lot for $1,500. The luckless boomer who exhausted his scantily filled treasury to get into the land of promise and went away empty handed, contributed by his zeal and earnestness to a boom which has already netted many neat little fortunes.—Oklahoma Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Tall Trees.

A recent discussion about the height of trees in the forests of Victoria brings from the government botanist the statement that he has seen one 525 feet high. The chief inspector of forests measured a fallen one that was 485 feet high.—Exchange.

HOUSES OF SUGAR.

The Wild Idea of Claus Spreckles.

WHAT SCIENTIFIC MEN THINK OF IT.

A Building Would Look Like a Massive Diamond.

The scheme of utilizing sugar for building purposes in place of marble, which the redoubtable Claus Spreckels declares to be feasible, has stirred up lots of interest among the sugar men as well as stone cutters.

Spreckels says his sugar experts were asked to find a means for hardening the sugar he shipped to Mexico, and they did so. It had become necessary to get a process of this kind, as the sugars dissolved and washed considerably while en route there.

The success of the new process made him think the crystals could be hardened for building purposes and made to withstand heat and water.

It has been demonstrated to his satisfaction, he declares, that the thing can be done. The tests already made show that sugar blocks for interior decoration could even now be furnished. Great blocks for the exterior of buildings, he thinks, will be eventually, and he predicts that the proposed new wing of the White House in Washington will be of that material.

A reporter talked with a lot of the trust people the other day about the new discovery. They had consulted with their experts about it, and all were at a loss to conceive of a method which might effect the desired result.

No matter how hard sugar was made water would dissolve it, and it would melt under nominal heat. There was no comparison between sugar and marble. They were composed of entirely different elements. Marble, carbonic acid and lime, which form into a compound of carbonate of lime. Water has no effect on this substance, and it would take ten minutes of a white heat temperature to disintegrate it, the experts said.

Sugar is composed of oxygen, hydrogen and carbon, a compound substance that heat, water or shock readily drives back into its elements, and no chemical substance can preserve its integrity, the sugar men conclude, and rest contented.

Of a similar opinion is Dr. Gideon F. Moore, the eminent chemist, who is constantly called upon to make sugar tests. But he does not say that a process generally unknown to science at present may not have been discovered.

He showed the reporter a block of sugar about an inch square in thickness. It was perfectly transparent. It looked hard, but could be easily cut with a knife or bitten.

"There is the natural formation of sugar crystals," the doctor explained. "The sugar is in the same state now as it was when pulverized. Just taste it; you will see it is as sweet as ever.

"Pressure could not solidify crystals more than they are now, and I know of no chemical preparation that could possibly do it.

"If a way of making sugar harder than this has been found it is something new in chemistry, and if the blocks can be made insensible to water or nominal heat the discovery is wonderful."

The statement that Spreckels made about the new building sugar, putting marble completely in the shade, because of its superior beauty, no one who studies each specimen under a magnifying instrument will doubt.

The sugar is like a rainbow, excepting that each crystal represents an irregular block.

If finely cut as marble is, a block of sugar might reflect every ray of light, making it glisten like a diamond.

There can be no question about its beauteous effects, and if it can be prepared at all, it can be gotten up much cheaper than marble.

The only difficulty to be overcome is the natural disposition of the sweet stuff to melt. The trouble now is that sugar is sugar whether soft or hard, and a piece from the corner stone of a sugar house would taste just as good to the small boy as if it were stolen from a bowl.—New York News.

Home at Last.

The old darky, an account of whose trip from Louisiana to Georgia was published in The Eagle some time ago, found his young bosses at last. He belonged to Mr. Tillman, of Tatnall, and was sold as a slave long before the war and taken to Louisiana. As the shadows of old age began to gather around him, his heart yearned for his childhood's home, and so last spring the old fellow, with his wife and children, traveled all the way back in a horse and cart. He had got to Tatnall, but found that his old boss had gone the way of all mankind, and Mr. Joseph Tillman, one of his young bosses, with that feeling that every southerner has for the good old time darky, brought the old fellow to his home in Bulloch, gave him a house and land to tend, where, with his young bosses to help him, he hopes to spend the remainder of his days in peace and contentment.—Statesboro (Ga.) Eagle.

Germany's Arctic Explorers.

Another German Arctic expedition has gone out, this time from Bremen, in charge of Drs. Walter and Kukechenthal. The explorers were last heard of from the southwest coasts of Spitzbergen, where they had encountered many gales. On the west coast, in Magdalen bay, latitude 79.35 north, they met an English sportsman, Mr. Pike, who had wintered in Spitzbergen. He reported that the winter had been mild, but sport was not very good. Encouraged by Dr. Nansen's success, the Danes will send an expedition next year to the east coast of Greenland. Seven picked men, under an officer of the Danish navy, equipped for two and a half years if needed, will go out in a whaler and explore the coast between latitude 60 and 73 north.—London Graphic.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Jno. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26 ..... 1891.

Lord Londonderry is arranging to sell his Irish estates to his tenants on terms to be agreed upon by arbitration.

Switzerland has been visited by a terrible railway accident, which shows that model republics are not free from disaster in their railway administration.

Oakland's "solid eight" council has been broken and now it is the "solid seven." Clean politics is what the country wants, but to have a corrupt government is next to no government at all. Oakland has a hard time fighting unprincipled men.

The Ohio Prohibitionist have opened their campaign as usual, with a row. They lick each other in order to show the two wicked old parties that there is somebody they can lick. Then they lie down like a postage stamp.

In California, where fruit culture has been profitable, we have seen an exodus of city men seeking homes in the country, and alleged drawbacks of rural life have not deterred them. Agriculture is natural the pursuit of a majority of men, and only when unjust taxation and discrimination make its burdens unbearable will the furrows be deserted.

The conduct of the preliminaries for the Chicago World's Fair has been characterized throughout by bickering and hostilities. The women official set the example and the men have promptly followed. It begins to look as if the proper organization of the great affair had been entirely subordinated to an immense game of grab, in which the Chicago men intend that no outsider shall play any part.

The taxpayers of the Turlock irrigation district in Stanislaus county, who have been putting up their money to test the constitutionality of the Wright law and to educate the money lenders of San Francisco up to a realization of the value of the bonds to be issued by the districts, are beginning to see the light. Their bonds have been sold to capitalists in San Francisco and New York and a contract has been let to build the dam, which is to divert the water from the Tuolumne river onto the 175,000 acres of dry land around Turlock.

The announcement that Russia has signified her intention to repay a large sum of money borrowed from England many years ago, when Napoleon was making it warm for the Muscovite, explains one of the primary reasons for the recent heavy accumulation of gold in that country. It also indicates a determination on the part of the Czar to free himself from the monetary obligations which have for such a lengthy period hampered his foreign policy. He will be independent to a greater extent when this loan is paid off, and England, the great creditor of the European powers, will have one ally less, bound to her by chains of a heavy indebtedness.—CALL.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington has issued a bulletin for this month upon the condition of the crops in this State. It states that fruit orchards will predominate hereafter and large grain farms will pass out of existence. The statement is accurate, inasmuch as an official investigation by our State Board of Trade has revealed the remarkable fact that the yield of one acre of fruit here is equal to the value of ten acres of wheat. The bulletin comments upon the diversity of products which will be harvested in plenty this year, and states that "new ideas are constantly developed, and the favorable climate will produce almost anything to perfection." The desire for new ideas in the cultivation of fruit by our horticulturists is fostered not only by the enormous profits which result from improved methods, but also from the intelligent advice given by the State commissions upon the basis of carefully prepared data. The bulletin surmises that an over production of raisins will result in the near future on account of the annual increase in the acreage of raisin vineyards. Authorities upon the subject in this State are now at loggerheads, but the fact is ever prominent that the cry of over production of other varieties of California fruit has been raised from time, and has been drowned in the clamor from the East for as much fruit of any and all kinds as could be produced in this State.

AT THE WINDOWS OF THE MORNING.

What joy to stand at break of day,
Watching the gathering glory
Of sunlight brightening all the way,
With bird note song and story;
When the Queen of Morn comes forth with pride,
Both heaven and earth adorning;
When the Hand of God throws open wide
All the Windows of the Morning.

When low in the eastern sky afar
Hangs a molten mirror olden;
Where breezes leap from star to star,
Through sun rays growing golden;
When scenes of darkness fade and flee
Away from the hours of dawning;
When the face of the God of Day we see
Through the Windows of the Morning.

When nature smiles and weeps in turn,
But not with tears of sadness;
When morning mists from a flowing urn
Pour life and joy and gladness;
When Sol in golden chariot rides
Forth proudly without scorning;
When in the heavens his glory bides
Near the Windows of the Morning.

Inspiring thought—that when our time
Of life on earth is ended
There's promise of a world sublime
Where earth and heaven are blended;
Where day and night will be once more
Joined in a new life dawning,
When, mirrored on a shining shore,
Ope the Windows of the Morning.
—Clark W. Bryan in Good Housekeeping.

LIKE A HUMAN BEING.

Poor Jack Semester had been dead a day. From going in to look at him, with his hands folded on his breast, after the plaintive manner of the dead, we sat down in the one other room of the cabin and began to talk of similar scenes and similar experiences. For my own part I felt bad, for I had set the blast which knocked poor Jack out, and, though I was not to blame any more than a babe, I wished some other hand than mine had been the innocent instrument of his undoing.

There were Whistling Bill, Harry Handsome, Major Tokay and myself. Each man told his pathetic story of some sad happening in the mines.

"Gentlemen," said the major, "the dead man in there was my friend. We all saw him pass over the river, and we all took his last message to his old mother back in the states. The man of us who gets there first delivers it. But talking of sad deaths, I hope I do not profane poor Jack's dumb clay when I assert that the saddest death I ever witnessed was that of a baboon."

"A baboon!" exclaimed everybody together.

"Yes," answered the major, "an African baboon."

Major Tokay was the oldest man among us. He was an Englishman of the right sort. He had been an officer in the British army. When our war broke out in 1861 he came across the water, joined a New York regiment, and fought his way up from the ranks to the grade and title by which we knew him. He had been all over the world several times, and was a generous and tender hearted man. He was as brave as any Englishman, and all English blood is brave.

"Sam Simpson and I went to Zanzibar in '69. We crossed over to Bogomoyo and struck out for the interior, with the intention of shooting big game. I promised Sam's sister, Tillie Simpson, that we would bring her home a lion's hide for a rug for her room. So we were after no less spoil than the king of beasts. Poor Sam was drowned in crossing one of those turbulent streams of which the Dark Continent is full. This happened a hundred weary miles from anywhere, in the interior, among the niggers. I buried Sam under a spreading palm, rolled the largest stone I could find onto his grave, and, fashioning a kind of chisel out of a heavy knife I carried, I carved a rude inscription upon it. Sometimes God listens to a sinner, so I did the best I could toward sending up a prayer for poor Sam's soul.

"Looking up I saw a native woman. She had a baby baboon in her hands. Will you believe it? There was something in the eye of that baboon that touched my heart. Now, don't think I'm a fool. He looked like Sam. The woman held him out to me, as if to say that I could have him if I wanted him. I stretched out my hands, and the little baby baboon sprang into them as if he wished to belong to me. The first thing he did was to put his hairy arms around my neck and lay his fuzzy head against my cheek. Gentlemen, I have been affected in my time, but never before nor since as I was then. The more I wept the tighter the creature clung.

"I got out of that country as soon as I could, taking the baboon with me. The lion whose hide I was to take back to Tillie Simpson is still wearing it, and rubbing off the hair among the undergrowth in the jungles, for I gave up lion hunting, and arrived at Bogomoyo after many days of wearing marching. Gentlemen, many of you have seen lonely times on these mountain sides, and you can imagine how I began to love that baboon, the only living thing around me except the snakes and wild beasts. When we slept he curled up against my breast, and in the morning he awakened me by his antics—a way of jumping up and down he had—and by tapping my cheeks with his little hands, as like a child's as any you ever saw. When I got back to Zanzibar with my baboon, but no Sam, a man I knew said to me:

"'What have you done with your mate?'

"The baboon was afraid of this man. He wound his little arms around my neck tight, and laid his hairy head against my cheek. For all I could do I couldn't keep the tears back, so I said:

"'This is all the mate I have. I shall call him Sam, after my dead friend, who is lying under a spreading palm 100 miles inland among the niggers.'

"The man laughed, as if I were degrading poor Sam by naming a baboon after him, but I had no such thought. I loved Sam, and the way this creature had come to me at his very grave, as if his spirit were in its little body and was trying to speak, made me think it was right. I think so yet, after a lapse of more than twenty years.

"As I neared England Sam, the baboon, clung to me closer still. A good many people on shipboard would have liked to pet him, but he wouldn't have it. He would come to nobody but me, and as the northern breezes began to strike him he clung closer than ever and shivered with the cold. I showed him to Tillie Simpson in her English home and told her all. But she didn't like the idea of my calling the baboon by her brother's name. That made no difference to me, for his memory was as closely connected with my little companion as his own whitey-brown fuzz.

"One day," the major's voice dropped a little. "I came home to my lodgings in the suburbs of London, and Sam lay in his little box. He did not jump up into my arms and lay his head against my face, as was his habit whenever he saw me. His eyes were bloodshot and he was hot all over. He was ill. The first thing I thought of was that he would soon be with poor Simpson in the other world. I never saw the treasure that I would not have given as free as water to have saved the life of that innocent and affectionate creature, baboon as he was. No father ever hoped against hope when he saw his baby slowly approaching the boundaries of another world more than I did then. Sam Simpson's spirit seemed to say, 'I am going to leave you, Toke'—the name he always called me by. I prayed over that dumb brute as I prayed at poor Sam's grave.

"The cold winds and fogs of London were too much for my baboon. If there was ever a case of pneumonia he had it. He would press his little hands against his breast and sides and look at me as if to say 'Such a pain here.' The fourth day, as I was kneeling by his box, he roused himself from the stupor in which he had lain for a day and a half, looked up at me, and tried to smile. As God is my witness, he tried to smile. Then he moved and drew his little form toward me. I did not stir. Then, if ever a baboon kissed a man's hand, he kissed mine. Then he laid over on his side and closed his eyes, looking upon my face to the last. He was dead.

"Gentlemen, that poor baboon died like a human being. I have seen many a one go over, before and since, on the battlefield, in the hospital, in the jungles of Africa—where not? There was no difference. He died as a tired child goes to sleep, kissing the white hand of its mamma. The tears rained down my face. I felt"—here there was a click in the major's voice—"as if I had lost a child of my own. Young fellows may smile if you like, but I wept like a woman."

But nobody smiled, or thought of it.

"I don't blame you myself, major," said Whistling Bill, sopping out his eyes with a towel.

"Nor I," added Harry Handsome and I together.

"Yes," said the major, "that poor dumb brute of a baboon died like a human being."—Paul Duane in Chicago Times.

Monday Better Than Saturday.

A change of school holiday from Saturday to Monday is discussed among teachers of some of the private schools in the city. It has been tried in a few instances by boarding schools out of the city. The experiment so far has proved encouraging, especially in the matter of scholarship. Pupils come better prepared with lessons Tuesday morning than they formerly did when Monday recitations followed a rest. The markings, at any rate, show better up to this time.

This is the theory upon which the change is advocated. Those who go home from boarding schools or seminaries to spend Sunday, leave Friday night and return Monday morning, often late for recitations and usually unprepared. Monday morning has thus never been satisfactory to teachers or pupils at such schools. Tardy returns Monday morning seem unavoidable, not only because trains are infrequent Sunday, but also because parents do not want their children to travel that day.

With the change proposed pupils can get home as easily after school Saturday as they can Friday. Their Sunday is undisturbed, and parents are disposed to start them back to school Monday afternoon. Tuesday's lessons can thus be prepared Monday evening. In a less degree the experiment has proved beneficial also to pupils who live at or near the school. Saturday study is out of the question when that day is a holiday, and Sunday study never did find favor with pupils or parents. The new order remedies all that.—New York Times.

Formality in the Corean Army.

In battle Corean generals are always accompanied by their servants. When he rides on horseback, a general has a servant on each side of his war horse to hold him in position, and a third stands at the horse's head to hold the animal during the fight, or to lead it to the advance or retreat.

These servants accompanied General Han to the gate of the king's audience hall. They left him there, and he walked alone across the yard, with his head bent and his sword hilt toward the ground. He walked softly up the steps at the left leading into the room in which his majesty the king of Corea stood, bent down on all fours and bumped his head before him as a sign of the reverence he felt for his king.

Then, rising, he stood, with his sword uplifted, at the right of the king, while my audience took place. At the close of it he backed out from the king's presence with bended head, and so continued till outside the gate, where he again sprang into greatness, and had a whole host of servants to do him homage.

This oriental formality runs through all ranks of the Corean army. It is the ruin of the service. Corea will never have good soldiers until the officers learn military tactics by the same hard knocks that our officers do, and until they put themselves more on a level with their troops, and work with them.—Frank G. Carpenter in Youth's Companion.

Animals and Earthquakes.

The effect of volcanic phenomena on the lower animals has often been the subject of discussion. The records of most great eathquakes refer to the consternation of dogs, horses, cattle and other domestic animals. Fish and other aquatic creatures are also much disturbed at such times. In the London earthquake of 1749 thousands of fish in the canal showed evident signs of confusion and fright. During the Tokio earthquake of 1880 cats inside of houses ran about trying to escape; foxes barked and horses tried to tear down the stable which confined them. There can, therefore, be no doubt that animals know that something unusual and terrifying is taking place.

More interesting than these are the observations showing that nearly all classes of animals are agitated just before an earthquake takes place. Horses and ponies have been known to prance around in their stalls in an uneasy manner, pheasants to scream and frogs to cease croaking suddenly just before a shock, as if aware of its coming. The Japanese say that moles show their fear at such times by leaving their burrows before the shock takes place, the presence of four or five of the little creatures on the surface in a garden being sufficient to cause a panic.—St. Louis Republic.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor Edwards and Market Streets,

Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

PALACE SALOON

LONE PINE, CAL.

—THE FINEST—

WINES,

BEER,

LIQUORS,

& CIGARS

—o—

☞ This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.
jl2-tf

INDEPENDENCE

SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.

WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates.

☞ Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. F. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FORBES & TOBEY,

HAWTHORNE, NEV.,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS.
LATH.
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed
Flooring.
sep 11-tf

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out a flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL.
Independence, Cal.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-Officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
☞ Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty. ☜
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "Independent" Building, Independence, Inyo county, Cal.

A. R. CONKLIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State of California and Nevada.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
☞ NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED. ☜
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the easiest possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 28th
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York.

OFFICIAL.

NOTICE OF

Sheriff's Sale,

ON FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGES.

E. H. EDWARDS, Plaintiff,
vs.
WM. F. MATLOCK, Administrator of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, Defendant.

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER of sale, up under decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, on the 12th day of June, 1891, in an action wherein E. H. Edwards was Plaintiff and Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, was Defendant, and in which said last above mentioned action, E. H. Edwards, the above named Plaintiff obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, Defendant on the 15th day of November, 1890, for the sums of $18 0.02 and $11.143 gold coin of the United States, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of $59 1.51 gold coin as aforesaid, which said decree was on the 15th day of November, 1890, recorded in Judgment Book 1 of said Court at page 284 (Wm. F. Matlock, administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, the above named Defendant, was by an order of said Superior Court duly made and entered on the 14th day of May, 1891 substituted as Defendant in said action in the place and stead of said Thomas Parker, now deceased.) I am commanded to sell, to satisfy said judgment and decree for the said sum of $1810.02, all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a point twenty chains East of the North-west Section corner of Section No. twenty-eight, in Township No. fifteen South of Range No. thirty six, East, Mt. Diablo Base and Meridian, (magnetic variation fifteen degrees and fifteen minutes East) thence South thirteen and ninety one-hundredths chains to North-west corner of Josiah G. Dodge's land; thence North, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, twenty-two and thirty-one one-hundredths chains to Brewery street in the town of Lone Pine; thence North, twenty one degrees and forty minutes West, twenty-one one-hundredths chains; thence South, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes West, eight and one one-hundredths chains; thence North eight and forty eight one-hundredths chains to North line of Section No. twenty-eight; thence West thirteen and twenty-nine one-hundredths chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing fifteen and one half acres.

Also a lot of land lying East of the last described tract and to the Wm. L. Moore tract of land North-west of the town of Lone Pine beginning at the North east corner of said last described tract, forty three and twenty-nine one hundredths chains East of the North-west corner of Section twenty-eight in Township Fifteen South of Range Thirty-six East, of Mount Diablo Meridian, at an iron post set in the ground; thence, South eight and forty-eight one-hundredth chains to the one from the last described tract of land to the town of Lone Pine; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, eight and seventy one one-hundredths chains to the East side of Brewery street in said town; thence, South twenty one degrees and forty minutes East, fifty one-hundredths chains to the North line of Corral street in said town; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, seven and eighty-seven one-hundredths chains to the West line of Main street in said town; thence, North twenty one degrees and forty minutes West, three and ninety one one-hundredths chains to Section line of said Section twenty-eight; thence, West fifteen chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing eight and seventy-five one hundredths acres.

Also lots Nos. two, three, and the North half of lot six in block No. 13, upon which is a house; and the fractional part of lots Nos. six, seven and eight in block No. 1 in the town of Lone Pine, in said County and State, as the same are known and designated on the plat of said town now on file in the Recorder's office of said County.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

I am also commanded to sell to satisfy said judgment and decree for the sum of $115.49, all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

The East half of the South-west quarter and the West half of the South-east quarter of Section No. twenty-one in Township No. fifteen South of Range No. thirty six, East, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on Monday the 6th day of July, 1891, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House in the County of Inyo, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell separately the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said Plaintiff's judgment, with interest and costs etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 12th day of June, 1891.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff of Inyo County.
By D. HOLLAND,
Under-Sheriff.

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

J. W. Murphy.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2 00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
☞ All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT

OFFICIAL.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Magnol, Nevada.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of May 1891, an assessment (No. 13) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of July 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 28th day of July, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, 135 California St., San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

LONE PINE CANAL COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of canal, near Independence, Inyo county.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 30th day of May, 1891, an assessment (No. One) of Fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, Independence, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 3d day of July, 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 25th day of July, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of JOHN LUCAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office in the town of Lone Pine, Inyo county, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said Inyo county, State of California. E. H. EDWARDS,

Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased.

Dated May 5th, 1891.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court made for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 6th day of June, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased, the undersigned will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States, on Saturday, the 27th day of June, 1891, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the late residence of said deceased, near the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property, to wit:

117 Head of Stock Cattle.
18 Head of Horses.

Bids or offers in writing will be received at the office of the undersigned, in the said town of Lone Pine, up to and including the 26th day of June, 1891.

E. H. EDWARDS,
Administrator of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased.

Dated June 12th, 1891.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the user. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. $1,000 to any operator who can equal work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Liberal inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, etc., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO.

BIG PINE!

BIG PINE

New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates.

☞ Splendid hunting and fishing district, it is a veritable paradise for pleasure seekers.

Special attention given to the comfort of guests.

Thos. William[illegible]
Prop.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 1 03¼
Lead, 4 45
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05⅛
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services

Rev. H. J. Warner will preach at Lone Pine on Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.; at Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; at Independence, 7:30 p. m.

Children's day exercises, July 5th.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

MONDAY, June 22, 1891.

Estate of Frank Paders, deceased—Filed petition of W. F. Mathack for Letters of Administration.

Ah Sing vs. O. H. Hill—Action for debt. Complaint filed and summons issued.

WEDNESDAY, June 24, 1891.

Joseph Fernbach vs. Anna M. Fernbach, action for divorce—Clerk's entry of default. Issued and filed subpœna.

THURSDAY, June 25, 1891.

Fernbach vs. Fernbach—Filed decree of divorce.

Estate of John R. Hughes, deceased—Filed return and account of sales of real estate.

Estate of Hiram Ayres, deceased—Filed petition. Order directing decree. Decree of distribution.

See the time table for the special to be run on the Fourth.

The Meyer Brothers have moved their cattle to Monache for the summer.

Haying is in full blast in the Valley and a heavy crop is being harvested.

Bakersfield is to have a first-class Fourth of July celebration, the first in several years past.

Geronimo, the notorious bandit and murderer, was recently killed by a posse in Arizona.

C. A. Walter will commence baling hay in a day or two for shipment to the Keeler market.

Buggies, wagons, carts, sulkies and harness to trade for hay and grain. Inquire at this office.

A. N. Bell is overhauling and repairing his Oak Creek flouring mills preparatory to a run on the new crop.

Meetings of the Lone Pine Canal Company and the Stevens Ditch Company will be held at Independence to-morrow.

Silver is again on the rise, owing, it is claimed, to the recent large deportations of gold. The latest quotation is 1 03¼.

Miss Emma Yandell has returned from Tennessee, where she has been visiting with relatives and friends for the past year.

Yesterday in the Superior Court Joseph Fernbach was granted a divorce from Anna M. Fernbach on the grounds of willful desertion.

Judge Gill has received from below a perambulator, or invalid's chair, which greatly facilitates his moving from place to place.

Neil McLain came in from Darwin last Sunday, returning next day. His team is running constantly, hauling ore from the Modock mines.

Mrs. F. Fitzgerald is visiting at Independence. She has been in poor health for some time past and is receiving medical attendance.

E. J. Reynolds came up from Keeler yesterday and experienced the pleasure of riding the I. O. O. F. goat. He returns to Keeler to-day.

The race horse High Tariff dropped dead on the track in the American Derby at Chicago last week. Superstitious people might consider it an omen.

Administrator Mathack and P. W. Forbes Esq. returned from Darwin last Sunday where they had been on business relating to the estates of various decedents in that country.

See the notice of sale of personal property to take place at Lone Pine to-morrow. There is a fine band of stock cattle and a lot of well bred young horses to be disposed of.

There is more water coming down from the mountains in the various creeks than has ever been known before at this time of year. The Sierras are still filled with snow which will ensure several good water seasons.

A telegram from Keeler to Virginia last Saturday states that a severe shock of earthquake had been felt in the latter place. The quake was preceded by a rumbling sound and the entire affair had an old time savor about it.

In this issue will be found the card of F. E. Densmore Esq., Attorney-at-Law. Frank is well known throughout the Valley and needs no introduction. He will practice in all the Courts of California and in the General Land Office.

Dr. Wasson has removed his dental office from the Norman House to the Tibbett's residence, opposite the Land Office, where he may be seen for the present. Those needing dentistry should lose no time in calling, or they will miss the opportunity.

One hundred and twenty carloads of potatoes were shipped from Los Angeles last Saturday. With a broad-gauge road to Mojave Owens Valley could compete successfully in Eastern markets for the trade. The sum of $24,000, the amount received for one day's shipment from Los Angeles, would be a big item in the annual returns of this valley.

W. R. Johnson has received an addition to his cabinet of relics in the form of an adtiquated specimen of defunct vulpes. It arrived in a sad state of disrepair and at present finds a resting place on the back fence. It is not to be supposed for a moment that the donor considered Bill "foxy" and was sending a model for a heraldic device.

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

There is not upon the Pacific Coast any country that possesses the great natural advantages of Owens Valley. Here is a vast acreage of land which cannot be excelled for producing general crops and is especially adapted to fruit growing. There is an abundance of water which, with a proper system of storage, would irrigate every acre. The climate as a whole cannot be excelled. There are no cyclones or violent storms; the winters are comparatively mild, both horses and cattle thriving upon pasturage, without hay, from years end to years end; the heat of summer is not excessive, a case of sunstroke being never heard of; the dry atmosphere permits labor to be performed on the hottest day without sweltering. The greatest drawback is remoteness from lines of travel. A line of railway through here from the East to Los Angeles would bring about an era of prosperity for the Valley that would be hard to over estimate. Our business connections are now with San Francisco, a city that is dead to its own advantages, and rapidly losing its great prestige as the first city on the Coast and only business center. The Oregon and Washington cities have broken away from her entirely and Los Angeles is rapidly doing the same. The latter city is filled with wide-awake business men, who are alert to reap the advantage of every passing event. It is a well known fact that the Union Pacific people are desirous of establishing a terminal point on the Pacific sea-board and are now extending west through Utah to Pioche, Nevada. The project has been under discussion for some time past to extend through Beckwith's Pass into California, but San Francisco holds out no sufficient inducements. Los Angeles is well aware of the vast benefits that would accrue from making that city the business terminus and it is quite likely that in the near future the road will be built across Nevada from Pioche, through Owens Valley and on to Los Angeles. What that city most desire is cheap coal for manufacturing purposes, which such a road would supply in unlimited quantities from the coal fields of Utah. With such a road built the numbers of people who visit Los Angeles every year could in one day's ride reach the grandest scenery on the continent, and the "Alps of America" would every year be thronged with visitors. This Valley would be on a through line of travel and would rapidly fill with settlers who can find in Los Angeles a ready market for all they could produce. This project is one of the strong probabilities of the future and we look forward hopefully toward it.

Rates of Fare and Time Table

A Special Train has been chartered and the following will be the rates for return trip tickets:

Hawthorne	$7 50
Candelaria, Belleville	6 50
Soda Springs and Rhodes	6 50
Benton	4 00
Bishop	2 50
Alvord	1 50
Lone Pine	1 00
Keeler	2 00

Following is the time table for the Fourth of July special.

Leaves	Hawthorne	6:30 a. m.	July 31.
	Luning	7:30 a. m.	
	Soda	8:00 a. m.	
	Rhodes	8:10 a. m.	
	Belleville	8:40 a. m.	
	Candelaria	9:15 a. m.	
	Benton	11:50 a. m.	
	Bishop	1:50 p. m.	
	Alvord	2:30 p. m.	
Arrives	Independence	3:50 p. m.	
Leaves	Keeler	5:10 p. m.	
	Lone Pine	5:40 p. m.	
Arrives	Independence	6:20 p. m.	
Leaves	Independence	7:45 a. m.	July 5th.
Arrives	Lone Pine	8:25 a. m.	
	Keeler	8:55 a. m.	
Leaves	Independence	10:10 a. m.	
Arrives	Alvord	11:30 a. m.	
	Bishop	12:35 p. m.	
	Benton	2:15 p. m.	
	Candelaria	5:00 p. m.	
	Belleville	5:30 p. m.	
	Rhodes	6:00 p. m.	
	Soda	6:10 p. m.	
	Luning	6:40 p. m.	
	Hawthorne	7:40 p. m.	

Committee At Work.

The Fourth of July committee of the N. S. G. W. is busily engaged in perfecting the programme and arranging details. According to all accounts received there will be a very large attendance from Hawthorne, Belleville, Candelaria, Benton and all points in Owens Valley. Arrangements are being made to secure every possible accommodation and comfort for visitors. A printed programme of sports will be circulated next week and street amusements for the children will be amply provided for. The Candelaria baseball nine have written to arrange terms for a match game and a definite conclusion is expected to be arrived at by mail to-day.

Notable Visitors.

Under the above caption the *Index* says: "Messrs. H. M. Yerington, R. J. Laws, John Forbes and Judge Belknap, all of Nevada, visited Independence for a few hours on Saturday last, on their return northward from a trip to Keeler. The gentlemen are all largely interested in various Inyo county enterprises, and they speak hopefully of an improved condition of affairs in this section in the near future." The gentlemen named must all be quite aware of the fact that the only hope of future prosperity for this Valley lies in a direct railway communication with Mojave.

Dr. J. B. Wasson delivered an interesting lecture at the M. E. Church last Monday evening on his travels. Leaving Memphis, Tennessee, he described graphically a journey to New York and across the Atlantic to and through Ireland, across Europe stopping at Paris, Venice and Greece, through the Holy Land and returning to Rome. The Doctor gave a vivid description of many interesting scenes and places and was listened to attentively. At the conclusion of the lecture a collection was taken up for the new church organ fund.

The Reno *Gazette* says: "So many soldiers are now guarding Yosemite Park and the Sequoia reservation that poor people can no longer visit those resorts. Visitors are not allowed to camp out and build fires to do their own cooking, and if they cannot afford to patronize a high priced hotel they can leave. Uncle Sam is getting very strict with his impecunious children.

A lot of beautiful souvenir programmes for the Fourth of July ball have been received and can be seen at Rhine's store. They are gotten up in fine style and will be a handsome memento of the occasion. The grand march will commence at 8 o'clock sharp and each lady in the march will be presented with a souvenir. This will be the only sure way of obtaining one.

Mr. Carl Richel has returned to Los Angeles from a visit through Owens Valley. He is favorably impressed with the the country and he and his son have invested in land here. He regards it as highly probable that we will have direct rail communication with Los Angeles in the near future.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent.

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS.
O. I. MAIRS.

BLACKSMITHING,

Horseshoeing, General Iron

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP

Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash

For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE AND REPAIRED.

THE BEST MATERIAL.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.

Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence.

NOTICE

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for

Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of Caltfornia:

Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

INDEPENDENCE

MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.

Real Estate Agents,

Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

1776 Breathes there a man with soul so dead, 1891
1776 Who never to himself hath said,
1776 "This is my own, my native land!" 1891

INDEPENDENCE GLORIOUS TRIBUTE.

—TO OUR—

NATAL DAY.

Under the management of

POLETA PARLOR, N. D. C. W.
INYO PARLOR NO 146, N. S. G. W.
MT. WHITNEY PARLOR NO. 136, N. S. G. W

A CORDIAL INVITATION EXTEDNED TO ALL

Commencing with a

GRAND BALL

Friday Evening, July 3d. Grand March at 8 Sharp.

Excellent music and splendid floor. Supper in the Annex, with seating capacity for all.

BERTRAND RHINE, FLOOR DIRECTOR.

FLOOR COMMITTE:

Milt. Clark, S. A. Chapman, R. Hessian,
F. E. Denrmore, J. D. Lewis, J. E. Shepherd
Robt. Carrasco, Ben Lasky, Henry Rhine

SATURDAY, JULY FOURTH.

Grand salute . . . . . At sunrise.

Parade and Literary Exercises.

Parade forms at Reddy place. Line of march direct to Pavilion.

GEORGE H. LEWIS, GRAND MARSHALL.

MISS MARGIE BELL, GODDESS OF LIBERTY.

PROGRAMME:

Prayer, Rev. H. J. Winsor. Oration, F. E. Densmore
Red, White & Blue, Choir. Unfurl the Glorious Banner, Miss M Mulholland.
Remarks, by C. W. Craig, President of the Day. Declaration of Independence, America, Choir.
Music, by the Band.
Recitation, Miss Brockman
Hail Columbia, by Band. Benediction, Chaplain.
Recitation, Miss L. Clark.

FUN FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS,
125 YARD FOOT RACE,
BASE BALL TOURNAMENT

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS & HILL,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL,

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,

m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

BIG POP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE

BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK

BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points

Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE SEWART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

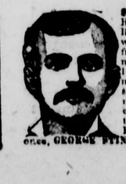
Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,

Big Pine, Cal.



$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages, in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m.	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3.	No. 4.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m.	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.	1:35 a.m.
Bisnop Creek	2:00p, m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord	2.45 p. m.	10:00 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m

Train 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leavin Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver P Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOLF

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE

Blacksmith Shop.

R. C. Spear, Prop'r

—ALL WORK ON—

MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS

—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—

HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING

All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES.

LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-23 tf

Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't.

If you happen to be one of those who don't believe, there's a matter of $500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or of how long standing your catarrh in the head may be.

The makers are the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N.Y. They're known to every newspaper publisher and every druggist in the land, and you can easily ascertain that their word's as good as their bond.

Begin right. The first stage is to purify the system. You don't want to build on a wrong foundation, when you're building for health. And don't shock the stomach with harsh treatment. Use the milder means.

You wind your watch once a day. Your liver and bowels should act as regularly. If they do not, use *a key*.

The key is—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a dose.

To scatter praise or blame without regard to justice is to destroy the distinction of good and evil.

Is it *probable* that what a million women say after daily trial is a mistake? *They* say they *know* by test that Dobbins' Electric is *most economical*, purest and best. They have had 24 years to try it. *You* give *it one trial*.

We can give advice, but we cannot give conduct.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

DR. AUGUST KŒNIG'S
HAMBURG BREAST TEA
(Hamburger Brusttheе)
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
AND THE
Relief of Consumptive Patients.
☞ THE GENUINE IS NEVER SOLD BY WEIGHT.
At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 packages $1.00) in stamps.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it. 6s

Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. *Avoid substitutions offered.*

DON'T BE A WALL-FLOWER If you can't dance, we can help you along. Complete self-instruction. Send for circular. JERRIS M'F'G & PUB'G CO., 884 Broadway, New York City.

THE SPLENDID SPUR.

Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

But an hour after she was laughing again, and had learned to cock the poor country lad's cap rakishly over one eye; and by evening was walking with a swagger and longing (I know) to meet with folks. For, to spare her the sight of the ruined cottage, I had taken her round through the fields and by every by path that seemed to lead westward. 'Twas safer to journey thus; and all the way she practiced a man's carriage and airs, and how to wink and whistle and swing a stick. And once, when she left one of her shoes in a wet ditch, she said "Damn!" as natural as life; and then—

We jumped over a hedge, plump into an outpost of rebels, as they sat munching their supper.

They were six in all, and must have been sitting like mice, for all I know of it is this: I had climbed the hedge first and was helping Delia over, when out of the ground, as it seemed, a voice shrieked: "Run—run!—the king's men are on us!" and then, my foot slipping, down I went on to the shoulders of a thick set man, and well nigh broke his neck as he turned to look up at me.

At first, the whole six were for running, I believe. But seeing only a lad stretched on his face, and a second on the hedge, they thought better of it. Before I could scramble up, one pair of hands was screwed about my neck, another at my heels, and in a trice there we were pinioned.

"Search the malignant!" cried one. "Question him!" called out another; and forthwith began a long interrogatory concerning the movements of his majesty's troops, from which, indeed, I learned much concerning the late encounter, but, of course, could answer nought. 'Twas only natural they should interpret this silence for obstinacy.

"March 'em off to Capt. Stubbs!"

"Halloa!" shouted a pock marked trooper that had his hand thrust in on my breast; "bring the lantern close here. What's this?"

'Twas, alas! the king's letter; and I bit my lip while they clustered round, turning the lantern's yellow glare upon the superscription.

We were marched down the road for a mile or more, till we heard a loud bawling, as of a man in much bodily pain, and soon came to a small village, where, under a tavern lamp, by the door, was a man perched up on a tub, and shouting forth portions of the Scripture to some twenty or more green coats assembled round. Our conductor pushed past these, and entered the tavern. At a door to the left in the passage he halted, and, knocking once, thrust us inside.

The room was bare and lit very dimly by two tallow candles, set in bottles. Between these, on a deal table, lay a map outspread, and over it a man was bending, who looked up sharply at our entrance.

He was thin, with a blue nose, and wore a green uniform like the rest; only his carriage proved him a man of authority.

This Capt. Stubbs listened, you may be sure, with a brightening eye to the sergeant's story; and at the close fixed an inquisitive gaze on the pair of us, turning the king's letter over and over in his hands.

"How came this in your possession?" he asked, at length.

"That," said I, "I must decline to tell."

He hesitated a moment; then, resealing himself, broke the seal, spread the letter upon the map, and read it slowly through. For the first time I began heartily to hope that the paper contained nothing of moment. But the man's face was no index of this. He read it through twice, folded it away in his breast and turned to the sergeant.

"To-morrow at 6 in the morning we continue our march. Meanwhile keep these fellows secure. I look to you for this."

The sergeant saluted and we were led out. That night we passed in handcuffs, huddled with fifty soldiers in a hay loft of the inn and hearkening to their curious talk, that was half composed of Holy Writ and half of gibes at our expense. They were beaten men, and, like all such, found comfort in deriding the greater misfortunes of others.

Before daylight the bugles began to sound, and we were led down to the green before the tavern door, where already were close upon five hundred gathered, that had been billeted about the village and were now forming in order of march—a soiled, battered crew, with torn ensigns and little heart in their movements. The sky began a cold drizzle as we set out, and through this saddening weather we trudged all day, Delia and I being kept well apart, she with the vanguard and I in the rear, seeing only the winding column, the dejected heads bobbing in front as they bent to the slanting rain, the cottagers that came out to stare as we passed; and hearing but the hoarse words of command, the low mutterings of the men, and always the monotonous tramp, tramp, through the slush and mire of the roads.

'Tis like a bad dream to me, and I will not dwell on it. That night we passed at Chippenham, a small market town, and on the morrow went tramping again through worse weather, but always amid the same sights and sounds.

Daylight was failing when the towers of Bristol grew clear out of the leaden mist in front, and by 5 o'clock we halted outside the walls and beside the ditch of the castle, waiting for the drawbridge to be let down. Already a great crowd had gathered about us, of those who had come out to learn the news of the defeat, which, the day before, some fugitives had carried to Bristol. To their questions, as to all else, I listened like a man in a trance, and recalled this only—that first I was shivering out in the rain and soon after was standing beside Delia, under guard of a dozen soldiers, and shaking with cold, beneath a gateway that led between the two wards of the castle. And there, for an hour at least, we kicked our heels, until from the inner ward Capt. Stubbs came striding and commanded us to follow.

Across the court we went in the rain, through a vaulted passage, and, passing a screen of carved oak, found ourselves suddenly in a great hall, near forty yards long (as I reckon it), and raftered with oak. At the far end, around a great marble table, were some ten or more gentlemen seated, who all with one accord turned their eyes upon us as the captain brought us forward.

The table before them was littered with maps, warrants and papers, and some of the gentlemen had pens in their hands. But the one on whom my eyes fastened was a tall, fair soldier that sat in the center, and held his majesty's letter, open, in his hand; who rose and bowed to me as I came near.

"Sir," he said, "the fortune of war having given you into our hands, you will not refuse, I hope, to answer our questions."

"Sir I have nought to tell," answered I, bowing in return.

With a delicate white hand he waved my words aside. He had a handsome, irresolute mouth, and was, I could tell, of very different degree from the merchants and lawyers beside him.

"You act under orders from the—the"—

"Anti-Christ," put in a snappish little fellow on his right.

"I do nothing of the sort," said I.

"Well, then, sir, from King Charles."

"I do not."

"Tush!" exclaimed the snappish man, and then, straightening himself up, "That boy with you—that fellow disguised as a countryman—look at his boots!—he's a Papist spy!"

"There, sir, you are wrong!"

"I saw him—I'll be sworn to his face—I saw him, a year back, at Douai, helping at the mass! I never forget faces."

"Why, what nonsense!" cried I, and burst out laughing.

"Don't mock at me, sir!" he thundered, bringing down his fist on the table. "I tell you the boy is a Papist!" He pointed furiously at Delia, who, now laughing also, answered him very demurely:

"Indeed, sir"—

"I saw you, I say."

"You are bold to make so certain of a Papist"—

"I saw you!"

—"That cannot even tell maid from man!"

"What is meant by that?" asks the tall soldier, opening his eyes.

"Why, simply this, sir: I am no boy at all, but a girl!"

There was a minute during which the little man went purple in the face, and the rest stared at Delia in blank astonishment.

"Oh, Jack," she whispered in my ear, "I am so very, very sorry; but I cannot wear these hateful clothes much longer."

She faced the company with a rosy blush.

"What say you to this?" asked Col. Essex—for 'twas he—turning round on the little man.

"Say? What do I say? That the fellow is a Papist, too. I knew it from the first, and this proves it!"

CHAPTER IX.

I BREAK OUT OF PRISON.

You are now to be asked to pass over the next four weeks in as many minutes; as would I had done at the time! For I spent them in a bitter cold cell in the main tower of Bristol keep, with a chair and a pallet of straw for all my furniture, and nothing to stay my fast but the bread and water that the jailer—a sour man, if ever there were one—brought me twice a day.

One fine, frosty morning, then, when I had lain in this distress just four weeks, the door of my cell opened, and there appeared a young woman, not uncomely, bringing in my bread and water. She was the jailer's daughter and wore a heavy bunch of keys at her girdle.

"Oh, good morning," said I; for till now her father only had visited me, and this was a welcome change.

Instead of answering cheerfully, as I looked for, she gave a little nod of the head, rather sorrowful, and answered:

"Father's abed with the ague."

"Now you cannot expect me to be sorry."

"Nay," she said; and I caught her looking at me with something like compassion in her blue eyes, which moved me to cry out suddenly:

"I think you are woman enough to like a pair of lovers."

"Oh, ay; but where's t'other half of the pair?"

"You're right. The young gentlewoman that was brought hither with me, I know not if she loves me; but this I do know, I would give my hand to learn her whereabouts and how she fares."

"Better eat thy loaf," put in the girl, very suddenly, setting down the plate and pitcher.

'Twas odd, but I seemed to hear a sob in her voice. However, her back was towards me as I glanced up. And next moment she was gone, locking the iron door behind her.

I turned from my breakfast with a sigh, having for the moment tasted the hope to hear something of Delia. But in a while, feeling hungry, I picked up the loaf beside me and broke it in two.

To my amaze, out dropped something that jingled on the stone floor.

'Twas a small file; and, examining the loaf again, I found a clasp knife also, and a strip of paper, neatly folded, hidden in the bread.

DEARE JACK—Col. Essex, finding no good come of his interrogatories, hath set me at large; though I continue under his eye, to wit, with a dowager of his acquaintance, a Mistress Finch Wee dwell in a private house midway down St Thomas his street, in Redcliff; and she hath put a dismal dress upon me (Jack, 'tis hideous), but otherwise uses me not ill. But take care of thy self, my deare friend; for though the colonel be a gentleman, he is prest by them about him, and at our last interview I noted a mischief in his eye. Canst use this file?—(but take care; all the gates I saw guarded with troopers today.) This by one who hath been my friend; for whose sake tear the paper up. And believe your cordial, loving comrade, D. K.

After reading this a dozen times, till I had it by heart, I tore the letter into small pieces and hid them in my pocket. This done, I felt lighter hearted than for many a day, and (rather for employment than with any further view) began lazily to rub away at my window bar. The file worked well. By noon the bar was half severed, and I broke off to whistle a tune. Twas:

Vivre en tous cas,
C'est le grand soulas,

and I broke off to hear the key turning in my lock.

The jailer's daughter entered with my second meal. Her eyes were red with weeping

Said I, "Does your father beat you?"

"He has, before now," she replied; "but not today."

"Then why do you weep?"

"Not for that."

"For what, then?"

"For you—oh, dear, dear! How shall I tell it? They are going to—to"— She sat down on the chair, and sobbed in her apron.

"What is't they are going to do?"

"To—to—h-hang you."

"The devil! When?"

"Tut-tut-to-morrow mo-morning!"

I went suddenly very cold all over. There was silence for a moment, and then I heard the noise of some one dropping a plank in the courtyard below.

"What's that?"

"The gug-gug"—

"Gallows?"

She nodded.

"You are but a weak girl," said I, meditating.

"Ay, but there's a dozen troopers on the landing below."

"Then, my dear, you must lock me up," I decided, gloomily, and fell to whistling

Vivre en tous cas,
C'est le grand soulas.

A workman's hammer in the court below chimed in, beating out the tune and driving the moral home. I heard a low sob behind me. The jailer's daughter was going.

"Lend me your bodkin, my dear, for a memento."

She pulled it out and gave it to me.

"Thank you, and now good-by. Stop! Here's a kiss to take to my dear mistress. They shan't hang me, my dear."

The girl went out, sobbing, and locked the door after her.

I sat down for a while, feeling doleful, for I found myself extremely young to be hanged. But soon the whang! whang! of the hammer below roused me. "Come," I thought, "I'll see what that rascal is doing, at any rate," and, pulling the file from my pocket, began to attack the window bar with a will. I had no need for silence at this great height above the ground, and, besides, the hammering continued lustily.

Daylight was closing as I finished my task and, pulling the two pieces of the bar aside, thrust my head out at the window.

Directly under me and about twenty feet from the ground I saw a beam projecting, about six feet long, over a sort of doorway in the wall. Under this beam, on a ladder, was a carpenter fellow at work, fortifying it with two supporting timbers that rested on the sill of the doorway. He was merry enough over the job, and paused every now and again to fling a remark to a little group of soldiers that stood idling below, where the fellow's work lay and a great coil of rope rested by the ladder's foot.

"Reckon, Sammy," said one, pulling a long tobacco pipe from his mouth and spitting, "'tis a long while since thy last job o' the sort."

"Ay, lad; terrible disrepair this place has fallen into. But send us a cheerful heart, say I! Instead o' the viper an' owl shall henceforward be hangings of men an' all manner o' diversion."

I kept my head out of sight and listened.

"What time doth a' swing?" asked another of the soldiers.

"I heard the colonel give orders for 9 o'clock to-morrow," answered the first soldier, spitting again.

The clock over the barbican struck four, and in a minute was being answered from tower after tower down in the city.

"Four o'clock!" cried the man on the ladder; "time to stop work, and here goes for the last nail!" He drove it in and prepared to descend.

"Hi!" shouted a soldier, "you've forgot the rope."

"That'll wait till to-morrow. There's a staple to drive in, too. I tell you I'm dry and want my beer."

He whipped his apron round his waist and, gathering up his nails, went down the ladder. At the foot he picked up his bag, shouldered the ladder and lounged away, leaving the coil of rope lying there. Presently the soldiers sauntered off also, and the court was empty.

Now, up to this moment I had but one idea of avoiding my fate, and that was to kill myself. 'Twas to this end I had borrowed the bodkin of the maid. Afterwards I had a notion of flinging myself from the window as they came for me. But now, as I looked down on that coil of rope lying directly below, a prettier scheme struck me. I sat down on the floor of my cell and pulled off my boots and stockings.

'Twas such a pretty plan that I got into a fever of impatience. Drawing off a stocking and picking out the end of the yarn, I began to unravel the knitting for dear life, until the whole lay a heap of thread on the floor. I then served the other in the same way; and at the end had two lines, each pretty near four hundred yards in length, which now I divided into eight lines of about a hundred yards each.

With these I set to work, and by the end of twenty minutes had plaited a rope—if rope, indeed, it could be called—weak, to be sure, but long enough to reach the ground with plenty to spare. Then, having bent my bodkin to the form of a hook, I tied it to the end of my cord, weighted it with a crown from my pocket and clambered up to the window. I was going to angle for the hangman's rope.

'Twas near dark by this, but I could just distinguish it on the paving stones below, and, looking about the court, saw that no one was astir. I wriggled first my head, then a shoulder, through the opening, and let the line run gently through my hand. There were still many yards left that could be paid out when I heard my coin tinkle softly on the pavement.

Then began my difficulty. A dozen times I pulled my hook across the coil before it hitched, and then a full three score of times the rope slipped away before I had raised it a dozen yards. My elbow was raw, almost, with leaning on the sill, and I began to lose heart and head, when, to my delight, the bodkin caught and held. It had fastened on a kink in the rope, not far from the end. I began to pull up, hand over hand, trembling all the while like a leaf.

For I had two very reasonable fears. First, the rope might slip away and tumble before it reached my grasp. Secondly, it might, after all, prove a deal too short. It had looked to me a new rope of many fathoms, not yet cut for to-morrow's purpose; but eyesight might well deceive at that distance, and surely enough I saw that the whole was dangling off the ground long before it came to my hand.

But at last I caught it, and, slipping back into the room, pulled it after me, yard upon yard. My heart went loud and fast. There was nothing to fasten it to but an iron staple in the door, that meant losing the width of my cell, some six feet. This, however, must be risked, and I made the end fast, lowered the other out of the window again, and, climbing to a sitting posture on the window sill, thrust out my legs over the gulf.

Thankful was I that darkness had fallen before this and hidden the giddy depths below me. I gripped the rope and pushed myself inch by inch through the window, and out over the ledge. For a moment I dangled, without courage to move a hand. Then, wreathing my legs round the rope, I loosed my left hand and caught with it again some six inches lower. And so, down I went.

Minute followed minute, and left me still descending, six inches at a time, and looking neither above nor below, but always at the gray wall that seemed sliding up in front of me. The first dizziness was over, but a horrible aching of the arms had taken the place of it. 'Twas growing intolerable, when suddenly my legs, that sought to close the rope, found space only. I had come to the end.

I looked down. A yard below my feet the beam of the gallows gleamed palely out of the darkness. Here was my chance. I let my hands slip down the last foot or so of the rope, hung for a moment, then dropped for the beam.

My feet missed it, as I intended they should, but I flung both arms out and caught it, bringing myself up with a jerk. While yet I hung clawing, I heard a footstep coming through the gateway between the two wards.

Here was a fix. With all speed and silence I drew myself up to the beam, found a hold with one knee upon it, got astride, and lay down at length, flattening my body down against the timber. Yet all the while I felt sure I must have been heard.

The footsteps drew nearer and passed almost under the gallows. 'Twas an officer, for as he passed he called out:

"Sergt. Downs! Sergt. Downs!"

A voice from the guard room in the barbican answered him through the darkness.

"Why is not the watch set?"

"In a minute, sir; it wants a minute to 6."

"I thought the colonel ordered it at half past 5?"

In the silence that followed the barbican clock began to strike, and half a dozen troopers tumbled out from the guard room, some laughing, some grumbling at the coldness of the night. The officer returned to the inner ward as they dispersed to their posts; and soon there was silence again, save for the tramp, tramp of a sentry crossing and recrossing the pavement below me.

All this while I lay flattened along the beam, scarce daring to breathe. But at length, when the man had passed below for the sixth time, I found heart to wriggle myself towards the doorway over which the gallows protruded. By slow degrees, and pausing whenever the fellow drew near, I crept close up to the wall; then, waiting the proper moment, cast my legs over, dangled for a second or two swinging myself towards the sill, flung myself off, and, touching the ledge with one toe, pitched forward into the room.

The effect of this was to give me a sound crack as I struck the flooring, which lay about a foot below the level of the sill. I picked myself up and listened. Outside, the regular tramp of the sentry proved he had not heard me; and I drew a long breath, for I knew that without a lantern he would never spy, in the darkness, the telltale rope dangling from the tower.

In the room where I stood all was right. But the flooring was uneven to the foot, and scattered with small pieces of masonry. 'Twas one of the many chambers in the castle that had dropped into disrepair. Groping my way with both hands, and barking my shins on the loose stones, I found a low vaulted passage that led me into a second chamber, empty as the first. To my delight, the door of this was ajar, with a glimmer of light slanting through the crack. I made straight towards it, and pulled the door softly. It opened, and showed a lantern dimly burning, and the staircase of the keep winding past me, up into darkness.

TO BE CONTINUED

John Gilder, an old man living in Dublin, Ga., believes in preparation for death. Some years ago he had his vault built and a coffin ordered. When M. L. Jones's store was burned down, some months ago, the casket was destroyed. Some weeks ago he wrote to a friend in Macon to send him another. His friend was slow about attending to the request, and when Mr. Gilder was taken sick last week he had a telegram sent to an undertaker at Macon for a casket worth $250.

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

C. MULHOLLAND, - - - Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1891.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

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A TALE OF WOE.

How two Prospectors Escaped Death.

FOLLOWED FOR MILES BY MOSQUITOS.

Plenty of Gold, but Nothing to Eat.—Begging for Death.

The British Columbia mail today brings the following terrible tale of starvation in the Yukon district, which is clipped from the Victoria Times: "Chilcott, Alaska, Oct. 1.—Three detachments of men have returned this fall from Yukon. The second brought word that they passed a boat lying on the beach with no one to be found near it, but it was thought to belong to four men who started from Forty Mile Creek to come out on July 6. It was known that they had but a small supply of food with them, and it was supposed they had taken to the woods in search of game. Thus it proved to be, and yesterday two men tottered down the mountain side to this place, whose emaciated faces and trembling limbs showed that they had survived an experience that few men would have lived through. One of them was J. W. Sperry, of Portland, Ore. He is fifty years of age, with hair as white as the driven snow. The other man, R. C. Rose, also from Portland, is twenty years younger, and this youth alone saved Sperry from filling an unmarked grave in the valley of the Yukon.

"Three weeks after starting on their homeward journey, their supply of provisions was entirely exhausted, and they soon became so weak that they could not pull their boat, which they finally abandoned, and took to the hills in search of game. Occasionally a squirrel was shot and quickly eaten by the men, who were now ravenous, and wild berries became their only means of subsistence. Their trail was followed by clouds of mosquitos and flies, that lit upon them in swarms, and which they had to fight continually, and their faces and hands soon became raw and bleeding sores. In their weakened condition, Ingram and F. C. Young, from San Diego, Cal., others of the party, were unable to fight off the pests, which preyed upon their eyelids until they became so inflamed that they lost all power to open or close them, and they became totally blind.

"The dread of death by starvation and fear of being hopelessly lost in that strange country soon told upon the minds of these two, and Ingram repeatedly begged his companions to shoot him. Finally he lay down, refusing to move, and when his companions saw he was about gone they left him, almost dragging Young along. The next day Young succumbed, a victim to starvation and the torments of pests which swarmed about them day and night. They left him lying upon the ground to die, how far from where the foot of man has ever trod they do not know.

"Another day brought them to some dried salmon caught by Indians for winter use, and they were now able to retrace their steps to the boat, and soon a party of Indians came along from whom they obtained food enough to enable them to reach the first white settlement this side of the Yukon. On their way back to the boat they came to the spot where Ingram was left, but found the mosquitos and flies singing a requiem over their comrade. He was left with but a stone to mark his resting place, and his blanket and a few branches of hemlock spread over him for a shroud. They could not find where Young was, but they are satisfied that strength or reason never returned sufficient to allow him to move from the spot.

"On their way out the party discovered a ledge having a clearly defined vein of rich ore, showing free gold, and at its base found liberal quantities of gold in every pan. Location notices were hurriedly put up, and the anticipation of rich results in another year, when they all hoped to return, buoyed up their spirits for a time and spurred them on to renewed efforts to escape their impending doom. The pangs of hunger soon destroyed all hopes of future riches, and their only thought was for something to eat. Notwithstanding their terrible experience the two survivors intend to return to the Yukon the coming spring."

British Columbia advices say that the steamer George W. Elder has arrived at Victoria on her way down from Alaska, with several Yukon miners on board. The miners complain bitterly of the provisions sold to them, upon which they have entirely to depend, by the Alaska Commercial company. The miners say that they were obliged to take eighty pounds of putrid bacon, as it was all they could get. Out of the lot they could only use four pounds.

Another party driven by hunger were obliged to eat it with the result that four of them died. The prices asked are enormous, yet the miners had to submit and pay what was asked or starve to death. They say they had one or two alternatives, either to go without the provisions offered for sale by the Alaska company and starve, or to purchase them and run the chance of being poisoned to death.—Ottawa (Ont.) Dispatch in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Where Fife and Bride Are.

Duff house, where the duke and duchess of Fife are now staying, has been closed for many years, except during its owner's annual autumn visit, which never exceeded a month. The house is an immense quadrangular edifice, which was built about a century ago. The style is Roman Corinthian, the principal rooms are very large, and there is a fine collection of pictures. The grounds, which are very extensive, are undulating and well wooded, and are bordered by the Deveron, on the banks of which, one mile farther up the river, is Mountcoffer, the dower house of the Fife family. Duff house stands on the outskirts of the towns of Banff and Macduff, which are separated by the Deveron estuary.—London Truth.

KANSAS IS ALL RIGHT.

A Railroad Traveling Agent Tells a Reporter About Arkansas Valley.

Every one who comes to Kansas City from Kansas these days has his own particular stock of stories to tell about the wonderful crops in that state. Among the Sunflower pilgrims who landed in the city Saturday was Charley Barrett, the good looking and talkative traveling passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific. He had spent four or five days in southern Kansas, and his mouth was going at the rate of 500 revolutions a minute about crops when he was flagged by a Times man on Main street.

"Wheat!" he exclaimed. "You never saw the like! The farmers down in southern Kansas had to rent the public roads to get room enough to stack the wheat. Wasn't room enough in the fields to hold the stacks. I saw one"——

"How is the fruit crop?"

"Fruit! You never saw the like! Apples as big as cannon balls growing in clusters as big as haystacks. I saw one apple that"——

"Don't the trees break down?"

"Trees! You never saw the like! The farmers planted sorghum in the orchards, and the stalks grew up like telegraph poles and supported the limbs. I saw one stalk of sorghum that was two feet"——

"How is the broom corn crop?"

"Broom corn! You never saw the like! There hasn't been a cloudy day in southern Kansas for a month. Can't cloud up. The broom corn grew so high that it kept the clouds swept off the face of the sky as clean as a new floor. They will have to cut the corn down if it gets too dry. Some of the broom corn stalks are so high that"——

"How is the corn crop?"

"Corn! You never saw the like! Down in the Neosho and Fall River and Arkansas bottoms the corn is as high as a house. They use stepladders to gather roasting ears."

"Aren't stepladders pretty expensive?"

"Expensive! Well, I should say so, but that isn't the worst of it. The trouble is that the children climb up into the cornstalks to hunt for eagles' nests, and sometimes fall out and kill themselves. Fourteen funerals in one county last week from that cause. I attended all of them. That is why I am so sad. And, mind you, the corn is not more than half grown. A man at Arkansas City has invented a machine which he calls 'The Solar Corn Harvester and Child Protector.' It is inflated with gas like a balloon and floats over the corn tops, and the occupants reach down and cut off the ears of corn with a cavalry saber. Every Kansas farmer has a cavalry saber and"——

"Do they make much cider in Kansas?"

"Cider? You never saw the like! Oceans of it! Most of the farmers in Crowley county have filled their cisterns with cider. A proposition was made a few days ago to the water works company of Arkansas City to supply the town with cider through the mains, but the company was compelled to decline because they were afraid the cider would rust the pumps. They were sorry, but they said they would have to continue to furnish water, although it cost more. I saw one farmer who"——

"How is the potato crop?"

"Potatoes! You never saw the like! A man in Sedgwick county dug a potato the other day that was so big he used the cavity it grew in for a cellar. I saw one potato that"——

"The people must be happy over their big crops?"

"Happy! You never saw the like! I know men in the Arkansas valley who were too poor this time last year to flag a bread wagon, and now they have pie three times a day. One fellow that"——

But the reporter just at this point had a pressing engagement elsewhere.—Kansas City Times.

To Preserve Dead Bodies.

There is a man in Denver who has an idea that the country ought to give up the present method of disposing of dead bodies and adopt one which he suggests. He does not advocate cremation, nor anything else which, so far as is known, appears to have been suggested by any other person. His scheme is to freeze the dead body in water, take the block of ice in which the body has been frozen and carry it to the north and deposit it on the shores of one of the Arctic seas. He says that he has already made some favorable progress, and that an English syndicate is considering the establishment of an international cemetery on the shores of Baffin's bay, where he says that future generations may go to find the faces of their ancestors of the Nineteenth century as natural as life.—New York Sun.

An Immigrant's Fortune.

Thomas Monahan, an Irish millionaire, who lived in Melbourne for half a century, died recently. He was one of the 360 poor Irish immigrants who sailed for Australia in 1839, and the ship was in such a terrible sanitary condition that ninety of them died on the voyage. Monahan shrewdly invested his little earnings in land about Melbourne, with the result that blocks for which he paid £500 in those early days are now worth £250,000 each. His aggregate wealth is estimated at £2,000,000.—Exchange.

A Twin Watermelon.

Aleck West, colored, we believe, is entitled to the ginger cake for the greatest curiosity this season in the way of a watermelon. He exhibits two perfect melons joined together. Both melons were fully developed and the meat was juicy and sweet—just like an ordinary melon. Aleck states that he first noticed that the runners from the vine grew double. They moved side by side and the result was the double melon. It was certainly a curiosity.—Greensboro (Ga.) Journal.

A brass ring was sent from Germany to a New Yorker the other day which was seized by the customs officers. The tax due to the government was three cents, and it cost the United States something like $15 to collect that sum.

AFRICAN CURIOS.

A Peep at the Trophies of Herbert Ward.

BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS OF CARVING

The Savage Idea of Ornament.—A New Race.

A few privileged friends were asked recently to meet Mr. E. J. Glave, of London, at the Tremont house, and at the same time to see the many curiosities which Mr. Herbert Ward brought from Africa with him. These articles are not exhibited at the lecture, but are shown privately to friends. Mr. Glave, who has charge of them, is a young Englishman with a taste for adventure, who has been into the interior of Africa with both Mr. Stanley and Mr. Ward, and has achieved a decided reputation as a successful hunter. It is most interesting to hear his descriptions of the life among the savages, and he speaks modestly of his own prowess, referring only to the deeds of other men, until some straightforward question brings an answer that he cannot help giving.

The world has grown accustomed to eastern curios. China, India and Japan are no longer unknown lands, and the arts and industries from those countries are almost as well known as those of Europe and America; but in the curiosities shown by Mr. Glave one is brought face to face with a new people and a hitherto unknown land. The first sensation which one has is a wonder how these people learned to do so many things. They work in iron and other metal, they weave a cloth from fiber, they carve in wood and ivory, and their straw or cane weaving is wonderful from its fine workmanship, its beauty of design and perfect finish. This was best shown in the shields, which are long and narrow, covering the whole body when held in front of it. It resembles more than anything the fine cane work of the East Indies. It is smooth and glossy, and some of the fibers are as fine as thread. Black and white fibers are used, the design being wrought in black on the white ground and is even more beautiful on the back side than on the front. Of course, all this work is done by hand, and it is as even and regular as if made by machine.

The ornaments worn by the women are barbaric in design; still they have a beauty of shape that is unsurpassed by anything modern. Copper is a great deal used by them, and also iron; the first is to ornament almost entirely, and the latter is used for money, as well as for the cruel implements of war. Among the most interesting trophies are the axes and bows and arrows used by the nation of dwarfs, a newly discovered people, who have given Stanley a great deal of trouble during his last trip.

They are a small people, only about four feet in height, with small frames and short necks, a most repulsive looking people, and very savage and fierce; they are not physically strong, but are very quick in their movements, and have a less degree of intelligence than most of the other tribes. The axes are short handled, broad bladed, ugly looking affairs; the bows are very small, almost like toy bows, with correspondingly small arrows, which are poisoned at the sharp iron tips. Small as these are, they are deadly, if they strike, as the poison is very powerful and quick in its action.

The savage idea of ornament is shown in the waist belts, bracelets, earrings and anklets worn by the women; these constitute the entire costume, but the richer and more powerful a man is, the more heavily he loads his wives with these tokens of his esteem and their worth. The more of this kind of ornament a woman has, the higher is her financial value. After all, civilization and barbarism are not so far apart as it would seem at the first glance.

A spoon carved of wood is in a graceful and unique pattern, that might be copied with advantage by silversmiths who are in search of something new and artistic. This is simply wood carving, but the shape is very graceful and beautiful. Some of the spoons carved in ivory were not unlike those of mediæval Europe, and it makes one wonder anew how ideas could have grown among people who know literally nothing of a life beyond that one in this savage land. It certainly proves that those ideas must be common to the whole human race, and that some of the very best of our civilization came with us from barbarity.

A beautifully wrought copper collar worn by an African chief was as finely engraved as some of the specimens of Benares brass work. There are also some fine specimens of etching on some of the knives. It is perfectly impossible to give anything like an adequate idea of the novelty of this exhibition or of its completeness, but it is certainly one of the most interesting that has ever been given in the city. It gives one an idea as nothing else can of the condition of the people in the "dark country," of which so little has been known.—Boston Herald.

A Minute Watch.

At the Paris exposition a Florentine friar shows a watch only a quarter of an inch in diameter. It has not only the two regular hands, but a third, which marks the seconds, and a microscopic dial which indicates the days, week, month and years. It also contains an alarm and on its front lid or cover an ingeniously cut figure of St. Francis. On the back cover, by aid of a powerful glass, you can distinctly see and read two verses of the "Te Deum."—New York Telegram.

Fresh Water Freshness.

The hazing of freshmen seems to be confined to what are known as the fresh-water colleges of late. The older and larger colleges have pretty thoroughly outgrown this species of barbarism. The sooner the smaller institutions catch up with the times the better for all concerned.—Boston Herald.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SUN.

What Is Sought to Be Discovered at the Eclipse in December.

The number of astronomical parties that are preparing to go to convenient points in the track of the total solar eclipse in December, and the completeness of the equipments they propose to take with them for observation, make the prospects for good results unusually hopeful. The comparatively infrequent opportunities for studying this species of solar phenomena, and the brief time that is available under the most favorable circumstances for observation, make each event of great importance to astronomical science, particularly as at no other time can so much evidence be obtained for determining the real character of the sun and its appendages.

Long as the science of astronomy has flourished and great as has been its advance, it is only within a few years that, by the aid of the spectroscope and photography, the nature of the sun and its surroundings has been established with anything like certainty, and even now the most widely different theories are held as to the character of the sun's activity. It has long been known that around the black disk of the moon in total solar eclipses a halo of light is seen, bright next to the sun, but fading away more or less gradually into the blackness around it. This was supposed by the generality of astronomers as late as 1870 to be due either to the effects produced by our own atmosphere or by the moon's atmosphere. It was not till later that astronomers were convinced that this halo or corona was a part of the sun itself, and that from it must be derived the most important clews for settling the mysteries of the sun's heat and light.

From the observations of eclipses made recently it is now well known that the sun as ordinarily visible to us, bounded by the photosphere, is only a part of the sun. Just outside the photosphere is a comparatively thin layer of gas, mainly hydrogen, called the chromosphere, around this is the corona, thousands of miles thick, and around the corona, especially along the equator, there is a considerable extension of matter about which little is known. The general theory which has been built up from a knowledge of these facts and from the observations of such phenomena as sun spots and prominences is that the chemical elements are being continually tossed about in the enormous atmosphere of the sun and never getting out of it. The outer layers of the atmosphere are recognized as much cooler than the inner. Cool or comparatively cool masses of matter are produced by condensation in the upper regions from the hot ascending vapors of the lower atmosphere. These masses of matter, having gathered weight, come under the influence of gravitation over twenty-five times as great as ours, and fall with almost incredible rapidity toward the center. It is supposed that these terrific rains of cooled matter upon the sun produce what are known as sun spots.

We know how small meteorites in our own cold atmosphere are heated to incandescence by friction. Their kinetic energy is transformed into heat. It is not difficult to imagine, therefore, that these masses of matter darting down from a great height above the photosphere of the sun, creates great disturbances near the photosphere, such as sun spots indicate, and that masses falling into the inner and greatly heated atmosphere should be broken up in the heat generated by their own kinetic energy into hot vapors, producing such expansion that the down rush is transformed into an up rush, which would carry the chemical elements back to the cooler air, where they would gradually condense again and repeat the operation of falling into the chromosphere. The effect of such an up rush is supposed to be indicated by the prominence observed. The matter is supposed to be thrown up like the water of a fountain and like it thrown back, only to be tossed up again, but on so great, so terrific a scale that the imagination is unable to form a picture of it.

If this is the correct theory of the sun's existence, it is impossible to conceive of any limit to it. Elements which we can only heat into a glowing mass are there reduced to a vapor, and by expansion thrown 100,000 miles or more away, only to cool and pelt back again toward the center of attraction, there to be thrown off again. But effective as the theory is in explaining solar phenomena, it is by no means generally held, and among those holding it there are great differences of opinion. The evidence is little better than circumstantial, and it is only by the industrious work of astronomers, with improved appliances, that the mystery can approach solution. The study of the sun is to us the most important study in astronomy. It affects us directly. To better understand this center of life and heat is to better understand our own surroundings, and it is from the observations of those sent out to view the occasional total eclipses of the sun that light must come.—Providence Journal.

He Knew No English.

About one month ago a young man named Joe Harpster was struck on the back of the head with a pair of brass knuckles by a footpad, knocking him senseless, and for more than a month he lay unconscious. A few days ago he suddenly recovered his senses, but when he did he was able to converse intelligently only in the German language. He was born of American parents, who spoke German, and that was the language he first learned. He gave that up, however, and learned English, using it at all times, entirely forgetting his German. Now he can remember nothing of English. Scientists are wrestling with the problem.—St. Louis Republic.

A New York physician tried an experiment with Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir upon a cat with perfect success. The doctor stupefied the cat with half pound of ether and then applied the elixir hypodermically, and in a moment the cat was dancing around the room, the stupor of the ether having entirely disappeared.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Precautions Taken to Complete its Security.

STRON ENOU TO STAND FOR AGES.

People Have a Mania for Writing Names on it.

At the time the government decided to take hold and complete the Washington monument which had stood for years in an unfinished state, and when in the centennial year congress made an appropriation for the work, the question suggested to the minds of engineers and others was whether or not the foundation was secure and safe for the superstructure. The many years that had elapsed since the commencement of the work, and those that had passed during which it had been left unprotected to face the storms, winds and changes of temperature, caused the opinion to exist that the base of the shaft did not have as strong and durable a resting place as it required.

In the outset, and upon the resumption of the work, it was decided not to carry the monument to the height first contemplated in the plans and it was reduced a number of feet. This change was made in order that the weight the foundation had been laid to carry would be reduced in proportion according to the feet taken off and make it that much more secure to support the remainder.

Competent and experienced engineers made a thorough examination and several tests of the ground walls, extensive excavations were opened up to permit the closest possible inspection, and a report was submitted to the effect that the foundation was in prime condition, strong and durable. But to make it doubly sure the earth was removed from about the lower walls for some distance, and every crack in the foundation plugged and walls braced by another wall composed of broken stone and cement.

The monument was carried to completion despite the fears and predictions of the timid and weak hearted, who were on the watch to see it tumble. It is not known whether they are now on the lookout, but the shaft still stands and is likely to for ages. The engineer in charge, the custodian, and the subordinates employed about it are all cognizant of the statements made regarding its likelihood to get out of plumb. They style them the dreams of old women, and scout the idea of anything of that kind occurring.

Constant vigilance has been and is still observed to note the slightest depression or sinking of any kind, and only this week Capt. Mount informed a Post reporter that he had been unable to discover at any point any indication that would lead to the belief that the shaft had sunk the smallest fraction since the work done about the foundation. If such a thing had taken place it would be easy to detect, and manifest itself immediately in the working of the machinery, especially in the movements of the elevator car. It would show as well in the walls at the apex, and fissures would become visible. None of these evidences have appeared, and the employes are very confident that they will not.

The safety of everything about the monument is guaranteed with confidence, as the custodian keeps in operation a thorough system of inspection, permitting no part of it to be neglected. Of course the elevator and stairway are the principal points to be looked after, and when it is known that over 50,000 persons have traveled to the top of the monument since the 1st of last September by the car and stairs, the importance of paying this attention to insure the safety of the people will be understood and appreciated.

The work of the vandals has been almost entirely discontinued. Beyond the ambition of some people to have their names appear in high places and pencilling, the defacement of the monument by vandals has been suppressed, and the only disfigurements lately have been made by the penciling of their names by visitors. As soap and water readily remove the writing, this is not considered serious enough an offense to warrant the prosecution of the offenders.—Washington Post.

A Rector and His Club.

The rector of Gwaenysgon, in Wales, is a man of more than ordinary energy and enterprise. In an attempt to collect the tithes due him, and which the people are not disposed to pay, he headed a party of bailiffs who were sent to protect the auctioneer in an attempt to distrain. The auctioneer had been driven off three times while making similar attempts, and when it became known that he proposed again to enter the farms, assisted by the bailiffs and the rector himself, a large crowd, armed with sticks, assembled and made a desperate attack upon the distinguished party. The rector fought nobly in defense of his rights, and with a heavy club, which he wielded with great dexterity, he felled four of his flock to the earth. The bailiffs, however, showed less grit and fled with the auctioneer from the field, so that the enterprising rector was forced to yield. He now declares that he might as well turn pirate out and out as attempt to collect the tithes due him from the stubborn Welsh farmers.—London Letter.

Dr. Talmage.

When the last tabernacle was built, Dr. Talmage was receiving a salary of $7,000 a year, and his plan for the new edifice was considered so pretentious that it was feared he could not fill it. He entered into an agreement with the trustees, which was, in effect, that if he did not succeed in filling the tabernacle every Sunday during the year, he would not claim a cent of salary. His success was so great that the huge edifice was absolutely crowded at every service, and his salary was raised to $12,000 a year. People even sat in the aisles until the fire commissioners passed a special resolution forbidding this dangerous practice.—Once a Week.

Whiskers.

"You may shave them off—all, all," said a stout man with a wealth of brown beard, as he settled down into the red plush depths of a barber chair in the Burnet House and sighed feelingly as the barber picked up the glittering shears. "I have been worried to death by my beard," the stout man explained, "and I'm tired of it. You may give me a clean shave." He had been referred to so often as "Whiskers" that it had made him tired. That was why he bought a clean shave and sacrificed his beautiful hirsuite chest protector. It seems to be true that a more exasperating epithet than "Whiskers!" cannot be applied to a man. He resents the use of a word which describes his personal adornments a thousand times more indignantly than he would a word of brutal and insulting significance. The word whiskers has become so thoroughly identified with slang that its use in any way at all by a comedian nowadays is sure to call out a howl of laughter from an audience.

Men who wear whiskers are often guyed by the small boys in the street, particularly if the wind is strong. The ridicule of the mob, however, seems to be based on sensible ground. There is a certain amount of attractiveness about a well trimmed and symmetrical mustache, and a look of martial dignity is often imparted by a mustache and imperial. Men wear close trimmed and gracefully fashioned beards with good effect, and the beards are often a great protection to delicate throats. But there is no reason except misguided vanity for the cultivation and nurture of long side whiskers, which are always in the way, and invariably make a man look like an amiable caricature of the late lamented Lord Dundreary.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

All Around the House.

There is upon the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, just below Conewago, the connecting station of the Lebanon railroad, a house standing near the broad steel belt, of which every side can be seen when the landscape slides by as the train speeds over the rails. This is an historic old mansion of stone, which has withstood the winds and winters of a century. Just as the train turns the sharp curve below Conewago station the eastern side of the mansion looms into view, and as the distance narrows the southern walls and windows seem to turn toward the eye.

In another instant, as the curve still winds, the western end takes the place of the southern, and while the iron horse speeds on in its rapid passage the train gives another turn and brings the northern side of the house into plain view. This is regarded as a curiosity by railroad men, and though few of the thousands who travel between the east and the west know of this curious location, it is always interesting to hear the engineer talk through the noise and rattle of the train to his fireman, telling him for the thousandth time that "that 'ere crazy house is looming up before."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Why People Like Each Other.

One of the first and longest steps of progress toward intimate acquaintance is made by the discovery of some point of agreement. No matter how small it may be it serves to a certain extent. Jones, who does not like butter, may find that Brown has a similar distaste for it. Immediately a gleam of friendly recognition shoots from the eyes of each. However slight and weak, there is a link of human sympathy between them. They may even remember each other, although they never meet again, simply because neither likes butter. Then, if it should transpire that there are other points of agreement, the delighted surprise and confidence deepens; Brown and Jones are cronies for life.

Or it may not be Brown and Jones, it may be John and Arabella; then more may come of it, as in the case of the pair in the "Story of an African Farm," wherein the lady asks the swain, "Did you ever have convulsions when you were a baby?" "Yes," said the young man. "Strange," said she; "I had convulsions too; wonderful that we should be so much alike!" And agreement progresses to matrimony.—Boston Transcript.

When Knowledge Is Valuable.

The faculty of having one's mind pigeon holed is of great value. Some people have their mental bookcases and storerooms piled up with a mass of material, all valuable, perhaps, in its way, but jumbled up and piled together so that when any one thing is wanted it is not to be had without overhauling ten times as much other material, which, however valuable it may be in itself, has no particular use at the moment of search. Other people can lay their mental hands on any particular fact or fancy at a moment's notice, and can keep on pulling out other facts and fancies of the same general character until they have told or found all they know. There is such a thing as an embarrassment of riches in one's mental treasury as well as in matters material.—New York Continent.

Hard Work Will Count.

An able man, himself a hard worker, has said, "Fourteen hours' hard work a day will make any man a genius," and in this has added a new epigram to the world's store. It is the plodder who "gets there." This is to be considered no argument in favor of "puttering," for puttering and plodding are as far apart as night and morning. It is simply a point in recognition of the merits of pertinacity as a virtue.—New York Continent.

KITCHEN ECONOMIES.

The Traditional American Extravagance.

THE COST OF LIVING HERE AND IN EUROPE

Something That Requires Much Experience and Study.

Again and again do we hear it reiterated that the people of these United States live extravagantly, and right roundly are they abused therefor by the domestic economists. In part we may admit the general truth of this accusation, but we must be permitted to make some reservations. We do live expensively, but that does not of itself mean extravagance. If we look into the matter carefully we may find that there are abundant and good reasons for this, as it appears on the surface, extravagance in living expenses.

Comparisons between the cost of living here and abroad are apt to be deceptive, for the reason that there is no common basis from which to start the consideration of the topic. The average American makes more money than the average man abroad, and, as an inevitable consequence, in accordance with the laws of demand and supply, to preserve the natural equilibrium, he must pay more for house rent, for food, for servants' wages, for fuel, for clothes. And, of course, he is financially able to do this.

Taking these things into consideration, it is an open question whether this large cost of living, as compared with that of other people, is, after all, extravagant. I have lived among a Latin people where oranges were sixty for a cent, bananas ten cents a bunch, and other food in proportion. The kitchen economy there would astound a New York housewife. Twenty cents worth of food would make a meal for a large family, and an excellent meal it would be, for the cook was sure to be an adept. But wages there were from ten to thirty cents a day, and a big income was $1,000 a year. The cost of living had to be low, and, besides that, time was of so little consequence that it could be very profitably expended in planning economies and in studying how to make the soup bone go the farthest for the dining table.

The essence of real economy is not always in the economy that is most superficially apparent. You cannot have an inexpensive table unless you make a study of the subject. You must take time to think out your bills of fare; you must learn the relative values of food products as nutritive elements; you must understand the science of cooking; you must know meats, vegetables, fruits as you know your alphabet; you must frequent the markets and learn when to buy, where to buy and how to buy. Now, when you have done all this, you will, no doubt, be abundantly able to set a table that will be the delight of your most dainty epicurean neighbor, and the source of plentiful satisfaction to your own pocketbook.

But what has this cost you? You will find that it has consumed a great part of your time; it has absorbed your attention in all your leisure time—nay, in even more than your leisure time. Now, true it is that time is money, and you will suddenly discover that while you have saved at one end you have wasted at another. That is, where one's earning power is large, it is decidedly a false economy to spend time in small saving, and thereby lose more in lessened income than is saved in these retrenchments. It is only the very rich who have plenty of time to spare and can indulge in the kitchen as a pastime, or the very few whose time is of little worth and whose circumstances compel to the most rigid economy, who can afford to give the requisite attention to this matter. The time of the average American is too valuable, either for business or pleasure, to warrant him in this pursuit of economical living and saving. For every dollar saved he would lose two in wasted opportunities.

So, the talk and argument of all theorists to the contrary notwithstanding, we shall probably, at least the most of us, continue to live along about as we have been and are now doing. Our bills of fare will be large and substantial, even if they lack many niceties of touch. We shall not spend our time in planning for our dinners, but we shall probably have just as good a time as though we did that, will have quite as much money left in the end, and, on the whole, be quite as happy and as long lived.

Alexander Dumas used to boast that no one could excel him in making a salad, but probably even he, with all his leisure, scarcely would have cared to spend all his time over the kitchen range. Few men care to haunt the markets, even if they have the time, and most of us prefer to have our wives as sometime companions, rather than always cooks and housekeepers.—W. H. L. in New York Star.

Literary and Intellectual.

Carl is a shrewd observer and something of a philosopher as well, as you will see from the following choice bit of discrimination:

"Papa," he said to his father one day, after scanning reflectively his father's scholarly face, "papa, are you a literary man or an intellectual man?"

"What do you call an intellectual man, and what is a literary man?" asked the father.

"Well," said Master Carl, thinking it out slowly as he went along, "a literary man is a man who writes, and an intellectual man is a man who thinks."

Which is often sadly true, the more's the pity.—New York Evening Sun.

Look Out for the Menagerie.

First Broker—Hard times, aren't they? Hope you will be able to keep the wolf from the door.

Second Broker—I'm afraid not. We can't keep the bear from the street now.—Kate Field's Washington.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JULY 3 ..... 1891.

J. DeB. Shorb of Stockton will be appointed Chief of the Horticultural Department of the World's Fair.

Visitors to Los Angeles would do well to visit the exhibition at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. The display is interesting as well as instructive. It shows at a glance the varied resources of this section of the State, and cannot fail to impress intelligent observers with a sense of the great future that awaits Southern California.

The San Francisco CHRONICLE received a dispatch last week from New York from T. E. Clark, chairman of the Kern and Tulare irrigation district, saying that he had sold $350,000 worth of bonds of that district, being half of the total issue, none of which had been sold heretofore. It is believed that this is only the beginning of the placing of these bonds in New York.

The death of ex Senator Joseph E. McDonald, of Indiana,, removes one of the most noted of the old school of Democratic statesmen. His life was full of honors, and there was at one time a prospect that he would be the choice of his party for the Presidency. Upon the tariff and financial questions his views were more in line with those of Republicans than with the attitude of the Democratic party of late years. Mr. McDonald lived to a ripe old age, and leaves an enviable record.

Closely following Premier Salisbury's statement that "it begins to look as if there was not enough gold in sight to satisfactorily financier the business of the world', comes the declaration of the London DAILY NEWS that "the continued drain of gold is gradually tending to the inevitable adoption of a virtual silver standard. Good crops may succeed in recovering a portion of the $12,000,000 of gold already exported this year, but every year brings it nearer the time when silver certificates will be forced into circulation.

The indications are that Southern California is to do an enormous business in the future in the shipping of potatoes and other vegetable products to the markets of the East. The increase of shipping facilities and the enlargement of distributing agencies will enable the truck farmers to supply hundreds of Eastern towns and cities with early vegetables. The great point is to get the shipments off as fast as possible, as it is necessary to market the vegetables in advance of the maturity of Eastern products of the same description. With ample facilities for prompt transportation and distribution, and due energy and activity on the part of growers and shippers, there would be scarcely any limit to the quantity of vegetables that could be profitably produced and sent forward from Southern California. Vegetables are far less perishable than deciduous fruits, and the rapid growth in the volume of shipments of such fruits from this State indicates what is likely to happen in the case of early garden truck and root crops produced in this part of the State for the Eastern market. Florida is doing an immense business in this line of production.

Warner Miller's mission to this Coast may now be regarded as fairly successful. He asked for an investment of a million dollars by California capitalists in the Nicaragua Canal stock, and also for the investment of a similar amount by capitalists of the other sections of the Pacific Coast. He has become convinced that every dollar of the amounts he has solicited will be in the treasury of his company in good time, and he is speeding Eastward with a light heart. The subscriptions already aggregate $200,000—a very fair start. The Chamber of Commerce has appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions until the full amount is made up. It is only necessary to mention the names of the gentlemen composing the committee to give general assurance of the acknowledgment by our financiers of their confidence in the success of the great canal project. The committee is: W. L. Merry, Louis Sloss, George C. Perkins, George K. Porter, John Rosenfeld, L. L. Baker and J. B. Stetson. The right class of citizens have interested themselves in seconding Mr. Miller's effort to accomplish the gigantic enterprise, and failure to secure the necessary co-operation on this Coast is almost out of the question now.—S. F. Post.

HOW TO REACH OLD AGE.

DR. MILBURN TELLS HOW A PUNY BOY BECAME A STRONG MAN.

How to Breathe—How a Blind Man Exercises—Sun Cure for Baldness—Wonderful Vaseline Baths—Story of a Man Who Was an Unpromising Child.

Born apparently into the lap of consumption! Blind and sickly at twenty-one! Weak and feeble at thirty-five! The picture of health at threescore and ten!

It reads like a patent medicine advertisement, but it is the story of the Rev. Dr. Milburn, the noted blind chaplain of the house of representatives. The blind parson told it in a voice as strong as that of a boy. Said he:

"For fifteen years I was one of the most fragile of men you can imagine. I had to hold a book at the end of my nose with my hand above to shade the page, and by moving the book continuously along I managed, by seeing one letter at a time, to read and to spell my way through school and college. The result was that when a very young man I found myself afflicted with curvature of the spine, a curvature of the breast bone and a disease of the heart, and there seemed absolutely no prospect of my ever becoming a healthy man.

"I was also extremely delicate, and when between nineteen and thirty-five years old my weight ranged from 107 to 115 pounds. I was working hard, however, all this time, and paying attention to all sorts of things except the laws of health and life. I went to England when thirty-four, and got some hints from there. In those days very little attention was paid to hygiene, and after returning I began to put into practice what I had learned, and ever since that time I have increased in weight and size.

I increased my chest measure twelve inches, and my weight from fifty to sixty pounds. My weight increased steadily from the time I was thirty-five, and you will be surprised to know that this was done without my ever going into a gymnasium or adopting any of the practices which are prescribed for such purpose.

HOW TO BREATHE.

"I could only use the means within the reach of a blind man, and one of the principal means of increasing my size and weight which I adopted was air, taking a larger and larger quantity into the lungs. I have cultivated breathing as the basis of life, so that now I suppose I can inhale and exhale as large a quantity of atmosphere as any living man. That is the secret of the development of physique—to take into your lungs the whole amount of air which your lungs are intended to receive, and that is, in the case of a man of fair chest proportions, 330 cubic inches. The well built men in this country do not take in 200 inches.

"The first thing you do when you awake in the morning be sure you have a current of fresh air passing through your room. Remove the heavy bedclothes from your person, leaving only a sheet over you; lie as nearly flat as you can, draw up the knees and relax the muscles of the abdomen. Then, with your mouth closed and your chin raised, in order to relieve all constraint about your breast, draw in all the air you can without violence, doing it gradually and without painful effort.

"Hold the air as long as you can, and breathe it out through the mouth or nose, in the former case with effort. Close your lips as soon as all is out, and practise doing all your inhalations through your nostrils, never, under any circumstances, inhaling through the mouth.

"I would rather drink the water left in a finger bowl at the close of a White House dinner than to take in one spoonful of Washington air through my mouth. Do this breathing while in bed in the morning for five or ten minutes. This has been my constant habit for a number of years.

AIR, SUN AND EXERCISE

"Air is my first prescription," continued Dr. Milburn. "The sun is my next. I often walk about with my hat off in the sun, and it was a practice of Goethe to do this for an hour at noon. He said it stimulated his intellect, and that there was a vital and quickening power in the sun's rays. Thirty years ago I began to be bald. My father and younger brother were as bald as the palm of your hand when they were forty; but I told them when they informed me that I was getting bald that I would never be so. I had resolved to prevent it, and I did. I never wear a hat when I can help it, and I am not as barefooted today on the top of my head as I was in 1860. I wash my hair whenever I wash my face and hands.

"I have a muscular exercise—a light dumbbell exercise," Dr. Milburn went on, "and have often used Indian clubs, and in addition have some gymnastic movements for the arms, chest, legs, etc. As to the massage treatment, I suppose I am the most expert massage operator in this country, and I am also the best groomed animal in this respect. Immediately after getting out of bed I take a cold, tepid or warm bath and rub down vigorously, and I spend from one to two hours every day in grooming my venerable carcass.

"I used to be brought constantly in contact with Henry Ward Beecher and other prominent characters of large physique thirty years or so ago, and they were always bantering me about my small vitality. 'Why don't you laugh and grow fat?' they would say. 'Well,' I would reply, 'I laugh enough, but don't know how to grow fat.' Since I have changed my plan of life I have buried them all.

"I use horsehair mats in rubbing down," he continued, "and then put on vaseline or oil and rub into all parts of my body. The oil taken up by the skin in this way is as good as food, and it keeps the cuticle in excellent condition. This use of oil was common among the Greeks and Romans, and you will find it among many savage tribes."—Washington Cor. New York World.

A Valuable Set of Vestments.

A famous old set of vestments now in the cathedral sacristy was a gift to the late Archbishop Hughes. On these vestments, which were of the finest gold cloth, was worked the archbishop's coat of arms. They were embroidered in gold and incrusted with jewels. This set comprises vestments for twelve priests besides the archbishop. It is valued at $20,000, and was imported from Lyons. Archbishop Corrigan wears these vestments occasionally.—New York Herald.

The Broadway of the Business Man.

The business man knows Broadway as a street blocked with moving drays and wagons, with pavements which move with unbroken lines of men, and that are shut in on either side by the tallest of tall buildings. It is a place where no one strolls, and where a man can as easily swing his cane as a woman could wear a train. Pedestrians do not walk steadily forward here or in a straight line, but dodge in and out like runners on a football field. They all seem to be trying to reach the bank to have a check cashed before 3 o'clock. The man who stops to speak to a friend or to gaze into a shop window is jostled and pushed and shouldered to one side. Every one seems to be trying to catch up to the man just in front of him, and every one has something to do, and something on his mind to think of, too, if his face tells anything.

So intent are they on their errands that they would not recognize their own wives if they passed them by. This is a spot where the thermometer marks fever heat. It is the great fighting ground of the city, where the battle of business goes on from 8 o'clock in the morning until 3 in the afternoon, at which time the work flags a little and grows less and less hurried until 5, when the armies declare an armistice for the day, and march off up town to plan a fresh campaign for the morrow.

The armies begin to arrive before 8, and gather from every point of the compass. The ferryboats land them by thousands and hurry back across the river for thousands more; the elevated roads marshal them from far up town, gathering them by companies at each station, where they are unloaded and scattered over the business districts in regiments. They come over the Brooklyn bridge by tens of thousands in one long, endless procession, and cross the City Hall park at a quick step. It is one of the most impressive sights the city has to offer.—Scribner's.

How Aerated Water Is Produced.

In the neighborhood of the extinct Eifel volcano, near the Rhine, in Germany, are found springs of mineral waters which give off large volumes of natural carbonic acid gas. This natural gas becomes thoroughly purified in passing up through some two or three hundred feet of water, which of course means a considerable pressure upon the gas. This gas, being duly collected on the surface, is subjected by means of pumps to the pressure of five or six hundred pounds per square inch, condensing it into a clear transparent liquid, which is forthwith stored in steel or wrought iron cylinders of special construction and exceptional strength.

The manufacture of aerated waters is now readily carried on by means of these tubes, which are easily transported in a manner at once simple, rapid and inexpensive, no machinery whatever being required. The apparatus consists simply of a closed copper vessel of any required size, nearly filled with ordinary pure water and connected with a tube of compressed gas.

On turning a tap on the table the liberated gas rushes under high pressure into the copper vessel, becomes thoroughly incorporated with the water, and produces forthwith the aerated mineral water which is so largely consumed and so justly appreciated at the present day. The aerated water can now be drawn off for immediate consumption or bottled for future use. Mineral water thus produced is stated to be entirely free from any flavor of chemicals, sometimes discernible in that which has been prepared from artificial carbonic acid gas.—Chambers Journal.

Once Too Often.

A recent German paper tells the story of an elderly man who had for a wife one of those trying persons who, according to their own ideas, are always in the right, and who make it a point of conscience to prove every one else in the wrong.

The poor man was never allowed to make any statement without having it instantly disputed by his accurate but irritating spouse. She had acquired such a habit of correcting and contradicting him that, according to the story, she one day made a mistake which gave her suffering husband a chance to laugh at her.

"Do you remember, my dear," he said in a retrospective mood, "the letter case embroidered with pearl beads that you made for me with your own hands, when we became engaged? It was worn out years ago, but I can still see it very plainly. On one side there was embroidered a beautiful butterfly, and"——

"The butterfly was on the other side!" interrupted his wife, in her most dejected tone.

And she always complained that Mr. Underfeld "was fond of telling stories without any point," whenever he referred to this conversation afterward.

Weighing Machines.

Weighing machines and scales of some kind were in use 1800 B. C., for it is said that Abraham at that time "weighed out" 400 shekels of silver, current money, with the merchant to Ephron the Hittite, as payment for a piece of land, including the cave and all the standing timber "in the field and in the fence." This is said to be the earliest transfer of land of which any record survives, and that the payment was made in the presence of witnesses.

The original form of the weighing scale was probably a bar suspended from the middle, with a board or shell suspended from each end, one to contain the weight, the other to contain the matter to be weighed. The steelyard was probably so called from the material of which it was made and from its former length. It is also known as the Roman balance, and is of great antiquity.—St. Louis Republic.

When Horses Fight.

The herds of horses on a western ranch, roaming over so large a space, rarely encounter one another. When they do the mares evince only the smallest possible amount of curiosity, but join and graze. Different is it with the stallions. With but a moment's preparation, they rush wildly at one another like mad bulls, neighing in what seems the mockery of a neigh, and with head in air and tail curving proudly they rush and plunge and rear, kicking and biting, stamping one on the other until the ground and horses are covered with blood, and exhaustion of one forces a surrender and retreat. As I have said, the fickle mares march off with the conqueror at their head, while the defeated lags wearily behind.—Harper's Weekly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,

Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt an furnished in a style second to no one on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
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PALACE SALOON

LONE PINE, CAL.

—THE FINEST—

WINES,

BEER,

LIQUORS,

& CIGAR

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☞ This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT,
jl2-tf Lessee.

INDEPENDENCE

SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.

WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

☞ Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

FORBES & TOBEY,

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—DEALERS IN—

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OF ALL KINDS.

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
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RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed Flooring.
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BELL'S Flouring Mills,

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TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
dependence, Cal.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
☞ Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty. ☜
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
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Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

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DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the easiest possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

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OFFICIAL.

NOTICE OF

Sheriff's Sale,

ON FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGES.

E. H. EDWARDS, Plaintiff,
vs.
WM. F. MATLACK, Administrator of the Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased Defendant.

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER of sale, upon a decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, on the 12th day of June, 1891, in an action wherein E. H. Edwards was Plaintiff and Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, was Defendant, and in which said last above mentioned action, E. H. Edwards, the above named Plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against Thomas Parker, as Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, Defendant, on the 15th day of November, 1890, for the sums of $1810.02 and $4171.49, gold coin of the United States, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of $5981.51, gold coin as aforesaid, which said decree was, on that 15th day of November, 1890, recorded in Judgment Book 1 of said Court at page 281 (Wm. F. Matlack, Administrator of the estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased, the above named Defendant, was by an order of said Superior Court duly made and entered on the 14th day of May, 1891 substituted as Defendant in said action in the place and stead of said Thomas Parker, now deceased.) I am commanded to sell, to satisfy said judgment and decree for the said sum of $1810.02, all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a point twenty chains East of the North-west Section corner of Section No. twent-eight, in Township No. fifteen South of Range No. thirty six, East, Mt. Diablo Base and Meridian, (magnetic variation fifteen degrees and fifteen minutes East) thence south thirteen and ninety one-hundredths chains to North-west corner of Josiah G. Dodge's land; thence North, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, twenty two and thirty-one one-hundredths chains to Brewery street in the town of Lone Pine; thence North, twenty-one degrees and forty minutes West, twenty-one one hundredths chains; thence South, sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes West, eighty and ten one-hundredths chains; thence North eight and forty eight one hundredths chains on the North line of Section No. twenty-eight; thence West thirteen and twenty-nine one-hundredths chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing fifteen and one-half acres.

Also a lot of land lying East of the last described tract and on the Wm. L. Moore tract of land North-west of the town of Lone Pine beginning at the North east corner of said last described tract, thirty three and twenty-nine one-hundredths chains East of the North-west corner of Section twenty-eight in Township Fifteen South of Range Thirty-six East, of Mount Diablo Meridian, at an iron post set in the ground; thence, South eight and forty-eight one-hundredths chains to the same from the last described tract of land to the town of Lone Pine; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, eight and seventy one one-hundredths chains to the East side of Brewery street in said town; thence, South twenty one degrees and forty minutes East, fifty one-hundredths chains to the North line of Corral street in said town; thence, North sixty-eight degrees and twenty minutes East, seven and eighty-seven one hundredths chains to the West line of Main street in said town; thence, North twenty-one degrees and forty minutes West, three and ninety-one one-hundredths chains to Section line of said Section twenty-eight; thence, West fifteen chains following the North line of said Section to the place of beginning. Containing eight and seventy-five one hundredths acres.

Also lots Nos. two, three, and the North half of lot six, in block No. 13, upon which is a house; and the fractional part of lots Nos. six, seven and eight in block No. 1 in the town of Lone Pine, in said County and State, as the same are known and designated on the plat of said town now on file in the Recorder's office of said County.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

I am also commanded to sell to satisfy said judgment and decree for the said sum of $4171.49, all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate in the County of Inyo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

The East half of the South-west quarter and the West half of the South-east quarter of Section No. twenty-one, in Township No. fifteen South, of Range No. thirty six, East, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on Monday the 6th day of July, 1891, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House in the County of Inyo, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell separately the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said Plaintiff's judgment, with interest and costs etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 12th day of June 1891.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff of Inyo County.
By D. HOLLAND,
Undersheriff.

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

J. W. Murphy.

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

FRED BURCKHARDT

Watchmaker & Jeweler

LONE PINE, CAL.

Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.

☞ All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.

FRED BURCKHARDT.

OFFICIAL.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 27th day of June 1891, an assessment (No. 6) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, at Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 1st day of August 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 24th day of August, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK,
Secretary.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

LONE PINE CANAL COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of canal, near Independence, Inyo county.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 30th day of May, 1891, an assessment (No. One) of Fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, Independence, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 3d day of July, 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 25th day of July, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of JOHN LUCAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office in the town of Lone Pine, Inyo county, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said Inyo county, State of California. E. H. EDWARDS,

Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased.

Dated May 5th, 1891.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 6th day of June, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased, the undersigned will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, on Saturday, the 27th day of June, 1891, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the late residence of said deceased, near the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property, towit:

117 Head of Stock Cattle.
18 Head of Horses.

Bids or offers in writing will be received at the office of the undersigned, in the said town of Lone Pine, up to and including the 26th day of June, 1891.

E. H. EDWARDS,
Administrator of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased.

Dated June 12th, 1891.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine, Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

BIG PINE HOTEL.

BIG PINE - CAL.

New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates

☞ Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.

Special attention given to the wants of every guest.

Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JULY 3 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 1.03¼
Lead, 4 45
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach at Lone Pine on Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.; at Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; at Independence, 7:30 p. m.

Children's day exercises, July 5th.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

FRIDAY, June 26, 1891

W. H. Uhlmeyer vs Sylvania Mining Co.—Filed Summons.

TUESDAY, June 30, 1891.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of Oren C. Johnson, Albert H. Johnson and Mary L. Johnson, minors.—Filed various papers in case.

Mrs. Geo. L. Drake of Bishop is visiting at Independence.

Tickets for ball to-night can be obtained at Rhine's store. Price, $3.

J. C. Crocker has returned to Bakersfield from a trip through Arizona.

Marshall Naylor and W. Shalton were down from Big Pine early in the week.

Pittsburg, Kansas, offers a purse of $30,000 for a fight between Sullivan and Slavin.

A telegram from Hawthorne states there are three on the special coming down today.

Jerry Fitzgerald came in from Darwin on yesterday morning's train to take in the Fourth.

There will be a larger attendance at the ball to-night than at any ever given in the town.

Independence has assumed a festive appearance. Bunting is floating to the breeze everywhere.

John E. Jones, Jr. and Charley Hilton of Round Valley arrived in town yesterday to spend the Fourth.

Look out for your fire-crackers, boys. A very small boy and a very small cracker may start a very large fire.

Dan Cofer has leased the Densmore orchard and is prepared to fill all orders for fruit. Shipments will be made promptly.

At San Francisco last Monday the thermometer registered 99 degrees in the shade. On the same day it registered 98 at Independence.

At half past two o'clock yesterday morning the thermometer registered 89 degrees at Independence. This is a most unusual occurrence.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelligan and family arrived from Reno last Monday on a visit to the parents of Mrs. Nelligan, Mr. and Mrs. James Malone of Camp Independence.

The little seven year old daughter of Governor and Mrs. Markham died at Sacramento last Saturday morning. The remains were taken to the Governor's home at Pasadena for burial.

A man named Murphy was arrested last week at Pigeon Spring, near Piper's ranch, and convicted of selling whisky to Indians. He was sentenced to two years in the State Prison at Carson, the full extent of the law in Nevada.

It is reported that all but two of the men employed on the Union mine at Cerro Gordo have been set to work on another claim owned by the same company where a couple of chloriders recently made a rich strike.

Letters received from John Baxter lately are not encouraging. The doctors have not yet removed the cause of his original illness, and he has lately been afflicted with chills and fever. He will remain in San Francisco for some time yet.

At the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Sacramento County the rates of advertising were fixed at $1.50 per square for first insertion, and $1.00 each subsequent insertion, this being the rate agreed on by the Editorial Association of California.

The coinage of silver dollars has been been suspended at the Mint at Carson. Five of the lady adjusters have been discharged, and four workmen in other departments have been laid off. This will no doubt be followed up by the suspension of others in the course of the coming month, and the Mint will only rank as an assay office. It is a blow to Carson.

There are sheep on a thousand hills, and thousands of sheep on a hill in this county this summer, and License Collector Hays will probably collect close to $10,000 for licenses on sheep and cattle. This, with a slightly increased assessment roll will be acceptable, particularly in the face of that "heavy indemnity."—*Chronicle Union.*

Following are the names of the players in the match game of baseball tomorrow: Bishop, J. Tracy, catcher, Ed Ober' pitcher, F. Bulpit, Jos. McNally, Grant Clark, Ira Clark, Geo, Clarke Geo. Drake, W. McCrosky, Deby, and Somers. Independence, A. L. Conklin, catcher, W. Ober, pitcher, H. Hamilton, F. Sherrer, C. Hamilton, D. Holland, Ed. Shepherd, Geo. Lewis, W. M. Richard and Henry Rhine. The game is to be five innings for $75 a side.

A Good Showing.

A visit to the ranch of W. L. Hunter of Georges Creek will show what can be done by labor and water. On land that two years ago was sage-brush and sand, a cutting of alfalfa has just been made that would be a revelation to settlers in less favored localities. A lot of new land was seeded this year and is now bearing a fine crop of grain. A young orchard set out a few years ago is thriving and in time will be the most valuable adjunct of the farm. Any intending settler should visit this place and see for himself what can be accomplished on desert land.

Rates of Fare and Time Table.

A Special Train has been chartered and the following will be the rates for return trip tickets:

Hawthorne	$7 50
Candelaria, Belleville	6 50
Soda Springs and Rhodes	6 50
Benton	4 00
Bishop	2 50
Alvord	1 50
Lone Pine	1 00
Keeler	2 00

Following is the time table for the Fourth of July special.

Leaves	Hawthorne	6:30 a. m.	July 3d.
	Luning	7:30 a. m.	
	Soda	8:00 a. m.	
	Rhodes	8:10 a. m.	
	Belleville	8:40 a. m.	
	Candelaria	9:15 a. m.	
	Benton	11:50 a. m.	
	Bishop	1:50 p. m.	
	Alvord	2:30 p. m.	
Arrives	Indep'dence	3:50 p. m.	
Leaves	Keeler	5:10 p. m.	
	Lone Pine	5:40 p. m.	
Arrives	Indep'dence	6:20 p. m.	
Leaves	Indep'dence	7:45 a. m.	July 5th.
Arrives	Lone Pine	8:25 a. m.	
	Keeler	8:55 a. m.	
Leaves	Indep'dnce	10:10 a. m.	
Arrives	Alvord	11:30 a. m.	
	Bishop	12 35 p. m.	
	Benton	2:15 p. m.	
	Candelaria	5:00 p. m.	
	Belleville	5:30 p. m.	
	Rhodes	6:00 p. m.	
	Soda	6:10 p. m.	
	Luning	6:40 p. m.	
	Hawthorne	7:40 p. m.	

In the Cooler.

On Wednesday Constable Drake arrived from Bishop with Charles L. Johnson, booked for one hundred days in the county jail for selling whisky to Indians. Drake made the arrest on the 28th and took his man before J. E. Dunlap, J. P. He entered a plea of guilty and was sentenced to a fine of $100, and directed to be confined in the county jail one day for each dollar of the fine until payment is made or the time has expired. Sheriff Gorman promptly paid out his private purse the reward of $10 which he offers for the arrest and conviction of every one guilty of the crime of selling whisky to Indians Mr. Gorman is determined to break up this nefarious traffic if possible, and he is in a fair way to succeed. A drunken Indian is getting to be a rare occurrence. In every case where such conviction occurs the magistrate should promptly give the offender the full limit of the law. It is eminently necessary that this law be enforced to its full extent, more especially since the recent outrage in Mono county. "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar." Provide an Indian with whisky and all his pseudo civilization vanishes and he betrays the Savage he will always remain. A number of Indian outrages occurred in the past year and in every case whisky played a prominent part. Fortunately they kept the killing among themselves, but they are filled with a blood thirsty instinct and it does not pay to take chances.

Bound To Get Him.

Discussing the killing of the Chinaman at Bridgeport recently by Walker Lake Indians the Homer *Index* says:

"Yesterday we had a long conversation with an intelligent Indian who was present at the affair. He speaks English fluently and is quite competent to form an opinion. He said: 'The Reservation Indians were bound to have that Chinaman, no matter who got hurt, and the squaws nagged them on. Most all had guns and plenty of ammunition. If the Sheriff had started a fight the squaws would have set fire to the town in a hundred places while the fight was going on. Cody couldn't do anything. The whole town couldn't stop them. That's all there is to it.'"

This fact emphasizes the recent effort to raise a company of National Guard in Owens Valley. If one Indian talks so "sassy" it is reasonable to suppose that others feel so. A company sufficiently equipped with arms and ammunition should be organized at once.

A Rich Strike.

A letter received from Darwin yesterday states that a rich strike of ore has recently been made in the Promontory mine. In past years this mine has yielded thousands of dollars and there is a strong belief that the present strike will be as valuable as any discovery yet made. A short time ago Mr. Waterman sent two men there to do assessment work. They went down the old incline twenty feet and started to drive toward the foot-wall. After going in about four feet they struck a fine body of lead ore two and a half feet thick. It assays 130 ounces silver and 50 per cent lead per ton. The new ledge dips about ten degrees more vertical than the old incline. If this new strike realizes the expectations of its discoverers it will make lively times in Darwin. The Promontory is owned by Messrs. Waterman, P. Reddy, J. S. Gorman and the Eddy estate.

Another Railroad Rumor.

The Salt Lake *Tribune* is still publishing railroad rumors. The latest is the following:

It is stated now from good authority that the Servier Valley extension of the Rio Grande Western means a California line, and that the Santa Fe is backing it. The line may go through Beckwith Pass, and then again it may go farther south. One thing is evident, viz, a line other than the Central Pacific is sadly needed between this city and San Francisco, and it cannot come too soon.

Hope for Him.

"I don't know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to a principal of a school, to whom he had brought his son as a pupil, "he is so full of mischief."

"Does he tell the truth?" asked the principal. "Can I always depend upon his word?"

"Oh, yes," said the father, "he is honest; he will tell the truth, even when it is against himself; you may depend upon that."

"Then we can manage him," said the principal. "He will make a reliable, manly man."—Christian Leader.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Board of Supervisors of Inyo county, State of California, will meet as a

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION

—ON—

MONDAY, JULY SIXTH, 1891,

At the office of the said Board, in the town of Independence, to examine the assessment book and equalize the assessment of property in said County for the year 1891, and will continue in session for that purpose until the business of equalization is disposed of.

J. N. YANDELL,
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent.

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS.
O. I. MAIRS.

BLACKSMITHING,

Horseshoeing, General Iron

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP

Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing .....$2.00 for Cash

For particulars, call and see

W. F. MATLACK.

BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE AND REPAIRED.

THE BEST MATERIAL.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.

Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,
nov-30-tf Independence,

NOTICE

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for

Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of Caltfornia:

Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

INDEPENDENCE

MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons. j19-tf

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.

Real Estate Agents,

Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES. Bishop, Cal.

1776 Breathes there a man with soul so dead, 1891
1776 Who never to himself hath said, 1891
1776 "This is my own, my native land!" 1891

INDEPENDENCE GLORIOUS TRIBUTE.

—TO OUR—

NATAL DAY.

Under the management of

POLETA PARLOR, N. D. G. W.
INYO PARLOR NO. 165, N. S. G. W.
MT. WHITNEY PARLOR NO. 136, N. S. G. W

A CORDIAL INVITATION EXTEDNED TO ALL

Commencing with a

GRAND BALL

Friday Evening, July 3d. Grand March at 8 Sharp.

Excellent music and splendid floor. Supper in the Annex, with seating capacity for all.

BERTRAND RHINE, FLOOR DIRECTOR.

FLOOR COMMITTE:

Milt. Clark, S. A. Chapman, R. Hessian, F. E. Denrmore, J. D. Lewis, J. E. Shepherd Robt. Carrasco, Ben Lasky, Henry Rhine

SATURDAY, JULY FOURTH.

Grand salute . . . . . At sunrise.

Parade and Literary Exercises.

Parade forms at Reddy place. Line of march direct to Pavilion.

GEORGE H. LEWIS, GRAND MARSHALL.

MISS MARGIE BELL, GODDESS OF LIBERTY.

PROGRAMME:

Prayer, Rev. H. J. Winsor. Oration, F. E. Densmore
Red, White & Blue, Choir. Unfurl the Glorious Banner, Miss M Mulholland,
Remarks, by C. W. Craig, President of the Day. Declaration of Independence,
Music, by the Band. America, Choir.
Recitation, Miss Brockman Benediction, Chaplain,
Hail Columbia, by Band. Recitation, Miss L. Clark.

FUN FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS,
125 YARD FOOT RACE,
BASE BALL TOURNAMENT

Wheelbarrow race	$5 00
Footrace, girls under 12 years	3 00
16 years	5 00
Footrace, boys under 12 years	3 00
15 years	5 00
Sack race	5 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS & HILL,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL,

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,

m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

BIG 10P ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE

BISHOP.

Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable

S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK

BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points

Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer

Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE SLWART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

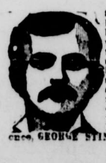
Dealer In
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,
GROCERIES
MINERS
Supplies

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,

Big Pine, Cal.



$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, Novembe 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p m.	5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2.05 p. m.	2.50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7.05 p. m.	9.55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m.	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3.	No. 4.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a m	1:35 a.m.
Bishop Creek	2:00 p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord	2.45 p. m.	10:00 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

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THE SPLENDID SPUR.

Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

My chance was, of course, to descend, which I did on tiptoe, hearing no sound. The stairs twisted down and down, and ended by a stout door with another lamp shining above it. After listening a moment I decided to be bold, and lifted the latch. A faint cry saluted me.

I stood face to face with the jailer's daughter.

The room was a small one, well lit, and lined about the walls with cups and bottles. 'Twas, as I guessed, a tap room for the soldiers; and the girl had been scouring one of the pewter mugs when my entrance startled her. She stood up, white as if painted, and gasped:

"Quick—quick! Down here behind the counter for your life!"

There was scarce time to drop on my knees before a couple of troopers lounged in, demanding mulled beer. The girl bustled about to serve them, while the pair leaned their elbows on the counter, and in this easy attitude began to chat.

"A shrewd night!"

"Ay, a very freezing frost! Lucky that soldiering is not all sentry work, or I for one 'ud ensue my natural trade o' plumbing. But let's be cheerful, for the voice o' the turtle is heard i' the land."

"Hey?"

The man took a pull at his hot beer before explaining.

"The turtle signifieth the Earl o' Stamford, that is to-night visiting Col. Essex in secret; an' this is the import—war, bloody war. Mark me."

"Stirring, striving times!"

"You may say so! 'A hath fifteen thousand men, the earl, no farther off than Taunton—why, my dear, how pale you look, to be sure!"

"'Tis my head that aches," answered the girl.

The men finished their drink and sauntered out. I crept from under the counter and looked at her.

"Father'll kill me for this!"

"Then you shall say: Is it forward or back I must go?"

"Neither." She pulled up a trap close beside her feet and pointed out a ladder leading down to the darkness. "The courts are full of troopers," she added.

"The cellar?"

She nodded.

"Quick! There's a door at the far end. It leads to the crypt of St. John's chapel. You'll find the key beside it and a lantern. Here is flint and steel." She reached them down from a shelf beside her. "Crouch down, or they'll spy you through the window. From the crypt a passage takes you to the governor's house. How to escape then, God knows! 'Tis the best I can think on."

I thanked her and began to step down the ladder. She stood for a moment to watch, leaving the trap open for better light. Between the avenue of casks and bins I stumbled towards the door and lantern that were just to be discerned at the far end of the cellar. As I struck steel on flint I heard the trap close, and since then have never set eyes on that kind hearted girl.

The lantern lit, I took the key and fitted it to the lock. It turned noisily, and a cold whiff of air struck my face. Gazing round this new chamber I saw two lines of squat pillars, supporting a low, arched roof. 'Twas the crypt beneath the chapel, and smelt vilely. A green moisture trickled down the pillars, and dripped on the tombs beneath them.

At the end of this dreary place was a broken door, consisting only of a plank or two, that I easily pulled away; and beyond, a narrow passage, over which I heard the tread of troopers plainly, as they paced to and fro; also the muffled note of the clock, sounding 7.

The passage went fairly straight, but was blocked here and there with fallen stones, over which I scrambled as best I could. And then, suddenly, I was near pitching down a short flight of steps. I held the lantern aloft and looked.

At the steps' foot widened out a low room, whereof the ceiling, like that of the crypt, rested on pillars. Between these every inch of space was piled with barrels, chests and great pyramids of round shot. In each corner lay a heap of rusty pikes. Of all this the signification was clear. I stood in the munition room of the castle.

But what chiefly took my notice was a great door, studded with iron nails, that barred all exit from the place. Over the barrels I crept towards it, keeping the lantern high, in dread of firing any loose powder. 'Twas fast locked.

I think that, for a moment or two, I could have wept. But in a while the thought struck me that with the knife in my pocket 'twas possible to cut away the wood around the lock. "Courage!" said I, and, pulling it forth, knelt down to work.

Luck in life has always used me better than my deserts. At an hour's end there I was, hacking away steadily, yet had made but little progress. And then, pressing the knife deep, I broke the blade off short. The door upon the far side was cased with iron.

Tramp! tramp!

'Twas the sound of a man's footfall, and to the ear appeared to be descending a flight of steps on the other side of the door. I bent my ear to the keyhole; then stepped to a cask of bullets that stood handy by. I took out a dozen, felt in my pocket for Delia's kerchief that she had given me, caught up a pike from the pile stacked in the corner, and, softly blowing out my light, stood back to be concealed by the door when it opened.

The footsteps still descended. I heard an aged voice muttering:

"Shrivel my bones—ugh! ugh! Wintry work—wintry work! Here's an hour to send a grandfatherly man a-groping for a keg o' powder!"

A wheezy cough closed the sentence, as a key was with difficulty fitted in the lock.

"Ugh! ugh! Sure, the lock an' I be a pair, for stiff joints."

The door creaked back against me, and a shaft of light pierced the darkness.

Within the threshold, with his back to me, stood a gray bearded servant, and tottered so that the lantern shook in his hand. It shamed me to lift a pike against one so weak. Instead, I dropped it with a clatter and leaped forward. The old fellow jumped like a boy, turned and faced me with dropped jaw, which gave me an opportunity to thrust four or five bullets, not over roughly, into his mouth. Then, having turned him on his back, I strapped Delia's kerchief tight across his mouth and took the lantern from his hand.

Not a word was said. Sure, the poor old man's wits were shaken, for he lay meek as a mouse, and stared up at me while I unstrapped his belt and bound his feet with it. His hands I trussed up behind him with his own neckcloth; and, catching up the lantern, left him there. I locked the door after me, and slipped the key into my pocket as I sprang up the stairs beyond.

But here a light was shining, so once more I extinguished my lantern. The steps ended in a long passage, with a handsome lamp hanging at the uttermost end, and beneath this lamp I stepped into a place that filled me with astonishment.

'Twas, I could not doubt, the entrance hall of the governor's house. An oak door, very massive, fronted me; to left and right were two smaller doors that plainly led into apartments of the house. Also to my left, and nigher than the door on that side, ran up a broad staircase, carpeted and brightly lit all the way, so that a very blaze fell on me as I stood. Under the first flight, close to my left shoulder, was a line of pegs with many cloaks and hats depending therefrom. Underfoot, I remember, the hall was richly tiled in squares of red and white marble.

Now, clearly, this was a certain place wherein to be caught. "But," thought I, "behind one of the two doors, to left or to right, must lie the governor's room of business; and in that room—as likely as not—his keys." Which door, then, should I choose? For to stay here was madness.

While I stood pondering, the doubt was answered for me. From behind the right hand door came a burst of laughter and clinking of glasses, on top of which a man's voice—the voice of Col. Essex—called out for more wine.

I took a step to the door on the left, paused for a second or two with my hand on the latch, and then cautiously pushed it open. The chamber was empty.

'Twas a long room, with a light burning on a square center table, and around it a mass of books, loose papers and documents strewn, seemingly without order. The floor, too, was littered with them. Clearly this was the colonel's office.

I gave a rapid glance around. The lamp's rays scarce illumined the far corners; but in one of these stood a great leathern screen, and over a fireplace near it a rack was hanging, full of swords, pistols and walking canes. Stepping towards it, I caught sight of Anthony's sword, suspended there amongst the rest (they had taken it from me on the day of my examination), which now I took down and strapped at my side. I then chose out a pistol or two, slipped them into my sash and advanced to the center table.

Under the lamp lay his majesty's letter, open.

My hand was stretched out to catch it up, when I heard across the hall a door opened and the sound of men's voices. They were coming towards the office.

There was scarce time to slip back and hide behind the screen before the door latch was lifted and two men entered, laughing yet.

"Business, my lord—business," said the first (twas Col. Essex); "I have much to do to-night."

"Sure," the other answered, "I thought we had settled it. You are to lend me a thousand out of your garrison"——

"Which on my own part I would willingly do. Only I beg you to consider, my lord, that my position here hangs on a thread. The extreme men are already against me. They talk of replacing me by Fiennes"——

"Nat Fiennes is no soldier."

"No; but he's a bigot—a stronger recommendation. Should this plan miscarry and I lose a thousand men"——

"Heavens alive, man! It cannot miscarry. Hark ye; there's Ruthen of Plymouth will take the south road with all his forces. A day's march behind I shall follow—along roads to northward—parallel for a way, but afterwards converging. The Cornishmen are all in Bodmin. We shall come on them with double their number—ay, almost treble. Can you doubt the issue?"

"Scarcely, with the Earl of Stamford for general."

The earl was too far occupied to notice this compliment.

"'Twill be swift and secret," he said, "as Death himself—and as sure. Let the fact that Hopton is all at sixes and sevens since the marquis shipped for Wales, and at daggers drawn with Mohun."

Said the colonel slowly, "Ay, the notion is good enough. Were I not in this corner, I would not think twice. Listen now: only this morning they forced me to order a young man's hanging, who might if kept alive be forced in time to give us news of value. I dared not refuse."

"He that you caught with the king's letter?"

"Ay—a trumpery missive, dealing with naught but summoning of the sheriff's posse and the like. There is more behind, could we but wait to get at it."

"The gallows may loosen his tongue. And how of the girl that was taken too?"

"I have her in safe keeping. This very evening I shall visit her and make another trial to get some speech. Which puts me in mind"——

The colonel tinkled a small hand bell that lay on the table.

The pause that followed was broken by the earl.

"May I see that letter?"

The colonel handed it, and tinkled the bell again, more impatiently. At length steps were heard in the hall, and a servant opened the door.

"Where is Giles?" asked the colonel. "Why are you taking his place?"

"Giles can't be found, your honor."

"Hey?"

"He's a queer oldster, your honor, an' may be gone to bed wi' his aches and pains."

(I knew pretty well that Giles had done no such thing; but be sure I kept the knowledge safe behind my screen.)

"Then go seek him, and say— No, stop, I can't wait. Order the coach around at the barbican in twenty minutes from now—twenty minutes, mind, without fail. And say—'twill save time—the fellow's to drive me to Mistress Finch's house in St. Thomas street—sharp!"

As the man departed on his errand the earl laid down his majesty's letter.

"Hang the fellow," he said, "if they want it; the blame, if any, will be theirs. But, in the name of heaven, colonel, don't fail in lending me this thousand men! 'Twill finish the war out of hand."

"I'll do it," answered the colonel slowly.

"And I'll remember it," said the earl. "To-morrow, at 6 o'clock, I set out."

The two men shook hands on their bargain and left the room, shutting the door after them.

I crept forth from behind the screen, my heart thumping on my ribs. Thus far it had been all fear and trembling with me, but now this was changed to a kind of panting joy. 'Twas not that I had spied the prison keys hanging near the fireplace, nor that behind the screen lay a heap of the colonel's riding boots, whereof a pair, ready spurred, fitted me choicely well; but that my ears tingled with news that turned my escape to a matter of public welfare, and also that the way to escape lay planned in my head.

Shod in the colonel's boots I advanced again to the table. With sealing wax and the governor's seal, that lay handy, I closed up the king's letter and, sticking it in my breast, caught down the bunch of keys and made for the door.

The hall was void. I snatched down a cloak and heavy broad brimmed hat from one of the pegs and, donning them, slipped back the bolts of the heavy door. It opened without noise. Then, with a last hitch of the cloak, to bring it well about me, I stepped forth into the night, shutting the door quietly on my heels.

My feet were on the pavement of the inner ward. Above, one star only broke the blackness of the night. Across the court was a sentry tramping. As I walked boldly up he stopped short by the gate between the wards and regarded me.

Now was my danger. I knew not the right key for the wicket, and if I fumbled the fellow would detect me for certain. I chose one and drew nearer; the fellow looked, saluted, stepped to the wicket and opened it himself.

"Good night, colonel!"

I did not trust myself to answer, but passed rapidly through to the outer ward. Here, to my joy, in the arched passage of the barbican gate, was the carriage waiting, the porter standing beside the door; and here also, to my dismay, was a torch alight, and under it half a dozen soldiers chatting. A whisper passed on my approach—"The colonel"—and they hurried into the guard room.

"Good evening, colonel!" The porter bowed low, holding the door wide.

I passed him rapidly, climbed into the shadow of the coach and drew a long breath.

Then ensued a hateful pause, as the gates were unbarred. I gripped my knees for impatience.

The driver spoke a word to the porter, who came round to the coach door again.

"To Mistress Finch's, is it not?"

"Ay," I muttered; "and quickly."

The coachman touched up his pair. The wheels moved; went quicker. We are outside the castle.

With what relief I leaned back as the castle gates closed behind us! And with what impatience at our slow pace I sat upright again next minute! The wheels rumbled over the bridge, and immediately we were rolling easily down hill through a street of some importance; but by this time the shutters were up along the shop fronts and very few people abroad. At the bottom we turned sharp to the left along a broader thoroughfare, and then suddenly drew up.

"Are we come?" I wondered. But no, 'twas the city gate, and here we had to wait for three minutes at least till the sentries recognized the colonel's coach and opened the doors to us. They stood on this side and that, presenting arms as we rattled through; and next moment I was crossing a broad bridge, with the dark Avon on either side of me and the vessels thick thereon, their lanterns casting long lines of yellow on the jetty water, their masts and cordage looming up against the dull glare of the city.

Soon we were between lines of building once more—shops, private dwellings and warehouses intermixed; then passed a tall church, and in about two minutes more drew up again. I looked out.

Facing me was a narrow gateway landing to a house that stood somewhat back from the street, as if slipping away from between the lines of shops that wedged it on either hand. Over the grill a link was burning. I stepped from the coach, opened the gate, and, crossing the small court, rang at the house bell.

At first there was no answer. I rang again, and now had the satisfaction to hear a light footfall coming. A bolt was pulled and a girl appeared holding a candle high in her hand. Quick as thought I stepped past her into the passage.

"Delia!"

"Jack!"

"Hist! Close the door. Where is Mistress Finch?"

"Up stairs, expecting Col. Essex. Oh, the happy day! Come." She led me into a narrow back room, and, setting down the light, regarded me. "Jack, my eyes are red for thee!"

"I see they are. To-morrow I was to be hanged."

She put her hands together, catching her breath; and very lovely I thought her, in her straight gray gown and Puritan cap.

"They have been questioning me. Didst get my letter?"

The answer was on my lip when there came a sound that made us both start.

'Twas the dull echoing of a gun firing, up at the castle.

"Delia, what lies at the back here?"

"A garden and a garden door; after these a lane leading to Redcliff street."

"I must go, this moment."

"And I?"

She did not wait my answer, but, running out into the passage, she came swiftly back with a heavy key. I opened the window.

"Delia! De-lia!" 'Twas a woman's voice calling her, at the head of the stairs.

"Ay, Mistress Finch."

"Who was at the door?"

I sprang into the garden and held forth a hand to Delia. "In one moment, mistress!" called she, and in one moment was hurrying with me across the dark garden beds. As she fitted her key to the garden gate I heard the voice again.

"De-lia!"

'Twas drowned in a wild rat-a-tat! on the street door and the shouts of many voices. We were close pressed.

"Now, Jack—to the right, for our lives! Ah, these clumsy skirts!"

We turned into the lane and raced down it. For my part, I swore to drown myself in Avon rather than let those troopers retake me. I heard their outcries about the house behind us as we stumbled over the frozen rubbish heaps with which the lane was bestrewn.

"What's our direction?" panted I, catching Delia's hand to help her along.

"To the left now—for the river."

We struck into a narrow side street, and with that heard a watchman bawl:

"Past nine o' the night, an' a!"——

The shock of our collision sent him to finish his say in the gutter.

"Thieves!" he yelled.

But already we were twenty yards away, and now in a broader street, whereof one side was wholly lined with warehouses. And here, to our dismay, we heard shouts behind, and the noise of feet running.

About half way down the street I spied a gateway standing ajar, and pulled Delia aside into a courtyard littered with barrels and timbers, and across it to a black, empty barn of a place, where a flight of wooden steps glimmered, that led to an upper story. We climbed these stairs at a run.

"Faugh! What a vile smell!"

The loft was piled high with great bales of wool, as I found by the touch, and their odor enough to satisfy an army. Nevertheless I was groping about for a place to hide when Delia touched me on the arm and pointed.

Looking, I descried in the gloom a tall quadrilateral of purple, not five steps away, with a speck of light shining near the top of it, and three dark streaks running down the middle, whereof one was much thicker than the rest. 'Twas an open doorway; the speck, a star framed within it; the broad streak, a ship's mast reaching up; and the lesser ones two ends of a rope, working over a pulley above my head, and used for lowering the bales of wool on shipboard.

Advancing, I stood on the sill and looked down. On the black water, twenty feet below, lay a three masted trader, close against the warehouse. My toes stuck out over her deck, almost.

At first glance I could see no sign of life on board, but presently was aware of a dark figure leaning over the bulwarks, near the bows. He was quite motionless. His back was towards us, blotted against the black shadow; and the man engaged only, it seemed, in watching the bright splash of light flung by the ship's lantern on the water beneath him.

I resolved to throw myself on the mercy of this silent figure, and put out a hand to test the rope. One end of it was fixed to a bale of wool that lay, as it had been lowered, on the deck. Flinging myself on the other, I found it sink gently from the pulley, as the weight below moved slowly upwards; and sinking with it, I held on till my feet touched the deck.

Still the figure in the bows was motionless.

I paid out my end of the rope softly, lowering back the bale of wool; and, as soon as it rested again on deck, signaled to Delia to let herself down.

She did so. As she alighted, and stood beside me, our hands bungled. The rope slipped up quickly, letting down the bale with a run.

We caught at the rope, and stopped it just in time; but the pulley above creaked vociferously. I turned my head.

The man in the bows had not moved.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One of the Richest Sovereigns.

The little princess of the Netherlands, when she becomes queen of Holland, will be one of the richest sovereigns, if not the richest sovereign, in Europe. The civil list of Holland, which is secured on the revenues of Borneo, is very large—£3,000,000 per annum, it is said. The duchy of Luxembourg passes to the grand duke of Nassau, and then becomes a portion of the German empire, but the kingdom of Holland, not coming under the operations of the Salic law, descends to the king's little daughter. She is a bright, intelligent, clever child, with a good deal of character and determination. The marriage of the king and queen, despite the disparity of age, has been a very happy one.—London World.

Commenting on the postponement of the lottery case the New York *World* says:

The Supreme Court has postponed the hearing until autumn in order that the case may be determined by a full Bench, but the briefs are in, and a careful reading of them is not very reassuring to those who desire to see some effective restraint placed upon this legalized gambling. The argument of the Lottery lawyers upon the constitutional questions involved is very strong; that of Assistant Attorney-General Maury for the Government seems much weaker than a really capable Attorney-General would have made it. If the law lies with the right in the case we must depend upon the Court to discover the fact without much help from the Attorney-General's office as at present manned.

This is scarcely just to the Attorney-General's Office. Mr. Maury has made the best case that was possible for the Government in this controversy, and has, presumably, acted in full harmony with Attorney-General Miller, who has been prevented by illness from preparing the brief in person. The trouble is that the Government has not much of a case on the face of the papers. The measure which the Louisiana Lottery Company challenges before the Supreme Court can be defended only on the ground of moral expediency. Undoubtedly it is, as an abstract proposition, an invasion of the liberty of the press and an infringement of personal rights. Theoretically, if Congress may deny the use of the mails to newspapers containing lottery advertisements, it may with equal propriety take similar action in the case of liquor advertisements, playing-card advertisements, bucket-shop advertisements or any other which the party in the majority at the moment may choose to regard as immoral and pernicious. There is, indeed, no end to the mischief and oppression to which such a principle, once established, may not lead. It is but natural, therefore that the Constitution should repudiate it in a general way, and that it should be destitute of support in precedent. We can readily see that the Attorney-General's office may have found it impossible to defend the law on any but moral, and to a certain extent, sentimental grounds. As we see it, the question is not whether the Government can find any defense in laws already existent, but whether the Supreme Court will, in view of the gravity of the case, originate a law to fit this particular emergency. The strictures on Mr. Maury strike us as unjust. He has no case and he virtually confesses as much. What his brief means is that the Supreme Court should make a case for him.—*Washington* (D. C.) *Critic-Record.*

The New York *World* comments on the above as follows:

Why did not the Attorney-General then discover the limitations of power and see that the bill was so framed as to be constitutional? The *World* urgently pointed out the necessity for such caution at the time, and the reply uniformly was that the Attorney-General's office had thoroughly considered that matter. How comes it, then, that the moment the law is questioned the best the Attorney-General can do is to confess that he has no case and pray the Court "to make a case for him?"

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Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

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A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.
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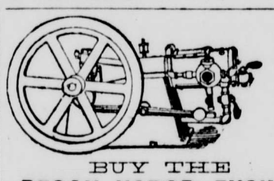

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BIG G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00. Manufd only by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Trade Mark.

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Will cut where any other Mower can.

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For Farmers! For Everybody!

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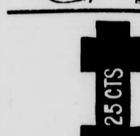

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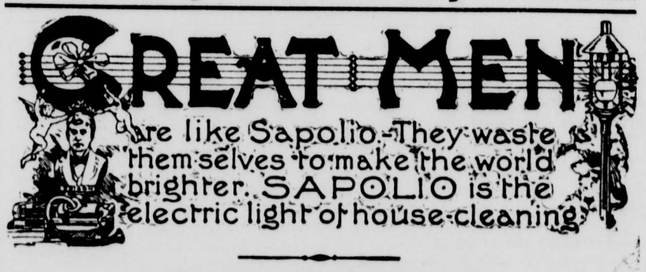

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1891.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

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ALL THE WAY BY WATER.

A Family Trip From New York to Florida.

SIX MONTHS ON A STEAM YACHT.

The Route They Will Take.—A Beautiful Resort.

There are at least four people in the city who can laugh at stern winter's fiercest onslaughts. Most likely some of you will say to yourselves, "There's nothing strange about that. These four persons have probably got good, warm overcoats or sacques, as the case may be; or may be they've got in an extra supply of coal." But the reason is they are not going to be in Buffalo or anywhere where winter can get at them.

The four persons referred to in the foregoing are Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Bradley and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jones, all of this city. For some months past arrangements and preparations have been making by this party for a proposed six months' pleasure trip aboard a steam yacht. The arrangements and preparations have now reached a stage of comparative completion. The yacht, a pretty little craft 55 by 9 feet, lies in the Coit slip near the foot of Erie street, ready to start on her long voyage to Florida and back.

Mr. Jones was seen last week by an Express reporter, who questioned him in regard to the proposed trip.

"Do you expect to go all the way by water?" he was asked.

"Yes, that's what we expect," answered he.

"How will you do it—what route will you take?"

"Well, here, I've just received this sort of guide as to how to get there by water. We did intend to go to Philadelphia after arriving at New York by way of Erie canal and Hudson river, and have the yacht shipped from New York to us; but we've changed our plans, as you'll see by reading this over. We've decided to take this as our route. These directions were sent to us by a friend of Mr. Bradley's, Mr. John Carey, of Rochester, who is going in company with us, but with another party—about four, I think. He and his party will have a yacht of their own, but the two yachts will cruise together."

Here is the route: From Buffalo to Albany through the Erie canal, down the Hudson to New York, through the Kill von Kull to the Raritan river, up the Raritan to the Delaware canal, down the canal to Philadelphia. After stopping at Philadelphia for a day or two the voyage will be resumed down the Delaware river to Chesapeake bay, down Chesapeake bay to Hampton roads and James river, across James river and up the Elizabeth river to Norfolk, Va. Another short stop will be made here before continuing up the Elizabeth river and through the Dismal Swamp canal to the Pasquotank river at Elizabeth City, N. C. From Elizabeth City they will pass down the Pasquotank to the Albemarle sound, across the sound to Croatan sound, through Croatan sound to Roanoke marshes, from Roanoke marshes down Pamlico sound to Juniper bay, across Juniper bay to the Pamlico sound again, down the sound, passing Brant island, to the mouth of Club Foot creek, up Club Foot creek to Club Foot canal, to Harlem creek, to Newport, to Beaufort, N. C., down Bogue sound to Bogue sound inlet, to Bear inlet at Swansborough, N. C. From here they go outside on the Atlantic and follow the coast of North Carolina, South Carolina and Florida down, going inland and coming out again at intervals until they come to St. Augustine, Fla. Here they will stop a week or so, taking in all the points of interest there. From St. Augustine they go down through Matanzas river eighteen miles to Matanzas inlet, then out on the Atlantic again and down forty-five miles to Mosquito inlet, through Mosquito lagoon to Indian river, down the Indian river 150 miles to Jupiter inlet, through the inlet to the Atlantic again, down the Atlantic to Lake Worth inlet, then south twenty miles on Lake Worth.

This is as far south as the voyagers will go. They calculate that they will reach there in about thirty days. This may seem something like pretty fast time, but Mr. Bradley claims that the yacht which he has engaged (the Sassacus) has a speed of about fourteen miles an hour.

The party expect to spend about three or four months in Florida fishing, hunting and having a general good time. Among the places of interest they will visit is the Silver Springs. Mr. Bradley, who has made a number of such trips as this, says that the water of the springs is so clear that you can see a pin through eighty-five feet of it. Said he: "I was down there one time and I had a nickel with a hole in it with me. Of course I couldn't squander it in any way, so, just for fun, I dropped it out of the boat. You could see it sink rather slowly to the bottom, and there it was on the bottom as plain as day to be seen—hole and all."—Buffalo Express.

Temperature of Living Rooms.

There is a change of late years in the winter heat of American homes. With almost universal substitution of better forms of heaters for old time stoves, and better understanding of ordinary health law by the people, has come a cooling down of the suffocating temperature that made our homes dry forcing houses and sent our people out into wintry cold about as well fitted to face it as if they were naked. Except in rooms where sick are or aged persons, mercury should never rise above 70 degs., nor fall below 65 degs. A narrow range truly, but within such strict limits lies the zone of health.

Foreigners coming here in cold weather used to find our houses insupportably hot, and more than one visiting medical man has said to me: "Now I see one of the causes at work to produce American nervousness."—Dr. Hutchinson in American Magazine.

TO HAVE A "HEALTHERIES."

A Company Formed in New York to Look After the Food Offered for Sale.

New York is to have a "healtheries." It is to be modeled after the London healtheries, and is to exercise just about the same general influence, its projectors say, over the public health. When it is in good working order it will keep New York informed concerning what it ought to eat, if it has any partiality for pure food. It is already incorporated, and offices have been selected near the Fifth Avenue hotel.

The scheme is an outcome of the food exhibition at the Lenox Lyceum. In fact, the company is headed by the same gentlemen who made that enterprise so glorious a success as the greatest free luncheon the world has ever seen. That energetic fair promoter and manager, A. B. De Frece, is the president and general manager, G. F. Bussing is treasurer and business manager, and Edward Ralph is the secretary. The prospectus of the company promises a lot of good things, Mr. De Frece particularly being emphatic in his declarations of the immense benefits the public is to derive from it.

The American Healtheries company intend as the chief end of its existence to establish and maintain just such exhibitions on this side of the ocean as have proved such great successes in England. It intends, its circulars say, to "illustrate and explain, both by practical exposition and publication, all manner of food and drink, as well as generally investigating all such appliances and methods as may be in the line of health and comfort. By exact chemical and microscopical analysis the company will ascertain and make public the true condition of the food and drink offered to the public, and will inform the individual consumer upon application of any information in this particular he may desire."

It is expected by the incorporators of the company that they will not have to charge for the information they have occasion to give out. The food exhibition gave a net profit of $10,000, and this company believes that it can do quite as well as this, if not better, with its annual exhibitions. Thus the expenses of the venture will be paid, the surplus being devoted to the erection of a building that may be used as the permanent home of the company.

Besides the board of management, whose members have been already mentioned, there will be a board of chemists, composed of three of the most widely known chemists of this city. All analyses will be made by them, and the reports of the company will be signed by them. In this way the corporation will act as a sort of supplemental board of health, the chief advantage of it being that it will devote all of its time and energy in a single direction.

In addition to all of these good things this company will publish either a weekly or monthly periodical, in which will be given announcements of the new food in the market, with carefully prepared analyses of their composition, and warnings or advice to the public. The income of the "Healtheries," after its expenses have been paid, its building fund given a certain percentage and so on, will be distributed to some worthy charity.

Thus, say the gentlemen at the head of the enterprise, the "Healtheries" will be in every sense a beneficent institution, inasmuch as it is an assurance to the public that its health is being looked after, so far as food is concerned, but it will act also as a dispenser of charity.—New York Herald.

A Safety Lamp for Mines.

A new safety lamp for mines—a rectangular box of ebonite containing accumulators of the Pollak system, and resting on a metal plate—is described in a London journal, with the statement that, with the mode experimented with and weighing some 1,800 grams, a perfectly constant light of 0.7 to 0.8 candle power was given forth for twelve hours. In this device an ebonite lid serves as support for a glow lamp inclosed in a cylinder of thick glass, the whole covered with a metal top fixed closely by means of pins, the junction being made hermetic by a leaf of soft caoutchouc introduced between the top and the box.

Into the lid are inserted rods of an inoxidizable metal, which pass through it, and support at their bases contacts of platinum, these meeting the platinum contacts of the accumulators, and having at their summits springs, one of which is in metallic connection with a foot of the lamp; the other foot of the lamp is insulated and can be brought in contact with a pole of the accumulator by means of a needle introduced into a horizontal channel made in the lid.

As the contacts are in the interior of the box and the lid, neither the opening nor the closing of the current can cause an explosion, hence the lamp can be either ignited or extinguished in an inflammable atmosphere. Again, the advantage presents itself that, if the system or arrangement is dismounted, or if the glass globe of the glow lamp is broken, the lamp is extinguished.

How Romans Made Their Wills.

In Rome wills were unknown before the enaction of the laws of the twelve tables, and subsequently no one but a Roman citizen was competent to make a will, or witness it, or inherit under it. Sometimes the Roman testator wrote the whole of his will with his own hand, and it was then called "holographum," but generally a lawyer was employed to draw it up. Whoever wrote another's will, whether he were lawyer or not, was forbidden to write down any legacy for himself, and the entire instrument was only legal if written in Latin. A bequest conveyed in Greek, for instance, would be invalid. A Roman might disinherit any or all of his children and appoint whomsoever he pleased to be his heir.—All the Year Round.

Often the Case.

She—Did you succeed in mastering French while abroad?

He—Nearly. I did not succeed in making the Frenchmen comprehend me, nor could I make out what they were driving at, but I got so that I could understand myself when I talked French.—Exchange.

Fresh Light on Ancient History.

"Mine," said the gardener, "is the most ancient of callings. Adam, you know, was the first gardener."

"An' bedad, moine's jist about as ould," added the lady who presided over a street fruit stand. "Wasn't Eve the first apple woman, eh?"—Life.

Quite Seemly.

Jennie—Just think of it! They're building a natatorium alongside of our church.

Jack—Nothing could be more proper.

Jennie—How so?

Jack—Cleanliness should be next to godliness.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Disagreeable moisture of the hands may be overcome by rubbing the hands several times a day with the following mixture: Tincture of belladonna, half an ounce; eau de cologne, four ounces.

PIANO HAND ORGANS.

How the Popular Instruments are Made.

DELICATE PIECES OF MECHANISM.

Retuned Every two Weeks.—Talk With a Manufacturer.

Their musical merits aside, the mechanical pianos trundled about the streets by the re-established peripatetic performers are remarkable affairs. The principle on which they are made is, of course, well known. They are enlarged music boxes, the hammers that strike the wires being set in action by coming in contact with minute pegs set in a cylinder that extends the whole length of the frame, or, popularly, the key board. In the largest of these pianos the cylinder is pegged to play ten tunes, and it takes one complete revolution of the cylinder to finish one tune. After that the performer may continue to grind out the same tune again, or by moving a lever push the cylinder forward by as much as the width of one peg, and so bring out a different piece.

These pegs are not nearly as broad as a pin head, and the fact that, unpleasant as the machines are to a trained ear, they rarely if ever strike false notes, is evidence of the care and nicety employed in their construction. For, in a machine pegged for ten tunes, the cylinder is simply black with the pegs, and the slightest inaccuracy in placing them would bring out a wrong note somewhere.

The relation of the pegs to the hammers may be understood if one plays his two hands side by side upon the table, palms down. The fingers and thumb may represent the pegs, each peg playing its part in the different tunes. The space between the levers which one peg lifts is just wide enough to pass nine other pegs. It happens, of course, that the same note does not occur in every one of the ten tunes; in that case no peg would be driven in in the line of ten when it came to setting the cylinder for this especial piece.

A manufacturer in Elizabeth street makes most if not all of the mechanical pianos heard on the streets in this neighborhood. He makes everything in his own establishment.

"There," said he, pointing to a pile of lumber, "are well seasoned boards that are being kept for working into frames and other parts of the piano. There is the machine for making the wires. And all through the house are materials for the various parts of the instruments and the tools for putting them into shape. Now, the piano that was played in front of The Sun office immediately after the aldermen rescinded their order forbidding street music was one of the best we ever made. If kept within doors and played moderately, like a house, piano it would remain in good tune for many weeks; in fact, as long as the swell instruments. Played out of doors, it gets out of tune more quickly. The exposure to the weather and the rumbling over rough pavements, as well as constant playing, brings this about. The men who have pianos in use bring them in here on an average of once in two weeks to get them retuned. Of course, another influence to put them out of tune is the extreme force with which the wires are struck."

"How is music adjusted to the cylinder?"

"It requires not only a musician but a man who understands the mechanism of the machine to do this. The first thing after selecting the composition is to buy the piano score. Then the musician takes a sheet of paper just large enough to cover the cylinder entirely and writes the piece upon it in dots. The dots correspond to the pegs. The musician, of course, knows the mechanism, so that he can tell where to place a dot to bring out the corresponding tone. When he has marked the paper over, a mechanic uses it for a chart, and drives pegs into the cylinder exactly on the spots indicated by the dots. But the musician's part is by no means limited to a mere transfer of the composition from one style of notation, as it were, to another. If that were done the effect would be feeble and utterly uninteresting. The mechanical piano has its own characteristics, and the musician must understand them so that he can double notes in a chord, and even quadruple them, in order to make the sound tell in the open air. As a matter of fact, a piece played on a mechanical piano is substantially the same as if it were arranged for eight hands on two pianos.—New York Sun.

How an Oregon Horse Prayed.

Recently, as a train load of circus was coming into town over the West Side road, a short distance south of town a car containing some of the elephants was derailed. No damage was done, but two of the elephants were obliged to walk into the city. They were very indignant, either at being thrown off the track or at having to walk, and as they passed South Portland they were waving their trunks wildly, while their drivers were what an old bull whacker called "socking the gad to them," and, as he swore, driving six inches through their hide at every blow, a horse hitched by the side of the street through which the elephants passed was so scared that he sat down on his haunches and folded his fore feet across his breast in an attitude of prayer, and sat and trembled till the horrid monsters were out of sight.—Portland Oregonian.

Thirty-five Million Visitors.

The Paris exposition, nearly every one knows, is drawing a greater crowd than our own, but scarcely any one realizes how much greater. The centennial had 9,857,625 visitors; the Paris exposition is in a fair way to have 35,000,000, and has had 32,000,000, and it has 100,000 exhibitors against 60,000 here. The Philadelphia exposition, to the surprise of every one, equaled the figures in Paris in 1867. The next American exposition ought to equal the visitors of the Paris exposition of 1889.—Philadelphia Press.

A PIN.

Oh, I know a certain woman who is reckoned
with the good,
But she fills me with more terror than a raging
lion would.
The little chills run up and down my spine when-
e'er we meet,
Though she seems a gentle creature and she's
very trim and neat.

And she has a thousand virtues and not one acknowledged sin,
But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin.
And she pricks you, and she sticks you, in a way
that can't be said—
When you seek for what has hurt you, why, you
cannot find the head.

But see fills you with discomfort and exasperating pain—
If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain.
A pin is such a tiny thing—of that there is no
doubt—
Yet, when it's sticking in your flesh, you're
wretched till it's out!

She is wonderfully observing—when she meets a
pretty girl
She is always sure to tell her if her "bang" is out
of curl.
And she is so sympathetic: to her friend, who's
much admired,
She is often heard remarking, "Dear, you look so
worn and tired!"

And she is a careful critic, for on yesterday she
eyed
The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural pride,
And she said, "Oh, how becoming;" and then
softly added, "it
Is really a misfortune that the basque is such a
fit."

Then she said, "If you had heard me yestereve,
I'm sure, my friend,
You would say I am a champion who knows how
to defend."
And she left me with the feeling—most unpleasant, I aver—
That the whole world would despise me if it had
not been for her.

Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless
way
She gives me the impression I am at my worst
that day.
And the hat that was imported (and that cost me
half a sonnet)
With just once glance from her round eyes becomes a Bowery bonnet.

She is always bright and smiling, sharp and shining for a thrust—
Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does
she gather rust.
Oh! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind
would begin
To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this
pin.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in The Century.

What He Had in His Basket.

He was one of those long, thin, dried up fellows, with a parchment skin and sharp eyes, and a sharp nose, who are always prying into things. It was on the Sausalito boat, and a fellow came on board with a basket and sat down near him. There was something very important in the basket, for the fellow kept peering in all the time and looking to see if the lid was securely fastened. The sharp nosed man began to feel an interest, and his curiosity kept rising higher and higher, until when the fellow had peeped into the basket for the fiftieth time he couldn't stand it any longer.

"I beg your pardon, but you're so interested in that basket you really excite me. What have you got in it?"

The fellow looked at him a moment.

"I'll tell you, certainly. You won't give it away?"

"I give you my word."

"Well, it's a mongaroo."

"A mongaroo! And what is a mongaroo?"

"You don't know what a mongaroo is? A mongaroo is an animal found in Africa that lives entirely on snakes."

"And how are you going to get snakes for it to eat?"

"Oh, you see I'm taking it to my brother. He's a confirmed drinker, and"——

"But I don't see"——

"Well, he's always seeing snakes and I'm going to"——

"But how can this animal live on imaginary snakes?"

"Oh, this is an imaginary mongaroo."

Then the sharp nosed man went into the cabin and sat down opposite a girl who is supposed to be in Sausalito for change of air, but comes over here four days out of the week.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Power of Imagination.

A lawyer driving along a country road asked a woman who was walking in the same direction which way he had to turn to reach B——. The woman gave him directions and added that she was going in that direction and would point out the way. "All right, good woman," said the lawyer, "jump up; better bad company than none." After jogging some miles further the woman descended and thanked him for the drive. "Have I much further to go ere I reach the B—— road?" asked the limb of the law. "Oh, you passed it some two or three miles back," was the answer, "but as I thought bad company better than none I brought you on."—Unidentified.

"Tip 'Em a Little Latin."

"Yes," said Mr. Mally sadly, "I lost my case—lost it by the injudicious language of my lawyer, Mr. Lally."

"Why, how was that, Mr. Mally?"

"Why, when my lawyer was closing his argument he thought to make a good point by saying: 'Let justice be done though the heavens fall.'"

"I shouldn't think that would have injured your case."

"It did, for the lawyer on the other side in closing said: 'Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.' That settled the business with the jury, and I had to pay damages."—Boston Courier.

A New Livery.

"What does this rig mean, Sambo?"

"Well, massa, I heard so much 'bout servants wearin' ribbery that I jis done bought one at a second hand store. How yo' like 'em?"—Texas Siftings.

A Condensed Novel.

Twenty beaux in fine clothes
Wooed Miss de la Manches.
Her old dad ducats had—
Stocks, mines, railroads, ranches.

One fine day passed away
All De Manches' rhino;
Not a beau came, ah no,
Save Paul Pencil Shino.

Reportaire—inky hair—
Was this constant lover.
Manches' gold once more rolled.
Paul now munches clover.

—New York Journal.

FRESH MUMMIES FOR ALL.

Bill Nye Regrets the Decadence of Old Relics.

THE MUMMY MINES OF EGYPT EXHAUSTED

Those of American Manufacture not up to the Standard.

Among the many letters of inquiry received during the past week is the following: "Last year I made a trip abroad, and among other trophies of my visit to the Old World I secured a fine specimen of a mummy, for which I paid seventy-five scudi. While showing it to a friend last week I discovered that the air of Illinois is detrimental to it and that disintegration is taking place. Can you tell me what is the cause and what I had better do in order to preserve the specimen intact?"

You have no doubt paid at least seventy-four scudi too much for your mummy, as mummies go. Nothing is more disheartening than the discovery that one's mummy is not standing our harsh American climate. But the chances are that you have the modern style of mummy, made especially for Americans by the trade. He is not an antique, and before August you will have to decide whether to cast him aside or let him run the house. The genuine mummy has been ground up for fertilizing purposes during the past twenty years to such an extent that we are running short, and spurious mummies made of coarse people who have died recently are flooding the market. A friend of mine purchased a varnished king, supposed to be over 2,000 years old, for which he gave 150 scudi and a silk umbrella. In May of last year he began to assert himself—the king did—and to enter more and more into the home life of his owner till it was decided to have a coat of shellac put on him. A house, sign and carriage painter came up to the house, and while refitting and refurnishing the royal relics discovered on the forearm a dark blue Goddess of Liberty in India ink and the legend, "Richard Maginnis, Valparaiso, Ind., 1853." A mummy that has to be kept in the refrigerator is a bitter, bitter disappointment, and no doubt yours is of that class. The modern methods of preserving people do not in all cases prove satisfactory, and I do not know of anything more pitiful or more humiliating than while explaining your mummy to a coterie of friends in the library to have him explode on your hands and reveal his true identity. Should disintegration continue in the case of your own mummy, a private funeral is the best thing I could suggest. Let it be a plain affair, opening with a select reading or recitation, followed by a vocal solo and a set-to between some good artist and the piano. You could charge a small admission fee, perhaps, which would go toward defraying expenses, and close with a parade and torrent of grief at the grave.

The wanton destruction of mummies and their wholesale importation to this country where they have been ground up and used as fertilizers, is going to make good mummies scarce and high. When a nation becomes so haughty and exacting that it demands rhubarb pies, stimulated by the gentleman who furnished corn to Joseph during the dry spell, and expects to promote its asparagus by means of dead monarchs and the dust of heirs presumptuous to the throne of Egypt, you can safely predict that mummies will be mummies before snow flies again. You can't eat your cake and keep it, too. Neither can you turn out a mummy in Connecticut in two days which will take the place of the real thing. A judge of those things will tell you at once that the bouquet is different. There is not the same nut brown flavor and odor of poorly ventilated lineage about the Connecticut made mummy that there is about the Egyptian job. The Egyptians had a way of curing their people a good deal the same as our physicians have now, viz.: by filling them with high priced drugs. Our physicians, however, begin on a man before he dies, while the Egyptians, instead of printing bulletins about this people, showing what their respiration and temperature were, and a large amount of sick room gossip, which a man hates to read after he has recovered, just waited around until the gentleman had been permitted to die quietly in his own way, surrounded by his family, and then they came in and cured him, so that on the morning of the resurrection a tooth brush and a Turkish bath would make him look like a new man.

A SPURIOUS MUMMY.

The American bison and the Egyptian mummy are fading away. The day will soon come when those who have slaughtered whole herds of buffalo for their tongues and fertilized their timothy sod with the dust of dynasties will go hungry. We may think that an Egyptian cemetery has no bottom to it and that a true fissure vein of these people is practically inexhaustible, but some day the foreman working on the lower level will come to the surface and state in hoarse accents that the pay streak has pinched out. The difference between a gas well, for instance, and a deposit of emperors, is that the latter is not self-sustaining. A gas well may continue to give down or give up, as the case may be, for hundreds of years, but you cannot dig up kings and queens forever. Some day you are certain to dig below their set and strike another strata of society.

Embalming is a process worthy of the dark ages. It is expensive, foolish, useless and highly injurious to the complexion. I am bitterly opposed to it. My own notion about it is that the man who embalms me will have to climb over my dead body to do so.—Bill Nye in New York World.

Concerning Our Naturalization Law.

"I have had a vote for a great many years," said an up town barber the other day, "and I did not discover it until it was too late to register. The facts ought to be made known. My father was a naturalized citizen. He was born in Germany. I was born there also, though I have lived here a great many years. It happened that I was under 18 years old when my father took out his naturalization papers, and that gave me a right to vote, though I have never known it. It seems that when a father takes out his papers it not only gives him a vote, but entitles all of his sons under the age of 18 at that time to the duties and rights of citizenship, even if they are born out of this country. They must, however, be in the United States before they are 18 years of age."—New York Sun.

For the best results there needs be the longest waiting. The true harvest is the longest in being reached. The failures come first, the success last. The unsatisfactory is generally soonest seen.—Current Literature.

The Women of Japan.

The better class of Japanese women are by no means uneducated. They receive, I am told, a better training than the women of any other Oriental nation, and they are better treated than those of any other Asiatic nation. The Japanese girl can, as a rule, read and write Japanese. She learns all about household matters, and she takes the whole charge of the household. This is her sphere, and she is known as the honorable mistress of the household. Her husband has no right to be meddling with the cooking stove. She pays the servants and the market bills. In the case of the poorer merchants she often acts as one of the clerks in the stores and takes the place of the husband when he is not present. In the country you will find her often working in the fields, and at Nikko I saw great numbers of women who acted as the leaders of pack horses carrying copper and goods up and down the mountains. Still, I think the women here have an easier time than those of the lower classes of Germany or Holland, and you see fewer labor hardened faces among the other sex here than you do in many of the countries of Europe.

The wife is, however, after all but little better than the servant of the husband, and the ties of marriage and divorce are here so loose that he can dispense with her at pleasure. Marriage in Japan is not attended with the solemnity and religious ceremony of the American wedding. It is a civil contract, and the negotiations for it go on, as a rule, through the parents. The young man and woman have no preliminary courtship, and the seeing one another for one or two times is the only chance they have of deciding whether there is any compatibility of temperament.—Frank G. Carpenter.

Thought It Was the Tariff.

Old Uncle Peter Simonson was, in his day, one of the richest of ante-bellum planters. He owned and worked more than 300 slaves, and nearly all of the river bottom lands along the Ocmulgee river between Hawkinsville and Macon, Ga., were tended by his men.

He was quite a sportsman and spent the greater portion of his time hunting about his plantations or fishing up and down the river. He had been born and raised of poor parents right upon the Indian frontier, when the Creeks held the greater portion of Georgia, and had lived there all his life. He usually had a negro boy along with him when he hunted to carry home his game for him.

One day in the latter part of the year 1836, while hunting in the swamps about six miles below Macon, his attention was attracted by a singular noise. He hastened to the river bank, when something, the like of which he had never seen in his life, came slowly around the bend below him with fire and smoke and much puffing. He lumped for his gun and climbed the nearest poplar tree.

"Skin up that ar tree, Sambo," old Peter yelled to the little darkies.

"All right, massa; what is it?"

"One of them ar tariffs I've hearn congress hev been threatening to send down to destroy our craps and eat us up, feathers en all." He sat upon a limb with his rifle in his hand until the "thing" went out of sight around the next point above him. It was the first steamboat that came up the Ocmulgee as far as Macon.—Detroit Free Press.

She Swallowed the Car Fare.

If there is any one thing that makes the horse car conductors mad it is the custom of some folks of using their mouths as purses for the car fares. It is a great nuisance in summer during travel on the open cars where the conductor has a full complement of passengers. A Lewiston conductor says that children are the worst. Some of them disgorge a handful of change, and he has to accept it. One day a very pretty young lady who was a guest in Auburn from a Massachusetts town, was coming down from the lake. She was one of a gay party of half a dozen, and they made merry on the down trip. When he was one seat from her in his tour of the car he looked over at her. She was so pretty he couldn't help it. Just as he looked he was pained to notice a fearful change in her countenance. Her cheek blanched and she seemed to choke. Her laugh died on her lips, too, and she joked no more. When he got along to the party the young lady's eyes were bedewed with tears. "I—I had some money"—— The conductor with infinite tact says that he just passed it along, saying: "I know all about it. You've swallered it. I see you do it." The young lady blushed and the car rattled along. A child with five coppers in its mouth is a fearful picture for the conductor, but what do you think of one with 24 cents in its cheeks? Better buy the youngsters 10 cent purses.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Steel Bead Ornaments.

As the swell girl goes down Broadway, fur trimmed and soft as to visible surface, a chink chink of metal is sometimes heard. That noise is made by the impact of her bead embroidered stockings. It is a new freak to have our hosiery heavily ornamented with steel beads on the ankles and calves. Now don't go to suggesting that we might wear circlets of something just above our hoofs like those put on horses to keep them from "interfering." We want to interfere with the heart of man. Many a time have you read in novels how the frou-frou of a dainty skirt or the swish of mysterious draperies have set a chap to fluttering sentimentally. Well do we know that nice little assaults on the masculine ear draw the masculine eye. Well, that is the principle of the clinking stockings. It is as yet a genteel device. Of course, it will be quickly vulgarized, as the metal heeled gaiters were, and there are women in New York naughty enough to put not only bells on their toes, but castinets on their ankles and cymbals on their knees, if thereby they could command attention.—Clara Belle.

Playing Cards.

The first pack of playing cards of which any copy is preserved was in use in Venice in 1125, and contained seventy-eight cards in all, twenty-two of which were picture cards of very quaint character. One picture card represented the devil, another death, a third the moon, a fourth the sun, while the fifth depicted the judgment day. The Venetians called it the game of tarots, and it was no doubt the original parent of the modern card pack, with its kings, queens, knaves, etc. The French developed the game greatly, and it became the standard pastime of all the royal courts of the Sixteenth century. Cards became so prominent a feature of social life in France that when the revolution came new card packs were devised in which kings and queens were done away with, philosophers and popular heroes and heroines taking their places.—Boston Globe.

IN MALE ATTIRE.

The Romance of an English Girl.

FOLLOWING A LOVER OVER THE OCEAN.

Beating the Railroad.—Arrested as a "Vag."

Judge Lawler glanced curiously at one of the defendants in the police court dock, and the latter shrank from his gaze. At first sight the prisoner appeared to be a pale lad who had suffered from hunger and neglect. After a closer scrutiny his honor inquired what charge was against the defendan.

"He is charged with vagrancy," replied Prosecuting Attorney Mott, who called Officer Adams to the stand.

The officer testified that the lad, who gave his name as Edward White, had been noticed roaming around the water front of late without visible means of subsistence. When questioned he could give no satisfactory reason for idling, and, finding him asleep in a lumber yard on Thursday night, Officer Adams had placed him under arrest.

"What have you to say in answer to this testimony?" asked the judge.

The lad nervously walked to the stand and asked if he could speak to the court privately. His honor said he need not be afraid to make any statement which might clear him of the charge made against him.

White leaned forward, and The Examiner reporter caught the words, "I am a woman."

During recess the girl consented to narrate why she was disguised in the hope that her object in life would be attained by this means.

"I am a native of Cornwall, England," she began, "and I was born in a little town called Redruth. I am 22 years old, and my real name is Mabel Tregenza. My father was at one time very poor; then he became suddenly rich by some of the tin mines in which he was interested cutting some rich lodes. Further speculation, however, reduced him to his former condition, and he died in poverty.

"When I was about 19 years old a party of Hungarian musicians came to my native town. The leader, whose name was Franz Helbing, was a handsome, dashing fellow, and soon half the girls in the town were infatuated with him. I was no stronger or wiser than the rest. First I admired him and then loved him.

"It was at this time that my father's luck was in the ascendant. I was then considered a pretty girl, for I had a luxuriant growth of hair, and my cheeks were as rosy as those of other girls born in that healthy part of the country. It isn't a difficult matter to get an introduction in the country if one is bent upon it, so it was not long before Franz and I were well enough acquainted to go walking together in the country lanes in the evenings, he adding another conquest to his list, and I hoping that his words were true.

"It was then summer time, when fetes caused the musicians to be in great demand, and for three months I was supremely happy. I knew, however, that it was hopeless to expect that my father would consent to my marrying a strolling player, as he was too puffed up with pride at that time in consequence of becoming wealthy so rapidly.

"Finally the musician left Redruth, and like many another foolish girl I was left lamenting. We corresponded surreptitiously, however, while he was in England, and at last he wrote me that he was going to America, and if he succeeded there he would send for me. I next heard from him in New York, but he did not like that city, and wrote me that he was going west, to see if he could make a fortune in the Montana silver mines. Then his letters ceased.

"My father's reverses came and his death followed. I was left to make my way in life as best I might. Something of the roving spirit of my absent lover seemed to possess me, and with the little money I had left I crossed the ocean. In New York I found it inconvenient to be a friendless woman, and, coming to the conclusion that I could take care of myself better by wearing men's clothes, I donned them, cut my hair and started out in search of Franz.

"My money did not suffice to purchase a through ticket to Montana, and I had no especial accomplishments by which I could earn money, so I determined to trust to fate.

"Half way across the continent my funds gave out, and I had to beat my way. Finding that my disguise was effectual, I felt no alarm, and in fact, the excitement and change proved a stimulus to me. I boarded the cars and tried my skill at beating the American railway system. It was difficult, but far from impossible. There were plenty of folks in the emigrant car who are always ready to assist or conceal an unfortunate fellow traveler, so I got all the food I needed.

"I succeeded in this way in reaching Butte City, M. T. I lost no time in making inquiries about Franz, who, I knew, had stayed at that camp. From acquaintances I made while working in a milling establishment there I found that on account of his musical talents he had been well known. I also learned that after making considerable money he had left there to go to San Francisco.

"What disheartened me most was hearing that he was accompanied by a dashing girl, who passed as his wife. I hated to believe it, but I determined that, no matter what might result, I would follow him to San Francisco, and, if I found him, to see whether he still loved me, or whether the stories told me were true.

"I came here and realized, in a short time, that my search was hopeless. I became despondent, and my health was affected by my feelings. So I have wandered around aimlessly until at last I was arrested and brought here. The judge thinks that the publication of my story will lead, if anything will, to my learning the whereabouts of Franz, if he is still living and wants to see me again. If I do not hear from him I don't care what becomes of me."

Later in the day Miss Tregenza was again seen by a reporter, but by that time she had discarded her masculine attire, having received pecuniary assistance from the judge and several other charitable persons who had heard her story.—San Francisco Examiner.

There are 3,500 watches made every day in the United States, and yet they are never a drug in the market. A watch has become as necessary as a pair of suspenders.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
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Ex-Vice President Hannibal Hamlin died at Bangor, Maine last, Sunday, aged 82 years. He was elected Vice President of the United States in 1860 and presided over the Senate during the war period, 1861—4. The deepest regret is felt throughout the Nation.

Among the many huge irrigation enterprises now projected in Southern California that of the Lake Elsinore reservoir company promises to be one of the most important. It is a bold scheme, involving eventually an immense expenditure of money, as it provides for the irrigation of hundreds of thousands of acres of land in San Diego, San Bernardino, Orange and Los Angeles Counties. It is proposed to convert Lake Elsinore into an immense storage reservoir, the largest in the world, having twice the capacity of the far-famed Australian reservoir. The lake has a watershed of about 1,000 square miles, exclusive of the Bear Valley irrigation system, which empties into the above watershed. Some of the leading capitalists of Southern California are interested in this mammoth project and they are sanguine of success.

Considering the amount of attention that is now being given the subject of irrigation, it is probable that the coming generation will regard the present time as the most active in the irrigation era in the West. The development of education in the matter of preserving water supplies and constructing artificial ways has reached near enough to perfection to enable our engineers and capitalists to plan and carry out enterprises which must be regarded with wonder and admiration. The benificient results of irrigation in localities where land would not have been accepted as a gift have rendered possible the conversion of every inch of desert into the best kind of farm and orchard land.

Such is the rapid growth of interest in the matter of irrigation that a convention will be held at Salt Lake City next September to discuss and adopt measures by which the arid lands in the Western states and territories may be reclaimed. Governor Thomas of Utah has called the convention and has requested the Governors of these states and territories to select delegates. Governor Markham has already forwarded his assurance that California will be well represented. The call states that the object of the convention is to consider matters referring to the "reclamation of the arid public lands of West, and to petition Congress to cede to each state and territory the arid lands within its borders for the purpose of reclamation, for the support of public schools and for such other purposes as the Legislatures of each state and territory may respectively determine."

The Itata is at anchor in San Diego bay. Captian Remy of the Charleston has turned his prize over to the Customs officers, and is now training for any other emergency by practising with his big guns upon a target on Coronado islands. This is a most satisfactory termination of the Charleston's first practical work. The Itata is returned to the jurisdiction of the United States courts from which it had been forcibly and illegally rescued. Those courts will be competent to decide all controversial points respecting the ownership of the vessel and the violation of neutrality law at San Diego. In this complex affair the government has acted with firmness, courage and diplomatic tact, and the affront to the American flag at San Diego has been redressed. The pursuit of the Itata on the high seas was a most unusual act, for which there are few precedents; but after accepting the Geneva award the United States was in a position to introduce a new rule of the high seas, if one were needed, for the maintenance and enforcement of neutral obligations. The main effect of the Itata controversy will be to enlarge the scope of that "due diligence" which has been established as the moral duty of a neutral maritime nation in time of war. If the pursuit of the Itata had involved a naval battle in Chilean waters serious complications wauld have arisen and the attention of foreign governments would have been diverted from the real points at issue. But the prompt and determined action of the United States in the affair has proved to the world that the American navy has become a solid supporter of the foreign policy of our government.

GRANDMOTHERS' DAYS.

In our grandmothers' days, when a cabin rude,
Unfinished and bare, held the little all
Of the pair who were building the household fire,
The light of it falling on window and wall,
Was there less of happiness then than now?

In our grandmothers' days, when the kettle swung
On the sooty crane in the chimney wide,
And the spitted fowl, that sputtered and sung,
Swung gently from side to side,
Was there less of happiness then than now?

In our grandmothers' days, when the broad stone hearth
Was the trysting place of the lovers dear,
And the high backed settle reflected the glow
Of the firelight on faces suggestively near,
Was there less of happiness then than now?

In our grandmothers' days, when the children came,
And the humble home was filled with glee,
As, clothed in their garb of homespun, they roamed
And frolicked like birds and butterflies free,
Was there less of happiness then than now?

In our grandmothers' days, when the cradle stood
In sound of the burring, whirring wheel,
And the baby crooned and clapped his hands
At each click of the swiftly revolving reel,
Was there less of happiness then than now?

In our grandmothers' days, when trouble came,
And sometimes even the wolf, to the door,
The home was their castle and love lent it grace,
And if oft times the battle of life was full sore,
Was there less of happiness then than now?

—Mrs. M. W. Blacker in Good Housekeeping.

WHO DID THE WOOING?

It somehow leaked out in the Big Creek section that Martha Ann Todd proposed to Jim Simpkins.

How the story got afloat no one exactly knew, for Martha certainly never told it herself, and as for James, he was never known in the whole course of his existence to have told anything. Anyhow, the report got afloat, and soon every one far and near was talking about it, and at every candy pull and "sugarin' off" some one was bound to bring up the subject, and then the question was asked, "Did Martha Ann really propose?"

The facts in the case were that Martha Ann and James were engaged. Both Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Simpkins had given this news to the world at Aunt Jane Wormley's meeting of the Big Creek Ladies' aid. It was further generally agreed that James never had spunk enough to speak for himself, so it really became an oppressive mystery to the good people of the section.

But all these wonderings and suppositions would have been cleared up had they been able to look into the generous heart of Martha Ann as she sat by the western window of the kitchen doing crochet work, and looking ever and anon over across the snow fields to the Simpkins farmhouse, behind which a sturdy figure could be seen lustily swinging an ax.

And this was James.

Martha Ann was as comely a girl as any in the district, and as Uncle Billy Nason, the master of the postoffice and village emporium, averred, "by far the likeliest."

Martha Ann was good to look at. She was not handsome. She was not pretty. Her eyes were neither bright black nor soft blue. Her hair had no poetic tendencies. Her figure was neither statuesque nor petite; nevertheless, Martha Ann was a mighty pleasant girl to see. She seemed to have a way of growing on one, for her voice was always musical, and her smile ever cheerful and encouraging.

She was now probably twenty-seven years of age—perhaps younger—it doesn't matter. She was a woman, healthy, energetic, a farmer's daughter who had worked all her life and was proud of it, who had twice taken first prize at the county fair for bread, and had won a medal at the same institution for a patchwork quilt. She had made all her own clothes since the day she was sixteen, and besides that she could play an organ all round the other girls.

That was a big day in the life of Martha Ann when her father came home with a six stop organ on the wood sleigh. Such a beauty as it was, too, with elegant bracket trimmings and a cute little rack on top for books and music. It wasn't five minutes after that organ struck the parlor before "Coronation" and "The Battle of Waterloo" were rolling through the house with so sublime and altogether magnificent a tone that Mother Todd dropped right down on the haircloth sofa, all in her old clothes, too, and cried, refusing to be comforted until Martha Ann played a few bars of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

But self confident as Martha Ann was, she had for five years now been floating on a sea of conjecture as to what Jim Simpkins really meant by coming over to the house and talking politics with her father, and "seeing" her home from church every Sunday night. She somehow could not locate James in her list of certainties.

For a long time Martha Ann seriously doubted whether he loved her or not, and it was not till she felt in her heart that she was all in all to him that she began to scheme how to make it easy for James to propose.

For months she labored over this problem. Every once and awhile of a Sunday evening, as they strolled home together by the creek, she would throw out a "feeler," but he never understood. During all this time she made herself as attractive as she knew how, and played her sweetest pieces on the organ, with no further result than getting him used to sitting on a haircloth chair without desiring to tip it back against the wall, as was his custom with the kitchen furniture.

Although all her schemes came to naught Martha Ann never lost heart. She was sure of one thing, and that was that James was dying to ask her, but couldn't. So she looked at it as perfectly proper that she should help him out.

The nearest he had ever come to saying something vital was on a day in the preceding fall when he had come over to help her pick some grafted apples. These apples were so large and precious that the greatest care had to be taken in gathering them. On this occasion James was up amid the branches of the tree on a stepladder, and Martha Ann stood on the ground, catching each apple, one by one, in her apron.

Whether looking up so continuously heightened her coloring or not, James thought she had never looked so beautiful and altogether womanly before, and he registered an oath in his heart, for he never swore, that, "So help him Uncle John Rogers, he would ask her the minute he got down." He even got quite brilliant up there on the ladder, and actually joked, while Martha Ann beamed one continuous smile.

Finally he gathered all the apples in his reach, and so had to come down to get a new position. But with each downward step, down went his courage, and it was only by a superhuman effort that he managed to say:

"You're lookin' purtier'n all git out, Martha Ann."

Martha Ann blushed crimson at so direct a compliment, for she felt that the hour had come.

"You're always a-flatterin' me, James," she said.

"Couldn't say too much for—you—know—you—know— Guess I'd better move the ladder ter the south side the tree, wouldn't you?"

Martha Ann could have cried then and there. James said no more, and the apple gathering went on in silence.

But now, at the time I am writing about, they were actually engaged, and the reader will probably come to the conclusion that Martha Ann must have proposed, just as the worthy gossips of the Big Creek section figured. The facts are as follows:

Martha Ann decided firmly on a climax. Either James or she must speak. If she could induce him to declare his love, all well and good; if not, she must draw him out. If he would not draw, she must tell him the old story herself. No strategist could have planned a finer campaign.

It was the evening of Easter Sunday. The day had been bright and sunny. The services at the church had been inspiring, and James had come home with her for supper.

After a meal which would have warmed the heart of a cynic, let alone a healthy farmer like our hero, all the folks retired to the parlor, where a rosy fire was glowing in the grate, the dry maple logs burning slowly but determinedly, and every coal which dropped holding its color for an hour.

The organ was opened, and first the pieces sung by the choir that day were played over, as Martha Ann said, "just ter hear how they sounded at home."

Father Todd sat near the hearth, one knee overlapping the other, his eyes looking clean up through the ceiling, past the bedroom on the second floor, past the stars in the keen spring sky, past the boundaries of space into that "beautiful land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign," which Martha Ann was singing about.

Mother Todd sat in her rocker near him, her arms folded on her motherly bosom, her round, fair, good old face beaming with perfect rest and peace.

James stood by the side of the singer and joined in the chorus now and then, for he had a robust bass voice, which "might'd amounted ter something," Martha Ann said, "had he only had the high trainin' of the choir."

And so the early evening passed, and pretty soon the old people went to sleep in a fitful way until the worthy sire "allowed it might do fer young folks to set up, but fer as he was concerned, guess he'd crawl off ter bed." He was soon followed by his faithful partner, and the field was ready for the action to begin.

Martha Ann concluded she would not sing any more, for her throat was getting choked up, and with the greatest sang froid drew the sofa up before the fire and sat down, leaving James to look out for himself.

This move put him in a bad fix. If he sat down anywhere in the room but in one place her back would be toward him. He hemmed a little and wandered aimlessly about, tried to get interested in a picture of Mrs. Todd's grandmother, and finally sat down on the organ stool.

Martha Ann paid no attention. She sat with her face in her hands looking in the fire, as if oblivious of his presence.

There was a silence of intense and painful presence in the room. Now and then a spark shot upward from the burning logs or a stick fell from the dogs into a heap of crimson coals.

James actually suffered. He had no more idea what to do under the circumstances than the traditional child unborn. But when the stillness began to actually ache, Martha Ann roused up, and turning to him said: "Why, James, don't set over there alone. Come and sit on the sofa here by me and watch the flickerin'. I jes' see the prettiest little home you ever heard tell of. Come and I'll tell you."

He blushed crimson at this. Was it possible? Was this really Martha Ann? Was he Jim Simpkins? "Come and set down right aside o' her and watch the flickerin'—well, I'll be etarnally!" was what instantly passed through his brain. And she had turned again to the fire.

He coughed a little, made as if to get up, but subsided. He turned all colors. And there sat Martha Ann looking so cozy.

A look of heroism came into his eyes. He arose, pulled down his trousers, and sat down again, got up once more, and the first thing he knew he was actually sitting on the same sofa with her, and she, never moving from her place near the middle, continued her weird stare into the fire.

"James," she said, "I never see such a buildin' of palaces and a makin' of stories as there is in the fire there tonight."

"Can't say as I see much, Martha Ann."

"Look there, right side the dog. Can't you see the little house there and the vines a-trailing up over the roof and the door wide open and the children a-playin' about, and the old well there—see it, James, bucket, beam, everything jes' as natural as life; and what's them bendin' over the well? They may be lovers, James, a-bendin' over the water jes' as we are over the fire."

"You got tarnal good eyes, Martha Ann, ter see all them things. P'raps I ain't no imagination, but I can't see nothing but some coals a-breathing sorter like as if they hated ter give in."

Martha Ann continued her rapt attention of the drama in the fire, and James began to get to home on the sofa.

By and by she lifted her hand and brushed back her hair, and then let it descend in a careless way till it fell on that of her companion.

"What a great, strong hand you have," she said slowly. "Do you know the marks in the hand? Let me show you. See this longest one curving around the thumb. That's for long life. You will live to be very old. And see this little one here, next it. That's for riches, and this one here—wonder what it's for? See mine, jes' the same mark. Oh! I know now; I remember."

"What is it fer?"

"It's fer love."

The Websterian catalogue was too limited for the bashful young farmer to find anything to say to this, and so they sat in silence, her hand still resting almost caressingly on his. Out in the sitting room could be heard the measured, solemn tick-tock of the great oaken clock, and outside the wind breathing through the trees added a certain weirdness to the Sabbath repose. Every now and then the sound of the old dog in the woodshed turning over restlessly could be heard, and all the while the man's heart was demanding that he should express himself, a commission the tongue refused to obey.

Finally Martha Ann, without raising her head, said, dreamily:

"Do you know, James, I've often wondered why you didn't ever git married. You see, I have always looked upon myself as a sister to you, wishin' always fer your welfare and happiness, and I have asked myself agin and agin, 'Now why don't he find some good, true girl and marry her? You'd make some woman a good husband, James; I know you would, you're so good and stidy and home lovin', and sech men ain't plentiful. It ain't fer you to be spending your Sunday evenings with me, who is only your true friend, fer you'd ought to be findin' a sweetheart an' gettin' married and settled in life."

"Oh, Martha Ann!" he found courage to say.

She continued as if not noticing the interruption.

"A man as has reached your age ought ter be lookin' round him, and there's a-plenty of girls would have you, too, a-plenty of them. Now, there's Mary Gibson—she's a good girl as ever lived, a splendid housekeeper, and religious. Or Sally Stevens, or Esther Lapum, any of them would jump at the chance to become Mrs. Simpkins."

James groaned in spirit. The perspiration trickled down his forehead and settled in a drop on the tip of his nose, as if undecided whether or not it were best to fall.

"Oh, Martha Ann!" he said again plaintively, "how could yer think of sech a thing?"

She removed her hand from his and turned her face, now flushed warm by the fire, until her eyes met his and asked, as if with the greatest wonder:

"Why not?"

"It's you I want, Martha Ann"—his tongue was getting into line—"it's you as I have been a-planning this year or more to ask, but somehow you was allers so sweet lookin' and so quiet that I somehow couldn't do it." Surely the unruly vocal powers were getting very obedient. "I've loved yer from a little girl—I've—I've"——

The machinery stopped suddenly here, and it was as much as half a minute before he continued.

"You see, I don't know how to tell it, but I love you. I love you with all my heart, and allers have, and I've wished and wished I could tell you, but I couldn't, bein' so stupid; but I've told you now, and I'm glad, fer I ain't no room in my heart for no one else."

He was quite choked up with emotion now, yet in his eyes were a new boldness, a new inspiration, and he leaned eagerly forward for her answer.

It was now her turn to be confused. The wily Martha Ann forgot her cunning of speech, forgot her well laid plan, and the first she knew the tears were rolling down her cheeks. She had no words to say.

She allowed her head to sink slowly toward his breast, and hiding her face there with his strong arms about her, she gave herself up to the soft passion of tears.

And then he raised her tenderly and kissed her over and over again—how he never knew and will never be able to explain to himself, for he had no need to be told she loved him and was his for all time.

And so they sat silently, while the fire flickered and grew passionate in turn, and the old clock ticked with a gladder tone, and even the breathing of the god of night in the lilacs became subdued. And so, heart beating against heart, and hand clasping hand, they sat, too full of the spirit of love to say aught.

And this is how they became engaged. Yet still the people of the Big Creek section are wondering, "Did Martha Ann really propose?"—Fred Warner Shibley in Boston Globe.

The Usurer's Only Hope.

"In St. Louis," said the drummer, "is a firm to whom I sell goods once in a great while. The senior partner is a regular shark. Not long ago he loaned some money to a church society for the purchase of a new organ. When payment of the loan was made he charged the society 9 per cent. This was refused, and the principal was not paid. Finally one of the deacons of the church was sent to talk with the usurer.

"'You have acted very badly,' said the pillar of the church.

"'How's that?'

"'Six per cent. was enough interest.'

"'Nine is fair.'

"'When the Lord looks down on that 9 he will put a long black mark against your name.'

"This staggered the old fellow for a moment, but suddenly recovering, he replied, 'When the Lord looks down on that 9 he will think it's a 6.'"—Chicago Herald.

Trades in France.

In trades properly so called the apprenticeship is regulated by contract, and in most cases French nationality is indispensable. The limit of hours of work for women is fixed by law at eleven daily after eighteen and at ten for children under thirteen. There are seventeen institutions in Paris alone for the teaching of different trades. Those that are dangerous to health are forbidden to young children. The term of apprenticeship naturally varies according to the nature of the employment. Some trades are very intermittent in their times of work.—New York Sun.

Universal Brick Press.

A machine has been designed for making bricks and tiles on the semi-dry process. The clay or material to be formed into bricks is fed into a hopper in a loose and granulated state. The finish is delivered as the charger returns to refill the empty mold. Each brick receives four distinct presses, whereby the air is thoroughly expressed. All the labor required is one man to tip the clay into the grinding pan, and one boy to take off the bricks as the machine delivers them.

Among the various purposes for which this machine is employed, besides brick and tile making, are the forming of purple ore, or "blue billy," into briquettes for the smelting furnace, the forming of nickel oxide into cakes for the assaying furnace, the forming of dry cement compound into blocks ready for clinkering and the pressing of coal and coke briquettes.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Numerals That Inform.

Perhaps the most ingenious use of numbers to convey information is due to Mr. Melvil Dewey, state librarian of New York. He has divided literature into ten great departments and given each of them one of the ten numerals. History, for instance, is represented by nine, and every historical work has nine for the first figure in its number.

The second figure denotes the subdivision of history to which a work belongs; seven as a second figure is marked upon volumes treating of North America. Another and similar step gives three as a third figure for histories of the United States.

The works of Mr. George Bancroft, as Mr. Dewey would classify them, would bear the numerals 973. After that number would come the figures pointing out the shelf on which the volumes were to be found. To avoid disarrangement, it is usual in large libraries to leave ample room for new additions in each department; the shelves are not permitted to become quite full.—Youth's Companion.

Pronouncing Modern Greek.

As many may know the pronunciation of the modern Greek language is by accent, and not by quantity, as in England and America has been the custom with ancient Greek ever since the time of Erasmus, the Dutch precursor of Martin Luther. Of late years the American schools have been pronouncing more and more by accent, and the custom has even invaded England and Germany. Now it seems that the German scholars in Athens, noticing the interest taken by the young emperor in matters of education, have petitioned him to make the pronunciation in German schools conform to the usage of the modern Greeks. Were this done it would be much easier for a German in Greece to understand the spoken language, which he can read easily in the newspapers, but cannot comprehend when he hears it at his hotel.—Boston Advertiser.

Remembering His Enemies.

Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, son of the famous Lady Mary, endeavored to be very sarcastic in his last will and testament. After some insignificant bequest "To my noble and worthy relation the earl of ——," he adds: "I do not give his lordship any further part of my property, because the best part of that he has contrived to take already. Item—To Sir Francis —— I give one word of mine, because he never had the good fortune to keep his own. Item—To Lord M. I give nothing, because I know he will bestow that on the poor. Item—To Sir Robert W. I leave my political opinions, never doubting he can well turn them into cash who has always found such an excellent market for his own."

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop't

IRWINS' SALOON
Cor Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence . Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to no one on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.
THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
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BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

W. H. GEORGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bishop Creek, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the people of Bishop Creek and vicinity. Office and residence opposite Andrew Clark's.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
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LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
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OFFICIAL.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 27th day of June 1891, an assessment (No 6) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, at Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 1st day of August 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 24th day of August, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK,
Secretary.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
LONE PINE CANAL COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of canal, near Independence, Inyo county.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 30th day of May, 1891, an assessment (No. One) of Fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, Independence, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 3d day of July, 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 25th day of July, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H MACK, Secretary.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of JOHN LUCAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office in the town of Lone Pine, Inyo county, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said Inyo county, State of California. E. H. EDWARDS,

Administrator of the estate of John Lucas, deceased.

Dated May 5th, 1891.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 6th day of June, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased, the undersigned will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, on Saturday, the 27th day of June, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the late residence of said deceased, near the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property, towit:

117 Head of Stock Cattle.
18 Head of Horses

Bids or offers in writing will be received at the office of the undersigned, in the said town of Lone Pine, up to and including the 26th day of June, 1891.

E. H. EDWARDS,
Administrator of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased.

Dated June 12th, 1891.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.
$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.
It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.
Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.
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Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JULY 10..... .....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 1.03¼
Lead, 4 45
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach at Lone Pine on Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.; at Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; at Independence, 7:30 p. m.

Children's day exercises at Lone Pine.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

MONDAY, July 6, 1891.

Estate of Frank Paderes, deceased—Filed petition for Letters of Administration.

TUESDAY, July 7, 1891.

Estate of John Lucas, deceased—Filed various claims.

Estate of John R. Hughes, deceased—Filed order confirming sale of real estate.

WEDNESDAY, July 9, 1891.

W. R. Johnson vs. O. I. Mairs—Filed complaint and issued summons.

August Stecker vs. Andrew Fyfe et als—Filed notice of time appointed for arguing demurrer.

W. H. Russell vs. S. P. Smith and Emily J. O'Neal—Filed complaint.

THURSDAY, July 10, 1891.

W. R. Johnson vs. O. I. Mairs—Filed summons.

BORN.

SAMUELS—At San Francisco, July 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Samuels, a son.

CONKLIN—At Georges Creek, July 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Conklin, a daughter.

J. J. Gunn is expected on to-day's train.

P. H. Mack, Esq. left for Darwin yesterday.

J. A. McKenzie came in from Darwin on Tuesday.

The State Fair will be held from September 8th to 19th inclusive.

P. P. Keough was down from Bishop a day or two this week.

L. F. J. Wrinkle and T. C. Boland came up from Keeler Tuesday.

Miss Katie Reddy of Darwin has been visiting friends in town this week.

John Baxter returned home from San Francisco last Monday much improved in health.

George Clarke came down from Bishop on Wednesday and returned yesterday morning.

Mrs. C. H. Parsons and Miss Jessie Parsons visited at Independence several days this week.

Bert Rhine went to Bishop yesterday to attend an installation of the I. O. O. F. lodge there.

Miss Elsie and Master Julian Eibeshutz have returned to San Francisco where they are attending school.

A. Spencer of Bishop visited the Southern end of the valley during the week, going as far as Keeler.

Hon. P. Reddy and E. A. Reddy are at Darwin. The latter will remain in charge of the Defiance mine.

John A. Hannah has been appointed Justice of Peace for Independence Township, vice John Baxter, resigned.

Miss Maggie Gorman started for Santa Rosa yesterday morning. She will remain there attending private school.

Mrs. E. Reinhackel, Miss Lena Reinhackel and Miss Laura McMurray of Big Pine were in town on Wednesday, returning next day.

Mrs. J. W. P. Laird and family started for Bakersfield yesterday to join Mr. Laird who has established a very successful law practice at that place.

Dr. J. B. Wasson left for Big Pine yesterday morning. We recommend him to the people of that place as a very skilful dentist. He operated very successfully here.

J. C. Roeper and family started for the lower country yesterday. Mrs. Roeper has been in very poor health for some time past and is in hopes that a change of climate may benefit her.

Geo. H. Bailey returned on Thursday morning from a trip to the other side. He says there is a great deal of excitement about Coyote Holes in regard to the killing of Powers and McCoy. The whites are constantly under arms. A posse of about thirty men is now after the Indian murderers and will wreak summary vengeance on them. It is thought that the slayer of Frank Paderes is with the gang.

The recent inrush of the ocean to the depression of the Colorado Desert in the vicinity of Salton, Cal., is an event of universal interest. Those who would like to know more about this strange section of our State will find considerable light on the problem of its past and future, in an article by Steven Bowers, Ph. D., a leading archeologist, in the July number of the *Pacific Monthly*. The article is on the Cahuilla Indians, who have inhabited this mysterious region for centuries.

Sent To Stockton.

On Wednesday Frank Murray was examined in the Superior Court on a charge of insanity and committed to the asylum at Stockton. Sheriff Gorman and Deputy Bunney started below with him yesterday. Murray had been working in the mines at Modock and it is thought that the heat affected his brain. He began to act strangely and came in to Lone Pine last week. While there he became violently deranged and was brought to Independence. A medical examination was conducted by Drs. Woodin, and he was pronounced dangerously insane.

SUPERVISORS' PROCEEDINGS.

MONDAY, July 6, 1891.

The Board of Supervisors met on the above day, all the members being present. Minutes of preceding meeting read, corrected and approved.

George L. Drake was appointed Constable in the First Township.

The Board then adjourned until 2 o'clock of July 7th. They met as a Board of Equalization the same evening but transacted no business.

TUESDAY, July 7, 1891.

Board of Equalization met at 9 o'clock a. m., same members present, and proceeded to examine assessment roll.

Assessment on Inyo Academy was reduced from $2,600 to $2,100.

Assessment on land of Mrs. Malone reduced from $500 to $400.

Board of Supervisors met at 2 o'clock p. m. A petition was granted for building bridge across Bishop Creek near John Bourland's dwelling and $250 appropriated. Supervisors Love and Watterson were appointed to superintend the construction.

WEDNESDAY, July 24, 1891.

Board of Supervisors met at 9 o'clock a m., same members present.

Petition of J. H. Bulpit et als. for right of way on Owens River considered.

John Shepherd was appointed Road Overseer for District No. 5½.

Resignation of Samuel Booda accepted.

Resignation of John Baxter as Justice of Peace for Third Township accepted and John A. Hannah appointed to succeed him.

On petition the name of Bishop Creek school district was changed to Bishop School district.

Rates on Deep Spring Valley toll road were fixed the same as last year.

The following claims were allowed.

I. J. Woodin	$ 66 60
J. D. Blair	83 35
A. C. Harvey	10 00
I. J. Woodin	50 00
Independence Water Co	13 00
Mrs. Keppler	30 00
J. N. Yandell	2 40
J. S. Gorman	3 75
A. W. Eibeshutz	53 13
W. F. Matlack	1 50
P. A. Chalfant	352 30
W. A. Chalfant	29 50
J. W. Murphy	4 50
L. Wood	8 10
W. F. Matlack	51 25

The Board adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m., at which hour it reassembled, the same members present. The following claims were allowed:

Geo. L. Drake, $102 90, allowed	$ 62 60
J. J. Moore	2 00
A. Carlisle & Co	156 05
H. Levy	5 00
C. W. Craig	39 00
Geo. M. Gill	7 00
W. F. Matlack, $43 75, allowed	41 75
I. H. Mulholland	2 25
Walter James	12 00
H. Evans	76 50

Reports of Overseers of Road Districts Nos. 1, 3 and 6 approved and bills allowed as follows: No 1, $33 00; No. 3, $131 75; No. 6, $115 00.

Whereupon the Board adjourned until 10 a. m. of Thursday.

THURSDAY, July 9, 1891.

Board of Equalization met and adjourned.

Board of Supervisors met in regular session, same members present.

The following claims were allowed:

N. Rhine	$ 20 41
I. H. Mulholland	20 50
Mrs. M. Lewis	628 11
O. I. Mairs	5 00

Reports of Overseers of Road Districts Nos. 2, 4 and 5 accepted and approved and claims allowed as follows: No. 4, $88 00; No. 5, $172 63; No. 2, $77 79.

Funds were transferred from the General Road Fund as follows: To No. 4, $63 54; No. 2, $53 37; No. 5½, $50 00.

Board adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m., at which hour it reassembled, same members present.

Ordinance No. 38, making Owens River a public highway from Mono county to the bridge at Laws, was passed.

D. J. Hessian was appointed Justice of Peace in Second Township.

Board adjourned until 9 o'clock a. m. of Friday.

The Fourth.

The Fourth of July celebration at Independence was an unqualified success. All guests were hospitably entertaned and amused. The ball was the largest ever had, the pavilion being filled to overflowing. The exercises on Saturday morning were admirably arranged. The Liberty Car with its goddess and load of little girls presented a beautiful sight. The various literary exercises were highly interesting and entertaining. In the afternoon a baseball game was played between the Independence and Bishop clubs and was won by the latter in hollow style. A number of small games and races for the children completed the sports. The committee deserves great credit for the active manner in which the entire affair was conducted. They assumed large responsibilities and paid every dollar of indebtedness incurred. By dint of nerve and perseverance an enjoyable and successful celebration was carried through.

Modock Mines.

The June output of ore from the Modock mines amounted to $6,014.47. A full force of men will be worked all summer in the main tunnel. Two shifts of men are now at work at the 300 foot point in ten inches of ore that goes 235 ounces silver per ton. Surface work will be discontinued until September 1st because of the scarcity of water. The property never looked better than at present.

A Quick Cure For Rheumatism.

In many cases persons subject to rheumatism, have got prompt relief from pain by applying Chamberlain's Pain-Balm. The relief it affords is alone worth many times its cost, which is but 50 cents, and its continued application effects a complete cure. For sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

The sum of $3,000,000 has been raised by the Terminal Railroad of Los Angeles for the purpose of extending roads from that city. Beyond all question Owens Valley will have railroad connection with Los Angeles within the next two years. The Terminal road is an extension of the U. P. to Rattlesnake Island.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Well Merited Praise.

In almost every neighborhood there is some one or more persons whose lives have been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, or who have been cured of chronic diarrhœa by it. Such persons take special pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise that follows the introduction and use makes it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

A Suggestion.

If you are troubled with rheumatism or a lame back, allow us to suggest that you try the following simple remedy. Take a piece of flannel the size of the two hands, saturate it with Chamberlain's Pain-Balm and bind it over the seat of pain. It will produce a pleasant warmth and relieve you of all pain. Many severe cases have been cured in this way. The Pain-Balm can be obtained from

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent.

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS.
O. I. MAIRS.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing .....$2.00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

A. W. Eibeshutz
Independence, Cal.
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of Caltfornia:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,
J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including
Beef, Mutton, Pork, Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

NOTICE

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out a flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

dependence, Cal. A. N. BELL,

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed Flooring.
sept 11-tf

PALACE SALOON
LONE PINE, CAL.
—THE FINEST—
WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS
—o—
This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.
j12-tf

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce street, New York

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDIS
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.
E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.
—o—
The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.
PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Address orders and packages to
HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

BIG 10P ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.
Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St

In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable
S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points
Of the C. & C. Railroad.
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE SEWART HOUSE.
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer In
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,
GROCERIES
MINERS
Supplies

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages, in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R
TAKING EFFECT
Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3.	No. 4.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m.	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.	1:25 a m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord	2 45 p. m.	10:00 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. & C. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (35 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc.
AT
L. WOOLS
CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE
Blacksmith Shop.
R. C. Spear, Prop'r
—ALL WORK ON—
MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS
—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—
HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING
All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel
BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS
The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE
Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 tf

Patent medicines differ—One has reasonableness, another has not. One has reputation—another has not. One has confidence, born of success — another has only "hopes."

Don't take it for granted that all patent medicines are alike. They are not.

Let the years of uninterrupted success and the tens of thousands of cured and happy men and women, place Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription on the side of the comparison they belong.

And there isn't a state or territory, no — nor hardly a country in the world, whether its people realize it or not, but have men and women in them that're happier because of their discovery and their effects.

Think of this in health. Think of it in sickness. And then think whether you can afford to make the trial if the makers can afford to take the risk to give your money back as they do if they do not benefit or cure you.

The now bounty of $5 per scalp on coyotes is awakening some enterprising minds to the great possibilities involved therein, and according to the Express of of that place a young man of Merced has eight young coyotes shut up in a pen and is feeding them from a bottle. There will be money in their scalps in time.

Reduced to a Skeleton by disease, and Restored to Health with Dr. Pardee's Remedy.

Wilson, Niagara Co., N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—In April, 1883, I was prostrated by a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism and was confined to my bed four months. I was attended by the best medical skill, but rapidly grew worse until I was reduced to a mere skeleton.

The disease had gone to my lungs and to the region of my heart and I was finally given up by the physicians, who said I could live but a few hours at most and that all they could do was to make me as easy as possible by killing the pain by frequent injections of morphine. I was finally advised by a friend to take Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy. Upon being asked as to giving it to me, the physician said "I have no faith in patent medicines, but give it to him; it will not hurt him."

I was then so near dead that my limbs were cold below the knees, and a numb sensation began to creep over my body, and I suffered with great pain in my chest and about my heart. After I had taken the first few doses I experienced more pain than before, for it seemed to drive the pain from the vital parts toward the extremities. I continued to take it according to directions. Four days after the physicion who gave me up called to see me, and said I was much better. In about four weeks I could sit up; I then gained very fast and became as well as ever. CHAS. O. BARNUM.

Brother of D. C. Barnum, Attorney, 126 Powers' Block, Rochester, to whom persons can refer.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GENTS:—For the past winter I have been very badly afflicted with rheumatism. About six weeks ago was confined to my bed, and whenever I was able to get around was obliged to use cruches. All the time I had the best medical attendance.

After one week's use of Dr. Pardee's Remedy, I was able to walk with a cane. I continued its use and can now move around without assistance of any kind, and am better in health than I have been for years. It has effected a permanent cure and I take pleasure in recommending it. C. R. FINNEGAN,

Supt. Fire Alarm Telegraph, City Building, Front Street.

Send for pamphlet to Pardee Medicine Co.

Nearly all the large cigar factories at Key West, Fla., are closed. Four thousand cigarmakers are out of employment.

The Bagging Committee of the South Carolina Alliance claim to have bagged the jute men, who have come to the farmers' terms.

THAT'S IT.

St. Jacobs Oil The Great Remedy CURES RHEUMATISM.

18 Hill Street, San Francisco, Cal., April 23, 1890.

"Having been sorely afflicted with rheumatism, my mother and daughter with sore throat, we have, by the use of St Jacobs Oil, been cured." LOUIS IMHAUS.

—FOR— PAIN,

CURES NEURALGIA.

Ellenville, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1890.

"I suffered with neuralgia, bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and soon recovered. I treated a sprained ankle with same results." THOS. M. VAN GORDER.

CURES SCIATICA.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19, 1889.

I suffered a long time with sciatic pains in the hips; found no relief till I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured me. CHAS. A. FULDA.

ALSO CURES

Promptly and Permanently

LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES.

MORNING SCHOOLS, AT SEA-SIDE,

JUNE 16— —JULY 31

Greek, German, Mathematics, English Literature, Physics Chemistry, taught by College Professors. 4 P. M. Bible Study, Free! Evening Lectures Free. Warm Salt-water Bathing in TWIN LAKES.

LORENZO D. INSKEEP, Santa Cruz, Cal.
Sec'y California Baptist Resort.

HAZELTON BROS., AND HEMME & LONG PIANOS

Sold on Easy Installments. Also dealer in Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise. CHAS. S. EATON, General Agent, 735 Market St., S. F., Cal. Send for Catalogues of Pianos and Sheet Music.

THE SPLENDID SPUR.

Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

CHAPTER X.

CAPT. POTTERY AND CAPT. SETTLE.

"Now either I am mad or dreaming," thought I; for that the fellow had not heard our noise was starkly incredible. I stepped along the deck towards him; not an inch did he budge. I touched him on the shoulder.

He faced round with a quick start.

"Sir," said I, quick and low, before he could get a word out—"Sir, we are in your hands. I will be plain. To-night I have broke out of Bristol Keep, and the colonel's men are after me. Give me up to them, and they hang me to-morrow; give my comrade up, and they persecute her vilely. Now, sir, I know not which side you be, but there's our case in a nutshell."

The man bent forward, displaying a huge rounded face, very kindly about the eyes, and set a-top of the oddest body in the world; for, under a trunk extraordinary broad and strong, straddled a pair of legs that a baby would have disowned, so thin and stunted were they, and (to make it queerer) ended in feet the most prodigious you ever saw.

As I said, this man leaned forward, and shouted into my ear so that I fairly leaped in the air:

"My name's Pottery—Bill Pottery, cap'n o' the Godsend—an' you can't make me hear, not if you bust yourse'f!"

You may think this put me in a fine quandary.

"I be as deaf as nails!" bawled he.

'Twas horrible; for the troopers, I thought, if anywhere near, could not miss hearing him. His voice shook the very rigging.

"An' o' my crew the half ashore gettin drunk, an' the half below in a very accomplished state o' liquor; so there's no chance for 'ee to speak!"

He paused a moment, then roared again:

"What a pity! 'Cos you make me very curious—that you do!"

Luckily at this moment Delia had the sense to put a finger to her lip. The man wheeled round without another word, led us aft over the blocks, cordage and all manner of loose gear that encumbered the deck to a ladder that towards the stern led down into darkness. Here he signed to us to follow, and, descending first, threw open a door, letting out a faint stream of light in our faces. 'Twas the captain's cabin, lined with cupboards and lockers; and the light came from an oil lamp hanging over a narrow deal table. By this light Capt. Billy scrutinized us for an instant; then, from one of his lockers, brought out pen, paper and ink, and set them on the table before me.

I caught up the pen, dipped it, and began to write

I am John Marvel, a servant of King Charles, and this night am escaped out of Bristol castle. If you be—

Thus far I had written without glancing up, in fear to read the disappointment of my hopes. But now the pen was caught suddenly from my fingers, the paper torn in shreds, and there was Master Pottery shaking us both by the hand, nodding and becking, and smiling the while all over his big red face.

But he ceased at last, and opening another of his lockers, drew forth a horn lantern, a mallet and a chisel. Not a word was spoken as he lit the lantern and passed out of the cabin, Delia and I following at his heels.

Just outside, at the foot of the steps, he stooped, pulled up a trap in the flooring and disclosed another ladder stretching, as it seemed, down into the bowels of the ship. This we descended carefully, and found ourselves in the hold, pinching our noses twixt finger and thumb.

For indeed the smell here was searching to a very painful degree, for the room was narrow and every inch of it contested by two puissant essences, the one raw wool, the other bilge water. With wool the place was piled, but also I noticed, not far from the ladder, several casks set on their ends, and to these the captain led us.

They were about a dozen in all, stacked close together; and Master Pottery, rolling two apart from the rest, dragged them to another trap and tugged out the bungs. A stream of fresh water gushed from each and splashed down the trap into the bilge below. Then, having drained them, he staved in their heads with a few blows of his mallet.

His plan for us was clear. And in a very few minutes Delia and I were crouching on the timbers, each with a cask inverted over us, our noses at the bungholes and our ears listening to Master Pottery's footsteps as they climbed heavily back to deck. The rest of the casks were stacked close round us, so that, even had the gloom allowed, we could see nothing at all.

Soon I heard the noise of feet above, and a string of voices speaking one after another, louder and louder. And next Master Pottery began to answer up and drowned all speech but his own. When he ceased, there was silence for some minutes; after which we heard a party descend to the cabin, and the trampling of their feet on the boards above us. They remained there some while discussing; and then came footsteps down the second ladder, and a twinkle of light reached me through the bunghole of my cask.

"Quick!" said a husky voice; "overhaul the cargo here!"

I heard some half dozen troopers bustling about the hold and tugging out the bales of wool.

"Hi!" called Master Pottery; "an' when you've done rummaging my ship put everything back as you found it."

"Poke about with your swords," commanded the husky voice. "What's in those barrels yonder?"

"Water, sergeant," answers a trooper, rolling out a couple.

"Nothing behind them?"

"No; they're right against the side."

"Drop 'em, then. Plague on this business! 'Tis my notion they're a mile away, and Cap'n Stubbs no better than a fool to send us back here. He's grudging promotion, that's what he is! Hurry, there—hurry!"

Ten minutes later the searchers were gone, and we in our casks drawing long breaths of thankfulness and strong odors. And so we crouched till, about midnight, Capt. Billy brought us down a supper of ship's biscuit, which we crept forth to eat, being sorely cramped.

He could not hear our thanks, but guessed them.

"Now, say not a word! To-morrow we sail for Plymouth sound; thence for Brittany. Hist! We be all king's men aboard the Godsend, though hearing nought I say little. Yet I have my reasoning heresies, holding the Lord's Anointed to be an anointed rogue, but nevertheless to be served; just as aboard the Godsend I be Cap'n Billy an' you plain Jack, be your virtues what they may. An' the conclusion is—damn all mutineers an' rebels! Though, to be sure, the words be a bit lusty for a young gentlewoman's ears."

We went back to our casks with lighter hearts. Howbeit 'twas near 5 in the morning, I dare say, before my narrow bed chamber allowed me to drop asleep.

I woke to spy through my bunghole the faint light of day struggling down the hatches. Above, I heard a clanking noise, and the voices of the men hiccoughing a dismal chant. They were lifting anchor. I crawled forth and woke Delia, who was yet sleeping, and together we ate the breakfast that lay ready set for us on the head of a barrel.

Presently the sailors broke off their song, and we heard their feet shuffling to and fro on deck.

"Sure," cried Delia, "we are moving!"

And surely we were, as could be told by the altered sound of the water beneath us, and the many creakings that the Godsend began to keep. Once more I tasted freedom again and the joy of living, and could have sung for the mirth that lifted my heart. "Let us but gain open sea," said I, "and I'll have tit for tat with these rebels!"

But alas! before we had left Avon mouth twenty minutes 'twas another tale. For I lay on my side in that dark hold and longed to die, and Delia sat up beside me, her hands in her lap and her great eyes fixed most dolefully. And when Capt. Billy came down with the news that we were safe and free to go on deck we turned our faces from him and said we thanked him kindly, but had no longer any wish that way—too wretched, even, to remember his deafness.

Let me avoid, then, some miserable hours, and come to the evening, when, faint with fasting and nausea, we struggled up to the deck for air, and looked about us.

'Twas gray—gray everywhere, the sky lead colored, with deeper shades towards the east, where a bank of cloud blotted the coast line; the thick rain descending straight, with hardly wind enough to set the sails flapping; the sea spread like a plate of lead, save only where, to leeward, a streak of curdled white crawled away from under the Godsend's keel.

On deck, a few sailors moved about, red eyed and heavy. They showed no surprise to see us, but nodded very friendly, with a smile for our strange complexions. Here again, as ever, did adversity mock her own image.

But what more took our attention was to see a row of men stretched on the starboard side, like corpses, their heads in the scuppers, their legs pointed inboard, and very orderly arranged. They were a dozen and two in all, and over them bent Capt. Billy with a mop in his hand and a bucket by his side, who beckoned that we should approach.

"Arrayed in order o' merit," said he, pointing with his mop like a showman to the line of figures before him.

We drew near.

"This here is Matt. Soames, master o' this vessel—an' he's dead."

"Dead?"

"Dead drunk, that is. O the gifted man! Come up!" He thrust the mop in the fellow's heavy face. "There now! Did he move? did he wink? 'No,' says you. O an accomplished drunkard!"

He paused a moment, then stirred up No. 2, who opened one eye lazily, and shut it again in slumber.

"You saw? Opened one eye, hey? That's Benjamin Halliday. The next is a black man, as you see; a man of dismal color, and hath other drawbacks natural to such. Can the Ethiop shift his skin? No, but he'll open both eyes. See there—a perfect Christian, in so far as drink can make him."

With like comments he ran down the line.

To be brief, 'twas not till the fourth afternoon (by reason of baffling head winds) that we stepped out of the Godsend's boat upon a small beach of shingle, whence, between a rift in the black cliffs, wound up the road that was to lead us inland. The Godsend, as we turned to wave our hands, lay at half a mile's distance, and made a pretty sight; for the day, that had begun with a white frost, was now turned sunny and still, so that looking north we saw the sea all spread with pink and lilac and hyacinth, and upon it the ship lit up, her masts and sails glowing like a gold piece. And there was Billy, leaning over the bulwarks and waving his trumpet for "Good by." Thought I, for I little dreamed to see these good fellows again, "what a witless game is this life! to seek ever in fresh conjunctions what we leave behind in a handshake."

We followed the road after this very moodily; for Delia, whom I had made a sharer of the rebels' secret, agreed that no time was to be lost in reaching Bodmin, that lay a good thirty miles to the southwest. Night fell and the young moon rose, with a brisk breeze at our backs that kept us still walking without any feeling of weariness. Capt. Billy had given me at parting a small compass, of new invention, that a man could carry easily in his pocket; and this from time to time I examined in the moonlight, guiding our way almost due south, in hopes of striking into the main road westward. I doubt not we lost a deal of time among the byways; but at length happened on a good road bearing south, and followed it till daybreak, when, to our satisfaction, we spied a hill in front, topped with a stout castle, and under it a town of importance, that we guessed to be Launceston.

By this my comrade and I were on the best of terms again; and now drew up to consider if we should enter the town or avoid it to the west, trusting to find a breakfast in some tavern on the way. Because we knew not with certainty the temper of the country, it seemed best to choose this second course; so we fetched around by certain barren meadows, and thought ourselves lucky to hit on a road that, by the size, must be the one we sought, and a tavern with a wide yard before it and a carter's van standing at the entrance, not three gunshots from the town walls.

"Now Providence hath surely led us to breakfast," said Delia, and stepped before me into the yard, towards the door.

I was following her when, inside of a gate to the right of the house, I caught the gleam of steel, and turned aside to look.

To my dismay there stood near a score of chargers in this second court, saddled and dripping with sweat. My first thought was to run after Delia; but a quick surprise made me rub my eyes with wonder.

'Twas the sight of a sorrel mare among them—a mare with one high white stocking. In a thousand I could have told her for Molly.

Three seconds after I was at the tavern door, and in my ears a voice sounding that stopped me short and told me in one instant that without God's help all was lost.

'Twas the voice of Capt. Settle speaking in the tap room, and already Delia stood, past concealment, by the open door.

"——And therefore, master carter, it grieves me to disappoint thee, but no man goeth this day towards Bodmin. Such be my Lord of Stamford's orders, whose servant I am, and as captain of this troop I am sent to exact them. As they displease you, his lordship is but twenty-four hours behind; you can abide him and complain. Doubtless he will hear—Ten million devils!"

I heard his shout as he caught sight of Delia. I saw his crimson face as he darted out and gripped her. I saw, or half saw, the troopers crowding out after him. For a moment I hesitated. Then came my pretty comrade's voice, shrill above the hubbub:

"Jack—they have horses outside! Leave me—I am ta'en—and ride, dear lad—ride!"

In a flash my decision was taken for better or worse. I dashed out around the house, vaulted the gate and, catching at Molly's mane, leaped into the saddle.

A dozen troopers were at the gate and two had their pistols leveled.

"Surrender!"

"Be hanged if I do!"

I set my teeth and put Molly at the low wall. As she rose like a bird in the air the two pistols rang out together, and a burning pain seemed to tear open my left shoulder. In a moment the mare alighted safe on the other side, flinging me forward on her neck. But I scrambled back, and with a shout that frightened my own ears dug my heels into her flanks.

Half a minute more and I was on the hard road, galloping westward for dear life. So also were a score of rebel troopers. Twenty miles and more lay before me, and a bare hundred yards was all my start.

CHAPTER XI.

I RIDE DOWN INTO TEMPLE.

And now I did indeed abandon myself to despair. Few would have given a groat for my life, with that crew at my heels; and I least of all, now that my dear comrade was lost. The wound in my shoulder was bleeding sore—I could feel the warm stream welling—yet not so sore as my heart. And I pressed my knees into the saddle flap and wondered what the end would be.

The sorrel mare was galloping, free and strong, her delicate ears laid back, and the network of veins under her soft skin working with the heave and fall of her withers; yet—by the mud and sweat about her—I knew she must have traveled far before I mounted. I heard a shot or two fired, far up the road; though their bullets must have fallen short; at least, I heard none whiz past. But the rebels' shouting was clear enough and the thud of their gallop behind.

I think that, for a mile or two, I must have ridden in a sort of swoon. 'Tis certain, not an inch of the road comes back to me; nor did I once turn my head to look back, but sat with my eyes fastened stupidly on the mare's neck. And by and by, as we galloped, the smart of my wound, the heartache, hurry, pounding of hoofs, all dropped to an enchanting lull. I rode, and that was all.

For, swoon or no, I was lifted off earth, as it seemed, and on easy wings to an incredible height, where were no longer hedges, nor road, nor country round; but a great stillness, and only the mare and I running languidly through it.

"Ride!"

Now, at first, I thought 'twas some one speaking this in my ear, and turned my head. But 'twas really the last word I had heard from Delia, now after half an hour repeated in my brain. And as I grew aware of this the dullness fell off me, and all became very distinct. And the muscles about my wound had stiffened—which was vilely painful; and the country, I saw, was a brown, barren moor, dotted with peat ricks; and I cursed it.

This did me good; for it woke the fighting man in me, and I set my teeth. Now for the first time looking back, I saw, with a great gulp of joy, I had gained on the troopers. A long dip of the road lay between me and the foremost, now topping the crest. The sun had broke through at last, and sparkled on his cap and gorget. I whistled to Molly (I could not pat her) and spoke to her softly; the sweet thing pricked up her ears, laid them back again, and mended her pace. Her stride was beautiful to feel.

She was going her best, but the best was near spent. The sweat was oozing, her satin coat losing the gloss, the spume flying back from her nostrils. "Soh!" I called to her—"Soh! my beauty; we ride to save an army." The loose stones flew right and left, as she reached out her neck, and her breath came shorter and shorter.

A mile, and another mile, we passed in this trim, and by the end of it must have spent three-quarters of an hour at the work. Glancing back, I saw the troopers scattered; far behind, but following. The heights were still a weary way ahead; but I could mark their steep sides ribbed with bowlders. Till these were passed, there was no chance to hide. The parties in this race could see each other all the way, and must ride it out.

And all the way the ground kept rising. I had no means to ease the mare, even by pulling off my heavy jackboots, with one arm (and that my right) dangling useless. Once she flung up her head and I caught sight of her nostril, red as fire, and her poor eyes starting. I felt her strength ebbing between my knees. Here and there she blundered in her stride. And somewhere, over the ridge yonder, lay the Army of the West, and we alone could save it.

But sweet, gallant Molly must have held on, for the next thing I woke up to was a four holed cross beside the road, and soon after we were over the ridge and clattering down hill.

A rough tor had risen full in front, but the road swerved to the left and took us down among the spurs of it. Now was my last lookout. I tried to sway less heavily in the saddle, and with my eyes searched the plain at our feet.

Alas! Beneath us the waste land was spread, mile upon mile; and I groaned aloud. For just below I noted a clump of roofless cabins, and beyond, upon the moors, the dotted walls of sheep cotes, ruined also, but in all the sad colored leagues no living man, nor the sign of one. It was done with us. I reined up the mare—and then, in the same motion, wheeled her sharp to the right.

High above, on the hillside, a voice was calling.

I looked up. Below the steeper ridge of the tor a patch of land had been cleared for tillage; and here a yoke of oxen was moving leisurely before a plow ('twas their tinkling bells I had heard, just now); while behind followed by the wildest shape—by the voice, a woman.

She was not calling to me, but to her team, and as I put Molly at the slope, her chant rose and fell in the mournfulest sing-song.

"So-ho! Oop Comely Vean! oop, then—o-oop!"

I rose in my stirrups and shouted.

At this and the sound of hoofs, she stayed the plow and, hand on hip, looked down the slope. The oxen, softly rattling the chains on their yoke, turned their necks and gazed. With sunk head Molly heaved herself up the last few yards and came to a halt with a stagger. I slipped out of the saddle and stood, with a hand on it, swaying.

"What's thy need, young man—that comest down to Temple wi' sword a-danglin'?"

The girl was a half naked savage, dressed only in a strip of sacking that barely reached her knees and a scant bodice of the same, laced in front with pack thread that left her bosom and brown arms free. Yet she appeared no whit abashed, but leaned on the plow tail and regarded me easy and frank, as a man would.

"Sell me a horse!" I blurted out. "Twenty guineas will I give for one within five minutes, and more if he be good! I ride on the king's errand."

"Then get thee back to thy master an' say no horse shall he have o' me—nor any man that uses horseflesh so." She pointed to Molly's knees, that were bowed and shaking and the bloody froth dripping from her mouth.

"Girl, for God's sake sell me a horse! They are after me and I am hurt." I pointed up the road. "Better than I are concerned in this."

"God nor king know I, young man. But what's on thy saddle cloth there?"

'Twas the smear where my blood had soaked, and, looking and seeing the purple mess caked with mud and foam on the sorrel's flank, I felt suddenly very sick. The girl made a step to me.

"Sell thee a horse? Hire thee a bedman, more like. Nay, then, lad"——

But I saw her no longer; only called "oh—oh!" twice, like a little child, and, slipping my hold of the saddle, dropped forward on her breast.

Waking, I found myself in darkness—not like that of night, but of a room where the lights have gone out, and felt that I was dying. But this hardly seemed a thing to be minded. There was a smell of peat and bracken about. Presently I heard the tramp of feet somewhere overhead, and a dull sound of voices that appeared to be cursing.

The footsteps went to and fro, the voices muttering most of the time. After a bit I caught a word—"Witchcraft;" and then a voice speaking quite close—"There's blood 'pon her hands, an' there's blood yonder by the plow." Said another voice, higher and squeaky, "There's scent behind a fox, but you don't dig it up an' take it home." The tramp passed on, and the voices died away.

By this I knew the troopers were close and seeking me. A foolish thought came that I was buried, and they must be rummaging over my grave; but indeed I had no wish to inquire into it; no wish to move even, but just to lie and enjoy the lightness of my limbs. The blood was still running. I felt the warmth of it against my back, and thought it very pleasant. So I shut my eyes and dropped off again.

Then I heard the noise of shouting far away, and a long while after that was roused by the touch of a hand, thrust in against my naked breast over my heart.

"Who is it?" I whispered.

"Joan," answered a voice, and the hand was withdrawn.

The darkness had lifted somewhat, and though something stood between me and the light, I marked a number of small specks, like points of gold dotted around me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

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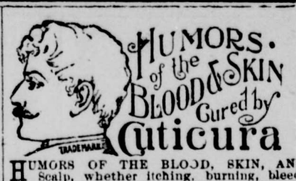

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

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THEOREMATIC DREAMS.

Warning Received by Farmer and his Wife.

DREAMING OF A RAID OF BANDITS.

The Neighbors Couldn't Understand Why the Farmer Moved.

Impending perils may cast a shadow persistently ignored in a waking state, while the mind is under the influence of a self deluding optimism—the wish that is father to the belief in the significance of the threatening danger. But in sleep the voice of the monitor cannot be silenced by such illusions, and warning forebodings often take the form of distinct visions, repeated with a vividness and frequency which at last cannot fail to influence the actions of the individual, in spite of all waking sophisms.

DREAMED IT TWICE.

I remember the instance of an American family that had settled in the northern uplands of Cameron county, Texas, but before the end of a year removed to the vicinity of a larger settlement and sold their half completed home for reasons that remained a mystery to their upland neighbors.

"We had selected that building site after a good deal of prospecting," the first proprietor of that house told me a few years later, "and at first it seemed a puzzle to me that nobody had pre-empted it long ago. It was a broad hill with a fine prospect east and south; we had an abundance of timber, fine range, two good springs, and a ledge of soft limestone within a thousand yards of the house, where you could shape out building stone with a common saw. I never could hope to find better neighbors; they actually got up a picnic to celebrate our arrival, so glad they were to have English speaking folks within visiting distance.

"We had every prospect of getting an improved road and a postoffice, and three months after our first entry I would not have sold that homestead for ten times my direct expenses. But about half a year after that ranch seemed a haunted place and I didn't feel at rest night or day, though people that know me are not likely to call me superstitious. I never was afraid of darkness even when I was a boy and a swarm of ghosts would not scare me worth a cent. But one night, about a week after I had got home from a trip to Brownsville Landing, I dreamt our house was tackled by a band of Greaser bushwhackers (Mexican bandits) and that they shot me down and killed my little boy with a club, and then loaded their horses with everything they could move.

"Two nights after I had exactly that same dream over again, and I could see every stick and stone in our yard, when I tried to make a break for our next neighbor and was shot down just as I rushed through the gate. I noticed the very horses and saddles of that gang and could have recognized every one of them if I had met them in daylight, and I now do believe that I did see them somehow or other on that trip to the landing.

THE WIFE'S WARNING.

"The idea began to haunt me when that dream had come back for the third time, though I never said a word; but one morning my wife seemed uneasy till all our farm hands had started to work, and then asked me to come out in the garden for a minute.

"'Do you think there are any robbers in this neighborhood?' she asked me when we were quite alone.

"'Why, did you see or hear anything suspicious?' I asked her back.

"'No, but I had such a strange dream last night,' said she, with a sort of a shudder. 'I dreamt a gang of Mexicans came to our house and made me run for my life, and just before I got through the door I saw them knock down little Tommy with a club.'

"'Didn't I help you?' I laughed.

"'I don't know,' she said. 'I saw you collar one of them, and I kept calling for you in English to save yourself, but just as you dashed through the gate I heard the crack of a shotgun and then I fainted.'

"I made no reply, but that minute I felt that we couldn't stay any longer, and two weeks after I made up my mind to move to Indianola. There were no Mexicans in our immediate neighborhood at that hill farm, and no serious robbery had happened anywhere nearer than Casa Blanca, but I felt that I had to look for a new home if I expected to get an hour's peace, and it often seemed to me that I was doing a sin if I let my little boy out of sight for ten minutes. So we made up an excuse about schools and postoffice and managed to sell our pretty place for a few hundred. The neighbors thought I must be half crazy, but I couldn't help it; and just ten weeks after we were gone we got the news of that Pancho Parras massacre. The whole neighborhood had been sacked and outraged, and as I know my boy, I am now morally certain that he would have stood his ground and got himself killed if he had seen any brute lay his hands on his mother."

The very homeliness of that account impressed me with a conviction of its absolute truth, and on the whole I consider it the most characteristic instance of what Artemidoros would have called "theorematic dreams."—Felix L. Oswald, M. D., in The Open Court.

A Fuller Explanation.

"Pa," plaintively pleaded petit Pierre, popularly known as "Petey," the other morning, "I really cannot go to school today. I ache all over."

"Then you may stay at home," kindly responded Petey's father, who, despite his rough exterior, had a warm heart beating in his breast.

"So you lied to me, you young rascal," fiercely exclaimed Petey's father when he saw petit Pierre fishing in the creek.

"Don't hit so hard, pa," pleaded Petey between the whacks; "it was this I was aching for—to go fishing."—Albany Express.

Contagious Diseases.

The French government has made a grant of $25,000 a year to defray the expenses of the Pasteur institute, in Paris, the cost of founding which—several hundred thousand dollars—was contributed by various governments and private individuals. The purpose of this institute is, as all know, the prosecution of experimental research with a view to the cure of hydrophobia—in any country a very rare disease. Diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, measles, yellow fever, cholera and other preventable diseases, on the other hand, count their victims by thousands; yet there is in no country a special establishment in which any one of them can be scientifically studied, and better means arrived at for their prevention or their cure, and arrest from spreading All contagious diseases are preventable. For their development two things are required: First, the special germ which produces them; second, suitable bodily conditions to allow it to flourish.

If we could destroy their germs, they would cease. But to do this would necessitate universal co-operation on the part of all individuals in the community, which is practically impossible. The better way is to secure such bodily conditions as will prevent their development. The success that has attended vaccination for smallpox, and is now attending vaccination for hydrophobia, points to the likelihood of achieving this by some process of vaccination for diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, etc. Why will not some large minded and philanthropic person or persons endow an institute or institutes in this country, as individuals and governments have done in France, for the purpose of studying these more fatal and common diseases, which kill their tens of thousands where hydrophobia carries off a single case? In so good and eminently practical a work America should not lag behind.—Boston Herald.

Strange Animals.

It cannot be denied that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but certainly it would not be as available for poetry if called by some pretentious, scientific term. Indeed, the names of science, when heard by ears unfamiliar with their meaning, have often a terrifying sound.

Two young men were studying, under the microscope, the bacteria found in ditch water, and one of them proposed that they should take their work home from the class room, after the usual hour for remaining there. One of them, who lived with a maiden aunt, said that he was sure she would allow them to use her dining room table, where they would have plenty of light, and on arriving at the house he made his request.

"Why don't you look at your live things at school, and leave them there?" she inquired, with manifest distaste for the whole subject.

"Because we've found such beauties today, we can't bear to stop looking," said her nephew. "Let us have the table, won't you?"

"Ye-yes, you may have the table," was the somewhat grudging response, and the young men, wondering why auntie was so peculiar, set to work. Presently she appeared again, this time holding her skirts gingerly about her ankles, that they might not touch the floor.

"Boys," said she, taking a careful glance in every direction, "do be careful of those things, won't you?"

"What, the bacteria?"

"Yes. Don't let any of the creatures get out, and hide about the room, so that you can't catch them."—Youth's Companion.

What He Would Have Said.

A certain lady in Paris gives periodical dinners, at which assemble most of the best known wits and literati of the day. The rule of the mansion is that while one person discourses no interruption whatever can be permitted. It is said that M. Renan once attended one of these dinners, and, being in excellent vein, talked without a break during the whole repast. Toward the end of the dinner a guest was heard to commence a sentence, but he was instantly silenced by the hostess. After they had left the table, however, she at once informed the extinguished individual that, as M. Renan had now finished his conversation, she would gladly hear what he had to say. The guest modestly declined; the hostess insisted. "I am certain it was something of consequence," she said. "Alas, madame," he answered, "it was, indeed; but now it is too late. I should have liked a little more of that iced pudding."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Burned at the Stake.

What a little way we are, after all, from the dark ages! How many of my readers are aware that it is only 100 years this month since the last criminal was burned at the stake in London—and that criminal a woman? Here is the account of that event which a correspondent has sent me: "On the 18th of March, 1786, nine wretches were executed at Newgate—four for burglary, one for theft and three men and one woman for coining. After the men were 'turned off,' as the phrase went, the wretched woman was brought out, tied to a stake, and burned to ashes, after the form of strangling her had been gone through by removing the stool whereon she stood and so throwing her weight on the cord which bound her throat to the stake. Christian Murphy was (so far as I can discover) the last woman burned alive in London, though possibly a later victim may have been executed in some country town."—London Truth.

The Most Valuable Metal.

"If I gave you a pound of metal and ordered you to make the most out of it, what kind of metal would you select?" asked a well known jeweler. "Gold, of course," was the prompt reply. "I'd prefer a pound of steel," said the jeweler, "and I'd have it made into hair springs for watches. A pound of such springs would sell for an even $140,000."—Buffalo Express.

NO CURE FOR BALDNESS.

What a Tonsorial Artist Says About it.

WHO CAN SOLVE THE RIDDL ?

A Fortune in it.—A Mystery to the Doctors.

"Can hair be made to grow on bald heads?" Said a fashionable hairdresser, in response to a reporter's query: "Yes—and no. If a person becomes bald owing to illness the hair can be made to grow again. In fact, it will grow again without making, but it can be aided and stimulated in its growth by tonics. But if a person is deprived of his or her hair by natural loss of vitality, it will not grow again, and nothing has ever been compounded that will restore it. Natural baldness comes on gradually, and the awful day of its complete triumph over the hair's existence may be postponed by the use of tonics, but the final catastrophe can't be prevented. Long experience has taught me that fact, although years ago I had the personal opinion of the renowned Dr. Bazin, of Paris, to that effect. I have dressed heads for more than a quarter of a century. I have lamented with hundreds of my patrons from whose heads not only the hand of time but the indiscretions and carelessness of youth were gradually but persistently plucking the natural and often luxuriant covering, and have anointed, drenched and plastered their too apparent polls with lotions, tonics and pomatums, and rubbed and kneaded and manipulated their failing scalps until, if there had been one ember of hair life left slumbering there, it must surely have been brought back to its wonted fire and vigor, and have given it up at last and handed them the card of the wigmaker. If I have used one hair restorative I have used 500, and every one was warranted to not only prevent baldness but to restore to bald heads their sometime hirsute glory. Look at me. See what a remarkable growth and youthful gloss of hair I have. It has not changed in twenty-five years. Why?"

The hair dresser seized his soft brown hair with both hands, and with a vicious jerk removed it from his head. It was a costly wig, and his head was as white and bare as a billiard ball.

"That is why!" he murmured bitterly. "And I am not only a hair dresser, but one skilled in every tonsorial art! If there were help for baldness other than the skill of the wig maker, do you suppose for a moment that I, of all men, would not know it, and knowing it, would not only have rescued myself, but have saved to myself hundreds of my most profitable customers? If that is not proof enough that a man once bald is always bald, just call to mind doctors of your own acquaintance who are bald as glass globes They are learned in the mysteries of drugs and their preparation. They know what result their combination and application will produce. If any one living were capable of curing baldness some one among these experts in the science of medicine ought to be. You never had occasion to go to a doctor to get a prescription for baldness. I have.

"'Come to me for a cure for anything else,' my medical adviser said. 'Anything else,' said he, 'and I will cure you. But baldness! Why, my dear sir, Esculapius himself was as bald as—as bald as—well, as bald as I am!'

"And he was bald, this doctor of mine. An onion has more hair than he had! No, my son. If there lurked anywhere in all the materia medica, of not only this age but of past ages, the name of one little herb or drug, or whatever you may call it, that could bid even one hair to grow where there had been ten before, there would be no bald doctors nor bald hairdressers, and the discoverer of this boon would live longer in the hearts of men than would the much spoken of individual who is expected to reach the summit of all greatness some day by making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before."—New York Mail and Express

The Meanest Man in Creation.

A man in Clay, who owes us over two years' subscription, put his paper back in the postoffice last week marked "refused." We have heard of many mean men. There is the man who used the wart on his neck for a collar button, the one who pastured a goat on his grandmother's grave, the one who stole coppers from a dead man's eyes, the one who got rich by giving his five children a nickel each to go to bed without supper and then stealing the nickel after the children were asleep; but for pure, downright meanness the man who will take a paper for years, mark it "refused," and then stick it back into the postoffice, is entitled to the first premium.—Lineville (Ala.) Democrat.

Testing Horses' Feet.

J. C. Henry, of San Diego, Cal., through the columns of The Scientific American, suggests a novel means of testing the condition of horses' feet. Take a battery or magnetic machine, one that gives a light current, say such as can only be felt with moist hands. Attach one terminal to the animal's bit, the other to the shoe. If the horse suffers from the shoe or nails, he will squirm under the test. If there be no irritation, he will pay no attention to it. A little electrical science in the blacksmith shops would locate much suffering.—True Flag.

A Child Was Singing.

A well known pastor states that he spent an afternoon in climbing the tenement stairs of Edinburgh. The squalor was appalling. He saw only sin and misery and death. Never was he so sick at heart. Never did his faith receive so great a blow. For the moment he was tempted to exclaim: "There is no God." Soon, in the very midst of this hell he heard a note of faith—a child was singing. At once the cloud lifted, the heaven opened, and Christ spoke.—Rev. W. F. Taylor.

THOUGHT HE'D TAKE A DAY OFF.

A Northern New York Elder's Reply to a Committee of Church Folks.

A leading railroad man of Cincinnati gave a dinner party. Around the board were several New Yorkers who, toward the end of the feast, told stories out of their religious experiences.

"Up in Lawrence county," said a grim looking party, grizzly of hair, square of jaw and deliberate, as if addressing a jury, "there was once a worthy elder of the church named Joe Parker. Joe was a God fearing man, a good husband and father, upright in his business as a farmer and a most respectable citizen every way. One day he hitched his team, loaded it with produce and went to Potsdam. Night fell, but Joe did not come. His family were greatly alarmed. His son posted with all haste to Potsdam, only to learn that his father sold his beans and potatoes and started off homeward a little before dusk.

"Search proved unavailing, but the next afternoon up drove Joe's horse to the gate, broken winded and all of a lather. His master slowly descended to the ground, a sorry spectacle—his clothes torn, his face badly bruised, part of his front scalp missing. With unsteady steps Joe found his room. Next day the minister and the other elders of the church called upon him.

"'Brother Parker,' said the man of God, 'we visit you to have some explanation of the extraordinary events which have overtaken you this week.'

"'How long hev I bin a member of the church, boy and man?'

"'Forty-six years, my brother.'

"'Ain't I walked in the ways of the Lord pooty perpendickler doorin' that time?'

"'Yes, my brother; few have been privileged to serve the Lord so well.'

"'Six and forty year is a pooty good while, ain't it?'

"'Yes, my brother.'

"'Wall, I thought so, too, and so I kinder thought I'd take a day off.'"

The story teller was Thomas G. Shearman, the whilom superintendent of Plymouth Sunday school.—New York Sun.

Why She Wrote It.

Some of the most stimulating hymns have been "songs of the night." The whispered slanders of gossips begot the hymn, "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," which has been the consoler of thousands of tried men and women.

Phebe Brown, its author, a wife and mother living in poverty, used to stroll away at dusk to a neighboring grove, where she could meditate and pray.

The village gossips put their own coarse construction upon these evening walks. One of them, a woman whose house adjoined the grove, said to her, with a tone and manner more irritating than the words:

"Mrs. Brown, why do you come up at evening so near our house, and then go back without coming in?"

That evening Mrs. Brown, grieved in spirit, sat in the kitchen, rocking her babe and weeping. Then she laid the infant in its cradle, and gave expression to her feelings in nine stanzas of verse, which she entitled, "My Apology for My Twilight Rambles, Addressed to a Lady."

Several years afterward she prepared it as a hymn, suppressing four stanzas and altering a few expressions.—Youth's Companion.

Left His Names Behind Him.

When Baron von Seidletz-Leipe, Brewer Ehret's son-in-law, arrived at the Hoboken pier of the North German Lloyd Steamship company recently he was met by Capt. Hamelman, formerly of the steamer Werra, and now in charge of the company's piers. "What is your name?" asked the captain of the noble stranger, preparing to enter the reply in his record. The baron began to enumerate his various titles and Christian names, but had only got half through when the captain interrupted him with: "Oh, hang it, you left all those in Germany. You're in America now. What's your last name?" The baron, who was exceedingly taken aback, gave the desired information and hastily passed on to meet his friends.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Where a Hen Lays.

Not long since a New Hampshire committeeman was examining an infant school class. "Can any little girl or boy give the definition of the word 'average?'" he asked. For some time no one replied, but finally a little girl hesitatingly replied, "It is a thing a hen lays an egg on, sir." "No, that's not right." "Yes, sir, my book says so;" and she trotted up to her questioner and pointed to this sentence in her reading book, "A hen lays an egg every day on an average."—Every Other Saturday.

Comfort Anyway.

Farmer Aiken, of Venango county, Pa., aged 80, started to Pittsburg on his first railroad ride. The rattle of the train terrorized him, and he got off at the first stop and took to the mud roads. He hired a conveyance and went to Pittsburg overland at an expense which would have secured him a palace car all to himself. Some people do not care for expenses when comfort is involved.—Exchange.

Undesirable.

Mrs. Tiptop—Who is the gentleman who has been so attentive to you this evening?

Miss Tiptop—He belongs to one of the oldest families in this country, and is descended from the English nobility.

Mrs. Tiptop—Avoid him. He is probably poor.—New York Weekly.

LETTERS BY PHONOGRAPH.

How Messages will be Sent to Mexico.

FOR PEOPLE WHO CANNOT READ OR WRITE.

"Wizard" Edison's Latest Idea.—What Diaz Thinks of it.

Lawyer Edwin M. Fox returned on Friday from Mexico, whither he went in the interest of Thomas Edison to arrange the legal features of a contract with the government for the general introduction of the phonograph in the postoffices of that country. He gave yesterday some details of his mission, which, as already announced, was successful, and of the enterprise of which it was a preliminary.

The contract was obtained for a company which John M. Ceballos, of 80 Wall street, is now forming. It gives the proposed company the exclusive right for fifteen years to place phonographs in the postoffices of the republic for the use of people who cannot read or write. The charge for a single phonographic message has not yet been fixed; it may be but a medio, or six and a half cents, and it may be a real, or thirteen cents. To this charge must be added one of ten cents for postage, which is the rate at which letters are carried from one part of Mexico to another, although a letter may be sent from Mexico to this country for only five cents. The higher charge seems moderate when it is known that the sender of a message will be entitled to talk a thousand words into the phonograph.

When he has said his say, the cylinder containing his message will be inclosed in a paper box, addressed by a postoffice clerk to its destination, and, after being stamped, will be mailed like an ordinary letter. The recipient of the cylinder can either have the message spoken out to him by the phonograph in the nearest postoffice, or he can have it transcribed on paper for future reference. If every patron of the phonograph sends thousand word messages and every recipient insists on having them transcribed, the Edison Phonograph company of Mexico will lose money, but it is calculated that the messages will average certainly not anything like the tenth and perhaps not even the twentieth part of the limit. The persons who are expected to use the phonographs now employ scriveners to write their letters for them. The scriveners will probably have to do something else when the phonographs are set up.

By the terms of the contract the company is to take care of the machines and keep them in order. This will not involve its having an agent at each postoffice at which there is a phonograph, for it is bound to instruct one of the postoffice clerks in the use of the machine, and the time consumed in this way and in sending and receiving messages is to be allowed for. The company is to get a rental for the use of the machines, and what remains of the proceeds after deducting a small percentage for the government. As already intimated, all expenses are to be borne by the company, so that whatever the government gets will be clear gain. Only the large postoffices will at first be provided with phonographs, but it is expected that in the course of time the use of the instruments will become quite general.

The machines are to be made at Mr. Edison's factory in Orange and sent to Mexico as wanted, but there will also have to be a local establishment in the city of Mexico where repairs will be made and business connected with the enterprise transacted. As the company expects to sell many of the machines to the general public, a salesroom will be part of this establishment.

Mr. Fox took three phonographs to Mexico with him, one as a present for President Diaz, which poured out the instrumental and other music which Mr. Edison had poured into it at the laboratory in Orange, where concerts are still given, with phonographs for auditors, several times a week. President Diaz was quick to learn how to use the machine, and he sent back by Mr. Fox a cylinder containing a message in Spanish congratulating Mr. Edison on his great invention and himself that Mexico was to get the benefit of it.—New York Sun.

What Is a Valuable Invention.

The patentee of a machine by which tin horses raced one another around a ring recently sought to enjoin an infringement of the patent. It appeared that the only use to which the machines had been applied was to place them in saloons, bar rooms and other drinking places, where frequenters of such places make wagers as to which of the toy horses would stop first. Judge Blodgett, of the circuit court, has decided in this case (National Automatic Device company against Lloyd) that the laws of the United States only authorize the use of a patent for a new and useful invention; that a useful invention is one that may be applied to some beneficial use in society, in contradistinction to an invention which is injurious to the morals, health and good order of society; that the patent is not a useful device in that meaning of the word, its use so far having been pernicious and hurtful; and so the injunction was denied.—New York Telegram.

Never to Go Again.

A fact in relation to the death of Washington, not generally known, may be stated. The day after his death the clock in the Masonic lodge in Alexandria, of which he was a member, was set at the hour and minute of his demise. Then the clock was stopped, and it has never been permitted to run, nor have the hands been moved since.—Washington Star.

Tall Fuchsia.

Miss Sarah Rollins has a fuchsia which is nearly seven feet tall, and is still growing. It has made this remarkable growth since the 1st of December. It is watched as eagerly as was ever Jack's beanstalk.—Dexter Gazette.

How Passover Bread Is Made.

In the preparation of the Jewish Passover bread the kneading is done in the ordinary way. Pure gunpowder water is the only component added. The time for the dough to be baked is reduced to the minimum. It is broken into flat cakes and then run between rollers into very thin sheets. Over these a workman rolls a pronged steel to perforate the dough, so that air holes may be seen in the baked cakes. A steel hoop cuts the dough into round, flat sheets, which are then ready for the oven. The baker stands with a paddle attached to a very long handle. With the aid of a boy he thrusts the cakes into the brick compartment, and in half a minute pulls them out ready for use. A matzath cake is round, about four feet in diameter, somewhat browned and having slight air hole projections or its surface. They have a rather pleasant taste, not unlike that of crackers, and make a good substitute for bread. In some places there is a demand throughout the entire year for the unleavened cakes by dyspeptics. About eight cakes weigh a pound, which in large quantities sell at eight cents. The cakes are very brittle, and their pieces are ground up into fine meal. This is the substitute for wheat flour in the household during the Passover.—Baltimore Sun.

Couldn't Fool the Barber.

Three young fellows were having a heap of fun with themselve a few days ago, aided by a twenty-dollar bill. About 2:30 in the afternoon this trio went into a barber shop up on North Clark street and got shaved. When the tonsorial act had been completed one of the young fellows produced a twenty-dollar bill and told the barber to get his pay out of that. The barber asked politely if the gentleman had nothing smaller, saying at the same time that he had no change. At this one of the chaps very foolishly laughed, and stated that that bill had been as good as a gold mine to them, for they had come all the way up Clark street from the bridge and had had all they wanted to eat and drink on that bill because no one could change it. This made the barber hot, and he said: "Vell, you wasentt peat me like dot; you vas pay for dose shaves, I pet me," and he called his darky, saying to him: "Go over by the South Side und got some changes for dot pill, und you vasen't hurry too." The colored man understood the situation perfectly, for at 7 o'clock in the evening the three young men still sat there in the barber shop waiting for their $19.70.—Chicago Herald.

When Davis Left Fortress Monroe.

George Alfred Townsend, who saw Davis leave Fortress Monroe for Richmond, says: "His pictures heroized him and gave him a classical profile and an eye of ruling decision, which now he did not show. Still, in this setting of Hampton Roads, the man could not be else than the central figure. The great law of association made him the personage to which everything in view was subservient—the old fort which was the entering wedge into the late Confederacy; the yellow barrack peeping over the parapet where he had been imprisoned; the wrecks of the frigates sunk in the roadstead by his navy; the opposite cape where lurked that morning terrible as ever the superstition of the iron monster which had emerged thence for the deliberate work of destruction at the command of his will. And now he was the riddle and perplexity of his conquerer; this thin old man, just permitted to feel the breath of liberty, whose name for fear or wonder had gone round the world and earned from a cool head, even like Gladstone, the opinion that 'Jefferson Davis had made a nation.'"—De Fontaine.

An Honest Showman.

Lord Stowell, who went to see every exhibition, provided it did not cost more than a shilling, once presented himself at the door of a show where a snake of some more or less gaudy color was on view. But the sight of so good a customer was too much for the conscience of the showman, who exclaimed, like Mrs. Cluppins, "My lord, I will not deceive you. It's only the old snake with a new coat of paint." The showman doubtless meant well, but he certainly acted ill. Harmless pleasures are not so common in life that even successful lawyers ought to be deprived of them without a cause. Lord Stowell would have gratified the lust of his eyes without risking the salvation of his soul if only he had been permitted to gaze upon a skin where nature had been eclipsed by art. A certain amount of wholesome ignorance is necessary to the enjoyment or even to the toleration of existence.—The Saturday Review.

Jerrold's Joke.

The familiar inquiry, "Is it true that the first apple was eaten by the first pair?" is far fetched, but one cannot deny the humor of it. Again, in the conundrum, "Why is blindman's buff like sympathy?" "Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature," there is a direct application which is also unquestionably humorous. Then, as another example of a pun which is absurdly apparent, there was Douglas Jerrold's remark about a man to whom he had repeatedly written in vain for some money. "I have written him," said Jerrold to an acquaintance, "but got nothing." "Strange," said the other, "for he is a man full of kindness." "Yes," rejoined Jerrold, "unremitting kindness."—All the Year Round.

Beecher's Country Place.

Boscobel, the country place of the late Henry Ward Beecher at Peekskill on the Hudson, has been sold to Mr. Butler, of New York, for $75,000. The house cost Mr. Beecher $70,000, and he is said to have spent $200,000 on the grounds. The larger part of this sum was spent on trees. Mr. Beecher planted over 8,000, including every variety native to the temperate zone. The whole place was subsoiled and drained, and his trees, which protected his garden from the northwest winds, enabled him to have fruits and vegetables two or three weeks ahead of his neighbors.—Harper's Bazar.

A REMARKABLE CAREER.

How a Slave Acquired his Freedom.

HE BECOMES WEALTHY AND BUYS A WIFE

A Useful Citizen Who had the Friendship of all.

Here is the story of the life of Solomon Humphries, a most remarkable negro, who lived in Macon during the pioneer days of the town, and who was in his day not only the wealthiest negro in the south, but commanded the respect and esteem of all the white people.

Sol belonged to a rich planter, one of the old time sort, who lived in Jones county, which adjoins this. Being allowed more privileges than the other hands, and having more intelligence than the average negro, Sol managed to make an odd "thrip," and every one was laid up for the purpose of purchasing his freedom.

This was done in 1825, two years after Macon was made a town, and, with a nest egg of money given to him by his kind master, he came to Macon and opened a little store on the east side of the river, that being really the town in those days. Although he could neither read nor write he was a natural mathematician, working his sums mentally. His politeness, neatness and good business habits soon began to have good effect, and he became one of the largest merchants in the country.

In those days there were no steamboats here, and freight was brought up the river on flat towboats from Darien, then an important seaport. These boats were manned by negroes, six on a side, who handled the oars with singular skill. When they neared the bend in the river near Macon these dozen hands would strike up with a song, and on a still clear night the musical strains from these loud lunged singers came floating over the water as sweetest music. They would remain here a few days to unload the goods for the merchants, and then return to Darien with some four to five hundred bags of cotton on each boat. The bulk of the goods and cotton belonged to Solomon Humphries.

After a few years of successful business Sol began to take life easy. He purchased a place of ten acres near town and erected thereon a fine home. The gentlemen who went by on their hunting trips never failed to stop and get some of Sol's buttermilk. His house was always open to his white friends, and frequently he gave dinners that were really royal feasts. At these dinners Sol was never known to sit at the table. The guests were seated and it was Sol's pleasure to wait on the table. The dignitaries of the state broke bread with him, and one who was the most frequent visitor and enjoyed Sol's hospitality the most was the late Governor Charles J. McDonald, between whom and Sol a great friendship existed. According to the laws of Georgia at that time a free negro was compelled to have a trustee, and McDonald, who was then the first solicitor general of this circuit, afterward judge and then governor, held the position of trustee for Sol.

On one occasion, when Sol was on his way north to purchase goods, he was arrested in Charleston as a fugitive, and was lodged in jail, in spite of his entreaties, to wait until his trustee could be communicated with. That was before the days of telegraphy, and mails were slower than now. There was Sol, whose credit was good in New York for $50,000 and in Macon for as much more, penned up in the jail at Charleston as a runaway negro. Governor McDonald lost no time in forwarding the proper certificates and the message that if it was necessary he would go on to Charleston and certify to his being free in person. He was then released and proceeded on his way to New York, being careful not to come back by way of Charleston.

Sol's trade grew larger and larger. In 1833, when steamboats began to run on the Ocmulgee river, the consignments to him were larger than those of any other merchant. In 1838 he married. His wife's name was "Patsey," and she was also purchased by him. She was a member of the Presbyterian church in Macon, and worshiped with the whites. So great was the respect in which she was held by the pastor and members that she was admitted to the communion table, and though she was a negro, living in the south where slavery was rampant, she was shown every respect and kindness by her white friends. But with all this there never was a time when "Patsey" or Sol attempted to overstep the bounds. Sol became a member of the church, and every Sunday morning the pair could be seen in their pew in the little church, presenting rather a strange picture to the northerner who came south.

Several citizens of Macon, both of wealth and enterprise, attained their early business education as clerks from Sol Humphries. One of them became the merchant prince of the state, one became president of a bank, afterward president of a railroad, and now lives in New York, an old citizen and wealthy; and still another is a prominent merchant of Savannah. These gentlemen went to work for him when they were boys. As they grew up they went in business on their own accounts.

In 1853 Sol's luck began to change. His wife died, parties for whom he had indorsed failed, and soon his wealth melted away. In 1856 he died, and though he was then only in moderate circumstances, no funeral of those times was so largely attended. All citizens of every class turned out to pay the last tribute to his memory, and a most impressive sermon was delivered by the pastor of the Presbyterian church.

Such is the story of a free negro in times when the south knew nothing but slavery.—Macon (Ga.) Cor. New York Herald.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JULY 17..... 1891

Buckley says he is out of politics, but the Examiner has its doubts and advises the Democratic party to take such precautions as will make it impossible for him to again enter.

The wheat crop of the Pacific Northern States this year will be very large, and there will be an immense surplus for export. The Northwest is in big luck with a big crop and big prices certain.

Those who so persistently insisted that execution by electricity was cruel, and more torturing than the rope, must now accept defeat. The four New York murderers were dispatched practically instantaneously, and, according to the testimony of physicians present, painlessly.

There is just a bare possibility that the Kaiser will visit America. We shall all be glad to see him and help make his visit pleasant and instructive. A visit to the United States would do the Kaiser much good, and would certainly not prejudice the case of the American Hog.

That indignant woman at Fresno, who finding her husband drunk in a wine cellar turned all the spigots in an endeavor to drown him and succeeded in flooding the neighborhood with wine, had a proper idea of the way to celebrate the glorious Fourth. Of course the celebration was a howling success. It could not well be anything else—as every Indian in town got drunk on the overflow.

It is about time the civilized powers put an end to the bloody travesty of popular government in Hayti. The black republic seems to be steadily relapsing into barbarism. In the interests of humanity the civilized powers should concert together and put a stop to the horrible atrocities now being perpetrated there. That beautiful and fertile island, which excited the raptures of Columbus, has been transformed into a hell on earth. Hayti furnishes a melancholy example of African self rule.

An Eastern Democratic paper finds four Democrats in the West who might be supported in case the Cleveland-Hill contest in New York becomes too warm. One of these is John C. Carlisle of Kentucky, who belongs rather to the West than the South; another, James E. Campbell, in the event of his election this fall as Governor of Ohio; a third, Horace Boies of Iowa, also contingent upon success this fall, and a fourth, Isaac P. Gray of Indiana, whose nomination would go far to secure that doubtful State for the Democracy. But the mention of these names is met by the objection that the Democrats cannot do without New York, and cannot carry New York with a Western candidate.

The protection which the last legislature afforded to the coyote industry bids fair to bankrupt the state treasury. Only eleven counties have been heard from at the State Controller's office for the first quarter and yet the claims for scalps reach about $11,000. If the rest of the counties show up as well as the eleven that have reported, we shall pay for the support of this infant industry $56,000 for the quarter. That will be at the rate of $224,000 a year, a very handsome plum for the benefit of the coyote hunters of California and the adjacent territories. Such legislation as this should not only reach the scalps of the coyotes, but should induce the taxpayers to go after the scalps of the men and the party responsible for it.

President Diaz of Mexico has been interviewed by an American newspaper correspondent upon the subject of reciprocity with this country. He states that a reciprocity treaty is possible if the two countries are willing to make mutual and equitable concessions. He leaves the impression that Mexico favors better trade relations with the United States, but has no intention as yet of taking active measures to secure the advantages. It is probable that Mexico will develop a livlier interest in the benefits of reciprocity as she perceives the benefits which other American republics are and will be enjoying through quickened commercial intercourse with this country. She will then be inclined to petition for admission into the charmed circle.

Backley says he is out of politics. A fish is never safely out of water while he dangles on the hook over the stream.

A PRECIPITATE LOVER.

Young, brave, intelligent, Ferreol lacked for nothing, was well off in the goods of the world, burned his candles from start to finish, joked at the past, laughed at the future.

At Paris he encountered Angele. Charming Angele! He loved her, and told her so. She listened. He pressed her. She resisted. He insisted. She mentioned marriage.

Logical even with himself, he was not astonished.

Angele was good as pretty.

Why not marriage?

"Have you a family?" said Ferreol to her.

"A father, yes."

"Where is he?"

"Brest."

"What doing?"

"Refitting vessels."

"I go at once, then," said Ferreol calmly.

"Wherefore?"

"To demand your hand of monsieur your father. It is thus with me always. For tomorrow, nothing. Consider, buy. * * * I love you, you love me. You do love me?"

"Yes."

"Good! The train leaves at 8 this evening. At 11 tomorrow I land at Brest. Thirty minutes later arrive at the dock. See your father. Ask him the question, receive consent, at 3 p. m. resume the train, and day after tomorrow, at 7 in the evening, say to you, 'Angele, thou art mine!'"

She blushed, smiled coyly, and softly murmured:

"Go, then!"

Ferreol took a fiacre to more quickly reach the station. The driver was drunk.

It did not astonish him.

In the waiting room his valise was stolen.

Nothing astonishing in that.

In the wagon of the train one Englishman alone occupied all the four corners—the first with his person, the second with his glass, the third with his umbrella, the fourth with his Baedeker.

Ferreol was not astonished at this, either.

Then the train ran off the track. Pooh! child's play.

Ferreol had his nose half broken.

Ridiculous obstacle!

Briefly, with missed connections and many hours' delay, it was not till the third day after his departure from Paris that Ferreol debarked at Brest, and swift as a startled zebra threaded his way through the Rue de Siam.

"The ship refitting shops?"

"Rue de Penfeld, third building to the left."

Ferreol was totally ignorant of the geographical identity of the Penfeld, but a man like him makes no demand for explanations. Straight before him he plunged, as if he knew it like A B C, turned toward Saint Sauveur, struck the Gabon gate, rebounded upon the Madeleine, cannoned against the Chateau, saw on a street lamp "Quai de la Penfeld," and divining that he was on the right road at last took it.

Yes, took it at top speed to make up for lost time, scraping his shins on chains and tarred ropes, tripping himself up with links and anchors, receiving thumps and bumps from bales and boxes—to presently halt before a building on which, in black letters on a tobacco ground, was the magic word:

REFITTERS.

This chance astonished him no more than all the rest. Before him was a door. He knocked, entered, perceived a gloomy hall, a dingy camp bed, on that camp bed a sailor smoking a cob pipe. Hairy, tarry, weather beaten—a type of the old sea wolf.

"Monsieur Kenezek?" said Ferreol civilly.

"Not in."

"Where is he, then?"

"At work, of course."

"Where, I say?"

"Yonder, or maybe below."

And the sailor designated with his thumb a vague topography some distance away.

"Ah, well! then I'll go and find him at work."

"Then, my chicken?"

"Why not?"

"It would be"——

"Bah! no phrases! Speak to M. Kenezek I must, on business that admits of no delay, and I will speak to him at once if I have to go to the bottom to do it."

The sailor rose instantly, shifted pipe and quid from right to left, and cried out admiringly:

"Then too, then, art of the craft, my chicken?"

Ferreol comprehended nothing, but his principles dictated his answer.

"Parbleu! yes," said he, turning with decision.

"Come on, then; I'll show you myself. Two steps away only, but you'll dress yourself here."

Dress himself, and here? Any one but Ferreol would have let escape him at least a gesture of surprise. But he—never! After all, to present himself to a future father-in-law, perhaps it was more expedient to assume a black coat.

"So be it!" replied he.

The sailor moved a step to the door, but stopped thoughtfully, turned, unhooked from the wall a greasy placard, and with a mumbled "No humbug this, you see?" began to read and to question Ferreol as follows:

"You are not in a state of intoxication, you?"

"I!" said Ferreol indignantly; then restraining himself, "No, not even a glass of water in the stomach."

"And—more than an hour since you've eaten?"

"Three hours, pre . . ."

"You are not in a perspiration?"

"Dry as a fish bone."

"And your health is good?"

"Sound as cast iron."

"Nerves and temper calm and equable?"

"As a clam at high water."

"Good! All as it should be!"

And replacing the placard on its nail, the sailor wheeled and threw open the door of a cell to the left.

"Hurry!" said he; "begin; undress yourself!"

Ferreol, up to this date, had asked no one in marriage, but sharp as he was, he had never supposed that this act—important, it was true—would be accompanied by such formalities. One of those, however, whom nothing amazed, he did not flinch, but proceeded to strip himself.

Decidedly obscure in this closet, Ferreol was reduced to conjectures, smell and feeling; still, it was distinctly an undervest, drawers and shoes that the sailor drew from a locker and laid before him.

"With these," said he, "you can defy the perspiration."

"In truth I can!" said Ferreol, covering himself with the articles, which exhaled a singular odor of mingled tar and salty grass wrack. Upon which the other added to the costume a vest and breeches with feet and jacket of thick waterproof stuff, and bidding him be seated, assisted him with the skill of a retired valet de chambre to lace the great shoes, put on the breeches, thrust his arms, one after the other, into the sleeves of the jacket, and to slip his neck into a leathern collarette that exactly adapted itself to his shoulders.

On his back then he placed a cushion, and on that a metal pelerine that resembled a cuirass, reciting by rote meanwhile, after the fashion of the corporal's manual:

"Push each button of the pelerine into the corresponding hole of the collarette. Adjust the copper valves and turn the screw nuts. Close the latter till the joining of garments, pelerine," etc.

It was long, but Ferreol was patient and said only:

"You are sure I shall find M. Kenezek there?"

"Certain sure," responded the sailor with a grin; "he can't get away." Adding contentedly, "Nothing but the helmet lacking now; that we'll put on yonder."

And, followed by Ferreol, he tucked under his arm a sort of elongated ball in a leather envelope, and took up the march for the front.

Ferreol's costume reminded him as he scanned it of the striped clothes used upon criminals. Never before, he told himself, had a condemned seen the headsman bearing his head under his arm while leading a victim to the scaffold. A strange lover's travesty, which he must bear with patience.

Presently, turning to right and left, they reached a jetty advancing into the bay some ten to twenty meters. At the end of it the round crown of a building from which, at a shout from his conductor, came running a second sailor, who placed himself without a word behind Ferreol's back.

"All ready?" said the first.

"All ready," responded Ferreol.

"You see the slate and the pencil hung to your side?" queried the other again.

"Slate and pencil both," assented Ferreol amiably.

It was the last word he spoke.

Click! clack! rattle!

The helmet was over his head, bolted to his shoulders, the screw-nuts hard and fast.

Parbleu! At last a flash of enlightenment! Blinded, stifled, one single instant nature rebelled against his principles. Too late, however, and protestations inopportune.

For now he felt himself lifted, carried a pace, suspended in space; then a strange sensation of cold mounting from feet to waist and from waist to shoulders.

He opened wide his eyes, and through the helmet's "peepers" saw a fish flit past him.

Preliminaries decidedly not commonplace!

He continued to descend with relative rapidity. Soon the sandy bottom was underfoot, and there before him a monster with huge head and enormous eyes, who advanced to meet him, seized the slate at his belt and began to scratch upon it. Ferreol, whose head buzzed like a sawmill, stooped and read:

"I am Kenezek; who are you?"

The moment was solemn. Ferreol drew a long breath, to which the complaisant pump above him lent itself willingly, then with full lungs and grateful soul reflected.

This was Kenezek! This toiler of the sea, upon whom depended the happiness of his life. They must come to an understanding somehow. A sea diver as a father-in-law was not inadmissible.

The situation had grown unique.

He seized the pencil and took his turn at the slate, awkwardly at first, but still succinctly.

"I am Ferreol," responded he; "live at Paris; income, 10,000 livres; love Angele, your daughter, and have the honor to ask of you her hand in marriage!"

There was a growl under the father's helmet, and he wrote on the slate anew:

"Marry her if you like. I"——

"Consent?" cried Ferreol ardently, at once ravished and uneasy at the reply.

"Consent? Yes," penciled Kenezek; "good riddance too. But quick begone—begone, I say; I've work to finish!"

Ferreol delightedly sought to kneel before the paternal scaphandrier, but his inflated clothes held him erect. That act of respectful homage was forbidden him.

Meanwhile, seeing him hesitate, Angele's father repeated his order, but Ferreol, not knowing what to do in order to mount, and not hurrying enough to suit his temper, he pulled five times, according to the rules, the cord of recall, and Ferreol shot aloft like a rocket through a company of scudding dorades.

"If I'd been you," said the sailor, who received him, and to whom he benevolently proffered a glass of rum, "I'd have waited ten minutes. Kenezek quits work, you know, every day at 5 o'clock."

Ferreol looked at his watch. Ten minutes to 5.

"No," said he, "a man like me never waits a minute."

And he promptly returned to Paris——

"To marry the charming Angele?"

No. Fifty odd hours late in returning, the charming but impatient Angele had married the other fellow.

And Ferreol was not surprised at that.—Translated from La Vie Moderne by E. C. Waggoner for "Short Stories."

To Circumvent Moths.

This is the season when our innocent looking little enemies, the moths, do their destructive work—at least this is the beginning. The small, cream colored moths flying around should be destroyed. They do the mischief, depositing numbers of eggs in woolen and fur garments, carpets, curtains, upholstered furniture—nothing escapes them, and before we know the danger frequently our most cherished garment is riddled by these little pests.

The great trouble comes from not putting things away clean and free from the moth eggs. Articles slightly soiled are certain to attract moths. It is therefore well to wash everything that can be washed, like flannels and stockings. Coats, cloaks, furs and similar things should be cleaned and beaten and aired several times before finally putting away for the summer. When carpets are kept down during the summer, tar paper should be laid under the edges and the room swept carefully with a stiff broom once in a while, particularly the edges of the carpet, corners and seams.—Chicago News.

TALKING WITH MOLTKE.

EX-PRESIDENT ANDREW D. WHITE'S DESCRIPTION OF HIM.

He Met Him at a Reception in Berlin on the Occasion of the Golden Wedding of the Old Emperor William—Baron Nothomb's Felicitous Introduction.

By many people ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell university, ex-minister to Germany, is regarded as one of the best authorities on German affairs in the United States. Years of patient study and observation give great weight to his views on the new Germany of today.

Regarding the great German soldier and strategist the ex-president says:

I first saw Von Moltke just after my arrival at Berlin at the festivals attendant upon the golden wedding of the old Emperor William. The first of these was a great theatrical representation at the Royal Opera house, at which the emperor and empress and very nearly all the crowned heads of Germany, with representatives of the various royalties of Europe, were present, and besides these, attracting even more attention, Bismarck, Von Moltke and the leading generals of the Franco-Prussian war.

The appearance of these people comes back before me very vividly, but no one is more distinctly present to me than Von Moltke. He seemed absolutely different from every other personage in that great hall. He was a tall, spare man, his face a mixture of determination and kindliness, his whole appearance, as more than one person has said at various times, being that of an intelligent, kindly college professor or schoolmaster.

There was something singularly gentle about his whole bearing, yet it was impressive. He sat very quietly, exchanging some little conversation with his next neighbor, Manteuffel, the dreaded viceroy of Alsace-Lorraine. The contrast between the two was very marked—Manteuffel, apparently, all keenness and severity, Von Moltke firm, but gentle.

INTRODUCED BY BARON NOTHOMB.

When I next saw him it was at an evening gathering where there was not a large number present, and where I had the opportunity to converse with him. I was introduced to him by the dean of the diplomatic corps, Baron Nothomb, sometimes called "the father of constitutional liberty in continental Europe," a man of very wide political knowledge and who more than once, as I sat at the table, gave me accounts of his conversations with Talleyrand and other men of the first Napoleonic period.

Baron Nothomb in presenting me to Von Moltke took advantage of a little sketch published in one of the German newspapers, and said: "Sir Field Marshal, I wish to make you acquainted with a gentleman who was born in Homer, who lives in Syracuse and who has aided in founding a university at Ithaca."

At this Von Moltke laughed pleasantly, and evidently did not understand the allusion, whereupon I told him that in the earlier days of this country we had a way of naming our townships and villages after noted heroes of antiquity, but at present we did better, naming them after the great men of these times, and telling him that no doubt in the newer states he would find his own name and that of Bismarck attached to some of our younger towns. He seemed interested in this and talked on very pleasantly.

I look back to that evening as one of the most interesting during my stay in Germany.

MOLTKE IN PARLIAMENT.

At various other times I met Von Moltke, but do not recall anything of especial interest. No man was more free from the slightest tincture of vanity. As he walked through the streets and in the parks, going to and from the office of the general staff, he was undistinguishable save by his tall, scholarly form from the crowd of military men about him. He evidently wore just as little in the shape of orders and decorations as was permissible.

At court he was expected, of course, to appear in more splendid attire, but even then there was always the same quiet modesty and simplicity. He seemed to me in some respects "the noblest Roman of them all."

But perhaps his most impressive appearance was as a member of the imperial parliament. From time to time as I happened in to hear the discussions I saw him in his seat, quiet, imperturbable; but on two occasions I heard him speak, and on each of these his subject was the necessity of larger votes of money and men to maintain the military supremacy of Germany.

Nothing could be better in their way than these speeches of his. He looked and spoke as I could imagine Julius Cæsar looked and spoke in the Roman senate. Nothing could be more simple and yet nothing more effective. He was listened to by men of all parties with the utmost respect.

He seemed to stand in a sense aloof from all parties, and to be guided simply and solely by what he considered the best interests of the German empire. On hearing him speak one could not resist this conclusion, and as his manner was simple, voice good and statements very clear, direct and strong, but without the slightest tendency to exaggeration, his words carried great weight.

I remember hearing him say in substance in one of these speeches that Germany must be prepared for any emergency, and must maintain the very highest condition of military efficiency possible for at least fifty years. And I remember, too, with what a sort of solemnizing effect these words, quietly uttered, but evidently the result of conviction based on knowledge, had upon the audience. They seemed to carry a sense of responsibility to the heart of every person present.—New York Herald.

Unfortunate.

"The effect of Rev. Mr. Harkin's sermon on the terrors of hades was lost."

"How so?"

"The church was as cold as a barn, and the prospect he held out was rather agreeable."—Epoch.

Railway Clerks with Long Days.

The hours on duty of a booking clerk are usually ten a day; but they are at very irregular times. This is on account of trains starting to run as early as 5 a. m. and continuing till midnight. There must be always some one to book the passengers; and as there are nineteen hours to cover, and in many cases only two clerks, they have to work as best they can that both may have time for their meals.—Chambers' Journal.

A SHARP TRICK.

Yet It Shook the Faith That Two Young Boys Had in Their Older Sister.

Anna Mowry was left in charge of her two younger brothers one summer while her parents went to California. She was with them in a farmhouse on the Massachusetts coast, and frequently lectured them on questions of morals and manners. One evening she talked to them on the subject of honesty. "I have often read in the papers," she said, "of young men who are first led into extravagance and then rob or defraud their employers. If a brother of mine was to be guilty of such dishonesty I would never forgive him—never! I would not acknowledge him as my brother!"

The boys had never been tempted to steal, and the suggestion that temptation and fall were possible, together with their sister's threat, startled and impressed them. The next day, while the question of honesty was still fresh in their minds, Anna came in, eager and excited.

"I hear," she said, "that a woman in the neighborhood has some fine old Satsuma ware. Her husband was a sea captain and brought it to her fifty years ago. Come with me. I am going to try to buy a piece of it."

The house, when they reached it, was a meager, forlorn little cottage. The woman was old; her lean, pale face lightened when she saw Anna. She was poorly clad. Here was a chance of earning money!

"Lookin' for rooms, ma'am?" she said. "I have some good ones to let."

"No," said Anna, carelessly. "We just stopped for—a glass of water."

"Why, sister!" exclaimed Bob, astonished at the deception.

She shook her head angrily at him to be silent, and when the woman left the room she whispered, "If she knew what I came for she would charge twice as high for the ware." Then she followed her hostess, who was opening a cupboard.

"You have some nice glasses there," she said.

"Yes; cost a dollar a dozen."

"Very neat pattern indeed."

Anna turned the cheap, ugly shaped goblet in her hand, while her keen eye scanned the recess of the cupboard.

"Queer looking old china cup, that," she said. "May I see it? Thank you. What is it?"

"Some foreign kind of crockery. My husband brought it to me. I've been told it was worth considerable money."

"Ah? I shouldn't like to give much for it. It's a dingy looking bit of china. I think I would give seventy-five cents for it—just for the oddity."

"I couldn't let it go for less than a dollar," said the woman anxiously. "My husband gave it to me, but I do need money."

Anna laid the cup down, declaring that it was "dingy," but after some higgling she bought it for a dollar. She hurried away with it, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining.

"Cousin Bell gave twenty-five dollars for not half so good a specimen!" she cried exultantly, when they were on the road.

"Is this worth so much?" asked Bob gravely.

"It is worth more, but she did not know it."

"That was a pretty sharp trick of yours, Anna," said Tom thoughtfully, after a pause.

Anna laughed complacently. "Yes, I think so," she said.

When the lads were alone that night Bob said: "Anna said she would not acknowledge us as brothers if we stole money. Didn't she the same as steal that cup from the old woman if it was worth twenty-five dollars? If the old woman had known it she would not have let it go for a dollar. Anna took advantage of her ignorance. She really stole it."

"It looks like that," replied Tom.

"Well, then, I guess Anna wouldn't mind sharp tricks in business if we were men, Tom, would she?"

"No," said Tom.

The seed was planted which would reach a deadly growth hereafter, and Anna's talk about dishonesty was always thought of with derision.—Youth's Companion.

Intelligence in Mice.

The organs of hearing and smelling in mice are very efficient; but their eyesight is, we believe, poor. Their intelligence is, we should think, low, as might be expected from the paucity of convolutions in their brains. We suspended a tin of flour at such a height from the ground that our little friends could not quite jump into it, though the smell of the food made them very persevering in their endeavors to do so. We then arranged a string so that by a detour they could get at the good stuff that way.

One mouse by following that course attained to the desired goal, but evidently by chance, for being startled out of the tin, it continued for a long while to make futile efforts to recover its lost position by jumping up, never again seeking the road which had led it before to the object of its desire. For hours we have lain in bed watching mice trying in vain to spring into the tin of flour, none of them ever perceiving that there was a feasible road leading thereto.—Chambers' Journal.

Forgot to Carry.

A township treasurer in Ohio forgot to carry "9" in adding up his accounts, and the committee to look over his books found him $750 short, and nearly broke up his family before it was discovered where the error lay. The surprising thing about it is that he didn't "carry" the whole boodle to Mexico or somewhere else.—Detroit Free Press.

J. W. Murphy.

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Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M. for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge Room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
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ASSESSMENT NOTICE

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 27th day of June 1891, an assessment (No. 6) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, at Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 1st day of August 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 24th day of August, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK,
Secretary.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine, Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON
Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence, Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.
THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address,
P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal.
P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence.

BIG PINE HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JULY 17.....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 1.00¼
Lead, 4 45
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winter will preach at Lone Pine on Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.; at Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; at Independence, 7:30 p. m.

Children's day exercises at Lone Pine.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY, July 11, 1891.

W. H. Uhlemeyer vs. Sylvania Mining Co.—Filed Summons.

Estate of B. F. Theban, deceased—Filed petition for order of sale.

MONDAY, July 13, 1891.

Estate of Pauline Pellegrine, deceased—Filed Petition of W. F. Matlack for letters of administration.

TUESDAY, July 14, 1891.

Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased—Filed claim of John Alexander.

WEDNESDAY, July 15, 1891.

Ah Sing vs. O. H. Hill—Clerks entry of default.

THURSDAY, July 16, 1891.

O. I. Mairs vs. A. D. Gilbert—Filed satisfaction of judgment.

District Attorney Forbes is visiting at Bishop.

John Dodge of Lone Pine was in town yesterday.

T. J. Goodale was down from Fish Spring on Tuesday.

C. B. Rawson of Bishop was down from Bishop during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Conklin visited Independence during the week.

Miss Katie Reddy has returned to Darwin from a visit at Independence.

Misses Sophie and Emily Rhine returned to San Francisco yesterday from a visit at Independence.

Sheriff Gorman returned from below on Wednesday's train. He delivered Murray safely at Stockton.

A band of 2,000 range cattle sold in Idaho last week for $22 per head. Cattle are steadily going up.

Martin Moe came up from Lone Pine on Tuesday's train and will remain here a few weeks under the doctor's care.

The weather report from Keeler was missent in the mails. Hence the delay until this week for publication.

S. P. McKnight C. E. came down from Bishop yesterday and is engaged in surveying on the Eastside.

Who knows anything about the fair this year?—when will it occur, premium list, race programme etc.—Quien Sabe?

Charley Summers was down from Long Valley a few days this week. He reports the cattle men up there as doing well.

Norman Mairs returned to Independence yesterday from Los Angeles where he has been attending school for the last eight months.

George Lewis is harvesting a fine crop of grain at Camp Independence. All orders for hay and grain will be promptly attended to.

A. D. Gilbert has returned to Independence after an extended tour through the San Joaquin Valley. He has become a connoisseur on Salvation Army music.

There is considerable passenger travel on the stage line between Keeler and Mojave. With improved facilities—better and more stock used—the business could be considerably increased.

For washing calicoes that fade take a teaspoonful of sugar of lead; dissolve in a pailful of warm water a tablespoonful of salt; dip the garments in the mixture and dry before washing.

Ben Lisky returned to Beveridge last Monday. He says there are seventy tons of ore on the dumps, and about one hundred tons will be run through the mill some time in September.

J. J. Gunn arrived at Independence from San Francisco last Monday. He has gone to Modock to attend to mining interests there. Mrs. Gunn and baby are doing nicely in San Francisco.

A large quantity of fruit is being shipped from Independence station from the Symmes orchard by A. M. Given, and from the Densmore orchard by Dan Cofer. Both shippers put up their fruit in fine shape.

Keeler pursues the even tenor of its way. Teams are employed constantly on the road from Darwin and Modock and from Cerro Gordo. A large quantity of freight is handled, but nothing of special importance is happening.

Coyote scalpers must bear in mind that the scalps must have the ears and nose on to entitle them to the State bounty of $5 An Auteloper had 16 scalps rejected at the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Mono County—a clean loss of $80 on account of a scarcity of noses.

The population of the State of Nevada under the present census is 45,761, a decrease of 16,505, or 26.51 per cent. since 1880, when the State had a population of 62,266. In every county but two decreases are shown, owing, no doubt, to the decadence of mining interests.

A Quick Cure For Rheumatism.

In many cases persons subject to rheumatism, have got prompt relief from pain by applying Chamberlain's Pain-Balm. The relief it affords is alone worth many times its cost, which is but 50 cents, and its continued application effects a complete cure. For sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

SUPERVISORS' PROCEEDINGS.

FRIDAY, July 10, 1891.

The Board of Supervisors met on the above day, all the members being present. Minutes of preceding meeting read, corrected and approved.

Quarterly reports of Auditor and Treasurer accepted and approved.

The Clerk was instructed to procure two dozen copies of Road Law. Following rates were fixed for labor on roads: Road Masters, $3 per day, other labor, $2; Road Master with two horses, $5; each additional span, $2. Each days labor to consist of 8 hours actual work.

A lease of Owens river was granted to J. H. Bulpit and others for lumbering purposes. The following rates were fixed: For floating cord-wood 50 cts. per cord; booming same, 50 cts. Floating lumber, $2 per 1,000 feet; booming same, $1. For floating logs, $2 per 1,000 feet; booming same, $1; all to be reckoned as board measure. For floating fence poles or posts, 2 cts. each; booming same, 2 cts. each.

C. W. Rathbun, A. E. Janvier, H. H. Howell and Elma K. Conklin appointed members of Board of Education.

Claim of J. E. Dunlap for $18 allowed in sum of $9.

Claim of G. L. Drake reconsidered and allowed in sum of $79 70.

Ordered that $85 be appropriated for improvements on Garrettson bridge.

Warrant on Hospital Fund for $16 drawn in favor of Judson Webber.

Ordered that the sum of $175 be appropriated from the bridge fund to construct a bridge across Owens river east of Bishop in Road Dist. No. 3.

Claims of members allowed and Board adjourned.

The Coyote Holes Tragedy.

The *Gazette*, Bakersfield, gives the following account of the late deplorable affair near Coyote Holes:

"The Indian trouble at Sage canyon in which Constable Powers was killed, is about this: A stack of hay was burned, and it was set on fire by some one, the owner believing it to be the work of an Indian swore out a complaint and placed it in Powers' hands for execution. Powers, accompanied by Gann, left Weldon on July 24, arriving at Kiowa's rancheria on the morning of the 31. McCoy joined the officers at Coyote Holes and went with them to his death. Upon reaching the Indian camp they met Kiowa and asked him where the Indian was for whom the warrant was issued. He said he would assist them in the search, called a boy to catch his horse, which seems to have been a prearranged signal to open fire upon the constables. An Indian appeared at the door and commenced shooting, Kiowa had a six-shooter concealed in his shirt, and he drew this and commenced shooting, and the constables returned the fire. Powers and McCoy were shot, and Gann having emptied his pistol, made a break and reaching a horse mounted and started for Coyote Holes pursued by two Indians on the other horses. Gann aroused the country, and a posse reached the seat of war next morning just at daybreak. Lying in front of the house were the bodies of McCoy and Powers badly mutilated. Search being made a fresh grave was discovered and opened, and the bodies identified as old Kiowa and one of his sons. John L. Powers was a young man, a hard worker and energetic, and was very popular. Oliver McCoy was a resident of Tulare county and leaves a family.

Meteorological Summary.

Following is the report of the Signal Service Station at Keeler for the month of June, 1891.

Mean barometer.....29.722
Highest barometer.....30.03
Lowest barometer.....29.465
Mean temperature.....72.0
Highest temperature, 29th.....97.
Lowest temperature, 1st.....46.
Greatest daily range temp'ture, 27th, 32.
Least daily range temperature, 11th, 15.
Prevailing direction of wind, East.
Total movement of wind, 4679 miles.
Extreme velocity of wind, direction and date, 36 miles S. W. on 18th.
Total precipitation, 0.30 inches.
Number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell, 2.
Number of cloudless days.....18
Partly cloudy days.....6
Cloudy days.....6

H. E. WILKINSON,
Sergt., Signal Corps, Observer.

The Soda Works.

Preparations are now being made at the Soda works at Keeler to take up soda. Those vats that are filled with a sufficient quantity of soda are being drawn off, and the crude stuff will be hauled to the mill and be ground up for shipment. The vats will be filled again as rapidly as emptied, and the work continued until the season is over. This industry could readily be worked to assume vast proportions and employ a large number of laborers. It is currently reported that a movement is now on foot to change control of the works and greatly extend them.

Cone to Saline.

A Mr. Robinson, a mine expert left Big Pine on Wednesday for the Ubaheba copper mines in Saline Valley. These mines were formerly owned by A. Bierstadt and others of New York but were located some time ago by the Smith Brothers, Arlie Mairs and J. Welsh. The latter parties bonded the property to Mr. Reeves, who is taking the expert to see them. There is said to be an immense ledge, and with facilities for transportation the mines would be of great value.

A Suggestion.

If you are troubled with rheumatism or a lame back, allow us to suggest that you try the following simple remedy. Take a piece of flannel the size of the two hands, saturate it with Chamberlain's Pain-Balm and bind it over the seat of pain. It will produce a pleasant warmth and relieve you of all pain. Many severe cases have been cured in this way. The Pain-Balm can be obtained from

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

Well Merited Praise.

In almost every neighborhood there is some one or more persons whose lives have been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, or who have been cured of chronic diarrhœa by it. Such persons take special pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise that follows the introduction and use makes it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

At the last session of Congress an act was passed that affects all dealers in cigars, but with which most of them are unacquainted. Section 2692 of the Revised Statutes says that cigars must be sold to customers direct from the properly stamped box. A dealer who takes out a handful of cigars and lays them before the buyer to choose from, or a saloon keeper who brings a cigar on a plate or in a glass makes himself liable to a fine of $100.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent.

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS,
O. I. MAIRS.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing.....$2.00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

A. W. Eibeshutz
Independence, Cal.
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,
J. C. ROEPER, Prop.
Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including
Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.
A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

NOTICE
ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.
FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!
ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE
Eastside Canal.
There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,
C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully
Equal to the Best
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.,
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed
Flooring.
sept 11-tf

PALACE SALOON
LONE PINE, CAL.
—THE FINEST—
WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGAR
—o—
This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT,
j12-tf Lessee.

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1030 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDIS
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and pric before purchasing elsewhere.
E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.
First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.
THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.
—o—
The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.
PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Address orders and packages to
HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

BIG 10P ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.
Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View
Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

NEVADA STABLE
BISHOP.
Opposite Valley View Hotel, Main St
In the Livery Department nothing is kept but safe and good traveling carriage and saddle horses. Conveyances of all kinds first-class. Good attendance and the best of hay and grain for all animals boarding at the stable
S. P. SMITH, Prop.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
Customers supplied on all points
Of the C. & C. Railroad.
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale
Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE SEW ART HOUSE.
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages, in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.
CARSON & COLORADO R R
TAKING EFFECT
Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p. m.		5.50 p. m
Dayton.....	12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska.....	2 05 p. m.		2 50 p. m
Hawthorne.....	5.50 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning.....	7:05 p. m.		9.55 a. m.
Soda Springs.....	8:05 p. m.		9:15 a. m
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.		7:55 a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10 00 p. m.		Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3.		No. 4.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Belleville.....	8 20 a. m		5:25 p m.
Benton.....	11:00 a m		1:35 s m.
Bishop Creek.....	2:00p, m.		11:00 a. m
Alvord.....	2 45 p. m.		10:00 a. m
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10 p. m.		7 40 a m
Keeler.....	Ar 5:55 p. m.		Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. & R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leavin Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver P Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies'
Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOLF
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries & canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain
Flour, etc., constantly
on hand.
CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

LONE PINE
Blacksmith Shop.
R. C. Spear, Prop'r
—ALL WORK ON—
MINING TOOLS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
& FREIGHTING OUTFITS
—PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—
HORSE SHOEING,
CARRIAGE WORK,
GENERAL REPAIRING
All work attended to with neatness and despatch. Prices to suit the times.

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel
BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS
All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CGARS
The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!
Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 tf

Too large—the old-fashioned pill. Too reckless in its way of doing business, too. It cleans you out, but it uses you up, and your outraged system rises up against it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have a better way. They do just what is needed—no more. Nothing can be more thorough—nothing is as mild and gentle. They're the smallest, cheapest, the easiest to take. One tiny, sugar-coated granule's a gentle laxative—three to four are cathartic. Sick Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

The Dead Alive.

"Did you ever see a dead man walking about?" queried a Griswold street insurance agent of a friend the other day.

"Of course not."

"Well, there is a case of it. See that man on the corner."

"He looks pretty lively."

"Yes, but he's legally dead. Let me tell you about him. We served in the same Ohio regiment in the war. At the battle of Groveton, which took place a day or two before Second Bull Run, he was detailed as a skirmisher. The Confederates pushed forward, and as the skirmishers were running back to the lines this man stopped for a moment on a little knoll. A shell came through a gap in the Confederate lines, entered the base of the knoll, and when it exploded he was lifted twenty feet high."

"And torn to pieces?"

"We thought so, and a thousand men saw the performance. He was picked up by the Confederates, sent to a hospital and then held a year and a half as a prisoner of war. Our captain reported him dead, he was carried down the rolls as such, and even now the tangle has not been straightened out. When taken prisoner the Confederates put him down as James instead of John, and that helped mix matters."

"But was he badly wounded?"

"No. He did not lose a drop of blood, but was simply stunned, and it was six months before his hearing was fully restored. He has paid a claim agent over $500 to secure his discharge as a Union soldier, but he has not got it yet."—Detroit Free Press.

St. Jacobs Oil

A SURE CURE — A PROMPT CURE

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism
Sciatica
Back Aches
all Aches
Neuralgia.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT IS THE BEST.

DON'T.

Don't cheat yourself out of a good smoke by taking a poor imitation for the genuine Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

GUNS

HUNTER'S EQUIPMENTS

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THE SPLENDID SPUR.

Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

"Joan—what besides?"

"Joan's enough, I reckon; lucky for thee 'tis none else. Joan o' the Tor folks call me, but may yet be Joan i' Good Time. So hold thy peace, lad, an' cry out so little as may be."

I felt a ripping of my jacket sleeve and shirt, now clotted and stuck to the flesh. It pained cruelly, but I shut my teeth; and after that came the smart and delicious ache of water, as she rinsed the wound.

"Clean through the flesh, lad—in an' out, like country dancin'. No bullet to probe nor bone to set. Heart up, sace! Thy mother shall kiss thee yet. What's thy name?"

"Marvel, Joan—Jack Marvel."

"An' marvel 'tis thou'rt Marvel yet. Good blood there's in thee, but little enow."

She bandaged the sore with linen torn from my shirt, and tied it round with sack cloth from her own dress. 'Twas all most gently done; and then I found her arms under me and myself lifted as easy as a baby.

"Left arm round my neck, Jack; an' sing out if 'tis hurtin' thee."

It seemed but six steps and we were out on the bright hillside, not fifty paces from where the plow yet stood in the furrow. I caught a glimpse of a brown neck and a pair of firm red lips, of the gray tor stretching above us, and, farther aloft, a flock of fleid fare hanging in the pale sky; and then shut my eyes for the dazzle, but could still feel the beat of Joan's heart as she held me close and the touch of her breath on my forehead.

Down the hill she carried me, picking the softest turf, and moving with an easeful swing that rather lulled my hurt than jolted it. I was dozing, even, when a strange noise awoke me.

'Twas a high protracted note, that seemed at first to swell up towards us, and then broke off in half a dozen or more sharp yelps. Joan took no heed of them, but, seeing my eyes unclose, and hearing me moan, stopped short.

"Hurts thee, lad?"

"No." 'Twas not my pain, but the sight of the sinking sun that wrung the exclamation from me—"I was thinking," I muttered.

"Don't; 'tis bad for health. But bide thee still awhile, and shalt lie 'pon a soft bed."

By this time we had come down to the road, and the yells were still going on, louder than ever. We crossed the road, descended another slope, and came all at once on a low pile of buildings that a moment before had been hid. 'Twas but three hovels of mud, stuck together in the shape of a headless cross, the main arm pointing out towards the moor. Around the whole ran a battered wall patched with furze, and from this dwelling the screams were issuing:

"Joan!" the voice began, "Joan—Jan Tergagle's a-clawin' my legs—Gar-rout, thou hell cat—Blast thee, let me zog! Pull'n off, Joan—Jo-an!"

The voice died away into a wail; then broke out in a racket of curses. Joan stepped to the door and flung it wide. As my eyes grew used to the gloom inside, they saw this:

A rude kitchen—the furniture but two rickety chairs, now tossed on their faces, an oak table, with legs sunk into the earth, a keg of strong waters, tilted over and draining upon the mud floor, a ladder leading up to a loft, and in two of the corners a few bundles of bracken strewn for bedding. To the left, as one entered, was an open hearth, but the glowing peat turves were now pitched to right and left over the hearthstone and about the floor, where they rested, filling the den with smoke. Under one of the chairs a black cat spat and bristled; while in the middle of the room, barefooted in the embers, crouched a man. He was half naked, old, and bent, with matted gray hair and beard hanging almost to his waist. His chest and legs were bleeding from a score of scratches; and he pointed at the cat, opening and shutting his mouth like a dog, and barking out curse upon curse.

No way upset, Joan stepped across the kitchen, laid me on one of the bracken beds and explained:

"That's feyther; he's drunk."

With which she turned, dealt the old man a cuff that stretched him senseless, and, gathering up the turves, piled them afresh on the hearth. This done, she took the keg and gave me a drink of it. The stuff scalded me, but I thanked her. And then, when she had shifted my bed a bit to ease the pain of lying, she righted a chair, drew it up and sat beside me. The old man lay like a log where he had fallen and was now snoring. Presently the fumes of the liquor or mere faintness mastered me and my eyes closed. But the picture they closed upon was that of Joan, as she leaned forward, chin on hand, with the glow of the fire on her brown skin and in the depths of her dark eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW JOAN SAVED THE ARMY OF THE WEST.

But the pain of my hurt followed into my dreams. I woke with a start, and tried to sit up.

Within the kitchen all was quiet. The old savage was still stretched on the floor; the cat curled upon the hearth. The girl had not stirred; but, looking towards the window hole, I saw night outside, and a frosty star sparkling far down in the west.

"Joan, what's the hour?"

"Sun's been down these four hours." She turned her face to look at me.

"I've no business lying here."

"Chose to come, lad; none axed thee, that I knows by."

"Where's the mare? Must set me across her back, Joan, and let me ride on."

"Mare's in stable, wi' fetlocks swelled like puddens. Chose to come, lad; an' choose or no, must bide."

"'Tis for the General Hopton, at Bodmin, I am bound, Joan; and wound or no, must win there this night."

"And that's seven mile away; wi' a bullet in thy skull, and a peat quag thy burial. For they went south, and thy road lieth more south than west."

"The troopers?"

"Ay, Jack; an' work I had this day wi' those same bloody warriors; but take a sup at the keg, and bite this manchet of oat cake while I tell thee."

And so, having fed me, and set my bed straight, she sat on the floor beside me (for the better hearing), and in her uncouth tongue told how I had been saved. I cannot write her language; but the tale, in sum, was this:

When I dropped forward into her arms, Joan for a moment was taken aback, thinking me dead. But (to quote her) "'no good,' said I, 'in cuddlin' a lad 'pon the hillside, for folks to see, though he have a-got curls like a wench; an' dead or 'live, no use to wait for others to make sure.'"

So she lifted and carried me to a spot hard by that she called the "Jew's Kitchen;" and where that was, even with such bearings as I had, she defied me to discover. There was no time to tend me, whilst Molly stood near to show my whereabouts; so she let me lie, and went to lead the sorrel down to stable.

Her hand was on the bridle when she heard a whoop! up the road, and there were half a dozen riders on the crest, and tearing down hill towards her. Joan had nothing left but to feign coolness, and went on leading the mare down the slope.

In a while up comes the foremost trooper, draws rein, and pants out, "Where's he to?"

"Who?" asks Joan, making out to be surprised.

"Why, the lad whose mare thou'rt leadin'!"

"Mile an' half away by now."

"How's that?"

"Freshly horsed," explains Joan.

The troopers—they were all around her by this—swore 'twas a lie, but luckily, being down in the hollow, could not see over the next ridge. They began a string of questions all together, but at last a little tun bellied sergeant called "Silence!" and asked the girl, "did she loan the fellow a horse?"

Here I will quote her again:

"'Sir, to thee,' I answered, 'no loan at all, but fair swap for our Gray Robin.'

"'That's a lie,' he says; 'an' I won't believe thee.'

"'Might so well,' says I; 'but go to the stable an' see for thysel'.' (Never had gray horse to my name, Jack; but, thinks I, that's his'n lookout.)"

They went, did these simple troopers, to look at the stable, and, sure enough, there was no Gray Robin. Nevertheless, some amongst them had logic enough to take this as something less than proof convincing, and spent three hours and more ransacking the house and barn, and searching the tor and the moors below it. I learned, too, that Joan had come in for some rough talk—to which she put a stop, as she told me, by offering to fight any man Jack of them for the buttons on his buff coat. And at length, about sundown, they gave up the hunt, and rode away over the moors toward Warleggan, having (as the girl heard them say) to be at Braddock before night.

"Where is this Braddock?"

"Nigh to Lord Mohun's house at Boconnoc, seven mile away to the south, and seven mile or so from Bodmin, as a crow flies."

"Then go I must," cried I; and hereupon I broke out with all the trouble that was on my mind, and the instant need to save these gallant gentlemen of Cornwall, ere two armies should combine against them. I told of the king's letter in my breast and how I found the Lord Stamford's men at Launceston; how that Ruthen with the vanguard of the rebels, was now at Liskeard, with but a bare day's march between the two, and none but I to carry the warning. And, "Oh, Joan!" I cried, "my comrade I left upon the road. Brighter courage and truer heart never man proved, and yet left by me in the rebels' hands. Alas! that I could neither save nor help, but must still ride on; and here is the issue—to lie struck down within ten mile of my goal—I, that have traveled two hundred. And if the Cornishmen be not warned to give fight before Lord Stamford comes up, all's lost. Even now they be outnumbered. So lift me, Joan, and set me astride Molly, and I'll win to Bodmin yet."

"Reckon, Jack, thou'd best hand me thy letter."

Now, I did not at once catch the intent of these words, so simply spoken; but stared at her like an owl.

"There's horse in stall, lad," she went on, "though no Gray Robin. Tearaway's the name and strawberry the color."

"But, Joan, Joan, if you do this—feel inside my coat here, to the left—you will save an army, girl; may be a throne! Here 'tis, Joan, see—no, not that—here! Say the seal is that of the governor of Bristol, who stole it from me for a while; but the handwriting will be known for the king's, and no hand but yours must touch it before you stand before Sir Ralph Hopton. The king shall thank you, Joan, and God will bless you for't."

"Hope so, I'm sure. But larn me what to say, lad, for I be main thick witted."

So I told her the message over and over, till she had it by heart.

"Sha'n't forgit now," she said at length, "an' so hearken to me for a change. Bide still, nor fret thysel'. Here's pasty an' oat cake, an' a keg o' water that I'll stow beside thee. Pay no heed to feyther, an' if he wills to get drunk an' fight wi' Jan Tergagle—that's the cat—why, let'n. Drunk or sober, he's no 'count."

She hid the letter in her bosom and stepped to the door. On the threshold she turned.

"Jack, forgot to ax; what be all this bloodshed about?"

"For church and king, Joan."

"H'm; same knowledge ha' I o' both—an' that's nought. But I dearly loves fair play."

She was gone. In a minute or so I heard the trampling of a horse; and then, with a scurry of hoofs, Joan was off on the king's errand, and riding into the darkness.

Little rest had I that night, but lay awake on my bracken bed and watched the burning peat turves turn to gray, and drop, flake by flake, till only a glowing point remained. The door rattled now and then on the hinge, out on the moor the light winds kept a noise persistent as town dogs at midnight; and all the while my wound was stabbing, and the bracken pricking me till I groaned aloud.

A day began to break the old man picked himself up, yawned and lounged out, returning after a time with fresh turves for the hearth. He noticed me no more than a stone, but, when the fire was re-stacked, drew up his chair to the warmth and breakfasted on oat cake and a liberal deal of liquor. Observing him, the black cat uncoiled, stretched himself, and climbing to his master's knee sat there purring and the best of friends. I also judged it time to breakfast; found my store, took a bite or two and a pull at the keg and lay back—this time to sleep.

When I woke 'twas high noon. The door stood open, and outside on the wall the winter sunshine was lying very bright and clear. Indoors, the old savage had been drinking steadily, and still sat before the fire with the cat on one knee and his keg on the other. I sat up and strained my ears. Surely if Joan had not failed the royal generals would march out and give battle at once; and surely, if they were fighting, not ten miles away, some sound of it would reach me. But beyond the purring of the cat I heard nothing.

I crawled to my feet, rested a moment to stay the giddiness, and tottered across to the door, where I leaned, listening and gazing south. No strip of vapor lay on the moors that stretched—all bathed in the most wonderful bright colors—to the lip of the horizon. The air was like a sounding board. I heard the bleat of an old wether a mile off upon the tors, and was turning away dejected, when, far down in the south, there ran a sound that set my heart leaping.

'Twas the crackling of musketry.

There was no mistaking it. The noise ran like wildfire along the hills; before the echo could overtake it a low rumbling followed, and then the brisker crackling again. I caught at the door post and cried, faint with the sudden joy:

"Thou angel, Joan!—thou angel!"

And then, as something took me by the throat—"Joan, Joan—to see what thou seest!"

A long time I leaned by the door post there, drinking in the sound that now was renewed at quicker intervals. Yet, for as far as I could see, 'twas the peacefulest scene, though dreary—quiet sunshine on the hills, and the sheep dotted here and there, cropping. But down yonder, over the edge of the moors, men were fighting and murdering each other, and I yearned to see how the day went.

Being both weak and loath to miss a sound of it, I sank down on the threshold, and there lay with my eyes turned southward through a gap in the stone fence. In a while the musketry died away and I wondered, but thought I could still at times mark a low sound as of men shouting, and this, as I learned after, was the true battle.

It must have been an hour or more before I saw a number of black specks coming over the ridge of hills and swarming down into the plain towards me, and then a denser body following. 'Twas a company of horse moving at a great pace, and I guessed that the battle was done and these were the first fugitives of the beaten army.

'Twas, maybe, an hour after that a man came in through the gap; a lean, hawk eyed man, with a pinched face and two ugly gashes—one across the brow from left eye to the roots of his hair; the other in his leg below the knee, that had sliced through boot and flesh like a scythe cut. His face was smeared with blood and he carried a musket.

"Water!" he barked out as he came trailing into the yard. "Give me water—I'm a dead man!"

He was stepping over me to enter the kitchen, when he halted and said:

"Art a malignant, for certain!"

And before I had a chance to reply his musket was swung up, and I felt my time was come to die.

But now the old savage, that had been sitting all day before his fire, without so much as a sign to show if he noticed aught that was passing, jumped up with a yell and leaped towards us. He and the cat were on the poor wretch together, tearing and clawing. I can hear their hellish outcries to this day; but at the moment they turned me faint. And the next thing I recall is being dragged inside by the old man, who shut the door after me and slipped the bolt, leaving the wounded trooper on the other side. He beat against it for some time, sobbing piteously for water, and then I heard him groan at intervals till he died. At least, the groans ceased, and the next day he was found with his back against the cottage wall, stark and dead.

Having pulled me inside, Joan's father must have thought he had done enough, for on the floor I lay for hours and passed from one swoon to another. He and the cat had gone back to the fire again, and long before evening both were sound asleep.

So there I lay helpless, till, at nightfall, there came the trampling of a horse outside, and then a rap on the door. The old man started up and opened it; and in rushed Joan, her eyes lit up, her breast heaving, and in her hand a naked sword.

"Church and King, Jack!" she cried, and flung the blade with a clang on to the table. "Church and King! O brave day's work, lad—O bloody work this day!"

And I swooned again.

CHAPTER XIII.

I MEET WITH MR. HANNIBAL TINGCOMB.

There had, indeed, been brave work on Braddock Down that 19th of January. For Sir Ralph Hopton with the Cornish grandees had made short business of Ruthen's army—driving it headlong back on Liskeard at the first charge, chasing it through that town, and taking 1,200 prisoners (including Sir Shilston Calmady), together with many colors, all the rebel ordnance and ammunition, and most of their arms.

At Liskeard, after refreshing their men, and holding next day a solemn thanksgiving to God, they divided—the Lord Mohun with Sir Ralph Hopton and Col. Godolphin marching with the greater part of the army upon Saltash, whither Ruthen had fled and was intrenching himself; while Sir John Berkeley and Col. Ashburnham, with a small party of horse and dragoons and the voluntary regiments of Sir Bevill Grenville, Sir Nich. Slanning, and Col. Trevanion, turned to the northeast, toward Launceston and Tavistock, to see what account they might render of the Earl of Stamford's army; that, however, had no stomach to await them, but posted out of the county into Plymouth and Exeter.

'Twas on this expedition that two or three of the captains I have mentioned halted for an hour or more at Temple, as well to recognize Joan's extreme meritorious service, as to thank me for the part I had in bringing news of the Earl of Stamford's advance. For 'twas this, they owned, had saved them—the king's message being but an exhortation and an advertisement upon some lesser matters, the most of which were already taken out of human hands by the turn of events.

But though, as I learned, these gentlemen were full of compliments and professions of esteem, I neither saw nor heard them, being by this time delirious of a high fever that followed my wound. And not till three good weeks after was I recovered enough to leave my bed, nor, for many more, did my full strength return to me. No mother could have made a tenderer nurse than was Joan throughout this time. 'Tis to her I owe it that I am alive to write these words; and if the tears scald my eyes as I do so, you will pardon them, I promise, before the end of my tale is reached.

(To be Continued.)

The action of the postmaster of El Paso in refusing to allow the El Paso *Times* to be transmitted through the mail simply because it contained as news an Associated Press dispatch giving a synopsis of the opinion of the Supreme Court of Louisiana compelling the Secretary of State to submit at the next election a constitutional amendment passed by the last general assembly extending the charter of the Louisiana State Lottery twenty-five years, is deserving of the severest condemnation and censure, not only because of the injustice of such an arbitrary proceeding, but upon grounds of public policy. The business manager of the *Times* very properly had this postmaster, who bears the historic name of Smith, arrested for unlawfully detaining mail matter, and he was bound over to appear before a commissioner for trial, but the punishment whatever it will be, even if ever meted out after many months of delay, will not fit the crime. Nothing short of absolute and immediate official decapitation, with whatever other punishment the law provides, would be proper for such officious intermeddling with the mails. If the United States mail is to be subjected to such scrutiny and exclusion by the postmaster at El Paso, the postmasters at the various other cities, towns, villages, hamlets and crossroads in the State and throughout the United States have the same right, power and authority, and are of course at liberty to do just as the postmaster at El Paso has done. If the postmaster can stop the transmission of a newspaper because it has in it the decision of a court in regard to the Louisiana lottery, he can also stop it because it mentions the name of the lottery in it, and if he can do this he can stop the *Post*, because it incidentally mentions the name of the Louisiana Lottery Company in criticising his official conduct. If he can do this, however, he can override the strongest bulwark of the liberties of the people and violate one of the plainest provisions in the constitution of the United States, thereby completely throttling the press.

Upon grounds of public policy the United States government should not tolerate such tampering with the mail. It throws open the doors to fraud and, if permitted, will tend to make the service inefficient and unreliable. Why not detain a letter suspected of containing a lottery advertisement, and why not open it to ascertain if the detention is legal? If its contents are legal why then of course it might be permitted to continue on its journey.

The great wrong done newspaper publishers, however, is to allow a postmaster to authoratively detain mail matter which in his opinion is illegal. He ought not to be permitted to do this. If the publisher has committed any wrong he can be held responsible and be made to suffer the penalty; but a postmaster may detain an entire edition of a newspaper, entailing a heavy loss upon the publisher, and yet when the matter comes to a final trial the court may decide that the papers are mailable. The damage has then been done the publisher, and there seems to be no adequate remedy for him. Suppose the politics of a newspaper are objectionable to the postmasters generally, and throughout the State they choose to hold a paper because in their opinion it is not mailable, it would thus put it within the power of the postal department to stop the circulation of a newspaper and bankrupt it, leaving the publisher with a lot of suits against postmasters as assets. Such a state of affairs leaves newspaper publishers without adequate remedy, and to allow such arbitrary conduct on the part of officious postmasters is contrary to the institutions of this government, and a violation of the legal maxim that each wrong has its adequate remedy.—Houston (Tex.) *Post*, May 16.

How can you expect to get information from a letter when it is not posted?

A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF DENTAL SURGERY.

Just sixty days ago Dr. G. W. Leek of 6 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, operated on a young lady of 15 years, who was disfigured by a hair lip and cleft pallate with a hole as large as a marble. The lip was cut in alternating strips; these strips were twisted and brought from one side to the other and sewed with strong cat gut ligatures, then covered with adhesfon plaster, and for two weeks the lady was kept in a dark room and feed on soft food. No person except her mother being allowed to see her for fear she might move the muscles of her face and break up the adhesion. A small gold plate was fitted to the cleft in the mouth and attached to teeth on each side by gold bands; the teeth around which the bands were put were covered with gold, ordinary cold gold crowns so as to prevent any wear from the movement of the band when the aparatus is being removed once a day to be cleaned.

The scar has almost disappeared and the articulation is perfect.

It is not generally known that Dr. Leek can perform any of these wonderful operations, painlessly, by the use of his local anaesthetic, the same as he uses in the painless method of tooth extraction, without the use of any dangerous gas such as Colton gas or laughing gas.

We cannot recommend any person going to San Francisco for dentistry to any other dentist than Dr. Leek, because in his building, three stories high, he employes nineteen expert dentists, and claims to be the only dentist in the world that performs every operation known to the science of dentistry without going out to call in some specialist not in his employ to assist or perform the operation if it be very complicated, such as removing a cancer, surgical operation for tumors or cleft palate.

Hypochondriac—What springs would you recommend me to try? Doctor (curtly)—Hope springs eternal.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Don't try to make a pet of a bumble-bee because he is pretty. Beauty is sometimes deceitful.

Can the sale of an inferior article constantly increase for 24 years? Dobbins' Electric Soap has been on the market ever since 1865, and is to-day as ever, *the best and purest* family soap made. Try it. Your grocer will get it.

The devil doesn't care how solemn a man looks if he forgets his religion when trading horses.

Coughs, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief.

Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking and go in.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 828 Market street, San Francisco.

It is true as George Eliot said: "The reward of the duty done is the power to fulfill another.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

Tin, tin, American tin!
Now's the time for the work to begin.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

Try Germea for Breakfast.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"August Flower"

Dyspepsia. There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we have ever used or known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

Indigestion.

Constipation

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Meaning the Best Piano Made, and the favorite cheaper Pianos; all Musical Instruments; Bands Supplied; large stock of Sheet Music. STEINWAY HALL, 206 & 208 Post Street, MATTHIAS GRAY Call and see our new rooms and new stock.

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Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted ..... Sold by druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco

A bridegroom is like a car-coupler. He is the most insignificant object in sight; but the thing can't go on without him.

ACROSS THE DEEP, TO THE FAR WEST,

On steamboats, cars and stage-coaches, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is carried as the most important item in the materia medica of the traveling public. It deprives vitiated, brackish water of its hurtful properties and execrable flavor, counteracts the pernicious effects upon the stomach of bad or indigestible food, renders cramps, heartburn and wind upon the stomach. It is a fine defense against malarial disorders, nullifies the effects of excessive heat, cold and damp, relieves sick-headache, and is an incomparable cure for costiveness and biliousness. The fatigue of travel often tells most disastrously upon invalids and convalescents, occasionally to such an extent as to jeopardise life. Persons in feeble health, apprehensive of bad effects from travel, will, if provided with the Bitters, be far less likely to have their fears realized.

Never ask an idle man to do anything for you. It is only the busy man who can find time to do anything more.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

No other baking powder does such work.

I took Cold, I took Sick,

I TOOK

SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT:

I take My Meals, I take My Rest,

AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; **getting fat too,** FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY **Incipient Consumption** BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

FLESH ON MY BONES

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

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JUNE 16— —JULY 31

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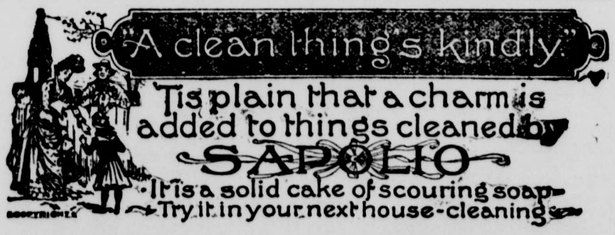

Even the little pig in the picture is a more agreeable companion than a man with a dirty collar or a woman who presides over a tawdry house. But nobody wants the reputation of being a pig under any circumstances.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1891.

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THE "WATER ANGEL."

The Legend Connected With its Discovery.

A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER OF CHINA.

A Forerunner of Good Luck.—Curious Superstition.

Another superstition which is almost universal among my countrymen is the belief that the hooll sin fah will bring good luck to them. The hooll sin fah is a slender lily like plant which grows from a bulb closely resembling an onion, and in the early spring some of them may be seen in almost every laundryman's window, where the bulbs are imbedded about one-third in clean pebbles placed in a bowl. No soil whatever is required for the growing of the plant, but dozens of tiny roots force themselves down between the pebbles and into the water, with which the Chinaman has about half covered the pebbles.

The hooll sin fah takes about thirty days to come to its maturity, and during this time the water on the pebbles must be changed every day. When full grown the plant consists of half a dozen or more bright green stalks, with blossoms which somewhat resemble the narcissus in shape, but they are of a pure waxy whiteness, with a small golden crown in the center. The plant, the name of which signifies water angel, is thought by the Chinese to have had a miraculous origin from the fact that it is found growing in the clear water of running brooks where it apparently lives without sustenance.

Many years ago a rich Chinese farmer married a wife, whose cramped little feet and long, tapering finger nails incapacitated her for work, and soon after, according to the custom of the country, he took to himself another wife. The second wife was of low degree, a strong country girl who could do the work on the farm and wait upon him and his "lady" wife.

Now it happened that the "lady" wife grew violently jealous of the other, and when, in due course of time, each had a son born to her the hatred only increased. When the boys had reached the age of about 5 years the farmer died, and the "lady" wife, by virtue of her high station in life, confiscated nearly all of the property, leaving to the other only a barren little plot of swampy ground between two high hills, upon which was a little tumbled down thatched cottage.

The poor mother and her son went there, and, though they had a hard time to scrape out an existence, they were happy in each other's company. Then came a great rain storm, which continued for a week, and their little swamp plot was transformed into a pond, the water coming up almost to the door of their hut.

They nearly starved to death, but one day it was found that the sun was shining once more and that the waters had gone down. The little boy went out into the sunshine and he found that the ground was covered with bulbs about the size of onions. He eagerly ate one of them and then picking up as many as he could carry in his arms hurried back to his mother, who prepared them for dinner.

The bulbs sprouted and grew, and then when the flowers appeared the story of the miracle of the water god spread through the country.

As no one had ever seen the plant before, hundreds of people came to see the widow's beautiful flower garden. Each of the visitors bought some of the bulbs for good luck, and in a short time the widow had more money than her persecutor, and virtue got its final reward.

The flowers of the water angel are very fragrant, and are almost reverenced by the Chinese, for a flowering hooll sin fah is esteemed the choicest gift that one Chinaman can give to another.—Moy Lee in Boston Globe.

Evening Things Up a Little.

In the early history of the European and North American railroad the female passengers did not enjoy that exemption from the annoyances of tobacco smoke which is now accorded them. Among them on one trip was an elderly lady of stern countenance and an elevated nose, whose whole affection seemed to center in a mongrel little cur which she held in her lap and favored with many tender endearments. A little way in front of her sat a "great, horrid man," industriously and peacefully puffing a large cigar. The wrathful lady viewed him for a time in cold displeasure, and then stalking majestically down the aisle she seized the offending cigar and threw it out of the window, with the disdainful remark: "If there is anything in the world I positively despise it's a nasty cigar." The owner of the cigar said nothing, but quietly picked up a newspaper and began to read. An hour or two later he passed down the aisle, and pausing in front of the proud lady he seized her precious little dog and threw it out of the window, with the quiet remark: "If there is anything under heaven that I hate it is a miserable little dog."—Kennebec Journal.

What an Observing Boy Learned.

"Papa," said the son of a railroad conductor who was accompanying his rather on a short run, "who is that thin, sickly looking man in the front of the car?"

"He's agent for a patent medicine that is warranted to cure every disease that was ever known and restore anybody to perfect health."

"Who is that big, fat, jolly looking fellow in the seat behind him?"

"He's an undertaker."

"Oh! What does that little bit of a fellow with the duster on do?"

"He's going to play Macbeth in the next town."

"Who is that man with the sad eyes and the lonely look on his face? Hasn't he got any friends?"

"Not many; he writes funny things for the newspapers."

Electrical Treatment of Sewage.

A paper on "The Electrical Treatment of Sewage" was read by Mr. W. Webster, F. C. S., at a meeting of the Society of Chemical Industry, in London. This gentleman has devoted some ten years to experiments on the problem, and has carried out some experiments on a large scale with the sewage of Salford, which is of an exceptionally complex character. He has succeeded in reducing the albuminoid ammonia to .14 parts per 100,000, thus leaving an effluent which may be turned into any stream or river. He uses cast iron electrodes, finding that platinum is too costly, and carbon disintegrates in the presence of nascent oxygen and chlorine. He places the electrodes in a shoot eighteen inches deep, two feet wide and 200 feet long.

Twenty-five pairs are connected in series, and a pressure of 1.8 volts is used between them. Sir Henry Roscoe had entire control of the experimental works for about a month, and found that from 70 to 80 per cent. of the organic matter was precipitated as a sludge. From the experiments on 20,000 gallons of sewage it is estimated that to deal with 10,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours at Salford 400 indicated horse power will be necessary, as for each gallon .37 ampere hour is required. Experiments made during the lecture on London sewage showed that a flocculent precipitate was formed within a few seconds. If sewage sludge be of any value as manure it should be economical to use that produced by this process.—New York Telegram.

A Collector of Skeletons.

In southern Egypt, near the Nubian border, there lives a rich retired Parsee whose sole ambition is to enlarge a collection of skeletons of eminent persons. In his tropical garden, amid fountains, flowers, rare exotics, statuary and bowers of equatorial verdure, stand dozens of skeletons of famous warriors, statesmen, kings, queens, lawyers, ecclesiasts, etc. This earthly paradise (barring the presence of the skeletons) is four acres in extent, and is surrounded by a high stone wall provided with four grated iron doors. It is believed that he keeps a score of men in every community in the world constantly on the lookout for rarities in his ghastly line. To a correspondent of a Berlin newspaper he admitted that he was the owner of the bones of George III of England, and even hinted that he would like to have the bones of our Washington to stand beside them. Is it not possible that this crank has the bones of many Americans that are missing?—St. Louis Republic.

Rage Restored Her Voice.

The vegetable cook at Green's hotel, whose name is Mary Murphy, has been dumb for three years, but recently, being aroused to a fit of intense anger by the impudence of a colored waiter named Joe Todd, she suddenly recovered her speech. Miss Murphy is a buxom Irish girl about 25 years of age, and she has been a prominent official in Green's kitchen for several years. Three years ago she suffered from a bad bronchial attack and completely lost her voice.

All the employes in the kitchen were astounded to hear the autocrat of the vegetables speak. What the doctors for years had failed to do rage had achieved. The girl's hot blood had loosened her tongue. There was much rejoicing over the event, and a festival was extemporized. Miss Murphy, in her joy, took back all the cruel things she said to Mr. Todd, and everybody was happy and joyful.—Philadelphia Times.

Broke a Muscle in Stretching.

The Rev. Ezra H. Yocum, D. D., pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal church of Harrisburg, injured himself in a peculiar manner Tuesday morning. Upon arising from his night's rest the reverend gentleman threw his arms back over his head and stretched himself. Suddenly there was a rather loud report, as of something snapping, and Mr. Yocum fell to the floor. He managed to reach the bed and lay on it unconscious for a time. Members of the family discovered him there and sent for a doctor. After making an examination the physician stated that, in the act of stretching, Mr. Yocum had snapped a muscle back of his ear which had connection with the shoulder, and this caused the loud report. It is a painful injury, and will require an absolute rest of some days before Mr. Yocum can resume his pulpit duties.—Philadelphia Press.

The Father of Engine Drivers.

Adrien Poncet, the father of engine drivers in France, has had the Cross of the Legion of Honor awarded him by M. Carnot for long and meritorious service. In 1832 this veteran drove the first locomotive made in France, over the line from Saint Etienne to Rouen, and also conducted the first engine on the railroad from Paris to Saint Germain. Poncet, who is 75 years of age, has had forty-eight years of engine driving.—London Tit-Bits.

Robert Coleman, a farmer's boy, of Little Britain, Lancashire county, Pa., caught in a steel muskrat trap recently, it is reported, a fine fish of the bass species, which on measurement was found to be 13½ inches long and one pound six ounces in weight. The creek had risen during the night and the water flowed over the trap.

There is some talk of Bishop Hare's relinquishment of his work as missionary bishop of South Dakota in order to take charge of a field of religious labor in Japan, but the clergyman himself says that his visit to Japan may not result in his giving up his work in Dakota. Bishop Hare belongs to an eminent Philadelphia family.

The surviving Union generals who commanded departments during the war of the rebellion are Gens. Banks, Buell, Butler, Rosecrans, Sigel, Lew Wallace, D. N. Couch, C. C. Augur, J. M. Palmer, N. J. T. Dana, J. J. Reynolds, H. G. Wright, G. M. Dodge, Schofield and B. F. Kelley.

GLADY'S MAKES TROUBLE.

The Cat That was Five Times Buried

EXERCISE FOR REDUCING THE FLESH.

A Desire for Household Pets Results in a New Invention.

Another new method for the reduction of obesity has been discovered, as all great discoveries are brought about, purely by accident.

You see, it was just like this, expounded its inventor. My wife and I went to housekeeping a while ago for the first time, and she thought she couldn't keep house without some pets. Well, I got the pets, a cat and a dog.

At that time I was working a rowing machine night and morning, swinging a fifteen pound club, and various things of that kind to keep my flesh down. Well, the first week after the dog came, it kept me so busy effecting reconciliation between her and the cat, teaching her that I didn't enjoy tearing off down the block after her every time the door opened, and curbing her propensity for rearranging rugs and the little curtains and sashes my wife hangs around on tables and chairs, and in bringing things, particularly my wearing apparel, from the the back yard, where she had a trick of dragging them, that I didn't have time to use the machine and club at all. At the end of the week I had a whip on every floor, and had lost two pounds of flesh.

After harmony had been established between Gladys and the cat, peace seemed to have been declared on her part with all the feline race. She began to cultivate a gaunt tomcat that came growling into the yard, but Tom didn't reciprocate her friendly approaches. He had known bitter experiences, and his instincts were pessimistic and aggressive. He made a dive at Gladys, who was all unprepared for the onslaught, and, of course, she got the worst of it. In a lull in the proceedings I put a bullet through Tom's back and finished the fray. I intended to hit the cat in the head, but with the usual perversity of his kind, he continued to spring just enough to take it in the back. He crawled up a tree in a sickening and writhing way, kicking out his quivering hind legs, and my wife began to cry and get white, and say she knew she was going to faint. I begged of her not to until I could bury my dead, before the neighbors rushed in, and just then the cat gave one last wiggle and dropped out of the tree. I put my wife on the bed with the Pond's extract bottle, as I couldn't find the cologne, and rushed down to bury the cat under a rose bush. Gladys looked on approvingly, and when the grave was smoothed over she snuffed around it in a satisfied sort of way, which intimated that the interment was all correct and proper.

The next night when I got home that cat lay under the rose bush without a hair on its carcass, and beside it sat Gladys triumphant, radiant and expectant, waiting my commendation. Some of the dirt from that grave was on the parlor windows, some in the pan of lettuce set out on the door step, and a lot more was over the fence in the next yard. Well, I licked the dog as usual, as scientifically and handsomely as I knew how, rubbed her nose on the cat, on the spade in the grave, explaining meantime that I wanted the cat left alone. Then I buried it again, Gladys capering about the yard, catching the various fluttering pendant garments on the clothes line in her teeth, and swinging round and round in great glee until the clothes tore or the pins came out.

The next night when I went home my wife was gone. I didn't have to inquire. I knew without. A heavy tiger skin rug had been dragged into the next room and turned upside down, with a white silk scarf off the cabinet around the tiger's head. A large fur rug had been dragged away from the fireplace and piled up with a down pillow and a rug of choice skins from the couch; in a corner a Venitian glass ornament lay in fragments on the floor, and in the midst of the devastation, in a white and gold chair so decked out with blue ribbons and plush that neither I or any guest who ever came here had sufficient temerity to sit down in it, sat Gladys, animated, expectant and delighted to see me. I went to the window to get a whip and looked out. There lay the cat, stark, stiff and staring.

It took me a long time to polish that dog off as she deserved and get the cat buried again to my satisfaction, and it was not quite agreeable, even to me, to be rubbing the dog's nose in the corpse in the way she deserved.

The next night, when I went home, I found my wife crying by the wash bowl and holding some wriggling, squirming thing sewed up in a little muslin bag under water with her finger. It proved to be three of the four kittens which she had asked me to kill, and which I had forgotten. The Lord only knows how long she had been about it, for she sobbed out that they wouldn't die and she was so faint and sick. I went out to enrich another rose bush with the last remains of the three embryonic cats, when Gladys came rushing up so delighted about something that I knew she needed her usual licking. The cat was not entirely disinterred; only his two hind feet stuck up straight and hairless above the ground. Evidently I had in my haste buried him with his feet up. I thrashed the dog and the next night found the two fore feet unearthed. I hammered the dog again and buried the cat. That was the last of it. The fifth time I buried that animal his grave was undisturbed, and I had lost five pounds.

Every night there's some new development. Last night it was a pair of $10 shoes she had attempted to make a meal off of, and to-night it will be something else. Of course it's a little expensive, but I eat and drink everything I like, and the flesh is melting off of me like magic. Beats all the systems of reduction I ever heard of.—New York Sun.

Adventure of a Sagacious Mule.

Mollie, an old piebald mule, had a remarkable adventure in Cincinnati. Her owner, Charles Cole, had led her into the stable yard. Suddenly the treacherous earth caved in and buried the animal under a mass of rock and dirt twenty feet high. Cole escaped falling into the pit. An hour later the exhausted mule showed her head 200 feet away at the mouth of a sewer only two and one-half feet in diameter. She was assisted in emerging from the sewer. She had been almost skinned alive. Her rough hide was seamed and dotted with numberless gashes from which the blood flowed. Great bruises appeared on her sides and abdomen, while her legs were so strained that she could hardly stand.

Nevertheless Mollie was very much alive, as she betrayed by a "Yee-haw-w!" of triumph and a nonchalant twirl of her short tail. The animal had emerged in a ravine near Gilbert avenue. Her trip through the rock bound sewer was somewhat aided by the downward slope of the channel and by the slight stream of water which lubricated the masonry of the lower side. Nevertheless, Mollie's escape was a most surprising one, and probably never equalled in the line of animal adventure. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Didn't Like the Dead March.

Among those who watched the Sherman funeral procession was a little boy to whom soldiers are a delight, but too young to see in the Grand Army veterans anything except a lot of tiresome old fellows whose endless lines were so long in getting by that his mother took him home before he had seen the glittering uniforms for which his soul hungered. This of course displeased the boy, and that night he bitterly criticised the arrangement of the procession. His father's attempt to explain matters availed nothing. Other processions, he said, were much better, for in them the soldiers came first and the Grand Army last, and little boys and their mammas didn't lose anything by going home early.

"I could have stood it," he said at last, "if those old men hadn't made their bands play over and over a tune that sounded like 'You've got to see us! You've got to see us! You've got to see us!' That made me mad!"—New York Times.

Mr. Redpath's Sympathies.

The truth is James Redpath was a man of intense feelings and strong sympathies, which were always ready to go out to all whom he believed to be wronged and oppressed. He was an ardent abolitionist. Few men ever labored more for the cause of the Irish people. His regard for President Davis was of the same sort. It was sympathy for the one southern man who was disfranchised and proscribed for a political act in which he had been engaged in common with many thousands of his countrymen. Mr. Redpath in all he did was consistent with his own ardent nature and overpowering tenderness for the weak and the oppressed. He never violated its unities, no matter how strange his conduct in some instances may have appeared. He was true to his own heart all the way through.—New Orleans Picayune.

Hunts Foxes Though an Old Man.

Brisbin Skiles lives at the Gap, Lancaster county. He is at least seventy-five years of age, and is yet able to sit well in the saddle, and when he goes fox hunting, which is almost daily at this season of the year, he eats but one meal and then dashes off with as light a heart as the next one and only eats again when he returns late in the evening. He always makes it a rule to never eat between meals. He has now twenty-seven foxes penned up. He usually catches from thirty to forty in a season and then lets them out in the spring. He has been as successful this winter as in any winter past. There are few who can ride better or have a keener sense of the fun which fox hunters experience in a hunt or chase.—West Chester (Pa.) News.

Marriage of Two Blind Persons.

The Rev. William G. Herbert, pastor of the High Street Methodist Episcopal church, was called upon Thursday night to unite a blind couple in wedlock. They were Mr. W. Tuck Levely, of Annapolis, and Miss Mary Lee, of Baltimore county. The marriage was performed at the bride's home, and was witnessed by several relatives. Mr. Levely, the groom, is young and has a beardless face. He is a piano tuner. The bride is young and handsome. She is an accomplished performer on the piano and is well educated. Both were educated at the Maryland School for the Blind, and it is said that the courtship began while they were in that institution.—Baltimore Sun.

Pity the Blind.

A blind man who plays sacred music upon an accordeon is perambulating the streets of Windsor. His affliction attracted some time ago the attention of her majesty the queen, who while taking a drive saw him in the street and compassionately gave him a gratuity. He now bears upon his breast a placard with the rather ambiguously worded inscription:

"Blind from inflammation. Assisted by her majesty the queen."—London Tit-Bits.

Workmen are just finishing what is claimed will be the longest board fence in the country. It surrounds J. O. Stuyvesant's new deer park at Tranquillity, N. J., and will be when completed twelve miles long. The sawmill at Allamuchy has been running continually cutting out the boards. The fence is ten feet high, and is made of hemlock an inch and a half thick. It will cost $20,000.

A doctor in Paris was called to attend a popular actress whose face had been sadly damaged by a carriage accident. He came to the conclusion that to preserve her beauty it was necessary to repair the lady's face with a piece of human skin, and accordingly he provided the remedy by removing a portion of his own.

WHERE NAPOLEON DIED.

The Old Camden House Sold at Auction.

IT'S PICTURESQUE LOCATION.

A Spot Associated With Lost Hopes and Life Long Sorrows.

The furniture and other contents of Camden House, at Chiselhurst, where Napoleon III breathed his last and where the Empress Eugenie endured so many heavy afflictions, were disposed of under the hammer of Christie & Manson, the auctioneers, who have assisted at the dispersal of so many families and the break up of many homes.

If any man is puffed up with a sense of his own importance, with family pride or with delight in his wealth, a visit to Christie & Manson's ought to bring him to his level. The greatest and proudest of the present day are not more exalted in their own esteem than were the clients, living or dead, whose affairs have from time to time been placed in the hands of the auctioneers of King street, St. James. When Napoleon III took up his abode at Chiselhurst he believed that it was only for a brief season and that the destiny of his son was, at any rate, perfectly secure. That was in 1871, just after the war with Germany which terminated so disastrously for France.

Camden House is a very pretty place, standing in beautiful gardens. Even an emperor might make himself contented there if his heart were not fixed too exclusively upon the thone. Louis Napoleon cared little for the orchards or hop gardens of Kent. "The man fresh from Sedan" could scarcely be expected to lose himself in admiration of carnations and roses. The exile's world was in ruins round him, but his own words, which became the jest of Europe, may still have haunted him: "Tout peut se retablir." Did he not acknowledge in his letter to the national assembly from Chiselhurst that his heart was broken when he surrendered at Sedan? Yet some faint remnants of hope survive even in a broken heart.

Perhaps the emperor did not see that all was over until Sir Henry Thompson whispered in his ears the words which bade him prepare for his long journey. He died in 1873, and still the empress could console herself with the thought that her son would restore his dynasty and bring some compensation to her for the sufferings she had passed through. Who could have supposed at that time that this idolized son, the prince imperial, would perish miserably at the hands of savages in one of England's little wars? What man can foresee his fate, or woman, either?

The prince, then in his twenty-third year only, was weary of inaction and pining for some opportunity of showing that some of the qualities which the world cannot help associating with Napoleon had been transmitted to him. There were no events in connection with his own country which gave him any such opportunity. He had to take whatever came to hand, and he placed himself at the disposal of the country which had afforded shelter to his father and mother.

The great Napoleon, in talking one day to Las Cases, said: "There is nothing more than chance in it," and it must have been only chance which sent the prince imperial to Africa in 1879 to fight in a quarrel which had no interest for him, and there to fall beneath the assegais of some naked Kaffirs. More than ten years have passed, and the world knows something of the sorrows which have descended upon the head of the lad's mother. They say she was the instigator of the war between Germany and France. It is a questionable story, for have not later events made it clear that Bismarck laid the train to the mine and exploded it at the moment which seemed to him most convenient?

In any case, if the Empress Eugenie did any wrong, bitterly indeed has she been called upon to expiate it, for her Napoleonic race has ceased to exist. Although the prince imperial acknowledged Prince Victor, the son of Prince Napoleon, as the head of the family in the event of his own death, the empress has never done so. She allowed Prince Napoleon to leave Chiselhurst after the emperor's funeral without even seeing him.

Some curious reflections must have passed through Boulanger's mind as he stood over the relics of Napoleon I at Mme. Tussaud's most interesting collection of relics. By the way, although very few Londoners condescend to go and see them they are inspected chiefly by our country cousins and foreigners, in which latter category I do not include Americans. As for the house at Chiselhurst, there is no necessity for any Napoleonic devotee to summon up any pious emotions over it. It was taken as a furnished house, and all things in it belonged to the owner, Mr. Strode, and not to the Napoleons. It was the death of the owner which rendered the necessity of the sale. The empress has ceased to reside at Chiselhurst, but the remains of her husband and son still rest there in the sarcophagus which was presented by the queen.

It is scarcely likely that they will ever be taken to repose with those of the great Napoleon at the Invalides, and yet who can say? All things are possible in France—even a greater warrior was allowed to remain for some time neglected in his island prison. Here we have only a few passing thoughts to bestow upon the strange, eventful history of Napoleon, for the brief holiday season will soon be over and then the wild whirl of the London season will begin again, and fun, if there is any fun in it, will wax faster and more furious than ever.—London Letter.

A fleet of small twin screw passenger boats sixty feet long propelled by electricity is to be placed on the Thames this summer

Soap and Steel.

The steel manufacturer is subjected to some rather singular annoyances at the hands of his customers. For example, the other day a Pittsburg manufacturer received a complaint from a firm which uses a good deal of his steel that there was something wrong with the last consignment of steel sent, inasmuch as the men alleged that it was soft. This surprised the manufacturer, as large quantities of the same steel had given satisfaction elsewhere, and he himself went to investigate the matter.

He was still more surprised when he found that the steel was soft after heating and submission to the usual bath. The blacksmith before whom he made the test and the other workmen standing around took little pains to hide their enjoyment of the expert's discomfiture.

"You see, it is soft," said the blacksmith, with a grin, and for a moment the manufacturer was at a loss what more to do. Then an idea struck him.

"Is this bath all right?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer he plunged his hand into the trough and fished up a good sized lump of soap. No steel will harden in a soapy bath, and the mystery was at an end. Of course the blacksmith, who had played the trick, was discharged, and he confessed a rival manufacturer of steel had given him $50 to put the soap in the bath.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mr. Freeman Two Fingers Short.

A passenger on the 10:25 o'clock express for Boston, which had just arrived, was standing in the doorway of one of the coaches, one of his hands resting in the groove where the door closes. A gust of wind or the swinging of the car caused the heavy door to close with considerable force, catching two of the man's fingers. The sharp edge of the door or the edge of the metal lock amputated the fingers almost as smoothly as would a surgeon's knife. The second and third fingers were taken off at the first joint.

The injured man was Martin Freeman, a New York business man. He was taken up town by Hackman Dunlap, who was requested to drive to some physician's office as soon as possible. The offices of Drs. Mailhouse, Bissell, Russell and Bacon were visited, but all were out. Finally Dr. Hawkes was found at his office, and he dressed Mr. Freeman's wounds.—New Haven Register.

An Old Directory.

John McPherson's directory of Philadelphia, published in 1785, has been unearthed. Among the prominent names it contains are these: "Franklin Benjamin, his excellency, 1 Franklin court; Morris Robert, merchant, 101 Market street; Rittenhouse David, 109 Arch street; Hamilton Alexander, 855 Second street." Although on the title page Macpherson spells his name in that manner, in the body of the work his name appears as John Mc. Pherson, broker, 7 Chestnut street. That all the people of the town were not in sympathy with his work is inferred from these entries: "I shall not give my name," 43 Stampers alley. "I won't have it numbered," 478 Green street. "I won't tell you my name." "What you please," 49 and 59 Market street.—New York World.

Masonic Apron to Go to Jerusalem.

The Rev. Dr. H. M. Wharton received a Masonic apron from South Carolina, which he is to present to the master of the lodge at Jerusalem, the birthplace of Masonry. Some time ago the Jerusalem lodge sent a gavel made of olive wood to the South Carolina Masons, who now send the apron in return. The present, a valuable one, is of lambskin, bordered with black velvet and fringed with silver. The square and compasses and the all seeing eye are stamped in gold. Dr. Wharton is a Mason, and expects to have a pleasant time with the members in Jerusalem. He sailed with his party for Palestine Wednesday.—Baltimore Sun.

The Grip in Japan.

One remarkable peculiarity of the grip in Japan was its prevalence among the upper classes, whereas the cholera selected its victims among the poorer people. Some idea of the extent of the epidemic may be gathered from the fact that at Yokohama the sufferers officially reported numbered over 50,000, and it is estimated that the unreported cases throughout the prefecture were nearly twice as great. Of the 130,000 inhabitants of Kobe, 25,000 were attacked by the disease. In Tokio the epidemic raged with great virulence, and similar reports come from some of the Chinese cities.—San Francisco Call.

Establishing a Precedent.

A case of interest to school teachers came up in Crawford county court recently. A teacher in one of the schools, Miss Alice Bentley, attempted to correct a boy named Guy McClintock, who was smearing ink over another boy's face. Young McClintock picked up a slate and struck the teacher in the face, seriously injuring her and incapacitating her for school duties. The board of directors disposed of the case by suspending the boy for one term. Friends of Miss Bentley then had the case brought into court. It was tried and a verdict of guilty of assault was rendered.—Meadville (Pa.) Tribune.

Poor Cholly.

Maud—Ethel is very conceited.

Cholly—I never thought her so.

Maud—But she is. She told me last night the names of all the fellows who proposed to her last summer.

Cholly (very much embarrassed)—I—er—am afraid I—er—must be going. Important engagement. Good night.—Harper's Bazar.

He Wants His Price.

A West Virginian claims to have discovered a cave filled with boxes of gold, diamonds and rubies—enough to load two freight cars—but he won't give it away for less than $5,000 cash down. He doesn't want to be mean, but he just won't do it, that's all.—Detroit Free Press.

AN AGGREIVED CITIZEN

Pours his Woes Into the Ears of Bill Nye.

THE AUTOCRATIC ELEVATOR BOY.

Endeavoring to Contradict a Newspaper Story.

On board a day coach of the great trunk line running from the Battery via Sixth avenue to Harlem I fell in the other day with a highly cultivated old gentleman who now resides in Brooklyn. Together we enjoyed the delightful stretch of dark red scenery and advertisements which greets the enraptured eye along this great scenic route. Together we inhaled the thousand odors of hot, sour alleys and damp cellars, and together we looked into second story rooms where poverty lay panting in the awful heat that had accumulated all day and now shut down with the night like a stifling garment. In our conversation he said:

"I generally aim to let the papers alone if they'll let me alone, but when I first came here a friend of mine brought me a slip that he had cut out of a prominent morning paper in which my name was used in a way that made me mad; and so I went right down to the office of the paper. Before I went I told my wife about the piece and that I was going to see about it. She saw that I was excited and she became alarmed. She hung on to me quite a while and said she wished I wouldn't go. We had always got along so well, and since we had been married I had never killed anybody, and she wished I would take her advice and not go, but I was thoroughly indignant and mad.

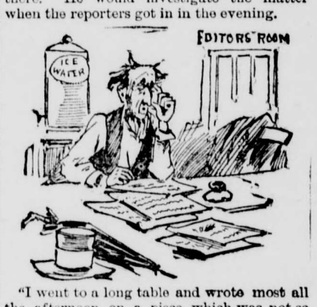
"The young man at the window where I went was counting the words in a 'Want' advertisement, and it was a long time before I could get his eye. Then he said in a brief, cold way that the editorial rooms were on the fifth floor. I did not like his way, and I would have been glad to lick him if I could have got over into his cage, but I couldn't. Then I went to the elevator. I was going to get in, but the elevator boy, who weighed about nineteen pounds, put his hand against my person and gently pushed me out.

"'You can't go upstairs without stating your name and your business and who you want to see. Here is a card that you can fill out.'

"He said I would have to be explicit. If I wanted the city editor, or the marine editor, or the literary editor, or the polo editor, or the birth and death editor, or the scrapping editor, I would find them in; but the managing editor and the telegraph editor and the night editor and the mirth editor and the bathing editor were all out.

"Finally I went in and found a small, good natured man that I could have handled without any trouble, but when I stated my business he said that it was not in his line at all, but that I ought to go to the city editor. By that time the city editor had gone to lunch. I waited for him till I got so hungry myself that I thought I would fall apart.

"When he came he had about nineteen men to talk to all at once for an hour or so; then he let me in and I told him what the trouble was. He didn't remember any such story in the paper as I spoke about, but would find out about it and see what reporter handed it in. Meantime he would advise me to write out a statement of my side of the case and leave it there. He would investigate the matter when the reporters got in in the evening.



"I went to a long table and wrote most all the afternoon on a piece which was not so scathing when I got through with it as I thought it was going to be, so I tore it up. Then I wrote another one. It was quite bitter, but not so bitter as I wished it had been. It had tame places in it where it seemed to all flatten out and fail to get there. I never suffered mentally so much in my life, and now and then when I wiped my brow on the tail of my linen coat I could see that the city editor seemed to enjoy it. By dusk I had completed an article that was carefully written, and yet I did not expect that it would be copied very much. It was inclined to be ornate in its style, and still there were words in it like 'eggregious,' for instance, that I didn't feel sure I had spelled right. It was now night, and I went home, leaving my article for the morning paper and feeling proud that I was getting mixed up with literature.

"My wife was anxious to find out if I had anybody's gore on my hands before I went into dinner, but I convinced her that my heart was still pure and guiltless, but that I had written a piece for the paper that would stir up the town in the morning.

"I looked it through hurriedly, but didn't find my piece. Most everything else was there but that, however. It was crowded out! Probably the mush and milk sociable editor had a piece that he wanted to run in in place of it, and owing to his influence he had succeeded. I was greatly irritated. I had lost one day from my business, but I decided to go down to the office again and see what the matter was.

"This time I got to the city editor at once, and he said if I would write another statement he would promise that it should not be overlooked, and said that as I was cooler now I would no doubt write a better piece. So I was fool enough to write another flapdoodle card for the paper. It took me till 12:30, and as near as I can remember simply proved over my own signature that I was an ice cream man who aspired to be a large, straw colored jackass. When I took it in to the city editor he asked me if I had the slip cut from the paper to which I referred. I produced it. He looked it over a moment, and then he said:

"'I am sorry that you have been here for two days and sprained your Thinker over this matter, and absorbed your time preparing an exhaustive article for our paper in your defense, for this slip is cut out of some other paper. I don't know what paper it is, but we haven't got any such type as that in our office.'

"He then stated that he would not detain me any longer, and I don't believe he could if he had wanted to. I went down the stairs rather than meet the elevator boy again, and soon found myself on the street. I bought my wife a new dress on the way home, and told her I had thought better of my assassination scheme on her account.

"That was ten years ago," said the old man, as he arose to go, "and although I have not always done right, I can truly say that the gore of no newspaper man is on my hands."—New York World.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JULY 24 1891

It appears that the losses by fire on the national holiday were unusually small, but the following day made up for all deficiencies.

It is stated by an intimate friend of Baron Fava that the New Orleans affair is to be settled by Congress passing a bill providing for the payment of $1,000 to the families of each of the Italians who were citizens of this country when they were lynched. This is an easy plan for covering up an act which, though illegal, was proven entirely justifiable.

While Lord Salisbury declares that home rule has not effected any lodgment in England, Earl Spencer, ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, maintains that the policy of the Liberals in favor of home rule for Ireland is as popular as ever in English constituencies, and that home rule would be the first proposal in the next Liberal Parliament.

The Los Angeles Terminal railway company effected a strong local organization last week by the election of Hon. William H. Workman as president and Messrs. Gibbon and Wincup as directors. Mr. Hobart, of St. Louis, resigned the Presidency of the road because he would be unavoidably absent at the meetings of the directorate, and this idea has influenced the reorganization all through. The powerful pecuniary support of the St. Louis syndicate will, of course, be continued.

The shipment of deciduous fruit from California this season, up to date, amounts to about 600 carloads, which is double the amount shipped up to a corresponding date last year. The prices keep well up and the unchecked demand for fruit is the best answer that could be given the fears periodically expressed of "over production." The market is seemingly enlarging faster than the orchard area. The total shipments of fresh deciduous fruits from California this year are likely to exceed 2,000 car-loads.—L. A. Herald.

It is high time that some friend should drag Mrs. Langtry to the shelter of private life. The spectacle of a battered beauty, who has descended from being the plaything of a prince to the ignoble role of the mistress of what in England would be called a "commercial cad" is a melancholy one. Such careers have a great deal of the very irony of life in them. This woman has illustrated about everything that is triste, and at every stage of her life has been cold, selfish and calculating. The last time she played in California she had already lost her beauty, and such orgies as excited Mr. Abingdon Baird's ire will soon leave her a monumental wreck.

The people of San Diego are justly indignant at the murderous assaults made upon the liberty-men of the crew of the Charleston. One of the sailors was killed in resisting the assault of the self-constituted deputy marshals, who were armed with clubs. It does not detract from the just indignation which this murder excites that these pseudo-officers clubbed the sailors in an effort to arrest them and deliver them to the officers of the Charleston at the rate of $10 a head, the standing reward for the return of man-of-war's men to their vessel when they have overstaid their leave and become constructively deserters. These fellows were earning blood-money sure enough; and it is now to be hoped that they will receive such punishment as their dastardly conduct deserves.

The source of the Salton lake has now been definitely traced. The expedition which started from Yuma to explore the lower Colorado found several places in which the river had broken its western banks and was flowing in deep currents into a chain of lagoons and finally pouring into the Salton sea. As the trip has been made by boat from Yuma to Salton, that settles the whole question about the source of this great body of water. The river is falling and it is of interest to know if it will have enough water at its low stage to keep up a sufficient supply on the desert to overcome what is absorbed by evaporation. If the influx of water should prove to be sufficient then the lake will be permanent and the entire Colorado river will eventually pour into it, until by some other freak during another great freshet it may take a different course and find another outlet for its waters to the sea.

TREATMENT OF CROUP.

WHAT TO DO FOR THE DISEASE IN THE ABSENCE OF A DOCTOR.

Dangerous Croup as Distinguished from False Croup—The Latter May Be Treated Without Medical Aid, but a Physician's Advice Is Always Safe.

The particularly dangerous characteristic of croup is, like pneumonia, its suddenness. Its action is so rapid, and the little patient is so soon in a condition that is very near to death, that parents "lose their heads," and from extreme fear and anxiety are unable to coolly go to work with their best judgment. There are two sorts of croup—one in which the hoarseness and choking are caused by a sort of spasm or contraction of the glottis, and known to physicians as pseudo-croup or false croup, and in this there is little or no formation of membrane. With false croup there is much tightness, the same harsh, brassy cough, the breathing is wheezy, difficult and rapid. The attacks come on with catarrh and hoarseness, and are apt to recur several nights, sometimes coming on in the daytime.

There are many causes for an attack of false croup. Sometimes it originates from the stomach. An exceptionally hearty supper or some indigestible food eaten during the evening may set up an irritation which will bring on the symptoms of false croup, but of course the usual cause is exposure and wet feet. It is really a mild disease, and quickly subsides under proper treatment, and is not apt to be followed by dangerous complications.

For immediate relief wet a towel in cold water and wring it out just dry enough to prevent its dripping, and fold it about the child's neck, then cover this with dry towels or flannel cloths to prevent the pillow, etc., from being wet. In many cases this wet packing of the throat is all that is necessary. Leave it on until the breathing is easy and natural, and be sure to rub the child dry and warm after taking off the pack. It is well to put a light woolen bandage about the throat for the remainder of the night, but never accustom a child to being "bundled up." If the cold pack does not prove sufficient to give relief at once, give repeated doses of sirup of ipecac, larger or smaller according to the violence of the spasm, until vomiting ensues.

An excellent cough medicine to keep in the house, and one which works well in cases of false croup, is the old fashioned mixture of sirup of squills and paregoric, or a mixture of glycerine and water in equal parts. If with this treatment the child does not get easy, and fall into a natural sleep, but, on the contrary, the choking sensation continues or becomes worse, you may conclude that you have a case on hand of true croup and the sooner you get a doctor the better.

GUARDING AGAINST CROUP.

False croup you may relieve tonight, and tomorrow morning there may be no trace of it, tomorrow night and the next night and for several nights it may come on again as badly as ever. It is not so, however, with true croup—there is no "let up" in this case, the condition gradually gets more and more severe until death ensues from suffocation, or until the disease submits to treatment. The average duration of a case of real croup is about seven or eight days, and many methods and remedies are advised.

Both false and true croup may be guarded against in great measure. It is a mistake to accustom children to such bundling and wrapping up when they go out that active exercise is not easily taken, and of course I would not have you go to the other extreme and not clothe them warmly enough, but if they are strong and lively, the latter course is really the safest, provided they can come indoors to rest and get warm. Look to it that their feet are attended to when they come in from playing in the wet. A good rubbing, or better still, bathing in alcohol and water, and then rubbing and dry warm stockings, will often prevent a case of croup or some other form of cold.

If they are weak, or not really active and strong, a course of sirup iodide of iron will usually bring them up. See to it that they are regular and rather lax in their bowel movements, for nearly every preparation of iron has a tendency to promote constipation.

WHAT TO DO FOR CROUP.

Death is almost always caused by suffocation, on account of the closing up of the glottis by the membrane, which forms so rapidly that constant attention with the probang or spray is necessary to impede its growth. Whichever method of applying is used, any application that is irritating is dangerous and should be avoided, as, for instance, nitrate of silver and several of the mineral acids.

Probably the best solvent is freshly made lime water, and it may readily be applied in form of vapor without any apparatus. Small pieces of fresh, unslaked lime may be put into a wide mouthed bottle—a pint glass fruit jar will answer—and water poured upon it to slake it, and the patient may then breathe the fresh vapor as it arises. In cases of true croup this is probably the best course to pursue until the doctor comes. Tincture of iron (full strength) may be applied to the membrane with a camel's hair pencil or a probang. The latter instrument is simply a bit of fine soft sponge, fastened securely with silk thread to the end of a piece of whalebone or reed about as long as a lead pencil, and is simply a swab.

With this swab diluted lactic acid may be applied to the membrane, and next to lime water it is probably the best and safest solvent that can be used. To prepare it for use simply add the acid to water until it has a decidedly sour taste. During an attack of croup it is necessary that we should do everything to keep the patient nourished, as the tremendous exertion of breathing, together with the apprehension of fatal result, are most exhausting.—A Doctor in New York World.

A Matter of Necessity.

"I don't see how you make your patients obey you, doctor. A man who is fond of high living never will diet."

"He can't help himself, madam. When he has paid my bill he has to reduce his living."—Harper's Bazar.

The president of France, who is of course the best paid official of the republic, receives a salary of $120,000 a year, to which is added $60,000 for household expenses and $60,000 for traveling.

LOYALTY.

They live in the halls of the heroes—
The world's Valhalla gray—
True knights, who in storm and battle
Flung the scabbard of life away.

Following a single watchword,
Dying and undismayed,
For the red rose of the Lancaster
Or the Stuart's white cockade.

Oh, clear as the blast far ringing
From the tips of Roland's horn,
That word and its passionate meaning
On the breath of the past is borne!

What though the cause were worthless,
Though the faith rang false when tried?
With as godlike self surrender
They fought on the erring side.

Borne down in the tide of battle
They died, and are conquerors still,
By Culloden or Roncesvalles,
By Cressy or Malvern Hill!

Where the forces of life are meeting,
Strong souls, like warriors, stand
On the side of their Lord's Anointed,
Still ready, sword in hand.

For the white ideal of honor,
The crown of their manhood's pride,
For the rose of a love unsullied,
Into the fight they ride.

Strong in a faith unshaken,
Loyal as those of old,
They lift over storm and struggle
Their oriflamme's white fold.

They raise up hands of power,
They strike where wrong defies,
For a dream, a trust, a symbol,
In a rapture of sacrifice.

Their shield still flings its shelter
The weary and weak above—
For the loyal arm gives justice,
And the loyal heart gives love!

—G. A. Davis in Frank Leslie's.

The Australian Tree Well.

In the vast rainless tracts of central Australia, where water in the shape of streams, ponds, wells, etc., is unknown and where thousands of gold seekers, travelers, hunters and others have perished with thirst, the country is found to be tolerably populated by a hardy race known as "Bushmen." For the past century it has been a standing wonder how these human beings managed to exist in such an arid region. It now turns out that nature has made provisions for the welfare of living creatures even in that inhospitable section of the antipodes. Here the eucalyptus tree, which grows 200 to 300 feet high in more favorable localities, grows to but eight or ten feet, gnarled and thickly jointed, like a reed.

Herein lies the secret of the Bushman's existence. The joints of this dwarf eucalyptus are hollow and filled with pure water, the size of the joint regulating the amount of water to be found within. More than one unlucky being has laid down in the shade of one of these Australian well trees to die of thirst when one stroke with his knife or "machete" would have caused a life giving stream to burst forth.—St. Louis Republic.

"Wait in the Hall."

The author of "England, Without and Within," gives an anecdote of an easy going English gentleman who was not bound by the absurd law against parcel carrying.

A shoemaker had missent to him a pair of shoes intended for a neighbor, and had probably sent to the neighbor the shoes that should have been sent to him. As he had no prejudice against carrying bundles he went with the shoes to his friend's house.

On arriving at his friend's door he asked to see Mr. Dash, but was understood by the servant to ask for Mrs. Dash, and was ushered into her presence. The lady, who had never seen him before, looked up and curtly asked:

"What have you there?"

"Mr. Dash's shoes," replied the gentleman.

"Oh, yes; it's all right. Mr. Dash is out, but he'll be in soon, and if you want to see him you'd better take a seat in the hall and wait till he comes."

"But, madam"—began the gentleman, who was a baronet's son.

"Never mind, never mind; it's all right. Step out in the hall, please, and wait for Mr. Dash."

The gentleman, of course, appreciated the situation at once. But he was too well bred and had too keen a sense of humor to explain, which would have both mortified the lady and prevented him from enjoying her mistake. He stepped into the hall, intending to give the shoes to a servant and leave the house.

But meeting his friend coming in, he gave him the shoes and, after a few words, bade him good morning. Though pressed to remain, he refused, knowing that his return to the wife's presence would cause her embarrassment.

His consideration for the feelings of another person would have made him a gentleman if he had been a hodcarrier.

Cheapness and Dissatisfaction.

Don't you feel sorry for the woman who haunts the bargain room counters? About her face is a weary, anxious look and her clothes have rather a tawdry air. It is proper they should, for the very word "tawdry" is derived from St. Audrey, on whose day fairs were held when the bargain seeking dames were induced to buy worthless things because they were cheap. As if anything you didn't want was ever cheap! Although the old St. Audrey's fair is closed, practically it still exists, for the same result follows all purchases such as were made there, i. e., dissatisfaction.—New York Sun.

France consumes from 4,000,000 to 4,500,000 kilograms of raw silk annually, which may be valued at 220,000,000 to 270,000,000 francs. If to this be added the value of the wool and cotton yarns used in mixed fabrics, the total value of the raw material used by the silk industry is found to be from 300,000,000 to 400,000,000 francs.

If there is one truth which more than another is brought out by the study of geology, it is that from the most ancient period down to the present day there has been a gradual introduction from time to time of higher and higher forms of life on this planet, thus constituting a kind of drama of existence.

If your ears burn, people say some one is talking about you. This is very old, for Pliny says, "When our ears do glow and ringle, some do talk of us in our absence."

Shakespeare, in "Much Ado About Nothing," makes Beatrice say to Ursula and Hero, who had been talking of her, "What fire is in mine ears?"

Sir Thomas Browne ascribes this conceit to the superstition of guardian angels, who touch the right ear if the talk is favorable, and the left if otherwise. This is done to cheer or warn.

One ear tingles, some there be
That are snarling now at me.

Trials of an Author.

There came to a man who has had a success in literature which we should envy did we not all agree he deserves it, a lady who was neither young nor fair, but who had the assurance of youth in combination with the obstinacy of advancing years.

"I have decided," she said to him, "that I must earn my living by writing poems. I sent a poem to the Blank Magazine, and they returned it with a printed slip. Now, I want you to write to the editor, and tell him that he made a mistake."

It naturally seemed to the author that he had to deal with a humorist or a mad woman, but the lady was certainly in earnest and apparently sane. He endeavored to show her that it was not his business to interfere with the decisions of the editors of magazines, who might be supposed to know their own business. The lady insisted, however, and in the end he was forced to decline point blank to do what she asked. Thereupon she turned upon him and declared that he was one of those who endeavor to keep others out in order that they may have the field to themselves, and who are meanly jealous of other authors who are sure to eclipse them if they are but heard.

"It is all a ring," she declared with vehemence. "I have been told so before, and now I am sure of it. I can't make you do justice to me, but I can show you up."

Her method of "showing him up" has been to send letters of bitter invective to the papers, one of which fell into my hands. Of course nobody would print them, but she perseveres, and in addition to this she sends to the luckless author, whose crime is that he did not make the editor of the Blank Magazine print the rhymes of an unknown woman, a letter once a week. Of course he burns them unopened, and it is not easy to see what satisfaction it can be to the woman to keep on with this sort of thing, but the fact remains that she does. The story is not of profound importance, but it throws a curious bit of a side light upon the life of the successful author of today.—Arlo Bates in Book Buyer.

Wanting and Getting.

It has been said that the reason so few people get what they want in this world is that they do not want it hard enough. There is profound truth at the bottom of this odd conceit. Earnest striving and perseverance are rare qualities. A little struggle, and then a falling off; a few faint efforts, and then despair—this is the usual story of attempts to "get anything," whether it be a physical, mental or spiritual good. But to long for a thing so strongly that for the sake of its attainment one can conquer obstacles, live down opposition, ignore discouragement and work persistently and through years of trial and obscurity toward the fulfillment of a hope—is not this the record of all grand achievements and the history of all purposeful lives?

Many more wishes might be realized if people were willing to pay this price for them. Anything worth having in this world is dear, including experience. Genius itself has been defined as only unlimited patience, or an endless capacity for hard work.

It was told of some celebrated general that he never knew when he was defeated. By and by he could not be defeated. A little of the same spirit infused into ordinary life work would make many a dream possible that now seems to the wistful dreamer as extravagant as the cloudiest castle in Spain.—Harper's Bazar.

The Improvised Pianist.

A few weeks ago a dancing party was given at one of the largest clubs in Vienna. The regular pianist did not turn up. A message came to say that he was ill. What was to be done? A porter ran out, hailed a cab and said to the driver:

"Drive me—faith, I don't know where."

"Why, what is it you want?"

"I want a piano player. Do you happen to know of one in the neighborhood?"

"I should think I did, in fact, close at hand. You needn't trouble to get into the cab."

"Where is he?"

"Right in front of you. I play the piano myself fairly well, and shall be glad to accommodate you."

Cabby got down from his box, took his seat at the instrument and kept the visitors dancing till break of day. What is more, he declined to accept any payment; he said he had come as an amateur and for the love of the thing. He considered himself highly honored to have been allowed to spend a night with "such grand company." Where but in Vienna could you hope to find such a sample of musical training, civility and disinterestedness among the cabbies?—Le Monde Artiste.

Dr. Judson Tells a Story.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Judson tells of a Baptist who had been very sick. The physician had given him some medicine, and told him he could go out, but under no circumstances was he to get wet. The man went out on the farm, and a shower of rain came up suddenly. There was no shelter near, and to save himself he crawled into a hollow log. The action of the rain caused the log to shrink so as to endanger his life.

He could not move, and being brought face to face with death the whole of his past life came before him as in a panorama; he remembered the days of his childhood, his entrance upon life, his successes and his sins; then he remembered, last of all, that when he left home that morning he refused his wife, when she asked him, for fifty cents for the church, and the thought made him feel so small that he had no difficulty in walking out of the log.—New York Herald.

Birth of the Car Cable.

The sight of six horses vainly endeavoring to take a street car up one of the steep hills of San Francisco inspired in Inventor Halliday's mind the idea of the cable car system. The hill was slippery as well as steep. One horse fell and carried down his mate. The other horses tumbled, until the six were in a struggling heap. The weight of the car dragged them down to the foot of the hill, bruising and maiming them. Mr. Halliday, looking on, was filled with compassion for the poor brutes, and he says he went to work at once on plans for a substitute for horse power. His thinking brought him to the cable system.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PINNED A WOMAN TO THE GROUND.

The Matter Made Less Serious by the Fact That She Wore Army Shoes.

Richard M. Sommers, the foreman of the roller department in the mint, was recently chatting with some of the men who had seen service in the late war, and, after relating an interesting adventure that had occurred in 1862, said:

But I never was so frightened in my life as I was the day I pinned a fair young rebel to the ground with my bayonet. I thought I had killed her.

The circumstances were these. In August, 1863, when the Philadelphia brigade was moving toward Mine Run, Va., I was detailed from my command, the Seventy-first Pennsylvania volunteers, known as Baker's California regiment, to watch a farmer who was believed to be a spy.

In order to throw him off his guard and also to enable me to learn the better whether he was a spy or not, I was instructed to report at his house, on the Mountain View farm, in Fauquier county, and state that I had come there by command of Colonel W. Pean Smith, in order to protect his home from any straggling soldiers that might trespass with a view to foraging on the premises.

I was well received by the family, who, living in that out of the way country, were quite timid and in constant fear of the passing troops. I was housed there, and fed at their expense, and soon I realized that the hospitality of Virginia's first families was all that it was reported to be. The two pretty girls, sisters, one a blonde and the other a brunette, were at first a little shy of the "wild Yankee," as they called me, but we soon became friends, however, although they would persist in telling me the Confederate cause was just, and that the Union troops were invaders, and all that sort of thing.

The Mountain View farm covered a good many acres of ground, but the owner was poor at that time, and "sweet sixteen," as I called the pretty blonde, had no shoes with which to cover her well shaped little feet. Now I had a brand new pair of army shoes in my knapsack and a fairly good pair on my feet. I asked her if she would wear my new pair if I would make her a present of them. She seemed a little loath to accept them at first, not because of pride, but because she thought it unfair to take them from a soldier who might soon stand in need of them himself. But at last she did accept them, and was real well pleased to do so. Of course, they were a mile too big for her, but that didn't matter. She soon got used to them.

It used to be her custom to watch for foraging soldiers and then to send me after them to drive them away. One morning she said: "Oh, Yank! there is a forager out there. Don't you see him? There he goes under the trees over there."

I started out after the intruder, but I ran all over the part of the farm indicated without seeing any one. It was very warm, and I was very warm and tired when I returned. On seeing her I told her that I could find no one, when she laughed right in my face and said:

"I just fooled the wild Yank for fun." It was fun for her, but not for me. However, I laughed with her. Just then I put my gun down on the ground, as was my habit, bayonet downward, intending to stick it into the ground and thus let the piece stand reversed, but instead of that I stuck it through her shoe and pinned the beautiful girl fast!

I was never so frightened in my life as I was then. I would not have harmed the young woman for the world; she had become to me like a sister.

Maybe I wasn't glad when I saw a twinkle in her bright, blue eyes, and heard her sweet voice ringing in laughter as she said:

"Well, Yank, you did not hurt me a bit, you know these shoes are a trifle large for me, and your bayonet just went through the upper and sole without grazing my toes."

I was rejoiced to hear her talk that way, I assure you. I was taken away from there in a few days after that, it having been found that her father was not what he was suspected to be. But I often thought about that family, especially of one member, in my marches and in later years, but I never met again with any member of it. Not even with my pretty "sweet sixteen" friend, for I was engaged in a great deal of active service in the army, and when I was mustered out of it I returned to Philadelphia and never went back to Virginia.—Philadelphia Times.

LOVE'S EQUATION.

Scant beauty hers whose beauties tongue can name,
And coll his love whose lips can word its flame—
Sweetheart, thy charms shall never measured be,
Save by that love to which they temper me.
And all the passion reigning o'er my heart
I know but as thy beauty's counterpart.

—Duffield Osborne in Harper's Bazar.

The water of the central basin of the Mediterranean has been found to be warmer, denser and richer in dissolved salts than the western. While a white disk was only visible at forty-three meters photographic plates were affected at 500 meters.

J. W. Murphy.

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2 00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.

nov-26-tf A. J. DAVIS, Independence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.
Obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" building, Independence, Inyo county, Cal.

Irving J. Wodin, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Wodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reidy place Independence.

J. B. WASSON. J. B. WASSON JR.
DENTISTS.
Office over the Bank of Bakersfield. Southern Root Extracting given the most careful attention. All work guaranteed. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses, Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 28th
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.

Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURCKHARDT

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MAILACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors held the 27th day of June 1891, an assessment (No 6) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, at Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 1st day of August 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 24th day of August, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK,
Secretary.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer with out cost of repairs than any other machine, has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON
Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence, Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to no on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

BIG PINE HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JULY 24 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 1 00¼
Lead, 4 45
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

FRIDAY, July 17, 1891.

Estate of John R. Hughes—Order approving sale of personal property.

Estate of F. Paderes—Mrs. J. Arbechuca appointed Administratrix.

SATURDAY July 18, 1891.

W. R. Johnson vs. O. I. Mairs—Defendant files demurrer.

MONDAY, July 20, 1891.

Estate of John R. Hugees—Order confirming sale of real estate.

TUESDAY, July 21, 1891

W. H. Russell vs. Smith & O'Neal—Filed original summons.

Nathan Rhine vs. Emilie Thiebaut, Administratrix of Alphonse Thiebaut, deceased—Foreclosure of morigage; filed complaint and issued summons.

WEDNESDAY, July 22, 1891.

Rhine vs. Thiebaut—Filed original summons.

Estate of J. C. Eldy, deceased—Filed inventory and appraisement.

Estate of Thomas Parker, deceased—Filed claim of Henry Febrman.

W. R. Johnson vs. O. I. Mairs—Filed amended complaint.

THURSDAY, July 23, 1891.

Charles Anthony vs. Frank Silva—Filed original summons.

FRIDAY, July 24, 1891.

Estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased—W. F. Matlack appointed administrator. John Wilson, James McDonald and O. M. Paris appointed appraisers.

Oren C. Johnson et als. vs. W. K. Miller—Filed complaint and issued summons.

DIED.

JIGGENS—At Maxwell, Colusa county July 23d, Henry E. Jiggens, aged 31 years.

O'NEIL—At Independence, July 23d, Patrick O'Neil, aged about 35 years.

Times were lively in Lone Pine during the week.

P. W. Forbes Esq. was in Benton last last week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Mack visited Bishop during the week.

The thunder of nature's artillery boomed all along the line again to-day.

There were thunder showers along the the Sierras all day yesterday.

The County Clerk has Deputy Clark at work on the Assessment Roll.

S. G. Sneden Esq., of Bishop visited Independence several days this week.

Miss Nellie Squires returned to Round Valley on Wednesday after a lengthy visit to Colorado.

Mrs. John Barnes came up from Keeler on yesterday morning's train and is visiting in town.

Johnny Irwin and Bill Witherall intend making an extensive camping trip on the headwaters of Kern river.

By the use of mechanical apparatus hay can be cut, hauled and stacked at a cost of less than one dollar per ton.

George Story has made a successful run at the Maxim mill on ore from the Poleta mine. He was in town on Wednesday.

Ben. Rosenthal of Hawthorne and Miss Vesta A. Rice of Reno were married at Essex near Reno on Sunday evening last

Fred Holbert has bought the Crocker horses and will drive them to the lower country. He went to Big Pine yesterday.

The latest mining excitement is at Lundy, Mono County. Reduction works are being erected there and buildings removed from Bodie.

The Directors of the Stevens Ditch Company and the Lone Pine Canal Company will meet at the office of the Secretary at Independence to-morrow.

Frank Fitzgerald and family will leave Lone Pine to-morrow for a trip to Los Angeles and the Southern country. They expect to be absent nearly two months.

J. J. Gunn returned from his visit to Modock on Wednesday. It is too hot now to do any work there, but in about a month he will resume operations at the Minnietta.

A number of men have been laid off at Modock until the hot season is past, but work is steadily progressing in the lower tunnel. Ore shipments will be made right along.

Receiver Clark went to Bishop on Tuesday and brought down his young stallion, Gibraltar Jr. He will jog him a while and probably put him in shape for the races next fall.

Deputy Sheriff Borgwardt of Kern county went to Big Pine yesterday to visit friends and will return to Independence this evening. He will start for Bakersfield to-morrow morning with his prisoner.

A copy of the fifth annual catalogue of the Inyo Academy was received last mail. It is very neatly gotten up and a credit to the *Register* Office. There is no use sending away for work when it can be done just as cheap and neat at home.

Jack Wilson arrived in town from Darwin yesterday morning. He left Modock on Wednesday with a sick man named Pat O'Neil who became insane from the combined effects of lead and extreme heat. The poor fellow was very weak, and died yesterday afternoon.

Death of Harry Jiggens.

Last week a telegram was received at Independence saying that Harry Jiggens was lying dangerously ill at Maxwell, Colusa county, from the effects of sunstroke. On Saturday morning last his wife started for Maxwell to join him. Yesterday morning at half-past eight a telegram was received from W. A. Hampton, formerly of Independence, stating that Harry was dead. O. I. Mairs telegraphed to the depot to hold the train until he could reach it, and started immediately. Henry Edward Jiggens was born in Canada in 1860. He came from the East nearly six years ago and has lived at Independence most of the time since with his uncles, the Mairs Brothers. Five years ago he went into a general merchandising business with James T. McMahon at Independence. The venture ended disastrously in the big fire of June, 1886. The firm was burned out only a few days after opening and only resumed business long enough to sell out a few goods rescued from the flames. Subsequently he was in the employ of Thomas Boland, at Keeler, and for a long time had charge of Mairs' livery stable at Independence. On the 28th of December, 1887, he was united in marriage to Miss Emma Flowers, sister of Mrs. O. I. Mairs. Mr. and Mrs. Jiggens lived in Sacramento for a few months, but the health of the former was poor there and they returned to Independence. A short time ago he accepted a position at Maxwell, Colusa county, where he died. Harry was a very energetic, wide-awake young man; he was temperate in his habits and attended most strictly to business. He was an agreeable companion and was well liked by all. He leaves a large circle of friends in Inyo county who deeply regret his sudden and untimely taking off. The deepest sympathy of the community is tendered the bereaved widow.

An Outlaw Captured.

Last Saturday morning Tom McDonough and an Indian known as "Cæsar," brought to Independence and lodged in jail, "Doc," one of the Indians concerned in the killing of Powers and McCoy at Sage canyon. The murderer had worked his way into Saline Valley; the Indians there promptly disarmed him, notified McDonough of his capture, and brought him up over the Cerro Gordo trail. "Doc." was armed with a long 44 calibre Winchester rifle supposed to have been carried by McCoy and a 44 calibre double-action Smith & Wesson revolver known to have been carried by Powers. He also had a silk handkerchief covered with blood stains and a silk handkerchief was taken from Powers' neck. The stock of the rifle was also blood-stained. The assassin boasted to Cæsar and other Saline Indians of having killed two white men. "Doc." is a son of "Old Mike," a well known Indian about Olancha. He never would work steady and bears an evil reputation. Deputy Sheriff Billy Borgwardt arrived from Kern county on yesterday's train to take charge of the prisoner. He will start with him for Bakersfield to-morrow morning, going around by rail via Reno. The Indian will be held for trial in the Superior Court of Kern county and considering the strong evidence to be presented the Warden of San Quentin will have a disagreeable duty to perform. A report was circulated here that a reward of five hundred dollars had been offered for the capture of any or all of the perpetrators of the outrage. This is a mistake; no definite offer of reward has yet been made. It is quite likely, however, that Kern county will liberally reward the captors; this should be done by all means. If Kern betrays a niggardly spirit in the matter the people of Inyo should, and will, raise a subscription for that purpose. It is a matter of interest to all to see to it that this is done.

Big Pine Correspondence.

BIG PINE, July 20, 1891.

ED. INDEPENDENT—There is a blot on the face of the earth, or I should say, a thing of the world with a man's face on him who writes from Big Pine for the *Index*, who signs his name "Swamper," and was recently posing as a battle-scarred veteran. I don't know anything about his war record under Uncle Sam, but I will take his word for that rather than look for proof. But I can vouch for one thing—he carries a good many wounds received in battle with King Alcohol; but the most offensive wound he bears is the hole in his face he brought on earth with him—it is a running sore near the chin. This same "swamper" who speaks of the Good Templars as the "water-power" should take a tumble as the Templars can get along very well without the aid of his derogatory pen. He will confer a great favor on us by letting up; a man with his reputation can do no good to an organization or an individual. He has about as much regard for others as a Digger Indian. I can't say that I have any objection to the *nom de plume* he has assumed—I think it suits him. He belongs somewhere about the tail-end of nothing. Such a contemptible wretch would halt nowhere. He should be condemned to scrape the barnacles off the wrong side of oblivion until the sun turns into an icicle; he would then make a prominent candidate for sheol.

A GOOD TEMPLAR.

Well Merited Praise.

In almost every neighborhood there is some one or more persons whose lives have been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, or who have been cured of chronic diarrhœa by it. Such persons take special pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise that follows the introduction and use makes it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

Yesterday morning Oscar Dearborn came up from Lone Pine and swore out a warrant for the arrest of a Mexican named Manuel Taran on a charge of selling whisky to Indians. Under-Sheriff Holland at once went down and made the arrest, bringing his man up and lodging him in jail last night. He will be tried before Justice of Peace Hannah this afternoon. It is a clear case, there being three white witnesses, and he will be likely to spend the remainder of the hot season in the cooler. That $40 reward is getting in its work.

Hon. P. Reddy went north on Tuesday's train after a two week's visit at Darwin. The Defiance mine is looking well and about a dozen men are employed taking out ore. There are six men employed at the Independence mine owned by Reddy & Wilson. Mr. Reddy has bonded the Columbia mine, situated about three miles south of Darwin, of Frank Silva for $2,500. This mine is partially developed and considerable ore has been shipped from it.

R. C. Spear and his partner, A. A. Cline, have discovered what promises to be a valuable mine in the Inyo range east of the marble quarry at Swansea. They have taken out a carload of lead ore that assays over 100 oz. silver per ton.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.
Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.

A Suggestion

If you are troubled with rheumatism or a lame back, allow us to suggest that you try the following simple remedy. Take a piece of flannel the size of the two hands, saturate it with Chamberlain's Pain-Balm and bind it over the seat of pain. It will produce a pleasant warmth and relieve you of all pain. Many severe cases have been cured in this way. The Pain-Balm can be obtained from

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

A Quick Cure For Rheumatism.

In many cases persons subject to rheumatism, have got prompt relief from pain by applying Chamberlain's Pain-Balm. The relief it affords is alone worth many times its cost, which is but 50 cents, and its continued application effects a complete cure. For sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent.

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS.
O. I. MAIRS.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK ..... PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

A. W. Eibeshutz
Independence, Cal.
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Agent For
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,
J. C. ROEPER, Prop.
Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including
Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.
A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.
CARSON & COLORADO R. R.
TAKING EFFECT
Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1 Leave—		To Mound House. No. 2. Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p. m.		5.50 p. m.
Dayton	12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.		2 50 p. m.
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.		9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs.....	8:05 p. m.		9:15 a. m.
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.		7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10.00 p. m		Lv. 7:20a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—		No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville.....	8 20 a. m.		5:25 p. m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.		1:25 a. m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p. m.		11:00 a. m.
Alvord.....	2.45 p. m.		10:00 a. m.
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m.
Lone Pine.....	5:10p. m.		7:40 a. m.
Keeler.....	Ar. 5:55 p. m.		Lv. 7:00 a. m.

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (35 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downieville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Mountain, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

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General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

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Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
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CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.
CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

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Blacksmith Shop.
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In Lake View Hotel
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LIQUORS and CIGARS
All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
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—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS
☞The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!
Is always at the disposal of visitors at the Palace Saloon.

It's sometimes said patent medicines are for the ignorant. The doctors foster this idea.

"The people," we're told, "are mostly ignorant when it comes to medical science."

Suppose they are! What a sick man needs is not knowledge, but a cure, and the medicine that *cures* is the medicine for the sick.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the "do believes" and the "don't believes." There's no hesitance about it, no "if" nor "possibly."

It says—"I can cure you, only do as I direct."

Perhaps it fails occasionally. The makers hear of it when it does, because they never keep the money when the medicine fails to do good.

Suppose the doctors went on that principle. (We beg the doctors' pardon. It wouldn't do!)

Choking, sneezing and every other form of catarrh in the head, is radically cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Fifty cents. By druggists.

The laboring organizations in Nebraska are opposed to allowing the Indian children at the Gonod Industrial School to work in the beet-fields during the season. Commissioner Morgan thinks if that course is insisted on, it were best to remove the school to a State where the citizens will be glad to have such an institution of learning.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism and Catarrh.

Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Pardee Medicine Co.

GENTLEMEN:—About one year ago I chilled my blood and was under the Doctor's care for about six months when I had a counsel of eight *physicians* and was given up to die. Soon after, a lady friend came to see me and told me about *your great Remedy*. She said she had been cured by it after having the rheumatism *seven years*, and that her rheumatism was first brought on by a cold. At this time I was suffering severe pain all through my body and near my heart. The doctors called it only "frozen blood." Through the persuasion of my friend I procured a bottle. I found some relief. Seeing this I procured more and was entirely cured by its use; and what was my surprise and pleasure at finding that I was not only cured of my rheumatism, but the catarrh, which had been troubling me for years, and had become very offensive, had entirely left me.

Wishing your remedy every success, and thanking you very much for my double cure, I remain,

Truly yours,
MRS. LUCY BRONSON.

Rochester, N. Y.

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No. 5 East Maple Street.

WHY!

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN,
IS THE BEST.

It is the best cure for all aches and pains, and it holds

THE TRUE PROOF.

To this specific fact **Archbishops, Bishops, Clergymen, Lawyers, Doctors, Governors, Generals, Senators, Members of Congress and Legislatures, U. S. Consuls, Army and Navy Officers Mayors and Officials,** testify and unite in saying: "We suffered pain;

OTHER REMEDIES FAILED,

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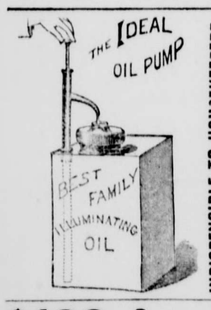
THE POOR MAN

finds what he seeks and needs, is not deceived and will have it at any price.



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Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

In the first days of my recovery, news came to us (I forget how) that a solemn sacrament had been taken between the parties in Devon and Cornwall, and the country was at peace. Little I cared, at the time; but was content—now spring was come—to loiter about the tors, and, while watching John at her work, to think upon Delia. For, albeit I had little hope to see her again, my late pretty comrade held my thoughts the day long. I shared them with nobody; for though 'tis probable I had let some words fall in my delirium, Joan never hinted at this, and I never found out.

To Joan's company I was left; for her father, after saving my life that afternoon, took no further notice of me by word or deed; and the cat, Jan Tergagle (named after a spirit that was said to haunt the moors hereabouts), was as indifferent. So with Joan I passed the days idly, tending the sheep, or waiting on her as she plowed, or lying full length on the hillside and talking with her of war and battles. 'Twas the one topic on which she was curious (scoffing at me when I offered to teach her to read print), and for hours she would listen to stories of Alexander and Hannibal, Cæsar and Joan of Arc, and other great commanders whose history I remembered.

One evening—'twas early in May—we had climbed to the top of the gray tor above Temple, whence we could spy the white sails of the two channels moving, and, stretched upon the short turf there, I was telling my usual tale. Joan lay beside me, her chin propped on one earth stained hand, her great, solemn eyes wide open as she listened. Till that moment I had regarded her rather as a man comrade than a girl, but now some feminine trick of gesture awoke me, perhaps, for my fancy began to contrast her with Delia, and I broke off my story and sighed.

"Art longing to be hence?" she asked.

I felt ashamed to be thus caught and was silent. She looked at me and went on:

"Speak out, lad."

"Loath would I be to leave you, Joan."

"And why?"

"Why, we are good friends, I hope, and I am grateful."

"Oh, ay—wish thee'd learn to speak the truth, Jack. Art longing to be hence and shalt—soon."

"Why, Joan, you would not have me dwell here always?"

She made no answer for a while and then with a change of tone:

"Shalt ride wi' me to Bodmin fair to-morrow for a treat, an' see the great Turk and fat 'ooman and hocus-pocus. So tell me more 'bout Joan, the Frenchwoman."

On the morrow, about 9 in the morning, we set off—Joan on the strawberry, balanced easily on an old sack, which was all her saddle, and I on Molly, that now was sound again and chafing to be so idle. As we set out Joan's father for the first time took some notice of me, standing at the door to see us off and shouting after us to bring home some account of the wrestling. Looking back at a quarter mile's distance, I saw him still framed in the doorway with the cat perched on his shoulder.

Bodmin town is nought but a narrow street, near on a mile long, and widening towards the western end. It lies mainly along the south side of a steep vale, and this May morning, as Joan and I left the moors and rode down to it from northward, already we could hear trumpets blowing, the big drum sounding, and all the bawling voices and hubbub of the fair. Descending, we found the long street lined with booths and shows and nigh blocked with the crowd, for the revel began early and was now in full swing. And the crew of gipsies, whifflers, mountebanks, fortune tellers, cut purses and quacks mixed up with honest country faces, beat even the rabble I had seen at Wantage.

Now my own first business was with a tailor; for the clothes I wore when I rode into Temple, four months back, had been so sadly messed with blood, and afterwards cut, to free them from my wound, that now all the tunic I wore was of sack cloth, contrived and stitched together by Joan. So I made at once for a decent shop, where luckily I found a suit to fit me, one taken (the tailor said) off a very promising young gentleman that had the misfortune to be killed on Braddock Down. Arrayed in this, I felt myself again, and offered to take Joan to see the fat woman.

We saw her, and the Ethiop, and the rhinoceros (which put me in mind of poor Anthony Killigrew), and the pig faced baby, and the cudgel play, and presently halted before a Cheap Jack that was crying his wares in a prodigious loud voice near the town wall.

'Twas a meager, sharp visaged fellow with a gray chin beard like a billygoat's; and (as fortune would have it), spying our approach, he picked out a mirror from his stock, and, holding it aloft, addressed us straight:

"What have we here," cries he, "but a pair o' lovers coming? and what i' my hand but a lover's hour glass? Sure the stars of heav'n must have a hand in this conjuncture—and only thirteen pence, my pretty fellow, for a glass that will tell the weather i' your sweetheart's face, and help make it fine."

There were many country fellows with their maids in the crowd, that turned their heads at this address; and as usual the women began.

"'Tis Joan o' the Tor!"

"Joan's picked up wi' a sweetheart—teenee!—an' us reckoned her'd forsworn mankind!"

"Who is he?"

"Some furriner, sure, that likes garlick."

"He's bought her no ribbons yet."

"How should he, poor lad, that can find no garments upon her to fasten 'em to?"

And so on, with a deal of spiteful laughter. Some of these sayings were half truths, no doubt; but the truthfulest word may be infelix. So, noting a dark flush on Joan's cheek, I thought to end the scene by taking the Cheap Jack's mirror on the spot, to stop his tongue, and then drawing her away.

But in this I was a moment too late, for just as I reached up my hand with the thirteen pence, and the grinning fellow on the platform bent forward with his mirror, I heard a coarser jest, a rush in the crowd and two heads go crack! together like eggs. 'Twas two of Joan's tormentors she had taken by the hair and served so; and, dropping them the next instant, had caught the Cheap Jack's beard, as you might a bell rope, and wrenched him head foremost off his stand, my thirteen pence flying far and wide. Plump he fell into the crowd, that scattered on all hands as Joan pummeled him; and whack! whack! fell the blows on the poor idiot's face, who screamed for mercy, as though Judgment Day were come.

No one, for the minute, dared to step between them; and presently Joan, looking up, with arm raised for another buffet, spied a poor astrologer close by, in a red and yellow gown, that had been reading fortunes in a tub of black water beside him, but was now broken off, dismayed at the hubbub. To this tub she dragged the Cheap Jack and sent him into it with a round souse. The black water splashed right and left over the crowd. Then, her wrath abated, Joan faced the rest, with hands on hips, and waited for them to come on.

Not a word had she spoken, from first to last, but stood now with hot cheeks and bosom heaving. Then, finding none to take up her challenge, she strode out through the folk, and I after her, with the mirror in my hand; while the Cheap Jack picked himself out of the tub, whining, and the astrologer wiped his long white beard and soiled robe.

Outside the throng was a carriage, stopped for a minute by this tumult, and a servant at the horses' heads. By the look of it 'twas the coach of some person of quality; and, glancing at it, I saw inside an old gentleman, with a grave, venerable face, seated. For the moment it flashed on me I had seen him before somewhere, and cudgeled my wits to think where it had been. But a second and longer gaze assured me I was mistaken, and I went on down the street after Joan.

She was walking fast and angry; nor, when I caught her up and tried to soothe, would she answer me but in the shortest words. Woman's justice, as I had just learned, has this small defect—it goes straight enough, but mainly for the wrong object. Which now I proved in my own case.

"Where are you going, Joan?"

"To 'Fifteen Balls' stable, for my horse."

"Art not leaving the fair yet, surely?"

"That I be, though. Have had fairing enow—wi' a man!"

Nor for the great part of the way home would she speak to me. But meeting, by Pound Scawens (a hamlet close to the road), with some friends going to the fair, she stopped for a while to chat with them, whilst I rode forward; and when she overtook me, her brow was clear again.

"Am a hot headed fool, Jack, and have spoiled thy day for thee."

"Nay, that you have not," said I, heartily glad to see her humble, for the first time in our acquaintance; "but if you have forgiven me that which I could not help, you shall take this that I bought for you, in proof."

And, pulling out the mirror, I leaned over and handed it to her.

"What i' the world be this?" she asked, taking and looking at it doubtfully.

"Why, a mirror."

"What's that?"

"A glass to see your face in," I explained.

"Be this my face?" She rode forward, holding up the glass in front of her. "Why, what a handsome looking gal I be, to be sure! Jack, art certain 'tis my very own face?"

"To be sure," said I, amazed.

"Well!" There was silence for a full minute, save for our horses' tread on the high road. And then:

"Jack, I be powerful dirty!"

This was true enough, and it made me laugh. She looked up solemnly at my mirth (having no sense of a joke then or ever) and bent forward to the glass again.

"By the way," said I, "did you mark a carriage just outside the crowd, by the Cheap Jack's booth, with a white haired gentleman seated inside?"

Joan nodded. "Master Hannibal Tingcomb, steward o' Gleys."

"What!"

I jumped in my saddle, and with a pull at the bridle brought Molly to a standstill.

"Of Gleys?" I cried. "Steward of Sir Deakin Killigrew that was?"

"Right, lad, except the last word. 'That is,' shouldst rather say."

"Then you are wrong, Joan; for he's dead and buried these five months. Where is this house of Gleys? for to-morrow I must ride there."

"'Tis easy found, then; for it stands on the south coast, yonder, and no house near it: five mile from anywhere, and sixteen from Temple, due south. Shall want thee afore thou startest, Jack. Dear, now! who'd 'a' thought I was so dirty?"

The cottage door stood open as we rode into the yard, and from it a faint smoke came curling, with a smell of peat. Within I found the smoldering turves scattered about as on the day of my first arrival, and among them Joan's father stretched, flat on his face; only this time the cat was curled up quietly and lying between the old man's shoulder blades.

"Drunk again," said Joan shortly.

But, looking more narrowly, I marked a purplish stain on the ground by the old man's mouth and turned him softly over.

"Joan," said I, "he's not drunk—he's dead!"

She stood above us and looked down, first at the corpse, then at me, without speaking for a time; at last:

"Then I reckon he may as well be buried."

"Girl," I called out, being shocked at this callousness, "'tis your father—and he is dead!"

"Why, that's so, lad. An he were alive, shouldn't trouble thee to bury'n."

And so, before night, we carried him up to the bleak torside, and dug his grave there; the black cat following us to look. Five feet deep we laid him, having dug down to solid rock; and, having covered him over, went silently back to the hovel. Joan had not shed a single tear.

CHAPTER XIV.

I DO NO GOOD IN THE HOUSE OF GLEYS.

Very early next morning I awoke, and, hearing no sound in the loft above (whither, since my coming, Joan had carried her bed), concluded her to be still asleep. But in this I was mistaken, for, going to the well at the back to wash, I found her there, studying her face in the mirror.

"Luckily met, Jack," she said, when I was cleansed and freshly glowing. "Now fill another bucket and sarve me the same."

"Cannot you wash yourself?" I asked, as I did so.

"Lost the knack, I reckon. Stand thee so, an' slush the water over me.

"But your clothes?" I cried out; "they'll be soaking wet!"

"Clothes won't be worse for a wash, neither So slush away."

Therefore, standing at three paces' distance, I sent a bucketful over her, and then another and another. Six times I filled and emptied the bucket in all; and at the end she was satisfied, and went, dripping, back to the kitchen to get me my breakfast.

"Art early abroad," she said, as we sat together over the meal.

"Yes, for I must ride to Gleys this morning."

"Sha'n't be sorry to miss thee for a while. Makes me feel so shy—this cleanliness."

So, promising to be back by nightfall, I went presently to saddle Molly; and, following Joan's directions and her warnings against quags and pitfalls, was soon riding south across the moor, and well on my road to the House of Gleys.

My way leading me by Braddock Down, I turned aside for a while to examine the ground of the late fight (though by now little was to be seen but a piece of earthwork left unfinished by the rebels and the fresh mounds where the dead were laid); and so 'twas high noon—and a dull, cheerless day—before the hills broke and let me have a sight of the sea. Nor, till the noise of the surf was in my ears, did I mark the chimneys and naked gray walls of the house I was bound for.

'Twas a gloomy, savage pile of granite, perched at the extremity of a narrow neck of land, where every wind might sweep it, and the waves beat on three sides the cliff below. The tide was now at the full almost, and the spray flying in my face, as we crossed the head of a small beach, forded a stream and scrambled up the rough road to the entrance gate.

A thin line of smoke blown level from one chimney was all the sign of life in the building; for the narrow lights of the upper story were mostly shuttered, and the lower floor was hid from me by a high wall inclosing a courtlage in front. One stunted ash, with boughs tortured and bent towards the mainland, stood by the gate, which was locked. A smaller door, also locked, was let into the gate, and in this again a shuttered iron grating. Hard by dangled a rusty bell pull, at which I tugged sturdily.

On this, a cracked bell sounded, far in the house, and scared a flock of starlings out of a disused chimney. Their cries died away presently and left no sound but that of the gulls wailing about the cliff at my feet. This was all the answer I won.

I rang again, and a third time; and now at last came the sound of footsteps shuffling across the court within. The shutter of the grating was slipped back and a voice, cracked as the bell, asked my business.

"Too see Master Hannibal Tingcomb," answered I.

"Thy name?"

"He shall hear it in time. Say that I come on business concerning the estate."

The voice muttered something, and the footsteps went back. I had been kicking my heels there for twenty minutes or more when they returned, and the voice repeated the question:

"Thy name?"

Being by this time angered, I did a foolish thing; which was to clap the muzzle of my pistol against the grating, close to the fellow's nose. Singular to say, the trick served me. A bolt was slipped hastily back and the wicket door opened stealthily.

"I want," said I, "room for my horse to pass."

Thereupon more grumbling followed, and a prodigious creaking of bolts and chains; after which the big gate swung stiffly back.

"Sure, you must be worth a deal," I said, "that shut yourselves in so careful."

Before me stood a strange fellow—extraordinary old and bent, with a wizened face, one eye only, and a chin that almost touched his nose. He wore a dirty suit of livery, that once had been canary yellow; and shook with the palsy.

"Master Tingcomb will see the young man," he squeaked, nodding his head; "but is a-reading just now in his Bible."

"A pretty habit," answered I, leading in Molly—"if unseasonable. But why not have said so?"

He seemed to consider this for awhile, and then said, abruptly:

"Have some pasty and some good cider?"

"Why, yes," I said, "with all my heart, when I have stabled the sorrel here."

He led the way across the court, well paved but choked with weeds, towards the stable. I found it a spacious building, and counted sixteen stalls there; but all were empty save two, where stood the horses I had seen in Bodmin the day before. Having stabled Molly, I left the place (which was thick with cobwebs) and followed the old servant in the house.

He took me into a great stone kitchen, and brought out the pasty and cider, but poured out half a glass only.

"Have a care, young man; 'tis a luscious, thick, seductive drink," and he chuckled.

"'Twould turn the edge of a knife," said I, tasting it and looking at him; but his one bleared eye was inscrutable. The pasty also was moldy, and I soon laid it down.

"Hast a proud stomach that cometh of faring sumptuously; the beef therein is our own killing," said he. "Young sir, art a man of blood, I greatly fear, by thy long sword and handiness with the firearms."

"Shall be presently," answered I, "if you lead me not to Master Tingcomb."

He scrambled up briskly and tottered out of the kitchen into a stone corridor, I after him. Along this he hurried, muttering all the way, and halted before a door at the end. Without knocking he pushed it open, and, motioning me to enter, hastened back as he had come.

"Come in," said a voice that seemed familiar to me.

Though, as you know, 'twas still high day, in the room where now I found myself was every appearance of night; the shutters being closed and six lighted candles standing on the table. Behind them sat the venerable gentleman whom I had seen in the coach, now wearing a plain suit of black and reading in a great book that lay open on the table. I guessed it to be the Bible; but noted that the candles had shades about them, so disposed as to throw the light, not on the page, but on the doorway where I stood.

Yet the old gentleman, having bid me enter, went on reading for a while as though wholly unaware of me; which I found somewhat nettling, so began:

"I speak, I believe, to Master Hannibal Tingcomb, steward to Sir Deakin Killigrew."

He went on, as if ending his sentence, aloud:

"And my darling from the power of the dog." Here he paused with finger on the place and looked up. "Yes, young sir, that is my name—steward to the late Sir Deakin Killigrew."

"The late?" cried I. Then you know"——

"Surely I know that Sir Deakin is dead, else should I be but an unworthy steward." He opened his grave eyes as if in wonder.

"And his son, also?"

"Also his son Anthony, a headstrong boy, I fear me; a consorter with vile characters. Alas! that I should say it."

"And his daughter, Mistress Delia?"

"Alas!" and he fetched a deep sigh.

"Do you mean, sir, that she, too, is dead?"

"Why, to be sure—but let us talk on less painful matters."

"In one moment, sir; but first tell me—where did she die and when?"

For my heart stood still, and I was fain to clutch the table between us to keep me from falling. I think this did not escape him, for he gave me a sharp look, and then spoke very quiet and hushed.

"She was cruelly killed by highwaymen at the 'Three Cups' inn, some miles out of Hungerford. The date given me is the 8d of December last."

With this a great joy came over me, and I blurted out, delighted:

"There, sir, you are wrong! Her father was killed on the night of which you speak—cruelly enough, as you say; but Mistress Delia Killigrew escaped, and, after the most incredible adventures"——

I was expecting him to start up with joy at my announcement; but, instead of this, he gazed at me very sorrowfully and shook his head, which brought me to a stand.

"Sir," I said, changing my tone, "I speak but what I know; for 'twas I had the happy fortune to help her to escape, and, under God's hand, to bring her safe to Cornwall."

"Then, where is she now?"

Now, this was just what I could not tell. So, standing before him, I gave him my name and a history of all my adventures in my dear comrade's company, from the hour when I saw her first in the inn at Hungerford. Still keeping his finger on the page, he heard me to the end attentively, but with a curling of the lips towards the close, such as I did not like. And when I had done, to my amaze he spoke out sharply, and as if to a whipped schoolboy.

"'Tis a cock and bull story, sir, of which I could hope to make you ashamed. Six weeks in your company? and in boy's habit? Surely 'twas enough the pure, unhappy maid should be dead—without such vile slander on her fame, and from you, that were known, sir, to have been at that inn, and on that night, with her murderers. Boy, I have evidence that, taken with your confession, would weave you a halter; and am a justice of the peace. Be thankful, then, that I am a merciful man; yet be abashed."

Abashed, indeed, I was; or, at least, taken aback, to see his holy indignation and the flush on his waxen cheek. Like a fool I stood staggered, and wondered dimly where I had heard that thin voice before. In the confusion of my senses I heard it say, solemnly:

"The sins of her fathers have overtaken her, as the Book of Exodus proclaimed: therefore is her inheritance wasted, and given to the satyr and the wild ass."

"And which of the twain be you, sir?"

I cannot tell what forced this violent rudeness from me, for he seemed an honest, good man; but my heart was boiling that any should put so ill a construction on my Delia. As for him, he had risen, and was moving with dignity to the door—to show me out, as I guess. When suddenly I, that had been staring stupidly, leaped upon him and hurled him back into his chair.

For I had marked his left foot trailing, and, by the token, knew him for the white haired man of the bowling green.

"Master Hannibal Tingcomb," I spoke in his ear, "—dog and murderer! What did you in Oxford last November? And how of Capt. Lucius Higgs, otherwise Capt. Luke Settle, otherwise Mr. X.? Speak, before I serve you as the dog was served that night!"

I dream yet, in my sick nights, of the change that came over the vile, hypocritical knave at these words of mine. To see his pale, venerable face turn green and livid, his eyeball start, his hands clutch at air—it frightened me

(TO BE CONTINUED.

DEAR EYES.

O love, O wife, thine eyes are they,
My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion pure,
And gray and large and honor sure;
Soft as a dying violet's breath,
Yet calmly unafraid of death.

Thronged, like two dovecotes of gray doves,
With wife's and mother's and poor folk's loves,
And home loves and high glory loves
And science loves and story loves.

And loves for all that God and man
In art and nature make or plan,
And lady loves for spidery lace
And broideries and supple grace.

And diamonds and the whole sweet round
Of littles that large life compound,
And loves for God and God's bare truth,
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth.

Dear eyes, dear eyes and face complete,
Being heavenly sweet and earthly sweet,
I marvel that God made you mine,
For when he frowns 'tis then ye shine!

—Sidney Lanier in Albany Journal.

Dressing Children.

For play or school the plainer the dress for children the better it is for both parents and children, for it is torture for children to wear a gown that is on their tender little consciences. The more active and healthy the child the harder it is for it to be restrained by the ever present remembrance of that pretty dress that cost so much money and labor, and that must not be soiled or torn. Dark blue flannel or calico, cashmere in dark colors, and linen and the indestructible nankeen, are all good, sensible materials for ordinary dresses for little girls, and in them they can move unrestrainedly and have a chance to develop healthy bodies, which are the foundations of happiness—I had almost said morality, and I don't know but it is so anyhow.

Quicksand is composed chiefly of small particles of mica mixed largely with water. The mica is so smooth that the fragments slip upon each other with the greatest facility, so that any heavy body which displaces them will sink and continue to sink until a solid bottom is reached. When particles of sand are jagged and angular any weight pressing on them will crowd them together until they are compacted into a solid mass. A sand composed of mica or soapstone when sufficiently mixed with water seems incapable of such consolidation.—Public Opinion.

Mr. A. A. Low, the father of President Low, of Columbia college, has just passed his eightieth birthday. Mr. Low has given $20,000 to his birthplace—Salem, Mass.—to be devoted to the education of deserving boys.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

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The diplomate who said that tale-bearers could not occupy high places never saw a monkey go for a cocoanut tree.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

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Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.
No other baking powder does such work.

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

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I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1891.

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SMUGGLED GOODS.

Travelers Who Evade the Custom House Duties.

AN INSPECTOR THROWN OFF HIS GUARD.

A Woman's Inconsistency Made Manifest.—Two English Dudes.

An inspector of customs who has grown round shouldered in the business of reconnoitering for smuggled goods was asked the other day to relate a few of his experiences during his long term of service in the government's employ. After allowing his memory to drift backward a few years he rallied, and first instanced the case of a lady who resides on Beacon street.

"She is," said he, "as rich as Crœsus, and is a shining mark in her philanthropic work. No one gives more liberally to the cause of charity. No one dispenses with a freer hand means for spreading the Gospel in heathen lands. She bears the reputation of being a large hearted, full souled Christian lady. Yet she swore falsely, as I believe, to the boarding officer. She declared she had nothing in her possession of a dutiable nature. There was something about the woman's actions, however, that awakened suspicion. A careful examination of her trunks apparently verified her statement. There remained, however, a lingering doubt that she was trying to deceive. Acting upon this misgiving she was asked to step into a small room near by, which is used for the purpose of examining female passengers whose truthfulness has been challenged. Under her garments were found forty-four yards of fine black Lyons silk. The fabric had been basted to her petticoat. She seemed overcome with embarrassment when the discovery was made. Her only excuse was the very 'thin' one that she was not aware the silk was dutiable. She was not asked why she concealed it.

About two years ago, while an inspector was making his rounds among the passengers, a tall, good looking, finely dressed lady nudged him in the ribs and softly whispered, "Can I see you privately a few moments?" She motioned the inspector to one side, at the same time keeping her eyes fixed upon two plainly dressed women who were standing together near the companionway. "I want to tell you," began the pretty siren, "that the two women you see over there have made a false declaration. Their stateroom was next to mine, and I overheard them on several occasions during the trip planning a scheme to conceal from the customs officers a quantity of valuable goods they have in their possession. You will do well to make a careful examination of their baggage and the clothes they have on. I dislike deception in any form, and make this disclosure in the interest of honesty."

The inspector thanked his fair informant, and promised that he would make a thorough investigation of the case.

When the two suspected females had received their baggage upon the wharf the inspector proceeded to make a most careful search of their contents, but found no trace of valuables. The inspector thought this was only a blind to throw him off the scent, and he asked an inspectress to search the persons of the two women. This was done, but not a shadow of anything dutiable was found. It now began to dawn upon the mind of the inspector that he had been tricked by the gay eavesdropper, and that she was probably the one who was trying to defraud the government, and not the two ordinary looking females who had been under suspicion. It was a neat little game to throw off suspicion, but will never be worked again on the same inspector. It was afterward learned that the two women were Chicago school teachers, who had been abroad spending their summer vacation. They felt very much embarrassed at the attention they received at the hands of the officers, and were at a loss to fathom its meaning. The poor old pedagogues probably never had a dishonest thought enter their heads.

An amusing incident occurred four or five weeks ago on board a Cunarder, when two finely dressed ladies declared that they had nothing in their possession upon which an impost duty should be levied. A few moments after taking the oath they were seen in close consultation, and their actions indicated that they had under consideration a matter of momentous importance. Finally, one of them accosted the customs officer, and said: "I guess I've made a mistake in declaring as I did, as we have several articles in our trunks which should pay duty." It is no unusual occurrence to find these conscience stricken people.

A little dumpy kind of a man attempted to run in three new ulsters a short time ago as part of his own wearing apparel. When his trunk was opened and the garments taken out, he was asked if he intended to wear the "toppers" himself.

"Certainly I do," he replied.

"I don't think the tailor gave you a very good fit; will you try one of them on?"

"They were all made from the pattern of this one I have on," and the little man turned around twice. "I don't see the necessity of going to the trouble of finding out whether the others fit me."

"I am sure the tailor must have made a mistake," persisted the inspector, "and I shall insist upon you giving me some evidence that he did not."

The little man tried every way to satisfy the inspector that the coats were for his own use, but failing, drew forth one of the heavy garments and crawled into it. It was like drawing a salt bag over a crochet needle. The little man had disappeared. The top of his hat and the toes of his shoes were all that could be seen of him.

"What's the lightest you'll let me off for?" softly asked the little man.

The account was made out and he paid without a whimper.

Two howling dudes were found one day standing over their traps looking about in a sneering, contemptuous manner at the scenes the new world presented at the landing of an ocean steamship. They were the cream of swelldom. When the inspector approached them and asked to have their trunks unlocked they seemed beset with astonishment.

"I beg pahdon, but what did you say, sir?" queried one of them.

"Open your trunks, I want to inspect your baggage."

At this the spokesman of the two threw a bunch of keys upon the wharf and said:

"Hopen the trunks yourself, fellow."

"Lift the lids of those trunks in half a minute or they go to the appraiser's store," quietly remarked the inspector.

"Gentlemen at 'ome don't do this kind of work. What blawsted customs you 'ave 'ere, to be sure, that requiah a gentleman to do a valet's labah."

He opened his trunks, however, taking this first lesson in democracy in the land of freedom.—Boston Herald.

But Little Trouble.

Rev. Mr. Hirsute—The very hairs of your head are numbered, Mr. Scantilocks.

Mr. Scantilocks—Well, it comforts me to think how little trouble I give the recording angel latterly.—Judge.

A Remarkable Cave in Indiana.

H. H. Sturm, of Indianapolis, and Richard Penckert, of Spencer, have discovered a cave near Spencer. Last night they explored it. The entrance is a hole 20 feet deep and about 3 feet in diameter. At the bottom begins a narrow and steep passage, running northeast about 35 feet. At the end of this passage was a step off of about 5 feet, and immediately to the left was a chamber about 8 feet in diameter, the walls rising gradually in the form of a cone, meeting at a point overhead 30 feet from the floor.

The walls were hung with numerous stone pendants, water at the time dripping down. A passageway, 18 inches wide and 10 feet long, led from this opening toward the northwest to another chamber similar to the first, but about 60 feet high.

A passageway then brought the party into still another room, it being a little smaller than the first. From this a narrow isle, 60 feet long and 7 feet high, led northwest to a very small opening or manhole, through which the reporter crawled with a lamp, and found that the passage was blocked by a large quantity of sand and debris, brought by the rains that pour at times down the whole cave.

At the end of this last passage there led off two openings, about as large as a stovepipe. Stamping on the ground brought out the fact that a chamber was at some place under this last passage. This week a hole will be drilled to find if such a cavity exists, and also the entrance will be enlarged, making it easier of access. The fact that the water disappears downward, the upper current of air, and the hollow sound above mentioned, go to prove that there is another cavity, probably larger than any of the rest. The estimated depth of the cave from the general surface is 150 feet. The party spent an hour and fifteen minutes under ground.—Martinsville (Ind.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Eloped on a Locomotive.

Alpheus did not have more trouble in reaching Arethuse than Conductor Bell, of the Louisville and Wadley road, had in getting to his bride. The groom had long loved a young lady of Louisville. Her parents objected very strenuously to their marriage, and used all the means possible to thwart their desires. Like lovers the world over, opposition but strengthened their affection and determination to marry any way. Tuesday night was set as the time for an elopement. In some way the old folks got an inkling of what was contemplated. When the expectant groom arrived he found the house well guarded. The parents had the trump card for the time being.

Wednesday came, and the turn of the wheel threw good fortune into the lap of the young folks. Disappointment sharpened their wits. A new plan was conceived. That afternoon, as his train passed her home, the conductor caught a glimpse of his affianced. That was sufficient. Running the train to a siding, a mile or so away, the coaches were dropped, and while the few passengers wondered what was delaying them, the engine, with the exultant lover, sped down the track to the spot where she was waiting, heart in mouth, and, as the old expression goes, "twixt love and duty swayed." Love was victorious. When the engine reached the train again, after a very few minutes' delay, it had a new and fair passenger to place aboard. Reaching Wadley, a minister was summoned, the ceremony performed and the trip then continued to Savannah.—Savannah Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

The Village Blacksmith's Rival.

To see lightning assume the role of a blacksmith is a sight which no man expected to witness a few years ago. The utter subjugation of the element that gives the thunderstorm its majesty and that cleaves the granite of the mountain peak, was manifested all last week, in the working of a bit of mechanism in Mechanical hall. A rapid adjustment of two bits of cold steel, a touch upon a lever, and, lo! about the junction of the pieces of metal there flashed a circlet of cherry red that soon became snow white with intensity of heat. While one's watch ticked a score the fierce heat made the two bits of hard steel one, and the work was ended. No human hands, or fire kindled by man, could perform the same work in so perfect a way, or so swiftly. It was a wedding in which a busy dynamo a mile away was the officiating power, and it was a sight full of interest and beauty. In the hands of all-potent man, the thunderbolt of Jupiter becomes the rival of the village blacksmith. The possibilities of the process of electric welding are wellnigh limitless.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Living Without a Head.

Mr. Caldwell, of Godmanchester, Huntington, tells of a rooster that was persisting in living out in his country under peculiar circumstances. On the evening of Oct. 31 Mr. John Leahy chopped off the heads of two roosters and left the bodies lying in the woodshed. On going out in the morning to pluck them he found one standing and apparently alive. Although minus the greater portion of the head it is living still, and when Mr. Caldwell saw the fowl on Saturday last it was apparently doing well and promises to become somewhat celebrated, as a young man named Brian O'Connor has purchased it, afterwards selling a half interest to a friend for $25, it is said, and they intend putting it on exhibition. The head is off a short distance from the ear, leaving one of these and a portion of the comb intact. A portion of the brain must also be uninjured, since when the food is brought to the neck the gullet projects and the food placed in it quickly swallowed. The owners are taking the best of care of their bird.—Montreal Star.

George Jennings, of New Portage, O., was fishing in Wolf creek and had set a line and went further up the stream. When he returned he found a duck had swallowed the minnow and swam away with the pole and line. He followed it up and captured it. This is a new way to get ducks.

A TWO FOOT GUAGE.

Unique Features of a Maine Railroad.

INTEREST TO RAILWAY PROJECTORS.

The Cost of Construction.—Its Perfect Safety.

As our narrow gauge road, the Bridgton and Saco River, which taps the Portland and Ogdensburg (standard gauge) at Hiram, sixteen miles west of Bridgton and forty miles west of Portland, is a representative, and one of the best representatives, of its kind, I will take it for illustration. The general reader, as well as railroad men, will readily note its unique, curious and interesting features.

The road was built in the summer of 1882 and the winter of 1882-83. That winter was notable as one of the most severe on record, the mercury for weeks at a time registering from 5 degs. to 25 degs. below zero, and the snow being deep, which, with the then high price of materials, made the expense much more than it would cost to build the same road at the present time. The exact length of the road is 15.9 miles, independent of sidings. The cost of construction was $169,395; of equipment, $26,473; total cost, $195,868. The same kind of steel rails can now be bought from 30 to 35 per cent. less, and other materials are cheaper; so that what then cost about $1,000 per mile to construct could now be done for $700. The rails are of steel, Cawbridge pattern, are 30 feet long, and weigh 30 pounds to the yard. Number of ties used per mile, 2,640.

There are two engines—built at the Hinkley Locomotive works, Boston—each weighing 26,000 pounds, with driving wheels 30 inches in diameter; and their power, considering their small size and weight, is simply surprising, as is shown by the way they conquer steep grades with heavy loads, and force their way with plows through deep snows and huge drifts, by which they are seldom long detained. The two passenger cars (built at the Laconia Car works, New Hampshire) are each 45 by 6 1-2 feet. Each seats thirty passengers—one person to a seat, there being two rows of seats—is finished in solid mahagony, and nicely upholstered. Between the floorings of each car mineral wool three inches deep renders them fire proof, prevents any cold air from passing, and deadens the noise. These cars are run with little jar or noise on 18 inch wheels, are equipped with the Miller platform and vacuum brakes, are elegant, cozy, pleasant, comfortable, in short, are every way satisfactory, and compare favorably with their more pretentious brethren. The freight cars, some twenty in number, are 26 by 6 1-2 feet, and carry ordinarily a burden of eight tons, although having a capacity of twelve tons. There are also a baggage mail express car, a combination car, three hand and three push cars, and a snow plow. All the trains are mixed. They ordinarily take one hour to accomplish the sixteen miles of road, but have been run that distance in thirty-six minutes. The amount of coal required for the round trip—thirty-two miles—is 500 pounds. The heaviest grade (200 feet to the mile) is near the Hiram terminus, and is on a half mile 20 deg. curve. There is another curve of 18 degs. one of 16, one of 12, one of 11, four of 10 each, and a considerable number of less degree.

The Central and South American inspection parties learned some, to them, surprising facts in their forty minutes' ride from Hiram to Bridgton. They learned that the little 26,000 pound locomotive could draw a well loaded trian up a grade of 200 feet to the mile; that it could easily round a 20 deg. curve; that the seeming recklessness of attempting to run a train on rails only two feet apart proved a thoroughly safe performance, so far as any danger of a tip over was concerned, on account of the nearness of the cars to the ground and consequent lowering of the center of gravity; and that three essentials of safety, speed and comfort were abundantly secured. Our road was built five years ago, and in all this time not a passenger has been injured, not an engine nor car overturned nor derailed, not a smash up of any kind. What better record could be had?

There are four other two foot gauge roads in Maine, the Sandy River, the Monson, the Franklin and Megantic, and another whose name I cannot now recall, varying from fifteen to eighteen miles in length.

A few words, in conclusion, in regard to the two roads to be built in the southern part of this continent, the possible adoption by which of the plan of the little two foot road away down east drew these emissaries from the south hither. The Central American road is to be built by the Honduras North Coast Railway and Improvement company, whose president, S. B. McCarnico, lately inspected our road, and will connect the port of Truxillo with Puerto Cortez, in the republic of Honduras, 115 miles long, for the development of the trade in tropical fruits and vegetables, native woods, medicinal plants, minerals, etc., in which that region abounds. The route of the South American road is 110 miles long, and extends from San Lorenzo bay to Isbarra, about forty miles from the city of Quito, in Ecuador, the city being the capital of the republic, with a population of 90,000, and located at an elevation of nearly 8,000 feet above sea level among the Andes mountains. It is the intention to complete the road to Quito, in time, the name of the road being the Pacific and Quito railway. There is not a railway in the country, most of the traffic being done on the backs of mules, and it is proposed to build this line to help the trade of that country with America.—Charles O. Stickney in Boston Transcript.

Protection Against Cold.

A well known physician, whose experience enables him to speak with authority on the subject, gives the following advice for protection against cold when driving: "Provide yourself with a good kerosene oil lantern, well filled and trimmed, and with sufficient oil if necessary for refilling, and you have the most efficient means for enduring the cold that can be got. This lantern, being lighted, and kept beneath any covering that is used to protect the limbs, will add materially to one's comfort who must make winter trips. I will add, in connection with the lantern, that a rubber coat, gossamer or rubber blanket is a most desirable garment for a long, cold ride. If any one will try these suggestions he or she will never start out again for a cold drive without the lantern and oil; also, a good, strong umbrella is a good protection against a cold wind."—Chicago News.

The Leaders of Men.

Professor Herrbach, a famous teacher in one of the Prussian gymnasia, once said: "In every class in the schools there are brilliant boys who carry off the prizes for scholarship and oratory. They are to be flagmen, trumpeters in the army of life. But in each class there is always a downright fellow, loyal to his work, honest to the marrow of his bones. Him I call Dux to myself, whatever his rank in class may be. He will be a leader of men."—Youth's Companion.

Old Egyptian Encaustic Process.

In the older Egyptian mummies the face of the outer casing is usually modeled in relief, in a purely conventional way, but in this latest form of burial under the Roman empire a portrait of the deceased was painted on a very thin piece of wood and then fixed over the dead face. It is very remarkable to find such fine coloring and skillful drawing in work of this late date, which must have been turned out of an ordinary undertaker's workshop. The portraits, both male and female, are most vivid and lifelike; the ladies are mostly dressed in a purple garment, and the men in white, with a red orphrey. The modeling of the flesh is very skillful, and in some cases the coloring reminds one of the Venetian school from its rich depth of tone.

A special point of interest about these paintings is their technical execution in the hot wax, or encaustic process, as it was called. The pigments were mixed with melted wax, and then fixed in their place by holding a charcoal brazier near the surface of the painting, as is described by Vitruvius. The somewhat lumpy impasto of the surface is due to the hardening of the melted wax when the brush touched the cold surface of the panel, and, owing to the non-absorbent nature of the wood, the subsequent application of heat was not able to drive the wax below the surface, as was the case with encaustic painting upon stucco. One of these portraits is noticeable from its ornamental framing with a flowing pattern, formed by pressing wooden stamps upon soft stucco, which was afterward gilt, a process exactly like that which was so often used to decorate mediæval pictures on panel, especially retables, or ancone, as the Venetians called them.—Saturday Review.

The Charm of a Sweet Voice.

I met the other day one of the most fashionable women in the city, and the thing about her that charmed me most was her perfectly trained voice. It was low and melodious, never raised above a certain pitch, but her enunciation was perfectly clear. A sweet, low voice is one of the most seductive charms in a woman, and yet how seldom one is found. The majority of women do not seem to realize this, and one's ears are constantly being tortured by the sound of loud, shrill voices. At a restaurant where I frequently dine comes very often a pretty young woman with her mother, and when I see her coming I want to go. She has a high pitched, cracked, old woman's voice, that takes away my appetite and sets my nerves on edge. At a recent afternoon reception a handsome lady entered and began to talk. As soon as she began every one else stopped and listened, for her voice was so loud and harsh that it drowned every other. She was clever, and what she said was worth listening to, but it was torture to the sensitive ear. The spell of a beautiful face is often broken by a harsh, uncultivated voice, while a sweet voice almost makes a plain face pretty. I would turn round in a crowd to discover the owner of an attractive voice, but I would not turn round in the street to catch a second glimpse of a pretty face. Pretty faces are common enough, one sees them everywhere, but a thoroughly refined, cultivated and sweetly modulated voice is indeed rare.—New York Star.

To Make Wood Fireproof.

If this could be cheaply and effectually done there are few improvements which would be more largely conducive to the welfare of mankind. The following paragraph, therefore, which has been lately in circulation, may be fairly pronounced "important if true, and interesting at any rate." It is stated that a New Englander has recently discovered a cheap method of dissolving zinc by combining it with hydrogen and producing a solution called zinc water. This liquid, if applied to certain woods, notably white wood, makes it absolutely fireproof, and at a low cost. Mr. Edward Atkinson, the Boston economist, in speaking of it at Cornell university, says he regards this discovery as one of the most important of the age, and one that will surely revolutionize fire insurance, as well as immensely decrease the losses by fire. The invention is kept secret for the present. Only one foreigner, Sir Lyon Playfair, the English scientist, knows of it. He corroborates all that is claimed for the invention, and says that the inventor is a bungling chemist, but that he has a faculty of blundering into the choicest secrets of nature's laboratory. As soon as patents are perfected and capital interested, zinc water will become an article of commerce.—Safety Valve.

A Telegraph Man Outwitted.

A few days ago several men from the electric light station dug a hole for an electric light pole opposite one of the finest residences in Malden, Mass. The owner of the residence in the meantime secured a man and told him to go up into the woods and dig the first tree he could find, and hurry back and place it where the hole for the electric light pole was. Before the men commenced to raise the electric light pole the owner of the residence invited them to come into his cellar and take a drink, which they all did. There the owner detained them long enough to allow the man sent for the tree to come back and plant it. The others did not dare to remove tree, so they put the pole into their wagon and drove off.—Scientific American.

Embraced and Then Stabbed Her.

I have sat by the hour in El Pravo, the fashionable thoroughfare of Madrid, Spain, and watched the dark eyed beauties of that celebrated city in all their loveliness, but they were always associated in my mind with treachery and deceit. While thus sitting one beautiful evening, the thoroughfare thronged with its usual gayety, I saw two splendidly dressed ladies meet and embrace with great enthusiasm, when, with a chill of horror, I saw one of them stealthily draw a stiletto and plunge it deep into the back of the other. A shriek, a fall, a sudden rustling of dresses as the murderess quickly mingled with the crowd, and all was over.—Forest and Stream.

THE MEXICAN MULE.

The Most Interesting Specimen of his Race.

SOME OF HIS PECULIARITIES.

He May be Indolent, but he Industriously Pays Old Scores.

The Mexican mule is a sort of cross between a mountain goat and a flying squirrel, with the distinct difference that its surplus electricity flows off from the negative pole instead of the positive, as with the goat. It is in its meanderings on the mountain trails that it shines resplendent, but with a luster wholly its own, that can no more be compared with any other than can the flash of the diamond be compared with the fire of the opal.

A BLOOD CURDLING WAY.

On the mountain trail this distinct species of mule was never known to fall, although he has an exasperating and blood curdling way of stumbling along over it that would raise the hair on end of a bald headed man. Many a time I have watched the mule I was compelled to ride with a view of discovering his methods of trying to scare me to death, as payment for past injuries. Oftentimes the trail would lead past dizzy heights or cliffs, where one could look sheer down far enough to be dead before he reached the bottom should he fall, and every few feet along the trail, of a foot to a foot and a half in width, it would have tumbled in a foot or so and again taken up the original inclination of the mountain, or about that of the leaning tower of Pisa. Here the mule would always be sure to stick one foot and stumble a little bit, but always regain its equilibrium at the next step, having clearly done it intentionally, and for no other purpose than pure cussedness. One can imagine the cool Alpine zephyr that is wafted up the dorsal vertebræ with sufficient force to blow the hair straight up on end.

If you have touched the beast during the last three or four days with the whip or dug into its sides with the spurs when it was absorbed in melancholy reflections, it will be sure to remember it when you are climbing over the comb of a cliff 3,000 feet high, and at the least movement of your feet or twitching of your fingers it will throw its head high in the air like a hound on the scent and go stumbling over every pebble and blade of grass on the dangerous way, evidently trying to make you regret that you had tried to punish so delicate a creature. At any other time you can turn double somersaults on its back, or act like a raving maniac, and it will not increase its funereal march a foot a day as a result of your actions. Whenever a trail leads exceptionally near a cliff, before it turns on the reverse grade down or up hill, the Mexican mule never fails to go within an inch of the crest and let a hind leg over with a slight quiver as it turns around. All these mountain trails are full of little, round, hard stones about the size of marbles and larger, hidden underneath a carpeting of pine needles. These are liable to make a mule stumble if two feet are on stones at once; but this is very rare, although they always go sliding over them on the steeper trails.

It is wonderful how these rotund rocks, hidden under the pine needles on the trail or off of it, will throw a human being prostrate if he dismounts a few minutes to take a walk on a slope and stretch his stiffened limbs. Of course the mule, under headway, walks over them before it can stop. Hobnails in shoes, nor anything of man's make, help to avoid them.

A PLEASANT PASTIME.

There is another pastime in which the Mexican mule delights, and in which you won't. It likes to deviate enough to go under every low branched tree on the trail, and so universal is this trait of character that the trail seems to lead from one low tree or vine to another, just as the mules seem a mind to make it. The dodging of limbs and branches among the pines, cypresses and oaks in the highlands was not so bad, but down in the tierras calientes, or hot lands, where brambly mosquito and thorny vines were tearing crescents out of your clothes until you looked like a group of Turkish ensigns, it was much more monotonous.

The beast I was compelled to ride had one ear cut off near the head and looked topheavy in the extreme. As a mule's ears make up a goodly portion of it, as seen in elevation from the saddle on its back, I was always frightened when he approached a cliff on the unabridged side and instinctively leaned in to counterpoise the heavy weight that I thought might drag us over the precipice. He was familiarly known by the party as "Old Steamboat," "Old Lumber Yard," and other names indicating his characteristics, but he was large and so was I, and he fell to my lot. When I first saw his abbreviated auricular appendage, as a member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to mules, I felt incensed when I heard that it had been lost by the cut of a whip in the hands of a previous driver; but before we had been acquainted a week I had transferred all my sympathy from the mule to the man, whoever he may have been. On the level ground he was slower than the cook, who took fifteen minutes to wash a spoon, but on a perilous path of a half a foot in width on a dizzy precipice the way he could box the compass with the lone ear, so as to catch some faint sound at which he could get frightened at this inopportune time, made me wish I could cut off the other ear at the third cervical vertebræ.—Frederick Schwatka's Mexican Letter.

A Veracious Man.

Wife—What time did you get in last night, John?

Husband—Two o'clock, my dear.

Wife—Where were you, John?

Husband—At work at the office, my dear.

Wife—That's right, John, never tell a lie. (To the servant)—Mary, take Mr. Brown's shoes off the mantelpiece and get his night key out of the clock and put it in his pocket.

A Summer Resort in Berkshire.

Several citizens of New York city, Poughkeepsie, Mount Washington and Great Barrington have organized the South Berkshire club for the purpose of establishing a summer resort for themselves and families at Sky farm, Mount Washington, the birthplace of Elaine and Dora Goodale. Those best known in the vicinity as active in the enterprise are H. F. Keith, of Mount Washington; S. B. Goodale, F. L. Pope, of New York; and Lawyer A. C. Collins, of Great Barrington. The farm of 600 acres is to be called Taconic Woodland, and be laid out as a park of sixty-five shares, and it is expected that a shareholder will build a cottage upon each lot and have a sixty-fifth interest in the property of the association.

The club house for the entire company will be the historic Sky Farm cottage, from which a magnificent view is obtained in every direction. The house will contain dining rooms, parlor and library, with accommodations for transient guests. Thirty shares are already subscribed for, and the lots are sold only to approved parties under proper restrictions. The town of Mount Washington is in the southwestern part of Berkshire county, and was organized June 21, 1779. Previous to its incorporation it was known as Tauconnuck Mountain, meaning the great wooded mountain, and here were made, about 1693, the earliest settlements in Berkshire.—Springfield Republican.

A Prompt Answer to Prayer.

A United Brethren preacher, the Rev. John R. Eberly, of Lewiston, has been conducting meetings at the Brush Ridge school house, in this county, for three weeks. The countryside for miles around is represented nightly, and intense interest is shown. The other night an amusing climax occurred during the delivery of Brother Eberly's opening prayer. The venerable minister has shown a partiality for the phrase, "O Lord, shower thy blessing down upon us," which is incorporated in all his prayers.

When this period of his invocation was reached the audience was thrown into a condition of extreme excitement by the copious fall of water from the trap door directly over the minister, drenching him through and through. A temporary check was given to the services by this sudden fulfillment of the preacher's prayer and the tranquility of the meeting was not re-established until an investigation revealed the cause of the unexpected downpour. John L. Smith, a fifteen-year-old boy, had secreted himself in the attic of the school house in advance of the meeting and given practical effect to Mr. Eberly's invocation with two buckets of water.—Lewiston (Pa.) Gazette.

A Window Decoration.

What is more beautiful for a low screen around the kitchen windows than sweet peas. If the kitchen is on the sunny side of the house they will luxuriate with no other fertilizer than the soap suds of the weekly washing. The seed should be planted very early in the season, in a rich, sunny place, as deep as six or eight inches. Some floriculturists plant them in the fall, putting them down the depth of ten inches and covering the ground with rich fertilizer. They must be given something for support as soon as they are out of the ground. Bushes may be used for this purpose, but a wire gauze of large mesh, painted a medium shade of green, is prettier than anything else. The new varieties of sweet peas are considerably larger than the old varieties and will cover a trellis from four to six feet in height. A mixture of black-purple sweet peas with the old fashioned rose and white "painted lady" looks very pretty on such a trellis.—New York Tribune.

Caged in the Top of a Building.

For some mysterious reason the elevator in Fuller's block did not stop at the desired floor the other day, and kept on to the top of the building in spite of the small boy who was running it. The sole passenger was an elderly lady. It was nearly noon when the ascent was made, and it was after dinner that a gentleman discovered that the elevator boy did not respond to the bells and went to the roof to see what was the matter. He discovered, caged up in the elevator, a very much frightened old lady and a boy, who also showed signs of anxiety. With a step ladder and some outside help the prisoners were rescued through a very small opening above the door on the top floor and the elevator was set in motion again. It will be some time before that lady trusts herself to an elevator again.—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

A Curiosity of Red Tape.

A curious case of red tape has just come to my attention. The Brazilian Indians have a trick of compressing the skulls of the dead. They take out all the bones and reduce the size of the head to about one-third of its original dimensions, but manage to retain the features and expression exact. A gentleman in New York on a recent trip to Brazil secured one of these heads and shipped it home. It now lies in a box in the basement of the custom house, and he can get it no further, because the health officer will not give the necessary authority to the customs officer to pass the invoice, for the reason that no certificate has been furnished as to the cause of the man's death.—Cor. Chicago News.

In Frankfort experiments are shortly to be made to show the application of electricity to aerial navigation. The pulley which controls the ascent and descent of the balloon will be operated by an electric motor, and a telephone wire will enable conversation to be carried on between those in the balloon and those at the starting point below.

The late Senator Hearst was forty-nine years old when the Comstock silver mines were discovered. In six months after he reached the Comstock lode he had made $500,000, and from that date till his death his wealth went on multiplying.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

Ex-Governor Magoffin's Interesting Talk with a Deaf and Dumb Man.

Ex-Governor Beniah Magoffin, of Kentucky, got in the train one day at Frankfort to go to Lexington. He sat down by the side of a very handsome, intelligent looking young man. The governor, who was a great talker, at once began to chat. The young man listened well, apparently, nodding his head from time to time, as if he agreed with the governor's views, but it seemed that he couldn't find room to put in a word. This continued until they reached Lexington, when a cordial hand shake and an exchange of cards took place. Subsequently, in the corridor of the Phœnix hotel, the governor was telling a party of friends about the meeting, saying the young man was one of the most agreeable fellows he ever encountered.

"Perhaps some of you know him," said he, "he has one brown and one gray eye. But stop, I have his card!"

"Why, governor," said one of the party, "that was Bob King; he's deaf and dumb. Everybody knows him!"—Philadelphia Times.

Didn't Know He Was President.

When Charles Crocker was at Portland on his spike driving tour over the California and Oregon, an incident occurred which is illustrative of the bewildering magnitude of the railway interests of that gentleman. He received a call at the Esmond house from the general manager of the Oregonian railway, a little narrow gauge formerly under the control of a Scotch company. Mr. Crocker regarded the visit as purely complimentary, but when the narrow gauge manager began to talk about the prospects of his line, the need of repairs at certain points, and gave the magnate the assurance that it was a fairly prosperous concern, Mr. Crocker's mind became cloudy. He clearly did not know what the man was driving at. Still the official went on until he was interrupted by a friend who happened to be present, and who said.

"Mr. Crocker doesn't understand what all this is about."

"Oh, I guess he does," said the general manager, with a confident air. "I guess he knows that he is president of this railroad."

"But I'm —— if he did," said Mr. Crocker, "until you said so this moment."

The incident created a ripple of merriment among the railroad men who happened to be present, and some of the Portland magnates who heard the story thought a great deal less of their railroad interests when they reflected on the fact that here was a man who was president of a railroad and didn't know it.—Lakeview (Ore.) Examiner.

"The Court Does Not Lunch."

A learned counsel in Mr. Justice Day's court, in the queen's bench, applied to his lordship to adjourn a case until after the "luncheon time" of the court, as the plaintiff had telegraphed that he had missed his train.

Mr. Justice Day—You should ask that the case be postponed until after "the adjournment," for "the court" does not lunch; that is not an epoch in the life of "the court." (Laughter.) I do not speak of what individuals do, but "the court" does not lunch.—London Telegraph.

Artist Whistler and Oscar Wilde.

A Boston artist tells this story of Whistler and Oscar Wilde, who has the reputation of borrowing Whistler's bright speeches. Having heard the artist say an unusually good thing Oscar exclaimed deploringly: "I wish I could have said that." "Oh," replied Whistler derisively, "but you know you will [illegible]"—Boston Herald.

Heard on the Road.

Proprietor Kansas Hotel—Have the waiter gentlemen had their dinner yet?

Head Waiter—Yes, sah.

"Has the professor of cooking saved out all he wants for his family and friends?"

"Yes, sah."

"Did the upstairs ladies and the stable gentlemen have all they wanted?"

"Yes, sah."

"Is there anything left?"

"A little, sah."

"Well, call in the boarders."—Omaha World.

The Pestiferous Horse Fly.

Of the fly species the horse fly is the most cruel and bloodthirsty of the entire family. He is armed with a most formidable weapon, which consists of four lancets, so sharp and strong that they will penetrate leather. When not in use they are nicely folded away in a sucker. He makes his appearance in June, and may often be seen in the vicinity of small streams of water. He is said to subsist in part upon an airy diet, and to pass his life harmlessly. Not so the female, for she is armed with six lancets, with which she bleeds both cattle and horses, and even human beings. She lays her eggs in moist places, and, after they are hatched into footless maggots, they make all necessary journeys by stretching and closing the segments of their bodies, their heads being supplied by two hooks, by which they get their food. In process of time this maggot goes down into moist earth, where it reposes for some weeks, after which it bursts the pupa case, and comes forth a large black fly, armed and equipped like its predecessors.

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Guaranteed Capital and Reserve Fund, - $1,100,000

Loans made at lowest rates on approved collaterals and on City and Country Real Estate.

TERM AND ORDINARY DEPOSITS RECEIVED

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JULY 31 1891

The Treasurer of the United States is responsible for the custody of 4500 tons of coin. It is estimated that if burglars broke into the vaults it would require 90,000 men of average strength to carry the money a distance of fifty feet.

The Superintendent of Immigration has decided that skilled labor may be imported into the United States when required to aid in the establishment of a new industry with which American workmen are unfamiliar. This decision has been made in the interest of the tin-plate industry.

California takes much interest in the Nicaragua canal enterprise, but this is expressed in the form of newspaper articles rather that subscriptions to stock. San Francisco's capitalists and merchants are remarkably apathetic in the matter in view of the general assent to the idea that the canal would double the trade of that port.

The Ohio Democracy has accepted the issue tendered it by the Republican Convention and has incorporated in its platform a declaration in favor of a "tariff levied for the sole purpose of producing a revenue sufficient to defray the legitimate expenses of the Government economically administered." To this the platform adds a rider to the effect that the verdict of the people of Ohio will be recorded against the iniquitous policy of the so-called protection championed by the Republican party in the interest of the favored classes against the masses.

It has just occurred to the Department of Justice that some effort ought to be made to enforce the National law against trusts. Congress passed the Act as much as a year age, but it has remained practically a dead letter ever since. Attorney-General Miller is now sending out instructions to the Federal District Attorneys, in the regular order of business, it is said, to see to it that the law is enforced. The law is a pet measure promulgated by Senator Sherman and it looks as though the present spirit of activity has especial reference to the farmer vote of Ohio.

The revenue bureau is attempting to make a lame excuse for its absurd sweet wine regulations by saying that there are a great many manufacturers of that kind of wine in New York who employ drugs, and that if any concession was made to the California vineyardist it would in the end be worse for him. This is mere rot. These New York people have no vineyards. As the thing stands now the regulations are adapted to play into the hands of the large vineyardists, and to crush out the small fry, which is all wrong. Common sense and a reasonable discrimination are what are needed in this matter.

Matthew Stanley Quay, the present chairman of the Republican National Committee, in a conversation with a newspaper correspondent the other day, said that Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania would make a strong Democratic candidate for President. Quay is going to step down and out as the director of the next Republican Presidential campaign. He is undoubtedly largely influenced in doing this by the fight that is being made against him by respectable Republicans in his own State. But he could have bull-dozed his way through, and he knows too much to be cashiered. He is influenced in his resignation in all probability, by his belief that his party will be beaten. Pattison has carried Pennsylvania twice for Governor and could carry it for President.

It is said that the conviction of masher Miller in San Francisco has had the effect of making the entire masher tribe disappear from the streets. The "statues" are no longer to be seen on the corners or curbs, and the entrances to hotels and cigar stands and theaters are no longer blockaded by these gross creatures. The story is almost too good to be believed; it is too much to accept as verity that women can walk the streets of the metropolis and no longer be insulted by the sensual glances, rude remarks and insulting following by mashers. If the vigor animating the San Francisco police can be kept alive, and the mashers in consequence kept down, there will be reason for believing that the days of the masher in San Francisco have indeed been numbered. The present success of the police authorities of San Francisco ought to inspire those of other cities of the State to deserve commendation for like reasons.

A DEAD LINE FOR CROOKS

WALL STREET AND BIG BUILDINGS CLOSELY GUARDED.

Why Men of Doubtful Reputation and Questionable Appearance Are Prohibited from Being Inside of New York's Recognized Money Center.

The Equitable building is one of the largest general office buildings in the world. Its actual floor space is about 400,000 square feet, equal in extent to eight or ten city blocks. It is a busy, bustling city in itself, and is occupied by nearly 4,000 tenants.

A special police force of seven men are constantly on duty in the halls and corridors. They are under the command of ex-Detective Sergeant Dusenbury, who for nearly thirty years was on the detective force of this city, and was one of the best known and most successful of Inspector Byrnes' staff. There are few men who have a wider acquaintance with the outlaws of society. He has been the guardian ever since the arcade was opened, and it is owing to the vigilance displayed by him and his subordinates that so little annoyance has been suffered by the tenants and the general public.

It is thoroughly understood by the lawless element and by professional criminals that they are not allowed below John street. Inspector Byrnes long ago issued an order to his down town detectives to arrest any known thief, burglar, confidence man or others of that class who intruded upon that section of the city. Broadway, Nassau, Wall and Broad streets are constantly patrolled by the sharpest and keenest officers in the inspector's command. Professional criminals, aware of the sharp lookout, as a usual thing give the financial center of the city a wide berth.

But in spite of the vigilance occasional visits are made by the more daring or by those who believe they are not personally known to the detectives. But they are so soon spotted and so closely watched that no serious case of depredation has been known for a number of years. When these people do venture down town they invariably visit the Equitable building.

WATCHING "CHECK BEATERS."

In the Cafe Savarin another special detective is employed to look after the undesirable customers in that favorite resort of down town business men. Theodore Wandell, who was for a long time one of Pinkerton's agents, looks out for this special corner in the busy city. He too, keeps a bright lookout that no professional rogues enter the place and rub elbows with their honest neighbors. But with Dusenbury and his force keeping general guard over the whole building he is seldom called upon to exercise his authority over the more serious characters, and his duties are generally confined to looking after check beaters.

"Check beaters are our special annoyance here," said Mr. Wandell to a reporter. "You would be surprised to see how many men attempt to beat the bar and the lunch counter. Their method is a very simple one and nearly the same in all cases. An apparent gentleman comes in, steps up to the bar and calls for a drink and receives his check. He then goes to the lunch counter, orders a more or less elaborate lunch, which he eats leisurely, and receives another check. Then he visits the cigar counter, selects a cheap cigar and gets another check, and finally walks to the cashier's desk, throws down his cigar check and the change and walks out with the other two checks in his pocket. They may be successful for a few times, but eventually we discover their game and then we take our innings.

"We are very careful not to make a mistake in following up gentlemen of this ilk. We sometimes allow them to go through their operations several times in succession until we are absolutely certain that it is their intention to cheat the place. We quietly inform them that they are discovered, and tell them to make restitution for the checks they had not formerly paid for. Of course these men are never allowed in the place again."

A BIG CHANCE FOR THIEVES.

There is one roving class of people that even the sharp eyed detectives are not always able to discover. Their ostensible business is honorable enough, and there are sometimes honest men among them. They are the "fakirs," peddlers and agents. There is an army of them in this city, and they circulate freely wherever men gather. Generally they are cheeky, plausible and voluble. An innocent looking parcel, such as any business man might carry, often contains their stock in trade. More often they carry their entire stock in their pockets. It is these people that invade offices and stores under the guise of legitimate business, but too often are nothing more or less than sneak thieves on the lookout for every opportunity to steal.

The reason for the strict police regulations as to the Wall street district are obvious to the casual visitor to that section. Every day men and boys may be seen going from office to office and from bank to bank with bags of coin on their shoulders or packages of bills in their hands. Messengers are scurrying hither and thither with stocks and bonds for delivery, sometimes in large amounts. Clerks and porters with boxes and sachels containing securities of great value are constantly coming and going to and from the different safe deposit vaults.

Express wagons with gold and bills are on the streets at all hours, and even trucks loaded with silver bricks are seen daily in front of the assay office or the bullion brokers. There is no place in the world where so much portable wealth is handled with such apparent carelessness, and yet there is probably no place where a successful robbery could be less easily affected.—New York World.

A Queer Provision in a Will.

The following will, though not especially curious in itself, throws a curious light on the streets of London in the Seventeenth century. John Cooke, among other bequests, left one pound sterling "for the maintenance of a lantern and candle—to be eight in the pound at the least—to be kept and hanged out at the corner of St. Michael's lane, next Thames street, from Michaelmas Day to Lady Day, between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock at night until the hours of 4 or 5 in the morning, for affording light to passengers going through Thames street or St. Michael's lane."—All the Year Round.

CREPE PULLING.

A Disreputable Fraud Practiced Upon the Families of the Dead.

Reputable florists in this city are suffering greatly by a dodge called "crepe pulling," resorted to by unprincipled dealers in an attempt to increase their business. A reporter, desiring to ascertain just what the above term signified, visited several of the Broadway stores, but the majority of dealers were averse to conversing upon the subject. John B. Nugent, Jr., when spoken to, said:

"You wish to find out about this 'crepe pulling,' do you? Well, I'll tell you how the scheme is worked. Each morning these fellows pick up the papers and go through the death lists in a very careful manner. They select those people whom they know are in the middle walks of life. One of their men is then sent to the house of mourning, and he, upon entering the room where the bereaved relatives are seated, inquires in the most sorrow stricken tones what was the cause of death. Naturally, some one will ask whether he knew the deceased. And the reply will generally be that they have had many and many a good time together. Such a jolly good fellow was Jack. And they were almost brothers. He used to come over to the store every day for his bunch of violets or a pink.

"Before the relatives are aware of the fact the artful fellow has a ten or twenty dollar order. This in itself is bad enough, but when these florists make up a floral piece, instead of giving the family natural flowers, they make up the wreath, or whatever it may be, of what we term crepe flowers, an artificial flower resembling a white pink. These things are purchased at about one dollar per pound. A few natural roses are stuck into the design, and when the entire piece is made up the whole thing costs them in the neighborhood of two dollars. One cannot understand how much this pernicious practice is indulged in and what harm it does the majority of dealers."

Mr. Nugent told of a certain florist who sent one of his men down to Cherry street to a house where a woman had died. The man went up stairs, and leaning over the coffin actually forced tears to his eyes after declaring that the woman was his cousin, and while no one was looking, as he thought, strewed smilax around. The husband, a big, burly Irishman, and who, by the way, had worked in the flower business himself, caught the fellow, and after giving him a good trouncing, deposited him in the street without any show of gentleness.

"He," said Mr. Nugent, "at least got what he deserved."—New York Press.

The Place to Wear a Watch.

Half a hundred girls have been noticed lately in the Fifth avenue stages and on the west side of that thoroughfare to have little chains, with charms or lockets attached, hanging from their collars, either directly in front or a little to the left side. Not many days since a daughter of Eve, who was convinced that more was there than met the eye, determined to fathom the mystery. To that end she made frequent journeys in the stages and haunted Hayler's till her pocketbook grew emaciated, all to no end. The little chains dangled tantalizingly before her eyes, and no one told her why. At last, finding herself alone in a stage with a girl adorned after the manner described, she summoned up all her courage and asked the stranger to satisfy her curiosity.

The girl calmly produced a tiny watch, and languidly said it was the very latest thing to wear them in the collar, "and far more convenient it is," she said, "than to poke them in front of one's dress and have to unfasten two or three buttons whenever one wants to know what time it is." The questioner meditatively felt of her serviceable but ungainly, old fashioned turnip and decided that it would necessitate patting stiffly wired Medici collars on all her frocks were she to attempt following the latest fad.—New York Recorder.

Attended His Own Funeral.

The late Captain Ben Wakefield, of Biddeford, once attended his own funeral, being one of the few men who have had that privilege. He had gone on a fishing trip down on the Grand banks, and had been away from home a good while without his family hearing from him. The same season had proved very disastrous to a number of other fishermen who went out from thereabouts, and the vessel Captain Ben was in had her share of hard luck, and the report reached home that she, with her crew, was lost.

Time passed and Captain Ben did not return, until at last his family gave up all hope that he had been saved, and a day was set for the memorial services. The services were held in the church at Cape Porpoise, the minister had offered prayer for the absent fisherman, who was supposed to have found his grave in the sea, and was just beginning his sermon when Captain Ben walked into the church.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Felt That He Had Been Cheated.

A young farmer from Canarsie, accompanied by his 250 pound wife, created much amusement on a bridge train coming to Brooklyn Sunday a little before midnight. The cars were as well filled as is usual at that hour. The rustics drew attention to themselves by the loud tones of their conversation. "Now, baby," the man was saying, "you know I ain't a bit stingy and I wouldn't care for the money at all, but I don't want any catfish of a toll grabber to do the dead swindle on me—Sunday nights, anyway."

"Oh, never mind, Reuben," said "baby" consolingly.

"Well, now, baby, you can see for yourself. There's eighty-four cents out of a dollar. Do you see that? That shark has kept back ten cents on me. It ain't the money I care for, baby. Here, do you want it?"

"No; I don't want it. I wish you would keep quiet."

"Well, if you don't want it, here goes," scattering the change on the floor.

"Baby" maintained a stolid silence, gazing ruefully at the coin on the floor. Finally Reuben realized that he had been guilty of criminal waste, and he said: "Well, if you don't want it, I'll take it," and he began clumsily to pick the money out of the spaces in the matting. At this point a general laugh arose from the other passengers. When the Brooklyn station was reached the farmer was still mourning his missing dime, and when I left his ponderous wife was struggling to prevent him from taking the next train to New York to get hunk with "that pirate" at the toll box.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Manners and Society.

Fine social intercourse is really the finest of the fine arts, and if painting and sculpture and architecture are worth cherishing, so is that higher standard of manners without which these things are merely a misplaced fringe for barbarism. It is true that manners joined with nothing better are disappointing. It is true that a hungry man would rather dine with a boor on venison than with Duke Humphrey on his proverbial dinner—that is, on nothing. But if the boorishness destroys one's appetite, where is the good of venison? and "a dinner of herbs where love is"—or even where refinement is—turns out the better bill of fare. The true charm of fine manners is best seen in poverty, when attainable there; but wealth is doubtless the better school for them at first, and this is one reason why men are tempted by wealth.

The English word "means," or the phrase "a man of means," is very instructive, for it views property but as a means toward something more important. And though many men go no further than the means, yet it is something that we have this great truth recognized in language. So all the love for fashionable novels is really an expression of a longing after the refinements of life. And though the "society columns" are often made up largely of the doings of the socially obscure, and though the socially prominent usually try to keep out of them, yet they are no doubt a humble school for good manners to those readers who distrust themselves. The young girl who with vague admiration reads of Mrs. A.'s and Mrs. B.'s entertainments perhaps acquires the wish that when she also is annexed to some matrimonial letter of the alphabet, she also may have an attractive home.—T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

Cheer for the Ailing.

A physician who has noted the dreariness of the typical waiting room for patients and its evil effects on people already in an unhappy frame of mind from bodily ills has devoted some time to making his reception rooms as cheerful and lively as good taste will permit. In place of bare, white walls, with an odd print or two upon them, a bookcase containing dry medical works and a stand filled with stiff looking bric-a-brac, he has an abundance of well executed paintings or prints, the subjects of which are of an interesting and cheerful nature. The center table is covered with copies of the latest novels, illustrated magazines and files of the humorous weekly papers. The furniture includes several large easy chairs, so restful that when once settled in one of them a person is reluctant to get up again.

"It costs something to do all this," said he, "but it is certainly a good investment. Waiting in a dull, cheerless room is very trying to the nerves, and most visitors to a doctor's office are nervous and irritable. Like all reforms, however, it is carried to excess by some physicians. I know several who have the walls of their reception rooms completely covered with oil paintings, so that the room looks like a badly crowded picture gallery. But the idea is a good one and is rapidly gaining ground."—New York Telegram.

Governor Stephens' Last Act.

Governor Alexander Stephens—dying a few years ago—persisted in having all business matters brought to his bedside. There was on the table a petition for the pardon of a distinguished criminal; the petition was signed by distinguished men. There was also on that table a letter from a poor woman in the penitentiary, written and signed by herself alone. "Dying," said the great governor. "You think that because I have been ill so many times and got well that I shall get well now, but you are mistaken; I will not recover. Where is that letter by that woman in the penitentiary? I think she has suffered enough. As near as I can tell she has no friends. Bring me that paper that I may sign her pardon."

A gentleman standing by, thinking this too great a responsibility for the sick man, said, "Governor, you are very sick now, perhaps you had better wait till tomorrow; you may feel stronger and you may feel better." Then the eye of the old governor flashed, and he said, "I know what I am about." Putting his signature to that pardon he wrote the last word he ever wrote, for then the pen fell from his pale and rheumatic and dying hand forever. How beautiful that the closing hours of life should be spent in helping one who had no helper!—Dr. Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.

Shook the Deacon.

In the course of his sermon Rev. McLeod told the congregation that if any among them were asleep they had better wake up or they would miss hearing a good story. Much to the amusement of the congregation one old man left his seat, advanced a few steps up the aisle, grasped another old man by the shoulder, and, after giving him a sound shake, whispered in his ear sufficiently loud enough to be heard in all parts of the church: "Brother B.! Wake up! The elder is going to tell a story. If you would keep better hours Saturday nights you would be able to keep awake during church services." The unlooked for scene caused an audible titter in nearly every pew in the church, which in many cases had not entirely ceased when the benediction was pronounced.—San Prairie (Wis.) Countryman.

A Dangerous Figure of Speech.

At a diocesan conference held recently a bishop who was about to leave for another see uttered, if one may believe the Guardian, the following farewell words: "If in any way God uses me and permits me to do a little good work there in the last years of my life to bring people together, and to try to make peace and to show people when they are one rather than when they are not one—if anybody upsets a bottle of petroleum and sets it on fire, and if I try to throw a pail of water on it, it will be through the wisdom, and the experience, and the kindness and the many useful lessons I have learned from all of you."

Let his lordship be warned; sand is a safer extinguisher than water in the case of petroleum, as water is apt to float the burning fluid and to spread the danger.—Notes and Queries.

A Reasonable Proposition.

Bragg (pompously)—Sir, I am a self made man!

Flagg—I dare say you look like the kind of a man you'd be apt to make.—Life.

He Didn't Strike.

A hurrying crowd was pushing its way down the broad steps of the elevated platform at the city hall elevated station Wednesday afternoon. A handsomely dressed woman, accompanied by a tall man of the sporting class, moved leisurely along, trailing a foot and a half of her skirts behind her. A big, clumsy boy in his eagerness to reach the street planted a heavy foot on the trailing skirt, almost throwing the woman over backward. Naturally she was very angry and speedily found some very harsh words to bestow on the boy. Her male companion was angry, too, and at the foot of the stairs he collared the lad and raised his cane to administered chastisement. But the blow did not fall. A burly workingman caught the arm to which the cane was attached and half a dozen determined voices exclaimed, "Don't hit that boy!"

The tall sporting man braced himself for a fight, when a mild looking young gentleman looked him fixedly in the eye and said: "See here, my friend, you had better calm down right away. You have got the unpopular end of this dispute. If you have ever walked down stairs behind a woman wholets her skirts drag, you ought to understand what the public sentiment is on that subject." The sporting man made no reply. He let go of the boy and walked rapidly away, followed by a very indignant and talkative woman.—New York Times.

A Cause of Depression.

There is another and equally important cause of mental depression and physical disorganization as is that of overeating, and lack of sufficient exercise. This is the constant application to occupation which is in vogue in this country. Men and women alike, since women are formidable competitors of men in professional pursuits, have a practice of going on in the same treadmill manner, year after year, without any lapse for rest. We live in this country at too high a pressure, in a business sense. Men engage of course in business, more actively and in greater numbers than women, yet being brought into so close contact with the former, women naturally absorb not only personal interest, but are often plunged into its vortex, and become as bound up by its demands as the men themselves.

It is not unusual, in fact, for women to assume and carry out the management of the counting room, office and store as well as the household. The strain of these demands upon the system is naturally very great under the most favorable conditions, when the body is nurtured and rested in a reasonable manner.—Jenness-Miller Magazine.

Men Who Eat Pie.

A truly charming gentleman is Mr. Ethanal Russell, apostle and expounder of the Delsartean faith. We take back all the uncivil and cruel things we have uttered against old Delsarte and his creed, for we have seen Mr. Russell eat pumpkin pie at Reitor's restaurant late of nights. In the whole wide range of philosophy there is none other that appeals more directly or more potently to our sympathies than does that philosophy which justifies by practice the eating of pumpkin pie.

Mr. Whittier, the Amesbury poet, is as famous a punisher of pie as Ralph Waldo Emerson was, and that is saying much, for Emerson was mighty in the pursuit, comprehension, mastication, digestion and assimilation of that cheering viand. Apple pie, however, and not pumpkin, was Emerson's favorite diet, and is Whittier's.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Blood Oranges Cannot Be Stained.

"Blood oranges" have been investigated by order of the health officer of Washington. The story that they are "fixed" with a syringe and a little aniline dye has been going the rounds of the newspapers. It was seen by Dr. Townsend, and as the supply of "blood oranges" in the Washington market seemed to be abundant, he directed an inquiry with a view of condemning the fruit if it had been tampered with. The chemist to whom the matter was referred says in his report: "The oranges are naturally stained, no artificial coloring of any kind having been used. The small spot on the side is a fungus spot and not a puncture. It is impossible to stain an orange by injecting any artificial staining fluid into the fruit either before or after plucking from the tree."—Washington Letter.

An Opal Worth a Million.

The most famous opal in history was that which was worn in a ring by the Roman senator Nonius, in the day of the triumvirate. Its size equaled that of a medium sized hazel nut. Yet its beauty and brilliancy rendered it a marvel among the dilettanti of Rome, especially when it was known that the goldsmiths and "money changers" had set its value at $1,000,000.

Mark Antony made overtures to Nonius for its purchase, intending, it is thought, to present it to Cleopatra, but the senator refused to part with it, and for fear that it would be taken from him by sheer force sought safety in flight. Here history loses all trace of this famous gem, there being no record of its transference from Nonius to any of his family.—St. Louis Republic.

J. W. Murphy.

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2 00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.

nov 30-tf A. J. DAVIS, Independence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
Obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "Independent" building, Independence, Inyo county, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M.D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reidy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday	January 24th
"	February 21st
"	March 21st
"	April 18th
"	May 23rd
"	June 20th
"	July 18th
"	August 15th
"	September 12th
"	October 17th
"	November 14th
"	December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MALLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 27th day of June 1891, an assessment (No 6) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, at Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 1st day of August 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 24th day of August, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK
Secretary.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer with out cost of repairs than any other machine, has no ink or ribbon to bother the orator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave CHICAGO, ILL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON
Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence . Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.
THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address,
P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal.
P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

BIG PINE HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, JULY 31 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 1 00¼
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY, July 25, 1891.

Johnson et als. vs. W. K. Miller—Filed original summons.

Estate of F. Paderes, deceased—Filed letters testamentary and bond.

MONDAY, July 27, 1891.

Frank Silva vs. Southern Development Company—Action dismissed.

THURSDAY, July 30, 1891.

Estate of E. Mallory, deceased—Filed return and account of sales of personal property and petition for confirmation and approval.

BORN.

CLARK—At Independence, July 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Clark, a son.

DIED.

BOLINGER—At Crysópolis, July 30th, William A. Bolinger, aged 61 years.

A. C. Harvey was up from Lone Pine on Tuesday.

Receiver Clark is the proud possessor of a nine-pound boy.

The bluegrass sown in the Court House yard is making a lovely lawn.

Arthur Smith didn't go to Mexico. Inyo is a pretty good country, anyway.

Ed Stirling and Mrs. C. E. Harvey were down from Bishop early in the week.

Miss Stella Meysan visited friends at Independence several days this week.

The weather is much cooler the past week, the thermometer marking about 90 degrees.

Frank Fitzgerald and family started for Los Angeles last Sunday traveling by private conveyance.

The total assessed valuation of taxable property in Inyo county, exclusive of the railroad, is $1,368,789.

Mrs. N. E. Conklin returned on Wednesday from a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Yaney, at Bishop.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins-Searles, widow of the California multi-millionaire, died at Methuen, Mass., last Saturday.

Miss Anna Ryan of Oakland arrived at Independence on Wednesday and is visiting her sister, Mrs. I. H. Mulholland.

Yganacio Abechuco, Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased, publishes a notice to creditors this week.

Tom. Webb and H. Giles arrived from Long Valley on Wednesday. They report cattle as doing very well this year, the loss being slight.

Inyo county is on the eve of a great change. There is more than one matter brewing that will work a vast improvement to Owens Valley.

At Judge Hannah's place at Fish Spring over a thousand young trees were set out last spring, mostly winter apples. They are making a very thrifty growth and will be a most profitable investment.

J. C. Roeper and family returned yesterday from a visit to the Greenhorn Mountain country where Mrs. Roeper has relatives living. The young folks enjoyed the trip immensely. Mrs. Roeper improved in health considerably.

Poor Lo is going to have a hard time laying in a supply of fire water. Up in Nevada they are making it particularly warm for those engaged in the nefarious traffic, and offenders are catching it hard and heavy here in Inyo.

The speed programme of the Nevada State Fair has been issued. There are twenty-one races for the week, aggregating $7,500 in purses. In addition to this there will be a running race on Tuesday, September 22d, for a purse of $1,500, one mile and a quarter, free for all and entrance free, given by the business men of Reno.

Wm. Rowan passed through town last Tuesday on his way home from Los Angeles. He brought up with him a fine Percheron stallion, a strongly built and well proportioned animal. Mr. Rowan has done a great deal to build up the grade of horses in Owens Valley. He has imported quite a number of fine stallions at different times, and their produce are scattered all through the Valley.

In 1884 Harris and Rhine brought suit against A. P. Minear and the Elna Furnace Co. for the recovery of about $2,000 and attached a quantity of bullion to secure payment. They released the bullion with the understanding that the claim would be paid. This was never done, however, and the case was recently decided in the Supreme Court in favor of the plaintiffs. There are several parties near Independence who had small claims which will now be paid. Hon. P. Reddy conducted plaintiffs' case.

Arizona Cattle Trade.

W. C. Land, an Arizona cattleman, made the following statement last week: "I have 20,000 head of cattle on a range near Tombstone. The business is pretty poor this year; in fact there has been no money in it for quite a while, the trouble being the over-supply of all American markets. Things are looking up a little now. Prices have gone up two dollars a head in the last twelve months, and for next year the outlook is better. This improvement is due to the fact that the cattlemen have, by a sort of tacit combination, killed off large numbers of breeding cows and thousands of calves. At Kansas City the shipments have been composed of cows to a greater extent than ever before. The same thing is true of most of the other markets of the United States."

Correspondence.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT—I observe in the *Index* that the speed programme of the 18th District Fifth Annual Fair provides for the distribution of $510 in purses. The advertised list amounts to $765, but the horsemen are expected to pay one-third of this amount, or $255, in entrance fees, as the rules require that at least 30 per cent shall be paid in all cases. This is the smallest amount ever yet offered by the association for racing. There is no question but that the races are the chief attraction to visitors and it is much to be regretted that sufficient inducements cannot be offered to horse owners to attend. I am of the opinion that unless a change is made there will not be a horse at the fair south of Bishop. A. P. Smith and Marshall Naylor of Big Pine have no horses in training and state that they will train none, as the purses are not sufficiently large, or the events so arranged that they could stand any reasonable chance of making expenses. At Independence J. W. Clark is working his Gibralter stallion a little for the stallion trot for which the best purse, $150, is offered, but I am told he is not giving him any especial preparation. There is not another horse anywhere south of Bishop being worked. In order to make any racing at all there must be competition, and if three men won the entire $510 they would be losers. Bronco is not in training and Rose says positively he will not be. Sagebrush is running out in Long Valley. Hayseed is being used for a buggy horse. There is no three-year-old purse for Patsy to compete for, and Fred B. is barred out and I understand is being used for a saddle horse. When it was proposed to hold only one fair in the Valley it was expected that the purses would be larger, that there would be more races on the card and that there would be good sport. Instead of this there is a smaller amount offered than ever before. In my humble opinion the Directors have made a serious mistake and I very much regret the fact. I fear it is now too late to remedy the evil for this year and I sincerely hope the management next year will avoid a short-sighted policy and will offer such inducements that every horseman in the Valley will attend the fair at Independence. There are so few good horses in the District that only by liberal offers can they be brought together, and too much encouragement cannot be given to the importation of fine stock. I crave the indulgence of your readers for obtruding my opinions and venture to hope that they will meet with the approval of those most interested. Respectfully, C.

The State Fair.

The thirty-eighth annual State Fair of California will be held at Sacramento commencing Monday, September 7th, and ending Saturday, September 19th. Drawing as it does upon the productive constituency of the State it ensures to exhibitors the attention their display merits, and likewise is an assurance to the visitor that the resources of the State in their varied form will be shown. The Speed Department is recognized by all lovers of equine sport as the leading race meeting of the Coast. For thirty-seven years it has held this position and it is the intention of the management to so conduct its business as to retain the supremacy it has so honorably gained. Eleven days will be devoted this year to trotting, pacing and running events, the character of which is bound to attract visitors who, while there, are enabled to examine the productiveness of the State in its various departments. The sum of $50,000 is offered in cash premiums and for special attractions. In a circular letter the Secretary says: "The premium list has been carefully revised and a large increase of premiums made over those of 1890. We expect the attendance of more than fifty thousand people during the two weeks of the fair and will do all possible to provide for their entertainment." Any information will be cheerfully given upon application to the Secretary, Edwin F. Smith, at Sacramento.

W. A. Bolinger Dead

Early this morning A. J. Wren came in from Chrysopolis with the word that Wm. A. Bolinger died there last night. Mr. Bolinger was born in Virginia in 1830 and came to California when a very young man. Nearly all the time he lived in the State he was engaged in mining pursuits. He managed the Crescent mine in Plumas County for a considerable time and afterward came to Inyo County. He bought the Crysopolis mine about seven years ago and has been working it ever since. Deceased was a brother-in-law to Craig Chambers, the millionaire owner of the Ontario mine in Utah. Mrs. Bolinger has been dead for many years; two daughters live with Mr. Chambers at San Francisco. Relatives of the deceased were wired immediately, but no reply having yet been received it is decided that the funeral will take place tomorrow (Saturday) at 10:30 a. m. at Independence. The remains will be interred in the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

A Quick Cure For Rheumatism.

In many cases persons subject to rheumatism, have got prompt relief from pain by applying Chamberlain's Pain-Balm. The relief it affords is alone worth many times its cost, which is but 50 cents, and its continued application effects a complete cure. For sale by A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, in Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGANACIA ABECHUCO,
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

A Suggestion.

If you are troubled with rheumatism or a lame back, allow us to suggest that you try the following simple remedy. Take a piece of flannel the size of the two hands, saturate it with Chamberlain's Pain-Balm and bind it over the seat of pain. It will produce a pleasant warmth and relieve you of all pain. Many severe cases have been cured in this way. The Pain-Balm can be obtained from

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

Well Merited Praise.

In almost every neighborhood there is some one or more persons whose lives have been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, or who have been cured of chronic diarrhœa by it. Such persons take special pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise that follows the introduction and use makes it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

Manuel Taran, the Mexican arrested last week for selling whiskey to Indians, was convicted of the offense last Friday and sentenced by Justice of Peace Hannah to pay a fine of $50 and serve one day in the county jail for each dollar of the fine until the time is up or the fine paid. He served four days, paid forty-six dollars, and was discharged.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent.

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS.
O. I. MAIRS.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing .....$2.00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

A. W. Eibeshutz
Independence, Cal.
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE
Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,
J. C. ROEPER, Prop.
Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including
Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.
A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FIFTH
Annual Fair,
18th
Agricultural District
1891,
ALPINE, MONO & INYO
—WILL BE HELD AT—
-BISHOP-
Inyo County.
SEPT. 29 & 30,
OCT. 1 & 2.
$2,000 in Premiums.
$800 in Purses.
For particulars see pamphlet and Premium List.

Board of Directors.
F. ROBINSON, B. RHINE, ROBT. LOVE,
JOHN S. GORMAN, T. F. A. CONNELLY,
C. A. WALTER, F. McIVER, W. S. ENOS.
E. ROBINSON, President. HENRY RHINE, Treasurer.
C. W. CRAIG, Secretary.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.,
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed Flooring.
sept 11-tf

PALACE SALOON
LONE PINE, CAL.
—THE FINEST—
WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS
—o—
This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.
j12-tf

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce street New York

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere. E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.
First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.
THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.
—o—
The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.
PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Address orders and packages to
HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.
Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO., Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
Customers supplied on all points
Of the C. & C. Railroad.
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE NEW ART HOUSE.
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully
Equal to the Best
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.
CARSON & COLORADO R. R.
TAKING EFFECT
Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.		5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.		2:50 p. m
Hawthorne	5:50 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.		9:55 a. m.
Sodа Springs	8:05 p. m.		9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.		7:55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10:00 p. m		Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3.		No. 4.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Belleville	8:20 a. m		5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m		1:35 a. m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p. m.		11:00 a. m
Alvord	2:45 p. m.		10:00 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10p. m.		7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.		Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOLF'S
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Feed, Flour, etc., constantly on hand.
CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel
BEER, WINES,
LIQUORS and CIGARS
All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS
The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE
Is always at the disposal of Palace Saloon.

Copyright, 1890.

Fashion's favorite fad, centers in that famous, fascinating game—lawn tennis.

But there are women who cannot engage in *any* pastime. They are delicate, feeble and easily exhausted. They are sufferers from weaknesses and disorders peculiar to females, which are accompanied by sallow complexions, expressionless eyes and haggard looks.

For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It's the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the makers, of satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for years.

The demand for the revised version of the New Testament in 1881 exceeded that for any other book that has ever been published before or since.

The Archduchess Louise of Tuscany is a very skillful sportswoman, and has recently been shooting capercailzie in Austria, sometimes capturing three in one day.

The inimitable Dickens was another enthusiastic country walker, and his thorough knowledge of nature is seen in every one of his works, from "Pickwick" to "Edwin Drood."

A very extensive domestic industry in Russia consists of the manufacture of wooden spoons, which are made to the amount of 30,000,000 annually. They are nearly all made of birch.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism and Catarrh.

Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Pardee Medicine Co.

GENTLEMEN:—About one year ago I chilled my blood and was under the Doctor's care for about six months when I had a counsel of eight *physicians* and was given up to die. Soon after, a lady friend came to see me and told me about *your great Remedy*. She said she had been cured by it after having the rheumatism *seven years*, and that her rheumatism was first brought on by a cold. At this time I was suffering severe pain all through my body and near my heart. The doctors called it only "frozen blood." Through the persuasion of my friend I procured a bottle. I found some relief. Seeing this I procured more and was entirely cured by its use; and what was my surprise and pleasure at finding that I was not only cured of my rheumatism, but the catarrh, which had been troubling me for years and had become very offensive, had entirely left me.

Wishing your remedy every success, and thanking you very much for my double cure, I remain,

Truly yours,
MRS. LUCY BRONSON.

Sworn Statement from a Well-known Individual.

Lockport, N. Y.

A short time ago I was afflicted with rheumatism so badly that I could not move. My hands and limbs were all swollen. One leg was so badly swollen that I burst the skin. The Sheriff of our County advised me to try Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, and bought me a bottle. After taking the remedy one day I felt relieved and in less than two weeks I was able to go to work and have not felt rheumatism since. Three bottles cured me, and I recommend it to all who are suffering from rheumatism.

CHAS. ROBILLARD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of June, 1883.

M. J. TORELL, Notary Public.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Pardee's Remedy and take no other. Price, $1 per bottle; six bottles, $5.

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

THIS AND THAT.

How it Works.

PAIN. JOY.

CURES **LUMBAGO.**

1626 Orleans St., Balto., Md., Feb. 26, '90.

I was confined to the house two weeks with lumbago, but St. Jacobs Oil cured me; no return. WM. A. GOETZE.

CURES BRUISES.

Feuersville, Mo., Feb. 7, 1890.

"St. Jacobs Oil is without a peer for pains, bruises, aches, &c." Rev. T. G. HAWKINS, Pastor Baptist Church.

CURES SPRAINS.

Cincinnati, Ohio, April 2, 1890.

I suffered with a sprained ankle which swelled very much. Found great relief in use of St. Jacobs Oil and swelling disappeared. MOLLIE HICKS.

ST. JACOBS OIL

The Great Remedy For Pain,

CURES ALSO

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA.

CREOSOZONE

THE GREATEST *Flea & Chicken Lice Killer.*

Ask your dealer for it, or send for Free Circular to Petaluma Incubator Co., Petaluma, Cal.

Old Gold and Silver Bought; send your old Gold and Silver by mail to the old and reliable house of A. Coleman, 41 Third street, San Francisco; I will send by return mail the cash, according to assay; if the amount is not satisfactory will return gold.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

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THE SPLENDID SPUR.

Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

"Brandy!" he gasped. "Brandy! there—quick—for God's sake!"

And the next moment he had slipped from my grasp, and was wallowing in a fit on the floor. I ran to the cupboard at which he had pointed, and, finding there a bottle of strong waters, forced some drops between his teeth; and hard work it was, he gnashing at me all the time and foaming at the mouth.

Presently he ceased to writhe and bite; and, lifting, I set him in his chair, where he lay, a mere limp bundle, staring and blinking. So I sat down facing him and waited his recovery.

"Dear young sir," he began at length, feebly, his fingers searching the Bible before him from force of habit. "Kind young sir—I am an old, dying man, and my sins have found me out. Only yesterday the physician at Bodmin told me that my days are numbered. This is the second attack, and the third will kill me."

"Well?" said I.

"If—if Mistress Delia be alive (as, indeed, I did not think) I will make restitution—I will confess—only tell me what to do, that I may die in peace."

Indeed, he looked pitiable, sitting there and stammering; but I hardened my heart to say:

"I must have a confession, then, written before I leave the room."

"But, dear young friend, you will not use it if I give up all? You will not seek my life, that is already worthless, as you see?"

"Why, 'tis what you deserve. But Delia shall say when I find her—as I shall go straight to seek her. If she be lost, I shall use it—never fear; if she is found it shall be hers to say what mercy she can discover in her heart; but I promise you I shall advise none."

The tears by this were coursing down his shrunken cheeks, but I observed him watch me narrowly, as though to find out how much I knew. So I pulled out my pistol, and setting pen and paper before him, obtained, at the end of an hour, a very pretty confession of his sins, which lies among my papers to this day. When 'twas written and signed, in a weak, rambling hand, I read it through, folded it, placed it inside my coat and prepared to take my leave.

But he called out an order to the old servant to saddle my mare, and stood softly praying and beseeching me in the courtyard till the last moment. Nor when I was mounted would anything serve but he must follow at my stirrup to the gate. But when I had briefly taken leave, and the heavy doors had creaked behind me, I heard a voice calling after me down the road:

"Dear young sir! Dear friend! I had forgotten somewhat."

Returning, I found the gate fastened, and the iron shutter slipped back.

"Well?" I asked, leaning towards it.

"Dear young friend, I pity thee, for thy paper is worthless. Today, by my advices, the army of our most Christian parliament, more than twenty thousand strong, under the Earl of Stamford, have overtaken thy friends, the malignant gentry, near Stratton Heath, in the northeast. They are more than two to one. By this hour to-morrow the Papists all will be running like conies to their burrows, and little chance wilt thou have to seek Delia Killigrew, much less to find her. And remember, I know enough of thy late services to hang thee; mercy then will lie in thy friends' hands; but be sure I shall advise none."

And with a mocking laugh he clapped to the grating in my face.

CHAPTER XV.

I LEAVE JOAN AND RIDE TO THE WARS.

You may guess how I felt at being thus properly fooled. And the worst was I could see no way to mend it, for against the barricado between us I might have beat myself for hours, yet only hurt my fists; and the wall was so smoooth and high that, even by standing on Molly's back, I could not—by a foot or more—reach the top to pull myself over.

There was nothing for it but to turn homewards down the hill, which I did, chewing the cud of my folly and finding it bitter as gall.

Joan was not in the kitchen when I arrived, nor about the buildings, nor yet could I spy her anywhere moving on the hills. So, after calling to her once or twice, I stabled the mare and set off up the tor side to seek her.

Now I must tell you that since the day of my coming I had made many attempts to find the place where Joan had then hidden me, and always fruitlessly, though I knew well whereabouts it must be. Indeed, I had thought at first I had only to walk straight to the hole, yet found after repeated trials but solid earth and bowlders for my pains.

But today, as I climbed past the spot, something very bright flashed in my eyes and dazzled me; and rubbing them and looking I saw a great hole in the hill—facing to the southwest—in the very place I had searched for it, and out of this a beam of light glancing.

Creeping near on tip toe I found one huge block of granite, that before had seemed bedded among a dozen fellow bowlders against the turf—the base resting on another well nigh as big—was now rolled back, having been fixed to work smoothly on a pivot, yet so like nature that no eye, but by chance, could detect it. Now, who in the beginning designed this hiding place I leave you to consider, and whether it was the Jews or Phœnicians—nations, I am told, that once worked the hills around for tin. But inside 'twas curiously paved and lined with slabs of granite, the specks of ore in which, I noted, were

the points of light that had once puzzled me. And here was Joan's bower and Joan herself inside it.

She was sitting with her back to me, in her left hand holding up the mirror, that caught the rays of the now sinking sun (and thus had dazzled me), while with her right she tried to twist into some form of knot her tresses—black, and coarse as a horse's mane—that already she had roughly braided. A pail of water stood beside her, and around lay scattered a score or more of long thorns, cut to the shape of hairpins.

'Tis probable that after a minute's watching I let some laughter escape me. At any rate, Joan turned, spied me, and scrambled up, with an angry red on her cheek. Then I saw that her bodice was neater laced than usual, and a bow of yellow ribbon (fished up heaven knows whence) stood in the bosom. But the strangest thing was to note the effect of this new tidiness upon her; for she took a step forward as if to cuff me by the ear—as, a day agone, she would have done—and then stopped, very shy and hesitating.

"Why, Joan," said I, "don't be angered. It suits you choicely—it does indeed. Joan, art certainly a handsome girl; give me a kiss for the mirror."

Instead of flying out, as I looked for, she faced round and answered me gravely:

"That I will not; not to any but my master."

"And who is that?"

"No man yet; nor shall be till one has beat me sore; him will I love an' follow like a dog—if so be he whack me often enow."

"A strange way to love," laughed I.

She looked at me straight, albeit with an odd, gloomy light in her eyes.

"Think so, Jack? then I give thee leave to try."

I think there is always a brutality lurking in a man to leap out unawares. Yet why do I seek excuses, that have never yet found one? To be plain, I sprang fiercely up and after Joan, who had already started, and was racing along the slope.

Twice around the tor she led me; and, though I strained my best, not a yard could I gain upon her, for her bare feet carried her light and free. Indeed, I was losing ground, when, coming to the Jew's Kitchen a second time, she tried to slip inside and shut the stone in my face.

Then should I have been prettily bemocked had I not, with a great effort, contrived to thrust my boot against the door just as it was closing. Wrenching it open, I laid hand on her shoulder; and in a moment she had gripped me and was wrestling like a wildcat.

Now, being Cumberland bred, I knew only the wrestling of my own county, and nothing of the Cornish style. For in the north they stand well apart, and try to wear down one another's strength; whereas the Cornish is a brisker, lighter play, and—as I must confess—prettier to watch. So when Joan rushed in and closed with me I was within an ace of being thrown, pat.

But, recovering, I got her at arm's length, and held her so, while my heart ached to see my fingers gripping her shoulders and sinking into the flesh. I begged off; but she only fought and panted, and struggled to lock me by the ankles again. I could not have dreamed to find such fierce strength in a girl. Once or twice she nearly overmastered me; but at length my stubborn play wore her out. Her breath came short and fast, then fainter; and in the end, still holding her off, I turned her by the shoulders and let her drop quietly on the turf. No thought had I any longer of kissing her, but stood back, heartily sick and ashamed of myself.

For a while she lay, turned over on her side, with hands guarding her head, as if expecting me to strike her. Then, gathering herself up, she came and put her hand in mine very meekly.

"Had liked it better hadst thou stamped the life out o' me, a'most. But there, lad—am thine forever!"

'Twas like a buffet in the face to me "What!" I cried.

She looked up in my face—dear heaven, that I should have to write it!—with eyes brimful, sick with love; tried to speak, but could only nod, and broke into a wild fit of tears.

I was standing there with her hand in mine, and a burning remorse in my heart, when I heard the clear notes of a bugle blown, away on the road to Launceston.

Looking that way I saw a great company of horse coming down over the crest, the sun shining level on their arms and a green standard that they bore in their midst.

Joan spied them the same instant and checked her sobs. Without a word we flung ourselves down full length on the turf to watch.

They were more than a thousand, as I guessed, and came winding down the road very orderly, till, being full of them, it seemed a long serpent writhing with shiny scales. The tramp of hoofs and jingling of bits were pretty to hear.

"Rebels!" whispered I.

Joan nodded.

There were three regiments in all, whereof the first (and biggest) was of dragoons. So clear was the air, I could almost read the legend on their standard, and the coats of their captains were borne up to us extremely distinct.

Turning my head as the last rider disappeared on the way to Bodmin, I spied a squat, oddly shaped man striding down the hill very briskly; yet he looked about him often and kept to the hollows of the ground, and was crossing below us, as it appeared, straight for Joan's cottage.

Cried I: "There is but one man in the world with such a gait, and that's Billy Pottery!"

And, jumping to my feet (for he was come directly beneath us), I caught up a great stone and sent it bowling down the slope.

Bounce it went past him, missing his legs by a foot or less. The man turned, and, catching sight of me as I stood waving, made his way up the hill. 'Twas indeed Capt. Billy; and, coming up, the honest fellow almost hugged me for joy.

"Was seeking thee, Jack," he bawled, "learned from Sir Bevill where belike I might find thee. Left his lodging at Launceston this mornin', and trudged ivery foot o' the way. A thirsty land, Jack; neither horse' meat nor man's meat therein, nor a chair to sit down on; an' three women only have I kissed this day!" He broke off and looked at Joan. "Begging the lady's pardon for sea manners and way o' speech."

"Joan," said I, "this is Billy Pottery, a good mariner and friend of mine, and as deaf as a haddock."

Billy made a leg, and as I pointed to the road where the cavalry had just disappeared, went on with a nod:

"That's so. Old Sir George Chudleigh's troop o' horse sent off to Bodmin to seize the high sheriff and his posse there. Two hour agone I spied 'em, and ha' been ever since playin' spy."

"Then where be the king's forces?" I made shift to inquire by signs.

"Marched out o' Launceston today, lad—an' but a biscuit a man between 'em, poor dears—for Stratton Heath, i' the nor'east, where the rebels be encamped. Heard by scouts o' these gentry bein' sent to Bodmin, and were minded to fight the Earl o' Stamford whiles his dragooners was away. An' here's the long an' short o't: thou'rt wanted, lad, to bear a hand wi' us up yonder—an' the good lady here can spare thee."

And here we both looked at Joan—I shamefacedly enough, and Billy with a puzzled air, which he tried very delicately to hide.

She put her hand in mine.

"To fight, lad?"

I nodded my head.

"Then go," she said, without a shake in her voice; and, as I made no answer, went on: "Shall a woman hinder when there's fightin' toward? Only come back when thy wars be over, for I shall miss thee, Jack."

And, dropping my hand, she led the way down to the cottage.

Now Billy, of course, had not heard a word of this; but perhaps he gathered some import. Any way, he pulled up short midway on the slope, scratched his head and thundered:

"What a good lass!"

Joan, some paces ahead, turned at this and smiled; whereat, having no idea he'd spoken above a whisper, Billy blushed red as any peony.

'Twas but a short half hour when, the mare being saddled and Billy fed, we took our leave of Joan. Billy walked beside one stirrup and the girl on the other side, to see us a few yards on our way. At length she halted.

"No leave takin's, Jack, but 'Church and King!' Only do thy best and not disgrace me."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD HEATH.

Night came, and found us but midway between Temple and Launceston; for though my comrade stepped briskly beside me, 'twas useless to put Molly beyond a walk; and, besides, the mare was new from her day's journey. This troubled me the less by reason of the moon (now almost at the full), and the extreme whiteness of the road underfoot, so that there was no fear of going astray. And Billy engaged that by sunrise we should be in sight of the king's troops.

"Nay, Jack," he said, when by signs I offered him to ride and tie; "never rode o horseback but once, and that 'pon Parson Spinks his red mare at Bideford. Parson i' those days was courtin' the widow Hambly, over to Torrington; an' I, that wanted to fare to Barnstaple, spent that mornin' an better part o' th' afternoon clawin' off Torrington. And th' end was the larboard hal yards broke, an' the mare jibed, an' to Torrington I went before the wind, wi' an unseemly bloody nose. 'Lud!' cries the widow 'tis the wrong man 'pon the right horse! 'Pardon, mistress,' says I, 'the man is well enow, but 'pon the wrong horse, for sure.'"

We had some trouble at Launceston gate, where were a few burgers posted for sentries, and, as I could see, ready to take fright at their own shadows. But Billy gave the watchword ("One and all"), and presently they let us through. As we passed along the street we marked a light in every window almost, though 'twas near midnight; and the people moving about behind their curtains. There were groups, too, in the dark doorways, gathered there discussing, that eyed us as we went by, and answered Billy's "Good night, honest men!" very hoarse and doubtfully.

But when we were beyond the town, and between hedges again, I think I must have dozed off in my saddle. For, though this was a road full of sharp memories, being the last I had traveled with Delia, I have no remembrance to have felt them; or, indeed, of noting aught but the fresh night air, and the constellation of the Bear blazing ahead, and Billy's voice resonant beside me.

And after this I can recall passing the tower of Marham church, with the paling sky behind it and some birds chattering in the carved courses; and soon, it seemed, felt Billy's grip on my knee, and opened my eyes to see his finger pointing.

We stood on a ridge above a hollow vale into which the sun, though now bright, did not yet pierce, but passing over to a high, conical hill beyond, smote level on line after line of white tents—the prettiest sight! 'Twas the enemy there encamped on the top and some way down the sides, the smoke of their trampled watch fires still curling among the gorse bushes. I heard their trumpets calling and drums beating to arms; for though, glancing back at the sun, I judged it to be hardly past 4 in the morning, yet already the slopes were moving like an ant hill—the regiments gathering, arms flashing, horsemen galloping to and fro, and the captains shouting their commands. In the distance this had a sweet and cheerful sound, no more disquieting than a plow boy calling to his team.

Looking down into the valley at our feet, at first I saw no sign of our own troops—only the roofs of a little town, with overmuch smoke spread above it, like a morning mist. But here also I heard the church bells clashing and a drum beating, and presently spied a gleam of arms down among the trees, and then a regiment of foot moving westward along the base of the hill. 'Twas evident the battle was at hand, and we quickened our pace down into the street.

It lay on the slope, and midway down we passed some watch fires burned out; and then a soldier or two running and fastening their straps; and last a little child, that seemed wild with the joy of living amid great events, but led us pretty straight to the sign of "The Tree," which indeed was the only tavern.

It stood some way back from the street, with a great elm before the porch, where by a table sat two men, with tankards beside them, and a small company of grooms and soldiers standing round. Both men were more than ordinary tall and soldier like; only the bigger wore a scarlet cloak, very richly laced, and was shouting orders to his men, while the other, dressed in plain buff suit and jack boots, had a map spread before him, which he studied very attentively, writing therein with a quill pen.

"What a plague have we here?" cries the big man as we drew up.

"Recruits, if it please you, sir," said I, dismounting and pulling off my hat, though his insolent tone offended me.

"S'lid! The boy speaks as if he were a regiment," growls he, half aloud. "Can'st fight?"

"That, with your leave, sir, is what I am come to try."

"And this rascal?" He turned on Billy.

"Why, since your honor is so pleasantly minded—let it be cider."

Now the first effect of this, delivered with all force of lung, was to make the big man sit bolt upright and staring; recovering speech, however, he broke into a volley of blasphemous curses.

All this while the man in buff had scarce lifted his eyes off the map. But now he looks up—and I saw at the first glance that the two men hated each other.

"I think," said he, quietly, "my Lord Mohun has forgot to ask the gentleman's name."

"My name is Marvel, sir—John Marvel," I answered him with a bow.

"Hey!"—and, dropping his pen, he starts up and grasps my hand—"Then 'tis you I have never thanked for his gracious majesty's letter."

"The Gen. Hopton!" cried I.

"Even so, sir. My lord," he went on, still holding my hand and turning to his companion, "let me present to you the gentleman that in January saved your house of Boconnoc from burning at the hands of the rebels—whom God confound this day!" He lifted his hat.

"Amen," said I, as his lordship bowed, exceeding sulky. But I did not value his rage, being hot with joy to be so repraised by the first captain (as I yet hold) on the royal side. Who now, not without a sly triumph, flung the price of Billy's cider on the table, and, folding up his map, addressed me again:

"Master Marvel, the fight today will lie but little with the horse—or so I hope. You will do well, if your wish be to serve us best, to leave your mare behind. The troop which my Lord Mohun and I command together is below. But Sir Bevill Grenville, who has seen and is interested in you, has the first claim; and I would not deny you the delight to fight your first battle under so good a master. His men are, with Sir John Berkeley's troop, a little to the westward; and if you are ready I will go some distance with you, and put you in the way to find him. My lord, may we look for you presently?"

The Lord Mohun nodded, surely enough; so, Billy's cider being now drunk and Molly given over to an ostler, we set out down the hill together, Billy shouldering a pike and walking after with the groom that led Sir Ralph's horse. Be sure the general's courtly manner of speech set my blood tingling. I seemed to grow a full two inches taller; and when, in the vale, we parted, he directed me to the left, where through a gap I could see Sir Bevill's troop forming at some five hundred paces' distance, I felt a very desperate warrior indeed, and set off at a run, with Billy behind me.

'Twas an open space we had to cross, dotted with gorse bushes, and the enemy's regiments, plain to see, drawn up in battalia on the slope above, which here was gentler than to the south and west. But hardly had we gone ten yards when I saw a puff of white smoke above, then another, and then the summit ringed with flame, and heard the noise of its roaring in the hills around. At the first sound I pulled up, and then began running again at full speed; for I saw our division already in motion and advancing up the hill at a quick pace.

The curve of the slope hid all but the nearest; but above them I saw a steep earthwork, and thereon three or four brass pieces of ordnance glittering whenever the smoke lifted. For here the artillery was plying the briskest, pouring down volley on volley; and four regiments at least stood massed behind, ready to fall on the Cornishmen; who, answering with a small discharge of musketry, now ran forward more nimbly.

To catch up with them, I must now turn my course obliquely up the hill, where running was pretty toilsome. We were panting along when suddenly a shower of sand and earth was dashed in my face, spattering me all over. Half blinded, I looked and saw a great round shot had plowed a trench in the ground at my feet, and lay there buried.

At the same moment, Billy, who was running at my shoulder, plumps down on his knees and begins to whine and moan most pitiably.

"Art hurt, dear fellow?" asked I, turning.

"Oh, Jack, Jack—I have no stomach for this! A cool, wet death at sea I do not fear; only to have these great hot shot burning in a man's belly—'tis terrifying. I hate a swift death! Jack, I be a sinner—I will confess; I lied to thee yesterday—never kissed the three maids I spoke of—never kissed but one i' my life, an' her a tap wench, that slapped my face for 't, an' so don't properly count. I be a very boastful man!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.

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There is a well to do young southern man in this city who lives in a handsome residence not far from Central park, and who has among other valued possessions a family of seven children.

He had been "brought up" by an old negro "mammy" somewhere near Alexandria, Va., and when his wife suggested that another nurse be secured for the children his thoughts reverted to Aunt Maria. He decided to bring the old negress here, and in a few weeks she was comfortably installed in the nursery, much to the awe of the northern born young southrons, who were not familiar with the institutions of a bygone age, and who did not quite understand Aunt Maria's authority.

The young man has a telephone in his house, and as the old negress had never heard of that invention she looked upon it at first with wonder and then with suspicion. The jingling bell, receiver and other necessary adjuncts were more than Aunt Maria's mind could master. She would never go near "dat debbil's t'ing nohow."

Finally one day S. rang up from his office, and after a brief conversation requested his wife to send the old woman to the telephone. A great deal of persuasion was required to make her consent, but she was finally induced to place the receiver at her ear and listen.

"Is that you, Aunt Maria?" inquired S. over the wire.

An expression of astonishment spread over the old woman's countenance, quickly followed by one of awe and another of fear. For several minutes she stood bewildered, and then she shouted:

"L-L-Lawd a masse. Mars' Randolp'! How you done git down in dar?"

Then she decided that he could not but be in danger. "Come out'en it!" she cried. "Youse up to some more dem pranks like when you was a chile. Come out'en it! You'll git hurt. I'se comin' den arter you," and with that she started toward the street door.

Mrs. S. had hard work to keep Aunt Maria at home until "Mars' Randolp'" arrived. She refused to have matters explained, but abjured him by everything not "to go down in dar again."

She has never gone near the telephone since.—New York Herald.

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1891.

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THE USE OF COFFEE.

A Writer Who Holds it to be a Blessing.

THE "DIVINE BERRY" OF MOCHA.

The Universal Drink in Turkey and Greece.

We are persuaded, from our observation of many years in Greece and Turkey, that the moderate use of pure coffee is, one might almost say, a blessing to rich and poor. Excess in its use, or the use of it at all, except when the decoction is made from the genuine coffee berry, and properly made, is beyond any question an evil. One must live in the East for a while, or if not there confine himself to partaking of the beverage in other countries where the character of the cafe, or the house where it is served, is a guarantee of the purity, to appreciate what a cup of coffee really means. It is a recognized fact that the mixture drunk by the majority of people in Europe and our own country under the name of coffee is a vile, or, at the best, an adulterated compound of inferior berries, beans or other substitutes, and that when occasionally the genuine coffee berry is the basis of the hot fluid served at the hotels, railroad stations, restaurants and even in private houses, it is not prepared properly, and more frequently than otherwise injures the digestion and, consequently, the health of the constant drinker.

In Athens, broadly speaking, every third man indulges in cigarette smoking and coffee drinking, and this to an extent that astonishes the stranger. It is an every day sight, when entering an office or private sitting room, and not infrequently the family room, to see the tobacco box, cigarette paper and ash box lying on the table, and the visitor is expected, without invitation, to help himself and light his cigarette, as a preparation for, and a companion to, conversation. Little cups of black coffee follow as a matter of course, however early or late the hour may be. But the Greek does not confine his attentions to the coffee cup on these occasions. He often takes his first cigarette and his first cup in bed before rising, and continues the practice at intervals through the entire day. It is something akin to the habit of ice water drinking in the United States, but without the subtle, injurious results that follow an habitual use of cold liquids, which chill the stomach, impair the general health and produce decayed teeth. So far as our personal observation goes, strengthened by medical testimony, the Greeks in the condition of their general health do not support the theory that the habitual use of coffee injures the system or affects the eyesight.

The same is the case in Turkey. There coffee drinking is universal and continuous. The writer passed a greater part of four years in Constantinople, where he had occasion to call upon the officials of the Sublime Porte so frequently that it would be difficult to enumerate these official visits; and with few exceptions, when the visit was protracted to any length, black coffee, pure in quality and prepared with the grounds, was regularly served in small, delicate cups. All Turks, from the highest to the lowest, indulge in the beverage, a few swallows at a time, throughout the day, and without any evil effects. What makes the fact more remarkable is that neither the sedentary habits of the Turk nor the quick, energetic temperament of the Greek seems to be affected by the perpetual imbibing of this beverage. Spectacles, it may be remarked, are as little used in Turkey as in Greece; nor are complaints of the eyes more prevalent, if we except ophthalmia, which is brought from Egypt and exists chiefly among the unclean and dissolute lower orders. An old pasha once told us that he considered coffee to be one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed by Allah to the faithful, not only from its grateful aroma, but from its health preserving qualities. He referred, of course, to the "divine berry" of Mocha, and not to the questionable compound served up in the "infidel" countries of the west.—North American Review.

Personal Advertising.

A popular western novelist remarked the other day that sometimes a fool gets talked about so much that the other fools think he is a great man.

There is something in this view. But it is a mistake to limit the proposition to fools. It is of very general application, and hits sensible persons as well as others.

Some years ago a busy journalist said to a friend, "I am done with what you call work for the remainder of my life." His friend was surprised. "How will you live?" he asked. "By advertising myself," was the calm reply.

And the audacious newspaper man was as good as his word. He sauntered about and the papers began to print little paragraphs about his brilliant gifts and his phenomenal capacity to do anything and everything. People talked about the man, hunted him up and offered him money-making opportunities. In a short time he was making $10,000 or $12,000 a year as a sort of general manager or boss of half a dozen enterprises.

Perhaps it was work, but he did not call it work. He simply traveled, talked and allowed himself to be interviewed. And yet all the time he was putting in a few words for the enterprises with which he was connected.

Without his self advertising he would never have enjoyed such good fortune. Say what you will, judicious advertising will make enterprises and men, if they have anything in them, and sometimes it will float them on the high sea of prosperity when they are altogether unworthy.—Atlanta Constitution.

ARTS OF DIVINATION.

The Trivialities to Which the Old Astrologers Would Descend.

It is astonishing into what trivial detail astrologers were prepared to go. There is something, for instance, delightfully rich in interrogating the planets as to the whereabouts of a lost dog. And yet this was done, as related by William Lilly, who gives full particulars as to his method and success. His account is worth quotation. After drawing the usual plan of the state of the heavens, he continues: "The Quere unto me was what part of the city they should search; next, if he should ever recover him. The sign of Gemini is west and by south; the quarter of heaven is west; Mercury, the significator of the Dog, is in Libra, a western sign, but southern quarter of heaven, tending to the west.

"The moon is in Virgo, a southwest sign, and verging to the western angle; the strength of the testimonies examined I found the plurality to signify the west, and therefore I judged that the dog ought to be westward from the place where the owner lived, which was at Temple Barre; wherefore I judged that the dog was about Long Acre or upper part of Drury Lane. In regard that Mercury, significator of the beast, was in a sign of the same triplicity that Gemini his ascendant is, which signifies London, and did not apply to a trine aspect of the cusp of the sixt house, I judged the dog was not out of the lines of communication, but in the same quarter; of which I was more confirmed by the sun and Saturn, their trine aspect. The signe wherein Mercury is in is Libra, an avery signe.

"I judged the dog was in some chamber or upper room kept privately or in great secrecy; because the moon was under the beames of the sun, and Mercury, moon and sun were in the eight house, but because the sun on Monday following did apply by trine dexter to Saturn, lord of the ascendant, and moon to sextile of Mars; having exaltation in the ascendant, I intimated that in my opinion he should have his dog againe, or newes of his dog upon Monday following, or neer that time, which was true, for a gentleman of the querem's acquaintance sent him the dog the very same day about 10 in the morning, who by accident coming to see a friend in Long Acre, found the dog chained up under a table and sent him home as above said, to my very great credit." This astonishing success will form a fitting conclusion. Some of our readers may perhaps consider it belongs to that method of divination known as the romancy.—Leisure Hour.

Closing the Moscow University.

The university inspector, Brisgalof, is known as very narrow minded. During a concert given by the students he said to one of the singers: "You are drunk." "Your offensive expression is not deserved," was the reply, "as I never touch drink." "Then you are a dirty scamp!" was the inspector's reply, for which the student boxed his ears. On the morning following the procurator of Moscow, Count Kapnist, assembled the students and addressed them, saying: "Who among you should wish to justify the proceedings of your colleague under arrest is requested to rise and say so." There was no response, probably because the speech was not clear enough in its expressions to be readily understood. Then the count added: "Thus every one of you is a scoundrel." That word was followed by a storm of indignation. "Scoundrel yourself!" "Down with him!" "Out with him!" "Brisgalof must go!" "The council is infamous!" "The by laws must be amended!" and other cries were uttered in passionate vehemence. The greater number of the 1,500 students assembled succeeded in reaching the street, and forming groups awaited further developments. Soldiers had been posted near the university beforehand, and a great many lookers on were crowded in the streets.

Then Russian savagery was displayed in its fullest extent. The cavalry, without a word of warning, charged upon the crowd, wounding, trampling down and killing a great number. I saw an old lady, with her gray haired protector, whose road lay through that street, ruthlessly sabred and trodden down. The natural result of such outrages was that the infuriated populace charged back upon the soldiers, driving them back by the sheer impetus of their numbers, though without weapons of any kind. Meanwhile, the professors of the university, afraid of the number of students that had remained in the building, had recourse to the usual protectors in similar cases—the butchers of the district, who entered the hall brandishing their long knives. Under the countenance of their patrons, the professors, they proceeded to commit unspeakable outrages upon whomsoever had the misfortune to incur their displeasure. Two hundred students were imprisoned. The rest walked the streets in groups, singing their songs. At 11 o'clock on the morning following the students assembled peaceably on the boulevard, when the porters and scavengers, with orders from police headquarters, appeared and proceeded to renew the outrages upon the students as on the previous day, at which scuffle one student was killed. Then the students discontinued attending the university.—Moscow Letter.

Educational Progress in Africa.

The first school in Western Africa upon the plan of the German popular schools was opened at Kamaroons. Among the thirty-two pupils there are seven sons of King Bell, the native ruler. Like all the negroes of the region he complains terribly at the exorbitant cost of the education of his boys, which cannot fail, he says, making his exchequer bankrupt. The fee is settled at seventy-five cents a month a pupil, which, with the usual rule of compounding for a number of pupils from the same family, will bring the amount due by his majesty for the education of his seven princes to something like $4 a month, an immense sum for a royal darkey's treasury. The progress made by the pupils in general is said to be satisfactory in the three "R's," but class singing is not good. Bellowing is too natural an exercise for the black voices to allow them to have any pleasure in civilized chorus singing.—Chicago News.

England Near at Hand.

You have only to cross Niagara river to find old English ways followed. The bishop of Niagara is his lordship, and you will hear the natives of Fort Erie talk of their lively neighbors on this side as "the Americans," just as if they didn't live in a part of America themselves. In their spelling they are particularly English, you know. They put u into parlor and an extra g into wagon. Whereas we spell jail with a j, an a, an i and an l, they perversely make it gaol—but they get there all the same!—Buffalo Courier.

Floating Gardens of Cashmere.

The floating gardens on the rivers are formed by the long sedges being interwoven into a mat, earth being superimposed thereupon and the stalks finally cut under water, thus releasing them from the bottom of the lake. They are usually about 20 by 12 yards in size. A dishonest Cashmiri will sometimes tow his neighbor's garden away from its moorings and appropriate its produce, which generally includes cucurbitaceous fruits and vegetables and a fine description of grape.—The Highlands of India.

THE WALLS COMING DOWN.

Sharing the Wealth of Beautiful Grounds.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN VILLAS.

Was the Earth Meant for the Few or for the Human Race?

A man of wealth, residing in a beautiful suburban town, pointed out to me with delight that there was not a wall or even a fence remaining to divide the six successive estates, some dating back to colonial days, some quite recent, of which his was one. He had recently purchased it, and I had noticed that his first act after purchasing was to lower the wall separating it from the street. Ever since I have known that particular street the walls and fences have been growing lower. All the present tendency in our northern states is in that direction; in some attractive suburbs there are absolutely no fences whatever, and one sees roses and even strawberries growing unmolested up to the edge of the sidewalk. An American visiting Europe is extremely struck with the contrast; in many suburbs of London the walls are so high that you feel as if living in a kind of fortress; and on the continent you often walk through miles of lanes which are shut in on both sides, so that only an occasional elevation gives you a glance at the surrounding country. A villa in the United States usually implies something open, attractive, accessible to the eye. A villa on the European continent, and often in England, implies an inaccessible wall with iron gates.

It is impossible to deny that there is something very attractive in the privacy created by the wall. The world is left outside, and the family is as free within its own domain as if it lived on a planet of its own. A suburban villa at Kensington or Hammersmith, for instance, safe within its encircling wall, possessing its own fountain, its own nightingale, and almost its own moonlight—what can be more delightful? Or the patio, or inclosed court, of a Spanish house, where the house itself makes the garden, and the world is absolutely excluded? On the other hand, these very charms increase the regret felt by every generous nature for the exclusion thus implied. They press home the question, was the earth really meant for the few, or for the human race? Many an American traveler has felt this drawback on the delicious rural life of England. Charles Sumner, who was more petted in English society than any American since his day, and was suspected of Anglomania on his return by even his ever kindly friend Longfellow, yet wrote soon after, "I have always enjoyed the refinement of the best society, but I have never sat in the palaces of England without being pained by the inequality of which the inordinate luxury was a token."

Of course it may be justly said that property is property, and that the most imperceptible line drawn around real estate—or no line at all—leaves it just as clearly within private ownership as if the wall were there. This is true, but it is also true that the ownership becomes less exclusive from the moment when it ceases to be visible and, as it were, aggressive. If the foot of a stranger is excluded, it is something that the eye is not. I once heard a poor Portuguese woman say that she and her husband were so destitute they had "nothing but the day and the night;" but the day and the night are less valuable—say, rather, that there is too little day and too much night—for those who are shut out from even the sight of the landscape by high walls. The mere denial of all possibility of ownership is bad enough. I remember how depressing it was, on a first visit to Europe, when it suddenly dawned upon me that the whole beautiful region of Killarney, with lakes, hills, villages, factories and square miles of verdure, was all the literal property of two men—the Earl of Kenmare and "Herbert of Muckross," so that not a square foot of the territory could be bought by any one, and a whole village might at any time be evicted at the will of a single proprietor. It certainly set one thinking as to whether the human race, as such, had any rights in the planet.—Harper's Bazar.

A Fine Sermon.

Young Master X is an observant youth of 5. He returned from church, and was sent up stairs that his maid might remove his lordship's top coat. The following conversation ensued, which I dedicate respectfully to a certain well known clergyman:

Maid—Were you a good little boy in church today?

Young Master X—Oh, yes. Mamma said I was very still today.

Maid—Did you have a fine sermon today?

Young Master X—I guess we did. It sounded like a very fine one, indeed!

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," etc.—Brooklyn Life.

An alarm for telling when a ship reaches a predetermined depth of water is being tried aboard her majesty's ship Rambler in the Red sea. It consists of a wire sounding apparatus having a sinker, which, on coming in contact with the bottom, relieves the drum on board ship and sounds a bell.

The air brake millionaire Westinghouse is a practical mechanic, being the graduate of a machine shop, in which he spent his youth. He is a skillful draughtsman, and his remarkable memory for facts and figures enables him to carry in his head the details of his vast business enterprises.

The form used by the king of Sweden in addressing the members of parliament differs from that used by many other rulers. His speeches begin with, "Good gentlemen and Swedish men." They end usually also with, "The blessing of God be upon you, good gentlemen and Swedish men."

Tenement House Women.

A series of lectures for working women is being given in the hall of the Working Women's society. The topic of the lecture given by Dr. Annie S. Daniels was "Working Women in Tenement Houses."

She gave some interesting facts. "Women who take their work home and do it in the tenement houses work from fourteen to twenty hours. On an average they work eighteen. In the making of artificial flowers they earn from four dollars to six dollars a week. They make straw sailor hats, put in the lining, fasten the band and bow or buttons for forty cents a dozen. The average wages at this work is three dollars. On rare occasions it rises to six dollars. Every child over twelve is sent to the mercantile establishments. Those under that age assist at home.

"They exist in two or three rooms, for which they pay from four dollars a month for a single room to twelve dollars for two or three, always in advance.

"In many cases water is attainable only after 12 at night and before 6 in the morning. For breakfast she has black coffee and bread; for dinner she has bread and coffee; for supper she has the same, with the addition of a little soup. In the meantime she has beer.

It takes four hours to digest a glass of beer. A woman who drinks it knows that for four hours she can continue work without moving. Out of every twenty of these very poor only 6.9 of them are destitute because of shiftlessness. Some eke out their living by taking boarders; more receive charity. Much is given in charity that should be given in wages."

After the lecture the members discussed the remedy for this condition. Some were in favor of enforcing the present laws, others suggested the agitation of a constitutional convention, having the constitution so amended that laws covering these cases could be made.—New York Recorder.

Ouida's Old Age.

Ouida is growing old now, and her works of late lack much of the eloquence and poetic fervor that used to make them so irresistibly attractive. She cannot at present be far from sixty. She never was a beauty, though in her prime she possessed her striking points—her "amber hair," of precisely the shade which she used to describe in her earliest novels, and a pair of exquisite little feet, of whose small size and perfect symmetry she was justly vain. She used to walk down the long dining room of the Langham hotel with her golden locks hanging down her back, and with her long skirts held up in one hand so as to show off her pretty feet in the daintiest of Parisian slippers.

She immortalized Mr. Sanderson, of New York, who was at the time manager of the hotel aforesaid, by making him the hero of her novel of "Tricotrin." The brilliant novelist was not often given to drawing the portrait of an American in such flattering colors. She dislikes our country people with an intensity of hatred that is altogether surprising, and never misses a chance of caricaturing them and holding them up to ridicule.—Paris Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Two Women's Adventure in a Blizzard.

Mrs. Maggie McDowell, the wife of Andy McDowell, the noted trainer of trotting horses, who formerly resided here, had a very thrilling experience a short time ago at her present home in Montana. While she and a friend were out for a horseback ride and some distance from town they were overtaken by one of the blizzards which so often come up unexpectedly in that country.

After wandering around in a blinded condition for some time the ladies found they had lost their way, and decided to give their horses the head to see whither they would carry them. After a long ride the horses at last brought their riders safely into town, where they found every saddle animal in the place, with a rider for each, in readiness to start out to find them. They had been seen to go out in the direction from whence the blizzard came, and not returning the town had been aroused and a searching party was about to start after them when their faithful animals brought the ladies into town.—Pleasanton Times.

Mrs. Talmage's Egyptian Parlors.

Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage's parlors, by the way, are excellent examples of the craze for eastern furnishings. A dark hued slave boy wrought in bronze stands in the doorway carrying candles. Antique rugs cover the couches and lie thick upon the floor. On an easel stands a picture of slave girls in bright draperies, blowing long slender pipes, giving all the spirit of Alma Tadema's "Pastime in Ancient Egypt."

A bronze lamp is carried on the back of a crocodile. Another, with drooping yellow petticoats, has for a base a great bronze jar on whose sides are wrought bas-reliefs of the labors of Nile boatmen and fallaheen. On a pedestal is placed the bust in bronze of an Egyptian girl. There are hieroglyphics on a quaint scarf, woven of papyrus, that covers a table, and scarabs in a little cup of curios.—New York Cor. Savannah News.

Eugenie's Losses.

A contemporary announces that the Empress Eugenie has lost so largely by the depreciation in South American securities that she will probably part with her estate in Switzerland. As a matter of fact, the losses of the empress have been preposterously exaggerated, and it is quite on the cards that her South American investments will come round in the course of a few years. The Swiss estate consists simply of the Chateau of Arenenberg, on the Unter See, near Constance, and the small park by which it is surrounded, and is not a place of any value.—London Truth.

Miss Carter, of Wilmington, Mass., has given that town $10,000, the income of which is to be used in painting houses that may need it from year to year, "provided the applicant does not own a dog and is a member of some temperance organization."

EXTRAVAGANT RAJAHS.

Wearing Diamonds as Large as Hickory Nuts.

LARGE ARMIES AND HEAVY REVENUES.

A Sample City in the Heart of India.—The Shrewd Merchant.

The traveler who would see India as it is must go out of the regular line and enter the native states. There is in Hindostan a territory nearly one-fifth the size of the United States and containing a population of more than fifty-six millions, which is governed by rajahs. These rajahs have power of life and death. They have revenues of their own, levy taxation as they please and organize their people and armies on a different basis from the English portion of India. They are subject in a certain sense to the English, and most of them have English officers connected with their establishments. They are feudatory states to England, and England does not allow them to make war upon each other, nor can they have any relations with foreign states. If a rajah misgoverns his people or oppresses them the viceroy of India reproves him and if he does not come to time secures his removal. These states, however, have none of the new customs of English India. Few foreigners visit them and the people are substantially the same as they were years ago—before the railroad and the English desire for business came in to grind them up in the mortar of modern civilization.

One-third of the whole territory of India is possessed by such rajahs and their subjects make up one-fifth of the inhabitants. Their united armies amount to 300,000 men and their gross yearly revenues are about $80,000,000.

These rajahs live as grandly as did the kings of northern India in the past, and the English merchants of India cater largely to their wants. Some of the finest jewelry stores in the world are here in India, and under every glass counter you see barbaric jewelry set with diamonds worth a fortune. I saw two rings yesterday, one worth two and the other four thousand dollars. The first was a diamond of about the size of a hickory nut, set around with a cluster of small diamonds as big as peas, and the whole affixed to a finger ring, containing enough gold to make a hunting case for a Waterbury watch. The other was the same size as to the gold, but the central stone was a ruby fully as big as a chestnut, and the diamonds about it were very beautiful. The tops of these rings were as large around as old copper cents, and as I looked at them I asked the jeweler who would wear such gorgeous and unwieldy objects. He replied:

"Oh, we sell these to the rajahs. They want the most extravagant jewelry, and some of them fairly cover themselves with gems."

At another store I was told that a rajah had just been in and given an order for 200 yards of satin at $10 a yard. He wanted this to paper the walls of a room in a new palace and thought nothing of pasting this $2,000 upon the plaster. The sultan of Jahore, when I visited him in his palace at Jahore, had ropes of gold about twice the size of a clothes line about his wrists, and upon his fingers wore diamond rings. The fingers of the right hand were covered from the knuckles to the first joints with rings set with diamonds and emeralds so that a diamond alternated with an emerald all over his hand, and the whole made a blazing fist of white and green. On the left hand the fingers were covered with rings in the same manner, save that costly rubies took the place of the emeralds. At Delhi I was shown a dressing gown set with precious stones, which cost $35,000, and which had just been made for a rajah, and here at Jeypore, through the courtesy of one of the most noted rajahs of India, I have had a chance to visit his palace, to get a glimpse of his wonderful stables, to take a ride on one of his court elephants, and to see the life and business of his capital city.

Jeypore is one of the northwest provinces of India. It is a day's ride from Bombay, not far off from the borders of Afghanistan and some distance south of Cashmere and the Himalaya mountains. It has a population about as large as that of Ohio, and its rajah's income amounts to $2,000,000 a year. The capital is the city of Jeypore in which I am writing. It is said to be the finest native city of India, and it is certainly like no other city I have ever seen. It is bigger than Omaha, Denver or Kansas City, and is laid out as regularly as the city of Washington. Its main street is two miles long and 120 feet wide, and this is intersected at right angles by other streets of the same width and the whole is cut by narrow streets into rectangular blocks. The roads are better macadamized than those of any city of the United States. They are as hard as stone and as smooth as a floor.

The houses on the main streets are regularly built, and some rajah of the past laid out the city and made the property holders build after fixed regulations. It is more like a Spanish city than an Indian town. The houses come close to the sidewalks, and they have balconies over them with oriole windows jutting out at the second stories above arcades which run below from house to house; they are almost altogether two story buildings, and the painting of the whole is a delicate pink. Imagine miles of pink houses with lattice work windows, through which you may now and then see the eyes of the high caste Hindoo damsels. Let nut brown fingers here and there clasp the lattice work and through a larger hole let here and there an arm peep out. In some of the balconies you see turbaned men and boys sitting dressed in the richest of garments and beside them Hindoo maidens, their faces covered with shawls and their eyes peeping out through the cracks.—Frank G. Carpenter.

The Production of Petroleum.

In the Revue de Deux Mondes M. de Tchihatchef, whom it would probably be safe to take for a Russian, has a striking article on the sudden rise of Russia as a competitor of the United States in production of kerosene. Some abatement may properly be made from his confident predictions on account of the unconcealed partisan bias with which he writes; and his figures leave something to be desired on the score of entire self consistency and recentness, but what he has to say is nevertheless well worth the attention of our oil producers. He makes it evident, in the first place, that the only rival of the United States at present in sight is Russia. Following a late French estimate of the world's production of petroleum, putting the total at 100,000,000 hectoliters, it appears that the United States furnish 64,000,000, Russia 25,000,000, and all other countries only 11,000,000. In fact, while deposits of oil have been found in many parts of the earth—as in Burmah, China, Persia, Egypt, New Zealand and most of the European countries—their extent is so limited and difficult of operation so great that the race has narrowed down to the two contestants named.

The principal oil fields of Russia are found within a limited territory. The famous wells are almost all situated in the peninsula of Aspheron, which runs out into the Caspian sea at a point not far from the southern Russian boundary. Baku is the port whence shipments are made. The great natural advantages of the Baku field are the compact territory to be worked, the small depth of the wells, and their great steadiness of flow. The whole area worked does not exceed 1,100 square miles. Set this over against the area estimated for the United States — 571,240 square miles — and the richness of the Russian wells which produce at least one-third as much as those of the United States, will be at once perceived. The depth of the wells runs from 120 to 540 feet. One famous well is but thirty-three feet deep, yet out of it the oil jets up to the height of 246 feet. M. de Tchihatchef asserts also that the average flow in the Baku region is 88,000 pounds per day, as against 25,300 in the United States.—New York Times.

A Manicure's Queer Experience.

We have some very queer experiences in our trade. We could not help it. But the strangest one came under my notice quite recently. A tall, splendidly formed woman came in to have her "hands fixed," and while awaiting her turn attracted great attention by her extreme beauty, which was of the creamy, oriental style. Dazzlingly white teeth and great, slumberous eyes softened an otherwise too coarse cast of features. But her toilet! That was superb, in such quiet elegance and taste. As soon as possible I hastened to attend to her, but other customers having come in in the meantime, she expressed a decided disinclination to have her hands arranged until the rooms were vacated. I told her that would, perhaps, be not for hours, but if she preferred I would attend to the hand dressing in an alcove, which was curtained off at the extreme end of the room. To this she consented, and when my toilet articles were ready she drew off her gloves. What was my surprise to see a coal-black hand, ebony in flesh.

She briefly explained she was a negro or deep mulatto, from New Orleans. By every art of the face decorator and washes she had become whitened as I saw her, but her hands were more difficult to manage and she wore gloves at every possible opportunity. She desired me to manicure her hands as deftly as possible and she would have her maid arrange the blistering process at home. I did so and she left in a few moments closely gloved and I saw her enter her carriage. Subsequently I learned she possessed immense wealth, inherited, too. A very good, but vain woman, owning everything that she wished except what she most desired, white skin, and this she got by artifice and wealth.—Manicure in Globe-Democrat.

Poetry in the Newspapers.

There are comparatively few weekly papers in the country that pay for poetry. One can almost count them on one's fingers. These papers require that contributions shall reach a certain standard of excellence, and even then the poems must be "timely." It is singular that papers that pay nothing at all get very excellent work. I have known poems rejected by the "pay" journals to date an almost worldwide reputation from their publication in the gratuitous column.

The leading magazines pay good prices for poetry, but much that they publish is far inferior, as poetry, to that which appears in the weekly press at scantier rates. The most valued contributor seldom gets more than three poems a year into the magazines, and these, paid for, say, at the rate of $50 each, which is a good price, do not prove a bonanza. Writers of newspaper poetry fall into ruts, which, seemingly, unfit them for better work. One sees but seldom in the great magazines the names of poets who appear almost weekly elsewhere. The young writer, who has but a frail hold on the paying papers, finds that he sends in too much poetry, and too often; and when he has overcrowded one pigeon hole of the editorial desk, his occupation languishes. Editors, as a rule, will accept just so much of one author's work, and writers learn, by experience, that they must not milk the cow too often.—T. C. Harbaugh in The Writer.

Now Comes the Canine Cure.

The eccentricities of the medical profession will never be exhausted. An American surgeon in his travels through Europe noticed that the peasants when hurt by splinters, thorns or other dangerous substances would get their wounds licked by their dogs, and that they were speedily healed. Acting on this observation he carefully examined the tongue of the animals, and recognized the presence of a healing power of high degree. So convinced was he of the truth of his theories that he has opened a canine hospital near Zurich in Switzerland, where dogs of various breeds are utilized in licking the wounds and nervous centers of the patients under vigilant medical control. Already wonderful cures have been reported, and if the theories are successfully realized the canine cure may become the fashionable craze of the thousands of visitors to the spas of Europe.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Friendly Suggestion.

"Do you read all your stories over in proof, Scribular?" asked Candidus.

"Every one of them."

"And get $10 a column for them?"

"Yes."

"Two for the writing and eight for reading the proof, I suppose?"—Harper's Bazar.

Sad Fate of a Rough Who Demanded Cigarettes from an Inoffensive Being.

The cars which run after midnight usually contain one or two who may at that unseemly hour enjoy the privilege of a smoke. Such a car from one of the suburbs was boarded by a dapper little dude who was smoking a cigarette. He was dressed in immaculate linen, evening dress and overcoat, and weighed probably from 115 to 120 pounds. His face was pale, and altogether he looked as though a good puff of wind would blow him away.

At the next crossing a big, burly fellow, apparently a bosom friend of Bacchus, got on board. He eyed Mr. Dude for a minute or two, and finally blurted out:

"Say, sonny! Give us a cigarette!"

The dude said not a word but reached into his coat pocket and drew forth the required article, which he handed to his unwelcome companion.

The latter was evidently primed for a bit of fun, a row, or anything else that came along. He reached over and took the dude's lighted weed from the latter's mouth, lit his own, and casting a look of scorn at his small victim threw the borrowed tobacco stick away.

Mr. Dude calmly lit another cigarette, without deigning to resent the insult.

The burly one smoked in silence for two or three minutes, then threw the remnant of the cigarette away, saying; "Say! Give us a cigarette."

"I gave you one," replied the dude.

"Give us a cigarette! Yer hear!" roared the bully, advancing threateningly.

But the little fellow didn't frighten a little bit. He merely answered:

"I gave you one."

"Dern yer! Give us a cigarette!" yelled the now infuriated bully, clutching at the coat collar of the dude and doubling his fist.

Just then there was a sudden movement on the part of the dapper little fellow. His small gloved hand shot out straight and caught his big friend between the eyes, and before the latter could recover he gave it to him right and left until, as the car came to a stop, he rolled off into the gutter.

He got up slowly and shuffled away without a word. The dude calmly lit another cigarette, remarking:

"These woughs are a dweadful bore!"—Wanderer in Boston Times.

A Born Liar.

Harold, a boy of 5, converses with his friend of equally mature years as follows:

"My father is going to get me a goat."

"I've got twenty goats."

"Where are they?"

"Oh, they're down in father's office, 'course."

"Why don't they bring them here?"

"They're sick."

A pause. Harold speaks:

"I saw Anthony's Nose last summer."

"I saw Anthony himself."

"Anthony's Nose is a rock, and it broke off and fell into the water."

"I saw it fall."

Jack's mother, an interested listener, at this point thought it expedient to interpose with a moral lesson.

"Why, Jack," said she, "did you never hear of Ananias and Sapphira."

"I knew them both."

"You know, Jack, they were struck dead for telling lies."

"Yes, I saw them struck."

"Jack, do you know where they went?"

"Oh, yes; I saw them go."—Watson's Illuminator.

Egypt's Consideration for the Dog.

It has been suggested that the consideration which the Egyptians of old had for the dog possessed some connection with their dependence for prosperity upon the periodical overflows of the Nile. To these floods they looked forward, as they do now, with anxiety, and it so happened that the inundations were customarily announced by the appearance in the heavens of Sirius, the dog star. As soon as that orb was seen above the horizon they hastened to remove their flocks to higher grounds and abandoned the lower pastures to the fertilizing stream. They hailed it as their god and protector and called it the dog star because of its apparent watchfulness over and protection of their interests. One of their deities—Anubis—had the body of a man with a dog's head.—Exchange.

Tattooing Convicts for Identification.

"The latest fad in prison management," said a prison official, "is tattooing. It is a ready means of identification, and is bound to become popular in prison management. My idea is to tattoo a convict every time he is imprisoned, and then we'll have his record as clear as the moon at midnight. Let each penal institution adopt a different mark or monogram and the problem of identifying convicts will be solved. It is the simplest and best system yet proposed. To some persons it may seem as harsh as branding, but it isn't. Tattooing isn't painful, and the marks could be put on the convict's back, arms or legs, and would not embarrass reformed convicts. Tattooing is now followed in several penal institutions abroad."—

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7 ..... 1891.

An exchange remarks that the half-dollar is not a popular coin and has a way of getting out of circulation. Most of us have noticed that peculiarity.

The Faylor case against the boodle Senators has been dismissed. It went far enough to convince the people that there was lots of crookedness in the last Legislature, and that the men who go there and take an oath to serve the people draw their pay and sell their votes in the most shameless manner.

The executive committee of the Republican National committee has accepted the resignations of Matthew Stanley Quay and William W. Dudley as chairman and treasurer respectively. Of course they were not permitted to retire without being completely whitewashed; but be the kalsomine never so thickly applied the public will still be able to discern the true color of this precious pair of political pariahs.

At a recent conference of the Board of Supervisors of Fresno county with the Board of Trade it was agreed to raise $50,000 for a county display at the World's Fair, the people to raise $35,000 and the Supervisors to vote $15,000 in two years. Fresno is to be congratulated on her good sense and business enterprise.

Excerpts taken from files of papers received from Bolivia, Lima and other places near the scene of the Chilean revolution confirm the charges made all along by the Constitutional party of the revolting brutalities of Balmaceda. His acts have placed him in the category of the worst despots the world has ever seen. The presumption that these papers are free enough from bias to give a truthful account of Balmaceda's methods of government. They are certainly near enough to the capital of Chile to be in the way of getting true advices from that city and of being able to determine from what they learn of the real character of the man whose unholy ambition is drenching his country with blood.

The American cruisers in Behring Sea have lost no time in carrying out the orders issued from Washington in regard to sealing in those waters. The British Columbia poachers are being driven out and each day brings the news of some of them returning to Victoria. In most cases the sealers promptly leave the sea when warned. The Marvin, however, was well armed and at first refused to obey the order. The officers of the United States cutter Rush promptly took the arms and ammunition from the schooner and towed her to Oonalaska, where twenty-one of the crew were placed on the prison-ship Alki and kept for two days, when they were turned over to the British man-of-war Nymphe, the commander of which ordered them to proceed to Victoria. This looks like business. It is probable that the sea will soon be cleared of poachers and the seals will get rest while the dispute over the question of their indiscriminate taking is being decided by arbitration.

It is sometimes said that it does not make much difference which party succeeds, in the United States, that the resources of the country are so great that the people will prosper in spite of bad government. The last census taken by great Britain throws some light upon the influence of government. The condition of Ireland and Scotland at the beginning of the century and their condition now shows what governments may do or leave undone. In 1801 the population of Scotland was 1,608,400 and in 1890 it had increased to 4,033,103. In the same period the population of Ireland decreased nearly a million. Ireland is the larger of the two countries and its natural resources are far greater. There does not appear to be any reason why the smaller and poorer of the two countries should show a handsome increase in population while the larger and more fertile actually loses, except that one has been in unison with its government and the other has not. It is not worth while at the present time to enter into any inquiry as to where the fault lies, whether in the disinclination of the Irish people to be governed by England, or the disregard manifested by the English Government of Ireland's wants. The fact is conceded that the decay of Ireland is largely due to the policy the English Government has pursued in its self-imposed task of ruling the Irish people.

TREATMENT OF CROUP.

WHAT TO DO FOR THE DISEASE IN THE ABSENCE OF A DOCTOR.

Dangerous Croup as Distinguished from False Croup—The Latter May Be Treated Without Medical Aid, but a Physician's Advice Is Always Safe.

The particularly dangerous characteristic of croup is, like pneumonia, its suddenness. Its action is so rapid, and the little patient is so soon in a condition that is very near to death, that parents "lose their heads," and from extreme fear and anxiety are unable to coolly go to work with their best judgment. There are two sorts of croup—one in which the hoarseness and choking are caused by a sort of spasm or contraction of the glottis, and known to physicians as pseudo-croup or false croup, and in this there is little or no formation of membrane. With false croup there is much tightness, the same harsh, brassy cough, the breathing is wheezy, difficult and rapid. The attacks come on with catarrh and hoarseness, and are apt to recur several nights, sometimes coming on in the daytime.

There are many causes for an attack of false croup. Sometimes it originates from the stomach. An exceptionally hearty supper or some indigestible food eaten during the evening may set up an irritation which will bring on the symptoms of false croup, but of course the usual cause is exposure and wet feet. It is really a mild disease, and quickly subsides under proper treatment, and is not apt to be followed by dangerous complications.

For immediate relief wet a towel in cold water and wring it out just dry enough to prevent its dripping, and fold it about the child's neck, then cover this with dry towels or flannel cloths to prevent the pillow, etc., from being wet. In many cases this wet packing of the throat is all that is necessary. Leave it on until the breathing is easy and natural, and be sure to rub the child dry and warm after taking off the pack. It is well to put a light woolen bandage about the throat for the remainder of the night, but never accustom a child to being "bundled up." If the cold pack does not prove sufficient to give relief at once, give repeated doses of sirup of ipecac, larger or smaller according to the violence of the spasm, until vomiting ensues.

An excellent cough medicine to keep in the house, and one which works well in cases of false croup, is the old fashioned mixture of sirup of squills and paregoric, or a mixture of glycerine and water in equal parts. If with this treatment the child does not get easy, and fall into a natural sleep, but, on the contrary, the choking sensation continues or becomes worse, you may conclude that you have a case on hand of true croup, and the sooner you get a doctor the better.

GUARDING AGAINST CROUP.

False croup you may relieve tonight, and tomorrow morning there may be no trace of it; tomorrow night and the next night and for several nights it may come on again as badly as ever. It is not so, however, with true croup—there is no "let up" in this case; the condition gradually gets more and more severe until death ensues from suffocation, or until the disease submits to treatment. The average duration of a case of real croup is about seven or eight days, and many methods and remedies are advised.

Both false and true croup may be guarded against in great measure. It is a mistake to accustom children to such bundling and wrapping up when they go out that active exercise is not easily taken, and of course I would not have you go to the other extreme and not clothe them warmly enough; but if they are strong and lively, the latter course is really the safest, provided they can come indoors to rest and get warm. Look to it that their feet are attended to when they come in from playing in the wet. A good rubbing, or better still, bathing in alcohol and water, and then rubbing, and dry, warm stockings, will often prevent a case of croup or some other form of cold.

If they are weak, or not really active and strong, a course of sirup iodide of iron will usually bring them up. See to it that they are regular and rather lax in their bowel movements, for nearly every preparation of iron has a tendency to promote constipation.

WHAT TO DO FOR CROUP.

Death is almost always caused by suffocation, on account of the closing up of the glottis by the membrane, which forms so rapidly that constant attention with the probang or spray is necessary to impede its growth. Whichever method of applying is used, any application that is irritating is dangerous and should be avoided, as, for instance, nitrate of silver and several of the mineral acids.

Probably the best solvent is freshly made lime water, and it may readily be applied in form of vapor without any apparatus. Small pieces of fresh, unslaked lime may be put into a wide mouthed bottle—a pint glass fruit jar will answer—and water poured upon it to slake it, and the patient may then breathe the fresh vapor as it arises. In cases of true croup this is probably the best course to pursue until the doctor comes. Tincture of iron (full strength) may be applied to the membrane with a camel's hair pencil or a probang. The latter instrument is simply a bit of fine soft sponge, fastened securely with silk thread to the end of a piece of whalebone or reed about as long as a lead pencil, and is simply a swab.

With this swab diluted lactic acid may be applied to the membrane, and next to lime water it is probably the best and safest solvent that can be used. To prepare it for use simply add the acid to water until it has a decidedly sour taste. During an attack of croup it is necessary that we should do everything to keep the patient nourished, as the tremendous exertion of breathing, together with the apprehension of fatal result, are most exhausting.—A Doctor in New York World.

Railway Clerks with Long Days.

The hours on duty of a booking clerk are usually ten a day; but they are at very irregular times. This is on account of trains starting to run as early as 5 a. m. and continuing till midnight. There must be always some one to book the passengers; and as there are nineteen hours to cover, and in many cases only two clerks, they have to work as best they can that both may have time for their meals.—Chambers' Journal.

A SHARP TRICK.

Yet It Shook the Faith That Two Young Boys Had in Their Older Sister.

Anna Mowry was left in charge of her two younger brothers one summer while her parents went to California. She was with them in a farmhouse on the Massachusetts coast, and frequently lectured them on questions of morals and manners. One evening she talked to them on the subject of honesty. "I have often read in the papers," she said, "of young men who are first led into extravagance and then rob or defraud their employers. If a brother of mine was to be guilty of such dishonesty I would never forgive him—never! I would not acknowledge him as my brother!"

The boys had never been tempted to steal, and the suggestion that temptation and fall were possible, together with their sister's threat, startled and impressed them. The next day, while the question of honesty was still fresh in their minds, Anna came in, eager and excited.

"I hear," she said, "that a woman in the neighborhood has some fine old Satsuma ware. Her husband was a sea captain and brought it to her fifty years ago. Come with me. I am going to try to buy a piece of it."

The house, when they reached it, was a meager, forlorn little cottage. The woman was old; her lean, pale face lightened when she saw Anna. She was poorly clad. Here was a chance of earning money!

"Lookin' for rooms, ma'am?" she said.

"I have some good ones to let."

"No," said Anna, carelessly. "We just stopped for—a glass of water."

"Why, sister!" exclaimed Bob, astonished at the deception.

She shook her head angrily at him to be silent, and when the woman left the room she whispered, "If she knew what I came for she would charge twice as high for the ware." Then she followed her hostess, who was opening a cupboard.

"You have some nice glasses there," she said.

"Yes; cost a dollar a dozen,"

"Very neat pattern indeed."

Anna turned the cheap, ugly shaped goblet in her hand, while her keen eye scanned the recess of the cupboard.

"Queer looking old china cup, that," she said. "May I see it? Thank you. What is it?"

"Some foreign kind of crockery. My husband brought it to me. I've been told it was worth considerable money."

"Ah? I shouldn't like to give much for it. It's a dingy looking bit of china. I think I would give seventy-five cents for it—just for the oddity."

"I couldn't let it go for less than a dollar," said the woman anxiously. "My husband gave it to me, but I do need money."

Anna laid the cup down, declaring that it was "dingy," but after some higgling she bought it for a dollar. She hurried away with it, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining.

"Cousin Bell gave twenty-five dollars for not half so good a specimen!" she cried exultantly, when they were on the road.

"Is this worth so much?" asked Bob gravely.

"It is worth more, but she did not know it."

"That was a pretty sharp trick of yours, Anna," said Tom thoughtfully, after a pause.

Anna laughed complacently. "Yes, I think so," she said.

When the lads were alone that night Bob said: "Anna said she would not acknowledge us as brothers if we stole money. Didn't she the same as steal that cup from the old woman if it was worth twenty-five dollars? If the old woman had known it she would not have let it go for a dollar. Anna took advantage of her ignorance. She really stole it."

"It looks like that," replied Tom.

"Well, then, I guess Anna wouldn't mind sharp tricks in business if we were men, Tom, would she?"

"No," said Tom.

The seed was planted which would reach a deadly growth hereafter, and Anna's talk about dishonesty was always thought of with derision.—Youth's Companion.

To Circumvent Moths.

This is the season when our innocent looking little enemies, the moths, do their destructive work—at least this is the beginning. The small, cream colored moths flying around should be destroyed. They do the mischief, depositing numbers of eggs in woolen and fur garments, carpets, curtains, upholstered furniture—nothing escapes them, and before we know the danger frequently our most cherished garment is riddled by these little pests.

The great trouble comes from not putting things away clean and free from the moth eggs. Articles slightly soiled are certain to attract moths. It is therefore well to wash everything that can be washed, like flannels and stockings. Coats, cloaks, furs and similar things should be cleaned and beaten and aired several times before finally putting away for the summer. When carpets are kept down during the summer, tar paper should be laid under the edges and the room swept carefully with a stiff broom once in a while, particularly the edges of the carpet, corners and seams.—Chicago News.

Intelligence in Mice.

The organs of hearing and smelling in mice are very efficient; but their eyesight is, we believe, poor. Their intelligence is, we should think, low, as might be expected from the paucity of convolutions in their brains. We suspended a tin of flour at such a height from the ground that our little friends could not quite jump into it, though the smell of the food made them very persevering in their endeavors to do so. We then arranged a string so that by a detour they could get at the good stuff that way.

One mouse by following that course attained to the desired goal, but evidently by chance, for being startled out of the tin, it continued for a long while to make futile efforts to recover its lost position by jumping up, never again seeking the road which had led it before to the object of its desire. For hours we have lain in bed watching mice trying in vain to spring into the tin of flour, none of them ever perceiving that there was a feasible road leading thereto.—Chambers' Journal.

The president of France, who is of course the best paid official of the republic, receives a salary of $120,000 a year, to which is added $60,000 for household expenses and $60,000 for traveling.

TALKING WITH MOLTKE.

EX-PRESIDENT ANDREW D. WHITE'S DESCRIPTION OF HIM.

He Met Him at a Reception in Berlin on the Occasion of the Golden Wedding of the Old Emperor William—Baron Nothomb's Felicitous Introduction.

By many people ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell university, ex-minister to Germany, is regarded as one of the best authorities on German affairs in the United States. Years of patient study and observation give great weight to his views on the new Germany of today.

Regarding the great German soldier and strategist the ex-president says:

I first saw Von Moltke just after my arrival at Berlin at the festivals attendant upon the golden wedding of the old Emperor William. The first of these was a great theatrical representation at the Royal Opera house, at which the emperor and empress and very nearly all the crowned heads of Germany, with representatives of the various royalties of Europe, were present, and besides these, attracting even more attention, Bismarck, Von Moltke and the leading generals of the Franco-Prussian war.

The appearance of these people comes back before me very vividly, but no one is more distinctly present to me than Von Moltke. He seemed absolutely different from every other personage in that great hall. He was a tall, spare man, his face a mixture of determination and kindliness, his whole appearance, as more than one person has said at various times, being that of an intelligent, kindly college professor or schoolmaster.

There was something singularly gentle about his whole bearing, yet it was impressive. He sat very quietly, exchanging some little conversation with his next neighbor, Manteuffel, the dreaded viceroy of Alsace-Lorraine. The contrast between the two was very marked—Manteuffel, apparently, all keenness and severity, Von Moltke firm, but gentle.

INTRODUCED BY BARON NOTHOMB.

When I next saw him it was at an evening gathering where there was not a large number present, and where I had the opportunity to converse with him. I was introduced to him by the dean of the diplomatic corps, Baron Nothomb, sometimes called "the father of constitutional liberty in continental Europe," a man of very wide political knowledge and who more than once, as I sat at the table, gave me accounts of his conversations with Talleyrand and other men of the first Napoleonic period.

Baron Nothomb in presenting me to Von Moltke took advantage of a little sketch published in one of the German newspapers, and said: "Sir Field Marshal, I wish to make you acquainted with a gentleman who was born in Homer, who lives in Syracuse and who has aided in founding a university at Ithaca."

At this Von Moltke laughed pleasantly, and evidently did not understand the allusion, whereupon I told him that in the earlier days of this country we had a way of naming our townships and villages after noted heroes of antiquity, but at present we did better, naming them after the great men of these times, and telling him that no doubt in the newer states he would find his own name and that of Bismarck attached to some of our younger towns. He seemed interested in this and talked on very pleasantly.

I look back to that evening as one of the most interesting during my stay in Germany.

MOLTKE IN PARLIAMENT.

At various other times I met Von Moltke, but do not recall anything of especial interest. No man was more free from the slightest tincture of vanity. As he walked through the streets and in the parks, going to and from the office of the general staff, he was undistinguishable save by his tall, scholarly form from the crowd of military men about him. He evidently wore just as little in the shape of orders and decorations as was permissible.

At court he was expected, of course, to appear in more splendid attire, but even then there was always the same quiet modesty and simplicity. He seemed to me in some respects "the noblest Roman of them all."

But perhaps his most impressive appearance was as a member of the imperial parliament. From time to time as I happened in to hear the discussions I saw him in his seat, quiet, imperturbable; but on two occasions I heard him speak, and on each of these his subject was the necessity of larger votes of money and men to maintain the military supremacy of Germany.

Nothing could be better in their way than these speeches of his. He looked and spoke as I could imagine Julius Cæsar looked and spoke in the Roman senate. Nothing could be more simple and yet nothing more effective. He was listened to by men of all parties with the utmost respect.

He seemed to stand in a sense aloof from all parties, and to be guided simply and solely by what he considered the best interests of the German empire. On hearing him speak one could not resist this conclusion, and as his manner was simple, voice good and statements very clear, direct and strong, but without the slightest tendency to exaggeration, his words carried great weight.

I remember hearing him say in substance in one of these speeches that Germany must be prepared for any emergency, and must maintain the very highest condition of military efficiency possible for at least fifty years. And I remember, too, with what a sort of solemnizing effect these words, quietly uttered, but evidently the result of conviction based on knowledge, had upon the audience. They seemed to carry a sense of responsibility to the heart of every person present.—New York Herald.

A cubic inch of any of the stones from which the palaces, churches and fine residences of Paris are built contains hundreds of thousands of fossils, so that it may with truth be said that Paris, together with its pavements and quays, is composed entirely of the shells of the miliolore.

Forgot to Carry.

A township treasurer in Ohio forgot to carry "9" in adding up his accounts, and the committee to look over his books found him $750 short, and nearly broke up his family before it was discovered where the error lay. The surprising thing about it is that he didn't "carry" the whole boodle to Mexico or somewhere else.—Detroit Free Press.

PINNED A WOMAN TO THE GROUND.

The Matter Made Less Serious by the Fact That She Wore Army Shoes.

Richard M. Sommers, the foreman of the roller department in the mint, was recently chatting with some of the men who had seen service in the late war, and, after relating an interesting adventure that had occurred in 1862, said:

But I never was so frightened in my life as I was the day I pinned a fair young rebel to the ground with my bayonet. I thought I had killed her.

The circumstances were these: In August, 1863, when the Philadelphia brigade was moving toward Mine Run, Va., I was detailed from my command, the Seventy-first Pennsylvania volunteers, known as Baker's California regiment, to watch a farmer who was believed to be a spy.

In order to throw him off his guard and also to enable me to learn the better whether he was a spy or not, I was instructed to report at his house, on the Mountain View farm, in Fauquier county, and state that I had come there by command of Colonel W. Penn Smith, in in order to protect his home from any straggling soldiers that might trespass with a view to foraging on the premises.

I was well received by the family, who, living in that out of the way country, were quite timid and in constant fear of the passing troops. I was housed there, and fed at their expense, and soon I realized that the hospitality of Virginia's first families was all that it was reported to be. The two pretty girls, sisters, one a blonde and the other a brunette, were at first a little shy of the "wild Yankee," as they called me, but we soon became friends, however, although they would persist in telling me the Confederate cause was just, and that the Union troops were invaders, and all that sort of thing.

The Mountain View farm covered a good many acres of ground, but the owner was poor at that time, and "sweet sixteen," as I called the pretty blonde, had no shoes with which to cover her well shaped little feet. Now I had a brand new pair of army shoes in my knapsack and a fairly good pair on my feet. I asked her if she would wear my new pair if I would make her a present of them. She seemed a little loath to accept them at first, not because of pride, but because she thought it unfair to take them from a soldier who might soon stand in need of them himself. But at last she did accept them, and was real well pleased to do so. Of course, they were a mile too big for her, but that didn't matter. She soon got used to them.

It used to be her custom to watch for foraging soldiers and then to send me after them to drive them away. One morning she said: "Oh, Yank! there is a forager out there. Don't you see him? There he goes under the trees over there."

I started out after the intruder, but I ran all over the part of the farm indicated without seeing any one. It was very warm, and I was very warm and tired when I returned. On seeing her I told her that I could find no one, when she laughed right in my face and said:

"I just fooled the wild Yank for fun." It was fun for her, but not for me. However, I laughed with her. Just then I put my gun down on the ground, as was my habit, bayonet downward, intending to stick it into the ground and thus let the piece stand reversed, but instead of that I stuck it through her shoe and pinned the beautiful girl fast!

I was never so frightened in my life as I was then. I would not have harmed the young woman for the world; she had become to me like a sister.

Maybe I wasn't glad when I saw a twinkle in her bright, blue eyes, and heard her sweet voice ringing in laughter as she said:

"Well, Yank, you did not hurt me a bit; you know these shoes are a trifle large for me, and your bayonet just went through the upper and sole without grazing my toes."

I was rejoiced to hear her talk that way, I assure you. I was taken away from there in a few days after that, it having been found that her father was not what he was suspected to be. But I often thought about that family, especially of one member, in my marches and in later years, but I never met again with any member of it. Not even with my pretty "sweet sixteen" friend, for I was engaged in a great deal of active service in the army, and when I was mustered out of it I returned to Philadelphia and never went back to Virginia.

BIG PINE HOTEL.

BIG PINE - CAL.

New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates

Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.

Special attention given to the wants of every guest.

Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

J. W. Murphy.

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,
nov-30-tf Independence,

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel
Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday	January 24th
"	February 21st
"	March 21st
"	April 18th
"	May 23rd
"	June 20th
"	July 18th
"	August 15th
"	September 12th
"	October 17th
"	November 14th
"	December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.

Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the the following described stock, on account of assessment No. 6, levied on the 27th day of June, 1891, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. Cert.	No. Sh's.	Am't
Mrs. John Baxter..	20	50	10 00
A. W. Eibeshutz...	73	100	20 00
" " ...	74	150	30 00
T. C. Boland.....	72	100	20 00
E. Robinson.....	58	75	15 00
" "	59	125	25 00
John Alexander, Tr	77	250	50 00
W. H. Jenkins.....	30	100	20 00
" "	31	100	20 00
" "	33	100	20 00
" "	36	64	12 80
W. J. Jenkins.....	55	100	20 00
" "	56	100	20 00
" "	57	100	20 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 27th day of June, 1891, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Stevens Ditch Company, Independence, California, on Monday, the 24th day of August, 1891, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

P. H. MACK,
Secretary.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGANACIA ABECHUCO,
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.
Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL.] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL
TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $25 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of typewriting. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.

WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt an furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,

Address, P. W. FORBES,
P. H. MACK, Bishop, Cal.
Independence, Cal.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY AUGUST 7 .....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 1.00¼
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20.40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY, August 1, 1891.

Rhine vs. Thiebaut—Clerk's entry of default.

Johnson vs. Mairs—Filed demurrer to amended complaint.

TUESDAY, August 4, 1891.

Rhine vs. Thiebaut — Filed decree of foreclosure and order of sale.

Johnson et als. vs. Miller—Clerk's entry of default.

Estate of C. D. Begole, deceased—Order confirming sale of real and personal property.

WEDNESDAY, August 5, 1891.

Frank Silva vs. Southern Development Co.—Entered order dismissing action.

Broder et als. vs. Conklin—Filed order changing place of further trial.

P. Reddy vs. W. F. Matlack, administrator of estate of J. C. Eddy, deceased, et als.—Filed complaint and issued summons.

A. Stecker vs. Andrew Fyfe et als.—Filed amended complaint.

Rhine vs. Thiebaut—Entered decree of foreclosure and order of sale.

THURSDAY, August 5, 1891.

Ah Sing vs. O. H. Hill—Issued execution.

BORN.

MULHOLLAND—At Independence, July 31st to Mr. and Mrs. Irv. H. Mulholland, a daughter.

Neil McLain and wife were up from Lone Pine early in the week.

There are no end of young quail in the Valley. Shooting should be very good this fall.

If you want to see a lovely place take a look at Densmore's orchard at Camp Independence.

Buggies, carts and harness for sale cheap or will exchange for hay and grain. Inquire at this office.

C. S. Swan returned to Independence on Tuesday after a lengthy visit through the Southern counties.

Parties who have been to Onion Valley report the fishing to be very poor. The fish are small and few of them.

Saddle horses are in brisk demand by camping parties. Several parties will go into the mountains during the next few days.

Jones & Son expect to start the Maxim mill about the 20th on a run of ore from Black Canyon. A. R. Jones was in town during the week.

Rev. H. J. Winsor has been returned by the M. E. Conference to the Independence charge. He is expected to arrive with his family to-day.

A letter received from Darwin states that matters are progressing very nicely at the Defiance mine. The Independence mine is also showing up very well.

The Crocker brothers are rapidly disposing of their property about Big Pine. The Naylor ranch was sold last week to A. K. Eugley. It is reported that they expect to remove to Arizona.

A. J. Church arrived on Wednesday's train from Hawthorne. Mr. and Mrs. Church intend joining a camping party and spending a couple of weeks in the high Sierras west of Independence.

George Mead and Gene Mallory passed through Independence yesterday with a ten-horse team en route for bishop from Mojave. They had on about 16,000 pounds of freight, most of it being for J. H. Bulpit. This team has been making regular trips to Mojave for some time past.

The State Board of Examines, at a meeting held on the 28th ult., had under consideration the payment of the bounty on coyote scalps. In the absence of the Governor no determination was reached, but it is probable that the Board will hold the law unconstitutional and the bounty will not be paid.

The town of Genoa, Nevada, was visited by a terriffic cloud-burst on the 28th ult. The rushing waters carried with them boulders weighing upward of a ton each, and water and mud stood three feet deep in the business houses. Damage is reported to have done to the extent of about ten thousand dollars.

Huile & Shoemaker have things well under way at the Blackrock sawmill and are turning out lumber. The best grade of picked lumber will be sold at the dump for $27.00 per thousand; prices of other grades will be made known on application. They are getting out a good grade of material and the price is placed at the lowest living rates. See their advertisement.

Artesian Well Boring

A few days ago a telegram in the Bakersfield *Californian* mentioned that an artesian well had been bored in Antelope Valley by some new process successfully and that no casing had been used. The facts as they have recently transpired are that a man brought a hydraulic artesian well machine from Colorado to Antelope Valley, sunk a hole there in one day 260 feet and got a good flow of artesian water. He only used 20 feet of casing at the surface. This well has been sunk over two weeks and is now spouting out a volume of soft, clear water, increasing in volume with time. It was sunk at a cost of five cents per foot and much of the time at the rate of a foot per minute. There is no country in the world where there are better indications of artesian water than in Owens Valley. Springs sound throughout the Valley; there is an extensive watershed and the pressure is enormous.

That Indian Affair.

Commenting on an article published in the INDEPENDENT two weeks ago the Kern county *Gazette* says:

An item in this issue, taken from the INYO INDEPENDENT, relates to the capture of the Indian who killed Constable Powers. The murderer is now confined in the Bakersfield jail. The INDEPENDENT speaks of a reward and indirectly intimates that while a reward should be paid for the capture of the assassin, our county may be inclined to shirk the responsibility. Drawing such conclusions in advance is hardly proper. When did the INDEPENDENT ever know of Kern county refusing to do what is just? From a legal standpoint there are no obligations resting against this county in the matter at present. From the report a citizen and an Indian made the capture. By virtue of those protections vouchsafed by our constitution and laws, every citizen is expected to do his duty to the county or State. If he knows of the whereabouts of a law-breaker it is his duty to do all in in his power to secure the capture of such law-breaker, and his reward comes in the protection given to him which he has assisted in extending to others. "Equal rights and equal burdens to all" should be considered by all citizens, and it is scarcely doing an American citizen right to surmise that every time he performs a good deed he will rise to his full height, and striking himself on the breast exclaim: "Behold, I have done a good and noble deed; now pay me for it." And the man who has done right merely for the pay that is in it, can scarcely be reckoned with the best citizens. But, nevertheless, it is probable that Kern county will pay the capturers of the red-handed murderer for the expense and time they have been out in bringing him to justice.

The event proves that the INYO was just about right in its surmise that the talk about five hundred dollars reward was mere gas. If Kern county was never known to shirk a responsibility, or act unjustly, before this, a lively precedent is certainly being set now. The capturers of the "red handed murderer" are out their time and money and see no prospect of getting any of it back. McDonough is a poor man and can ill afford to lose any money. As for the Indians who assisted him, they should be paid in any event and given every encouragement to assist the whites in similar emergencies. Without their assistance the slayer of Constable Powers of Kern county would be at liberty. The blatherskite in the *Gazette* about constitutional rights and duties of citizens amounts to a lame excuse for a petty meanness. Were the murderer still at large there is no doubt but a considerable reward would be offered; now that he is taken the men who risked their lives and climbed mountain trails that would make a Kern countyite's hair stand on end to get him, and were out cash for railroad fare and other expenses to boot, may whistle for their just dues.

Meteorological Summary.

Following is the report of the Weather Bureau Station at Keeler for the month of July, 1891.

Mean barometer.....29.784
Highest barometer.....30.004
Lowest barometer.....29.607
Mean temperature.....81.6
Highest temperature, 29th.....100.
Lowest temperature, 1st.....57.
Greatest daily range temp'ture, 15t, 31.
Least daily range temperature, 27th, 16.
Prevailing direction of wind, East.
Total movemement of wind, 4092 miles.
Extreme velocity of wind, direction and date, 40 miles N. E. on 27th.
Total precipitation, 0.06 inches.
Number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell, 1.
Number of cloudless days.....19
Partly cloudy days.....7
Cloudy days.....5

H. E. WILKINSON,
Weather Bureau, Observer.

O. I. Mairs and Mrs. H. E. Jiggens returned on Monday's train from Colusa county. Harry Jiggens was preparing to close the store where he was employed about nine o'clock in the evening when he was stricken down and never regained consciousness. It was necessary that the funeral should take place before Mr. Mairs could arrive, and he was buried at Maxwell, where he died.

The much talked of race between Tenny and Longstreet was won last Saturday by the latter. Tenny is an unlucky brute in his match races—may be so. Anyway the dear public is invariably let down for big money in slow time.

A Quick Cure For Rheumatism.

In many cases persons subject to rheumatism, have got prompt relief from pain by applying Chamberlain's Pain-Balm. The relief it affords is alone worth many times its cost, which is but 50 cents, and its continued application effects a complete cure. For sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

Well Merited Praise.

In almost every neighborhood there is some one or more persons whose lives have been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, or who have been cured of chronic diarrhœa by it. Such persons take special pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise that follows the introduction and use makes it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

LUMBER FOR SALE

Huile & Shoemaker,

LESSEES OF

BLACKROCK SAWMILL,

Clear lumber, at the dump, $27.00 per thousand. Second class lumber, slabs and edgings for sale cheap. Inquire for our prices.

HUILE & SHOEMAKER.

A Suggestion.

If you are troubled with rheumatism or a lame back, allow us to suggest that you try the following simple remedy. Take a piece of flannel the size of the two hands, saturate it with Chamberlain's Pain-Balm and bind it over the seat of pain. It will produce a pleasant warmth and relieve you of all pain. Many severe cases have been cured in this way. The Pain-Balm can be obtained from

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent.

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS.
O. I. MAIRS.

BLACKSMITHING,

Horseshoeing, General Iron

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP

Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing.....$2.00 for Cash

For particulars, call and see W. F. MATLACK.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for

Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:

Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

INDEPENDENCE MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons. j19-tf

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FIFTH

Annual Fair,

18th

Agricultural District

1891,

ALPINE, MONO & INYO

—WILL BE HELD AT—

-BISHOP-

Inyo County.

SEPT. 29 & 30,

OCT. 1 & 2.

$2,000 in Premiums.

$800 in Purses.

For particulars see pamphlet and Premium List.

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WINES,
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INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

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Together with an Assortment of

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Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

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Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
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Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
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JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

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The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

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All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points Of the C. & C. Railroad.

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Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

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BELL'S Flouring Mills,

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EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

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Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

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Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House No. 1	To Mound House No. 2
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m.
Dayton.....	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska.....	2:05 p. m.	2 50 p. m.
Hawthorne.....	5:50 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Luning.....	7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs.....	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m.
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3.	No. 4.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Belleville.....	8 20 a. m.	5:25 p m.
Benton.....	11:50 a. m.	1:35 a. m.
Bishop Creek.....	2:00p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord.....	2.45 p. m.	10.00 a. m.
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.	8:20 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar. 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

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At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leavin Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver P Montezuma Alida Valley, Good Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
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OF

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Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc

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CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

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KEELER, CAL.

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All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

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Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CGARS

The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

What is lacking is truth and confidence.

If there were absolute truth on the one hand and absolute confidence on the other, it wouldn't be necessary for the makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy to back up a plain statement of fact by a $500 guarantee.

They say—"If we can't cure *you* (make it personal, please,) of catarrh in the head, in any form or stage, we'll pay you $500 for your trouble in making the trial."

"An advertising fake," you say.

Funny, isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee *absolute*.

Wise men don't put *money* back of "fakes."

And "faking" doesn't pay.

Magical little granules—those tiny, sugar-coated Pellets of Dr. Pierce—scarcely larger than mustard seeds, yet powerful to cure—active yet mild in operation. The best Liver Pill ever invented. Cure sick headache, dizziness, constipation. One a dose.

How would it do to have two kinds of money—a cheap kind for our creditors and a high kind for our debtors?

CHANGES OF CLIMATE

Kill more people than is generally known. Particularly is this the case in instances where the constitution is delicate, and among our immigrant population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail at certain seasons of the year. The best preparative for a change of climate, or of diet and water which that change necessitates, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, a variable temperature, damp, and the debilitating effects of tropical heat, but is also the leading remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, bodily troubles specially apt to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and tourists. Whether used as a safeguard by sea voyagers, travelers by land, miners, or of agriculturists in newly populated districts, this fine specific has elicited the most favorable testimony.

Advice to stage-struck young ladies: Think before you act.

Rochester, N. Y., April 22, 1886.

GENTLEMEN:—It is with pleasure I add my testimonial to the many well-known cures which your most excellent remedy has effected. For more than two years I was a great sufferer with rheumatism, being scarcely free from pain during the time. I found no relief until I procured Dr. Pardee's remedy, and it cured me completely. It is now two years since I discontinued its use and I have had no symptoms of the disease since. I know from my own and from the experience of many others also, that it will cure any case of rheumatism or neuralgia.

I am, very truly yours,
MRS. H. S. BONESTEELE.

Syracuse, N. Y.

GENTS:—I have been troubled with Rheumatism for three years, at times very badly afflicted; was in that condition about two weeks ago, when I got a bottle of Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, and in three days time was greatly relieved, and have not been troubled with it since I finished this bottle. I feel like recommending it in the highest terms, as I believe it will do all that is claimed for it.

Yours truly,
JOHN BLODGETT,
62 Madison St.

Syracuse, N. Y.

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Yours truly,
JOHN BLODGETT,
62 Madison St.

The wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them.

BASE BALL,

Pains and Aches
—AND—
THE BEST REMEDY
ARE INSEPARABLE.
FOR THE PROMPT, SURE CURE OF
Sprains, Bruises, Hurts,
Cuts, Wounds, Backache,
RHEUMATISM,
ST. JACOBS OIL
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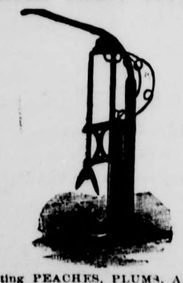

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For sale by all hardware stores.

Delivered at your Express office on receipt of price. Farnsworth & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

THE SPLENDID SPUR.

Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

Now I myself had felt somewhat cold inside when the guns began roaring; but this set me right in a trice. I whipped a pistol out of my sash and put the cold ring to his ear; and he scrambled up, and was a very lion all the rest of the day.

But now we had again to change our course, for to my dismay I saw a line of sharpshooters moving down among the gorse bushes to take the Cornishmen in flank. And 'twas lucky we had but a little way farther to go, for these skirmishers, thinking perhaps from my dress and our running thus that we bore some message, opened fire on us; and, though they were bad marksmen, 'twas ugly to see their bullets pattering into the turf to right and left.

We caught up the very last line of the ascending troop—lean, hungry looking men, with wan faces, but shouting lustily. I think they were about three hundred in all. "Come on, lad," called out a bearded fellow with a bandage over one eye, making room for me at his side; "there's work for plenty more!"—and a minute after a shot took him in the ribs, and he screamed out, "Oh, my God!" and, flinging up his arms, leaped a foot in the air and fell on his face.

But in the midst of this skurry I heard the sound of cheering. 'Twas Sir John Berkeley's troop (till now posted under cover of the hedges below) that had come to our support; and the rebels, fearing to advance too far, must have withdrawn again behind their earthwork, for after a while the pressure eased a bit, and, to my amaze, the troop which but a minute since was a mere huddled crowd formed in some order afresh and once more began to climb. This time I had a thick set pikeman in front of me, with a big wen at the back of his neck that seemed to fix all my attention. And up we went, I counting the beat of my heart, that was already going hard and short with the work; and then, amid the rattle and thunder of their guns, we stopped again.

I had taken no notice of it, but in the confusion of the first repulse the greater part of our men had been thrust past me, so that now I found myself no farther back than the fourth rank, and at the very foot of the earthwork, up the which our leaders were flung like a wave, and soon I was scrambling after them, ankle deep in the sandy earth, the man with the wen just ahead, grinding my instep with his heel, and poking his pike staff between my knees as he slipped.

And just at the moment when the top of our wave was cleaving a small breach above us he fell on the flat of his pike, with his nose buried in the gravel and his hands clutching. Looking up, I saw a tall rebel straddling above him with musket clubbed to beat his brains out, whom with an effort I caught by the boot, and, the bank slipping at that instant, down we all slid in a heap, a jumble of arms and legs, to the very bottom.

Before I had the sand well out of my eyes my comrade was up and had his pike loose, and in a twinkling the rebel was spitted through the middle and writhing. 'Twas sickening; but before I could pull out my pistol and end his pain (as I was minded) back came our front rank a-top of us again, and down they were driven like sheep, my companion catching up the dead man's musket and ammunition bag and I following down the slope with three stout rebels at my heels. "What will be the end of this?" thought I.

The end was that after forty yards or so, finding the foremost close upon me, I turned about and let fly with my pistol at him. He spun round twice and dropped, which I was wondering at—the pistol being but a poor weapon for aim—when I was caught by the arm and pulled behind a clump of bushes handy by. 'Twas the man with the wen, and by his smoking musket I knew that 'twas he had fired the shot that killed my pursuer.

"Good turn for good turn," says he; "quick with thy other pistol!"

The other two had stopped doubtfully, but at the next discharge of my pistol they turned tail and went up the hill again, and we were left alone. And suddenly I grew aware that my head was aching fit to split, and lay down on the turf, very sick and ill.

'Twould be tedious to tell the whole of this long fight, which, beginning soon after sunrise, ended not till 4 in the afternoon, or thereabouts; and, indeed, of the whole my recollection is but of continual advance and repulse on that same slope.

But at 3 o'clock, we, having been for the sixth time beaten back, were panting under cover of a hedge, and Sir John Berkeley, near by, was writing on a drumhead some message to the camp, when there comes a young man on horseback, his face smeared with dirt and dust, and rides up to him and Sir Bevill. 'Twas (I have since learned) to say that the powder was all spent but a barrel or two; but this only the captains knew at the time.

"Very well, then," cries Sir Bevill, leaping up gayly. "Come along, boys—we must do it this time." And, the troop forming, once more the trumpets sounded the charge, and up we went. Away along the slope we heard the other trumpeters sounding in answer, and I believe 'twas a sursum corda! to all of us.

Billy Pottery was ranged on my right, in the first rank, and next to me, on the other side, a giant, near seven foot high, who said his name was Anthony Payne and his business to act as body servant to Sir Bevill. And he it was that struck up a mighty curious song in the Cornish tongue, which the rest took up with a will. 'Twas incredible how it put fire into them all; and Sir Bevill tossed his hat into the sky, and after him like schoolboys we pelted, straight for the masses ahead.

For now over the rampart came a company of red musketeers, and two of russet clad pikemen, charging down on us. A moment, and we were crushed back; another, and the chant rose again. We were grappling, hand to hand, in the midst of their files.

But, good lack! What use is swordsmanship in a charge like this? The first red coat that encountered me I had spitted through the lung, and, carried on by the rush, he twirled me round like a windmill. In an instant I was passed; the giant stepping before me and clearing a space about him, using his pike as if 'twere a flail. With a wrench I tugged my sword out and followed. I saw Sir Bevill, a little to the left, beaten to his knee and carried towards me. Stretching out a hand I pulled him on his feet again, catching, as I did so, a crack on the skull that would have ended me had not Billy Pottery put up his pike and broke the force of it. Next, I remember gripping another red coat by the beard and thrusting at him with shortened blade. Then the giant ahead lifted his pike high, and we fought to rally round it; and with that I seemed caught off my feet and swept forward—and we were on the crest.

Taking breath, I saw the enemy melting off the summit like a man's breath off a pane. And Sir Bevill caught my hand and pointed across to where, on the north side, a white standard embroidered with gold griffins was mounting.

"'Tis dear Nick Slanning!" he cried; "God be praised—the day is ours for certain!"

CHAPTER XVII.

I MEET WITH A HAPPY ADVENTURE.

The rest of this signal victory—in which seventeen hundred prisoners were taken, besides the Maj. Gen. Chudleigh, and all the rebels' camp, cannon and victuals—I leave historians to tell. For very soon after the rout was assured (the plain below full of men screaming and running, and Col. John Digby's dragoons after them, chasing, cutting and killing), a wet muzzle was thrust into my hand, and, turning, I found Molly behind me, with the groom to whom I had given her in the morning. The rogue had counted on a crown for his readiness, and swore the mare was ready for anything, he having mixed half a pint of strong ale with her mash, not half an hour before.

So I determined to see the end of it, and, paying the fellow, climbed into the saddle. On the summit the Cornish captains were now met and cordially embracing. 'Tis very sad in these latter times to call back their shouts and boyish laughter, so soon to be quenched on Lansdowne slopes or by Bristol graff. Yet, O favored ones! to chase Victory, to grasp her fluttering skirt, and so, with warm, panting cheeks, kissing her, to fall, escaping evil days!

How could they laugh? For me the late passionate struggle left me shaken with sobs, and for the starting tears I saw neither moors around, nor sun, nor twinkling sea. Brushing them away, I was aware of Billy Pottery striding at my stirrup and munching at a biscuit he had found in the rebels' camp.

We, the descent being gentle, broke into a run, in hopes to catch up with Col. John Digby's dragoons, that already were far across the next vale. The slope around us was piled with dead and dying, whereof four out of every five were rebels; and cruelly they cursed us as we passed them by. Night was coming on apace; and here already we were in deep shadow, but could see the yellow sun on the hills beyond. We crossed a stream at the foot, and were climbing again. Behind us the cheering yet continued, though fainter; and fainter grew the cries and shouting in front. Soon we turned into a lane over a steep hedge, under the which two or three stout rebels were cowering. As we came tumbling almost a-top of them they ran yelling, and we let them go in peace.

The lane gradually led us to westward, out of the main line of the rout, and past a hamlet where every door was shut and all silent. And at last a slice of the sea fronted us, between two steeply shelving hills. On the crest of the road, before it plunged down towards the coast, was a wagon lying against the hedge, with the horses gone; and beside it, stretched across the road, an old woman. Stopping, we found her dead, with a sword-thrust through the left breast; and inside the wagon a young man lying, with his jaw bound up—dead also. And how this sad spectacle happened here, so far from the battle field, was more than we could guess.

I was moving away, when Billy, that was kneeling in the road, chanced to cast his eyes up towards the sea, and, dropping the dead woman's hand, scrambled on his feet and stood looking, with a puzzled face.

Following his gaze, I saw a small sloop, moving under shortened canvas, about two miles from the land. She made a pleasant sight, with the last rays of sunlight flanning on her sails; but for Billy's perturbation I could not account, so turned an inquiring glance to him.

"Suthin' i' the wind out yonder," was his answer. "What's a sloop doing on that ratch so close in by the point? Be danged! but there she goes again;" as the little vessel swung off a point or two farther from the breeze that was breathing softly up channel. "Time to sup, lad, for the both of us," he broke off, shortly.

Indeed, I was faint with hunger by this time, yet had no stomach to eat thus close to the dead. So, turning into a gate on our left hand, we crossed two or three fields, and sat down to sup off Billy's biscuits, the mare standing quietly beside us and cropping the short grass.

The field where we now found ourselves ran out along the top of a small promontory and ended, without fence of any sort, at the cliff's edge. As I sat, looking southward, I could only observe the sloop by turning my head, but Billy, who squatted over against me, hardly took his eyes off her, and between this and his meal was too busy to speak a word. For me, I had enough to do thinking over the late fight; and, being near worn out, had half a mind to spend the night there on the hard turf; for, though the sun was now down and the landscape gray, yet the air was exceeding warm; and albeit, as I have said, there breathed a light breeze now and then, 'twas hardly cool enough to dry the sweat off me. So I stretched myself out, and found it very pleasant to lie still; nor, when Billy stood up and sauntered off towards the far end of the headland, did I stir more than to turn my head and lazily watch him.

He was gone half an hour at the least, and the sky by this time was so dark that I had lost sight of him, when, rising on my elbow to look around, I noted a curious red glow at a point where the turf broke off, not three hundred yards behind me, and a thin smoke curling up in it, as it seemed, from the very face of the cliff below. In a minute or so the smoke ceased almost, but the shine against the sky continued steady, though not very strong. "Billy has lit a fire," I guessed, and was preparing to go and look, when I spied a black form crawling towards me, and presently saw 'twas Billy himself.

Coming close, he halted, put a finger to his lip and beckoned, then began to lead the way back as he had come.

Thought I, "these are queer doings," but left Molly to browse and crept after him on hands and knees. He turned his head once to make sure I was following, and then scrambled on quicker, but softly, towards the point where the red glow was shining.

Once more he pulled up—as I judged about twelve paces' distance from the edge—and, after considering for a second, began to move again, only now he worked a little to the right. And soon I saw the intention of this; for just here the cliff's lip was cleft by a fissure—very like that in Scawfell which we were used to call the Lord's Rake, only narrower—that ran back into the field and shelved out gently at the top, so that a man might easily scramble some way down it, though how far I could not then tell. And 'twas from this fissure that the glow came.

Along the right lip of this Billy led me, skirting it by a couple of yards and wriggling on his belly like a blindworm. Crawling closer now (for 'twas hard to see him against the black turf), I stopped beside him and strove to quiet the violence of my breathing. Then, after a minute's pause, together we pulled ourselves to the edge and peered over.

The descent of the gully was broken, some eight feet below us, by a small ledge, sloping outwards about six feet (as I guess), and screened by branches of the wild tamarisk. At the back, in an angle of the solid rock, was now set a pan pierced with holes, and full of burning charcoal; and over this a man in the rebels' uniform was stooping.

He had a small paper parcel in his left hand, and was blowing at the charcoal with all his might. Holding my breath, I heard him clearly, but could see nothing of his face, for his back was towards us, all sable against the glow. The charcoal fumes as they rose choked me so that I was very near a fit of coughing, when Billy laid one hand on my shoulder, and with the other pointed out to seaward.

Looking that way, I saw a small light shining on the sea, pretty close in. 'Twas a lantern hung out from the sloop, as I concluded on the instant; and now I began to have an inkling of what was toward.

But looking down again at the man with the charcoal pan, I saw a black head of hair lifted, and then a pair of red puffed cheeks, and a pimpled nose with a scar across the bridge of it—all shining in the glare of the pan.

"Powers of heaven!" I gasped; "'tis that bloody villain Luke Settle!"

And, springing to my feet, I took a jump over the edge and came sprawling on top of him. The scoundrel was stooping with his nose close to the pan, and had not time to turn before I lit with a thud on his shoulders, flattening him on the ledge and nearly sending his face on top of the live coals. 'Twas so sudden that, before he could so much as think, my fingers were about his windpipe and the both of us struggling flat on the brink of the precipice. For he had a bull's strength and heaved and kicked, so that I fully looked, next moment, to be flying over the edge into the sea; nor could I loose my grip to get out a pistol, but only held on and worked my fingers in, and thought how he had strangled the mastiff that night on the bowling green, and vowed to serve him the same if only strength held out.

But now, just as he had almost twisted his neck free, I heard a stone or two break away above us, and down came Billy Pottery flying atop of us, and pinned us to the ledge.

'Twas short work now. Within a minute, Capt. Luke Settle was turned on his back, his eyes fairly starting with Billy's clutch on his throat, his mouth wide open and gasping; till I slipped the nozzle of my pistol between his teeth; and with that he had no more chance, but gave in, and like a lamb submitted to have his arms trussed behind him with Billy's leathern belt and his legs with his own.

"Now," said I, standing over him, and putting the pistol against his temple, "you and I, Master Turncoat Settle, have some accounts that 'twould be well to square. So first tell me, what do you here, and where is Mistress Delia Killigrew?"

I think that till this moment the bully had no idea his assailants were more than a chance couple of Cornish troopers. But now, seeing the glow of the burning charcoal on my face, he ripped out a horrid blasphemous curse, and straightway fell to speaking calmly.

"Good sirs, the game is yours, with care. S'lid! but you hold a pretty hand—if only you know how to play it."

"'Tis you shall help me, captain; but let us be clear about the stakes. For you, 'tis life or death; for me, 'tis to regain Mistress Delia, failing which I shoot you here through the head and topple you into the sea. You are the knave of trumps, sir, and I play that card; as matters now stand, only the queen can save you."

"Right; but where be king and ace?"

"The king is the Cornish army yonder; the ace is my pistol here, which I hold."

"And that's a very pretty comprehension of the game, sir; I play the queen."

"Where is she?"

For answer, he pointed seaward, where the sloop's lantern lay like a floating star on the black waters.

"What!" cried I. "Mistress Delia in that sloop! And who is with her, pray?"

"Why, Black Dick, to begin with—and Reuben Gedges—and Jeremy Toy."

"All the knaves left in the pack—God help her!" I muttered, as I looked out towards the light, and my heart beat heavily. "God help her!" I said again, and, turning, spied a grin on the captain's face.

"Under Providence," answered he, "your unworthy servant may suffice. But what is my reward to be?"

"Your neck," said I, "if I can save it when you are led before the Cornish captains."

"That's fair enough; so listen. These few months the lady has been shut in Bristol Keep, whither, by the advice of our employer, we conveyed her back safe and sound. This same employer"——

"A dirty rogue, whom you may as well call by his name—Hannibal Tingcorib."

"Right, young sir; a very dirty rogue, and a niggardly; I hate a mean rascal. Well, fearing her second escape from that prison, and being hand in glove with the parliament men, he gets her on board a sloop bound for the Virginias, just at the time when he knows the Earl of Stamford is to march and crush the Cornishmen. For escort she has the three comrades of mine that I named; and the captain of the sloop (a fellow that asks no questions) has orders to cruise along the coast hereabouts till he gets news of the battle."

"Which you were just now about to give him," cried I, suddenly enlightened.

"Right again. 'Twas a pretty scheme; for—d'ye see!—if all went well with the Earl of Stamford, the king's law would be wiped out in Cornwall, and Master Tingcomb (with his claims and meritorious services) might snap his thumb thereat. So, in that case, Mistress Delia was to be brought ashore here and taken to him, to serve as he fancied. But if the day should go against us—as it has—she was to sail to the Virginias with the sloop, and there be sold as a slave. Or worse might happen; but I swear that is the worst was ever told me."

"God knows 'tis vile enough," said I, scarce able to refrain from blowing his brains out. "So you were to follow the earl's army, and work the signals? Which are they?" For a quick resolve had come into my head, and I was casting about to put it into execution.

"A green light if we won; if not, a red light, to warn the sloop away."

I picked up the packet that had dropped from his hand when first I sprang upon him. It was burst abroad, and a brown powder trickled from it about the ledge.

"This was the red light—to be sprinkled on the burning charcoal, I suppose?"

The fellow nodded. At the same moment Billy (who as yet had not spoke a word and, of course, understood nothing) thrust into my hand another packet that he had found stuck in a corner against the rock.

"Now tell me—in case the rebels won where was the landing to be made?"

"In the cove below here—where the road leads down."

"Ay, the road where the wagon stood."

Capt. Luke Settle blinked his eyes at this, but nodded after a moment.

"And how many would escort her?"

He caught my drift and laughed softly.

"Be damned, sir, but I begin to love you, for you play the game very proper and soundly. Reuben, Jeremy and Black Dick alone are in the plot, so why should more escort her? For the skipper and crew have their own business to look after."

"Then, Master Settle, though it be a sore trial to you, those three knaves you must give me, or I play my ace," and I pressed the ring of my pistol sharply against his ear as a reminder.

"With all my heart, young sir, you shall have them," says he, briskly.

"And this is 'honor among thieves,'" thought I; "you would sell your comrade as you sold your king;" but only said: "If you cry out, or speak one word to warn them"——

Before I could get my sentence out, Billy Pottery broke in with a voice like a trumpet:

"As folks go, Jack, I be a humorous man. But sittin' here an' ponderin' this way an' that, I says, in my deaf an' afflicted style, 'Why not shoot the ugly rogue, if mirth, indeed, be your object?' For to wait till an uglier comes to this untraveled spot is superfluity."

How to explain matters to Billy was more than I could tell, but in a moment he himself supplied the means. For the rocks here were of some kind of slate, very hard, but scaly; and finding two pieces, a large and a small, he handed them to me, bawling that I was to write therewith. So, giving him my pistol, I made shift to scribble a few words. Seeing his eyes twinkle as he read I stood up.

The charcoal by this time was a glowing mass of red and threw so clear a light on us that I feared the crew on board the sloop might see our forms and suspect their misadventure. But the lantern still hung steadily; so, signing to Billy to drag our prisoner behind a tamarisk bush, I opened the second packet and poured some of the powder into my hand.

It was composed of tiny crystals, yellow and flaky; and, holding it, for a moment I was possessed with a horrid fear that this might be the signal to warn the sloop away. I flung a look at the captain, who read my thoughts on the instant.

"Never fear, young sir; am no such hero as to sell my life for that tag-rag. Only make haste, for your deaf friend has a cursed ugly way of fumbling his pistol."

So, taking heart, I tore the packet wide, and shook out the powder on the coals.

Instantly there came a dense, choking vapor, and a vivid green flare that turned the rocks, the sky and our faces to a ghastly brilliance. For two minutes, at least, this unnatural light lasted. As soon as it died away and the fumes cleared, I looked seaward.

The lantern on the sloop was moving in answer to the signal. Three times it was lifted and lowered; and then in the stillness I heard voices calling, and soon after the regular splash of oars.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

SOME NEW LIFE IN THE WHOLESALE TRADE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A new hardware concern has just been started under the name of Miller, Sloss & Scott, in San Francisco, to do a jobbing business only.

They have secured the four-story building, Nos. 12, 14 and 16 Pine street, formerly occupied by Messrs. J. C. Johnson & Co.

The building has been completely fitted up for their business, having three hydraulic elevators to facilitate the handling of goods, two of which have been just constructed.

The firm was incorporated May 19th, and is composed of Charles E. Miller, President; A. W. Milligan, 1st Vice-President; John A. Scott, 2d Vice-President; Joseph Sloss, Secretary and Treasurer. These officers, with A. L. Scott and Leon Sloss, constitute the Board of Directors.

Chas. E. Miller, the President, is a native Californian, and well-known among hardware dealers on the Pacific Coast. Starting as an office boy with Hooker & Co., he served them seven years, and in 1876 entered the service of Dunham, Carrigan & Co., in whose employ he continued for a term of fifteen years, leaving there last month to engage in the new enterprise headed with his name.

A. W. Milligan, the first Vice-President, has, until the incorporation of Miller, Sloss & Scott, been connected with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co.'s New York branch, in charge of their iron, steel and pipe department. He represents the new concern at 145 Broadway, N. Y., and attends to all its purchases and placing of orders in the Eastern States.

John A. Scott and A. Lowndes Scott have also been identified with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co., and with their opportunities have acquired a large acquaintance among the trade, both in the city and throughout the coast.

Joseph Sloss, the Secretary and Treasurer, will have control of the office and financial department, being specially fitted for this work through his experience of several years in the Anglo-Californian Bank, L'd.

Messrs. Joseph and Leon Sloss are sons of Mr. Louis Sloss, whose name is known in all business circles in the West, as prominent in many of the leading industries and the progress of that section of the country.

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, August 14, 1891.

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MONOTONY IN FARM LIFE.

The Farmers Themselves to Blame for it.

PLAIN TALK TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Give the Women a Chance to Manage Things.

That "variety is the spice of life" is very generally admitted. Yet farmers, as a class, do not get as much of the spice of variety as they should. Their lives are often monotonous almost beyond endurance. It must be confessed, however, that farmers are themselves largely to blame for this monotony. The isolation of the farmer's home is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of social enjoyment he has to deal with. It is our duty to one another to cultivate social habits! to visit each other's homes, compare notes and make suggestions as to the best methods of farming, etc. Nor does our duty end at this neighborly intercourse. Our first obligations, like charity, begin at home. We should make the farm home just as attractive as our means will allow.

How many farm homes are utterly devoid of attractions! The house is unpainted and uninviting; the fences are dilapidated; the gates have sagged down to the ground; the entire surroundings are dreary in the extreme. In the yard grow noxious weeds, where roses and other ornamental plants should be seen. Scrubby bushes stand where a neat grass plat should be. Instead of an orchard of beautiful fruit trees we see here and there, at long intervals, a few broken limbed, neglected apple and peach trees and a dense thicket of plum bushes hard by.

The adjacent fields have been cultivated for years in the same crops, plowed by the same shallow running plows, and producing their steadily decreasing little crops of corn or cotton. No manure has ever been applied since the land was first cleared. The same round of drudgery has been gone through with year after year; the same cry of "hard times" has always been heard on this farm, and the same doleful expression has been seen on the farmers' face for years past. Indeed, this lugubrious expression seems to have settled down to stay, and stay it doubtless will until the grave shall close over his weary form.

The work stock receives but a scanty and monotonous ration of corn and fodder, while the milch cows have to subsist upon what they can glean from the bare forests and old fields.

Is it at all strange that boys should abandon this kind of sordid, wearisome life and flee to the city as soon as they become of age? It would indeed be strange if they remained there.

But think of the hardships the poor wife must endure upon such a cheerless farm as this! Oftentimes without even the common luxury of a vegetable garden, and, perchance, little or no poultry or milk to aid her in her culinary cares. Is it not enough to run a sensitive woman crazy? There are thousands of just such dreary, monotonous, cheerless farm homes in the west and south, and perhaps elsewhere.

Executive ability is not confined to men by any means. I know plenty of women who have more practical common sense in a minute than their incapable husbands will have in a lifetime. Such women should hold the tiller and guide the agricultural ship. Had they full control of things there would be far less monotony of farm life. They would supply both the spice of variety and the sugar of sweet contentment to the boys and girls of the household.—Country Gentleman.

The Man Who Held the Fort.

It was Gen. Corse's bravery which led to the origin of Sankey's famous hymn, "Hold the Fort." He was on Sherman's staff, was one of his fire-eaters in daring and won an affection from old Tecumseh that lasted till death. You, perhaps, have heard the story of his defence of Allatoona Pass; how with a mere handfull of men he held the place most stubbornly against tremendous odds; how he persisted, even after every commanding officer was wounded and he himself thrown senseless for an hour by a rifle bullet in the face; how the signal finally waved from Sherman to "hold the fort," and how the plucky Corse replied in language more emphatic than religious that he would do so, and how he lived up to his word. They could not put the soldier's language into the hymn, but they embodied his sentiments there. It is, by the way, somewhat of a coincidence that the signal officer who waved that historical message from Corse to Sherman passed away a few days before the great figure in the story.—Boston Letter.

Iceland's Hot Springs.

The hot springs in Reykjadal, though not the most magnificent, are perhaps the most curious among the numerous phenomena of this sort in Iceland. On entering the valley you see columns of vapor ascending from different parts of it. There are a number of apertures in a sort of platform of rock. The water is 212 Fahrenheit, and it rises two or three feet into the air. A river flows through the valley, in the midst of which a jet of boiling water issues with violence from a rock raised but a few feet above the ice cold water of the river.

Not far from this is the grotto or cave of Surt, which is so large that no one has penetrated to its inner end.—Murray's Magazine.

Digging Holes and Living High.

There's a man at the Auditorium who two days ago paid gold for an $8 a day room, and today is digging post holes on the lake front for the World's fair buildings. His appearance, if not eccentric, at least attracts a vast amount of attention around the caravansary on Michigan avenue. He is tall and spare, wears his hair and beard long, and his blue jeans tucked inside of his coarse rawhide boots. He is nothing if not independent, and walks around the rotunda as if he owned the block. He walked into the dining room on the first floor, and sat down for his breakfast, but a waiter was instructed to ask him to step into the cafe. With smiling face he complied, and ordered a pot of coffee, which was served only after he had deposited twenty-five cents with the cashier. In reply to the question if he thought dining at the Auditorium and digging post holes was good policy he said:

"Well, I have lived here before, and why can't I do so now?"

His story is somewhat disconnected, and he gives evidence of being mildly insane. He claims that his name is Will Graham, and that he owns a house and lot on the north side worth $2,000, and that he has just come from Colorado, where he has been for some time. Yesterday morning, after drinking his coffee, he took a five cent piece that he had been holding in his mouth and left it on the table. As he went out of the door he turned and said to the bartenders, waiters and cashiers: "Say, you fellers, there's a tip you can wrangle for among you. Good day."—Chicago Herald.

As Bayard Taylor Did.

The Schliemann method of acquiring a language is well worth mentioning. It consisted simply in reading a great deal aloud without making a translation, taking a lesson every day under the constant supervision of a teacher, learning this by heart and repeating in the next lesson what was corrected on the previous day. It was his habit to learn at least two languages a year. The Russian he studied without a teacher, because none were to be had, while he lived in Amsterdam, and he paid a Jew four francs a week to hear his compositions in Russian, although the fellow did not understand one word.

The doctor was housed on the third floor, but as the ceilings were made of wood his recitations were plainly to be heard on the first floor, and his fellow lodgers were so annoyed by the racket that they caused him to be turned out of the house. As is well known, he was obliged to give up his grocer's apprenticeship on account of having ruptured a blood vessel in lifting a hogshead. The perfect muscular development and fine health with which he was afterward favored he attributed to the exercise of his lungs by constantly reading aloud.—Indianapolis News.

An Intelligent Florida Mule.

Jupiter can boast of the most intelligent mule on record. His muleship is free, white (gray) and 21 years old. Every night this much admired animal proceeds to the life saving station. It is customary for the man on watch to discharge his coston signal (a red light) when vessels come too near the beach. Now his muleship has "caught on" to what this signal means. So every night at 8 o'clock the sailor's four legged friend proceeds to walk the beach, and if a vessel comes too near the shore his muleship assumes the attitude of a stubborn bull, when trying to be led by the horns, but, instead of a coston signal, he sends forth a neigh that makes night hideous. "Port or starboard your helm" is the order on the ship, and away sail the jolly tars in perfect safety, and with a grateful heart to the four legged patrolman.—Florida Times-Union.

A Good Horse Story.

During the Belgian maneuvers a regiment of lancers was to attack a village and drive two companies of hussars away from it, then pursue them to the next town. A number of high military officers witnessed these maneuvers, among them an Austrian colonel. As one of the hussars passed him the galloping horse suddenly halted and squared up to the colonel's horse, nor could the rider stir him a foot. Quickly deciding, the hussar addressed the colonel: "Comrade, help me fly! My horse won't stir without yours." The colonel laughed, and put his horse on a run with him, and thus both riders reached the town before the pursuing lancers could capture them. All in maneuver.—Exchange.

Sawdust Bricks.

The Technical Royal School at Charlottenburg has been making a series of experiments with sawdust, and has now proved that it can be used as building material. The sawdust is mixed with certain refuse mineral products, and compressed with a pressure of 1,500,000 kilogrammes to the quadrameter in the form of bricks, and after this treatment the sawdust forms excellent building material, very light, impervious to wet and utterly uninflammable. A slab of this substance was placed for five hours in a coal fire, and came out of the test intact.—New York Telegram.

He Found It.

There is a story about almost every inland lake that it has no bottom. John Farmer, a New York man, has spent three months sounding the lakes of that state, and in no case has he found a spot in any lake deeper than ninety-one feet. That's water enough, however, to drown all the surplus cats and dogs.—Detroit Free Press.

A TELLING CONTRAST.

In Their Old Sphere Women are Well Paid.

THE ONES WHO SUFFER MOST.

Working in Factories.—Domestics can Save Money.

The working woman's sphere used to be confined chiefly to household work. And it is a notable fact that in those days the newspapers contained no stories about women dying of starvation and overwork in tenement houses. If anybody died from these causes it was a man.

Descriptions of the agonies of starving workingwomen and their families are now a feature of the penny papers. Only a few days ago a woman in Jersey City who had worked in a big tobacco factory and was thrown out of employment by her advanced years and inability to handle the tobacco leaf as deftly as the younger generation locked herself up in her room to wait till the pangs of hunger snapped the life cord. She almost succeeded.

Such an occurrence twenty years ago would have been commented upon by the newspapers and statesmen all over the country, and the philosophers would have philosophized to the extent of a book on the subject; but so common have such events become in these days since "the extension of women's sphere" that they attract little or no attention. Perhaps some newspaper may, for the purpose of advertising itself, get up a subscription fund to buy a few necessaries for the support, but the average citizen reads the little story without emotion. It disturbs him no more than a view of the dirty streets or a struggle to get a seat in an elevated train.

And right here it may be asked, in view of the present condition of workingmen, "Has any one ever heard of a woman, sticking to the old limited sphere of working women—domestic service—suffering for lack of the necessaries of life?" The newspapers record no such instances. One would be such a novelty that the ambition of the museum men to secure unheard of curiosities would be aroused.

The fact is that the only women dependent on their daily work for subsistence who are comfortably situated, with a few exceptions, are the domestic servants. All the thrifty ones have their bank accounts, and they don't know what it is to want for food or clothes. Moreover, their labor is comparatively light, and they have real homes.

So thoroughly is this fact recognized that the societies devoted to improving the conditions of working women and helping them in their difficulties with employers exclude servants from their range of work.

Mrs. M. J. Creagh, superintendent of the Working Women's Protective union, gives the reason, as follows:

"The working women in stores, factories and offices need all the assistance the union can give, for they are the sufferers. Women who work as domestics may sometimes have reasonable grounds for complaint, but their condition is so far above that of the other working women that they can always get along comfortably. They can get places whenever they want them, receive good wages, don't know what hunger is, and are well acquainted with the looks of a bank book. They don't need help.

"It is this poor saleswoman, the overworked factory girl and the sewing woman that has to be helped to live.

"Considering the board matter, they do not get one-half or one-third as much as the servants and have to work longer. Besides, they are often cheated out of their scant earnings. If they are sick for a time they lose their little pay, and perhaps their places are filled before they recover. The servant girl, on the other hand, gets her wages right along, and if she is in a good family she receives such medical and other attention as the store girl cannot receive. She is, in fact, settled, while her sisters in the world of business depend on their week's salary for food and lodging the following week, and a few days' sickness means to them starvation and inadequate attendance or a journey to a charity hospital.

"Therefore this society gives all its attention to women outside of domestic service. As women go further and further into the business world we have more to do than ever. Every day we have brought to our notice cases where rich employers try to beat women out of sums varying from twenty-five cents to $50.

"The records here show, better than anything I know of, the slavery into which women have been brought of late years. Employers know that women have not the money to pay lawyers to sue for them, so they take advantage of their helplessness whenever they can. It is remarkable, however, that they settle up with great rapidity when the women come here to complain. Our counsel conducts worthy cases free of charge and has got verdicts in the civil courts for more than $50,000 since the union began its work."

When Mrs. Creagh was asked why the wages of girls in factories, stores and offices were so small, she answered in almost the same way as Miss Van Etten did.

Women, she said, took the places of men in many occupations without organizing themselves to obtain fair compensation. They took anything they could get. They expected to get married some time, and their work was a temporary expedient, at first, to obtain pin money. Now many of them find that they have really to support themselves, and their meager wages won't do it. Still they bear their hardships, waiting ever for the gay cavalier who is to come along and relieve them. With some work is a necessity, with others it is not. But few of them seem to consider that men have suffered in consequence of the lower standard of wages.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Not a Wreck.

It is not often that a ship abandoned as a wreck reaches port in safety. But such was the case with the ship Nathaniel Hooper, of Boston, which struck on the south shoal, off Nantucket, July 8, 1838. To lighten the ship Capt. Bogardus threw overboard several hundred boxes of sugar; but she remained fast, and as she was pounding heavily he abandoned her, fearing she might go to pieces.

All hands put off in boats for the nearest shore, and as soon as he was on land Capt. Bogardus hurried to Boston. It was two days before he reached the office with his bad news.

"Why, captain," said the owners, "you are dreaming. The Hooper is safe at India dock."

"Impossible!" cried the captain.

"Go and see," said the owners.

Down to the dock went Capt. Bogardus, and scarcely could believe the evidence of his senses. He rubbed his eyes and took a second look. Yes, there certainly was his ship that he had left aground on South Shoal with a storm coming up.

Immediately after the crew had left the vessel the wind changed and blew her off the shoal. She drifted until the next morning, when a Gloucester fishing smack fell in with her, and with the hope of salvage the crew boarded her and made for the port of Boston.

Capt. Bogardus was too good a seaman to lose, and after some pretty severe bantering the owners again gave him command of the Hooper.—Youth's Companion.

Foolish Saving.

Men go into trade and do dirty tricks, and screw, wherever they can, a profit. They will, with equal self-gratification, dine at another man's expense, and turn off, to face the workhouse, "a hand" who is growing useless from having consumed his strength and vigor in their service. The women darn dishcloths, and patch muslins and window curtains, lock up eggs and skim the cream off the milk themselves from a similar motive.

Their husbands "make" money, they "save it" and both succeed. Gradually the hoards increase; at first slowly and with pain the nucleus is formed. For years the nest egg is small, but a moment comes after which it accumulates with rapidity. The income has become considerable, but the outgoings are as meager as ever—overplus income becomes capital every year. The close habits which created the fortune are continued to preserve it, and the incongruity is presented of external display and internal pinching. Children are born in the meantime, and inherit their father's or mother's niggardliness as surely as their features.—New York Ledger.

Guests at Sorosis' Annual Dinner.

All the professions were well represented by the men who were guests at the recent Sorosis dinner, but the clergymen predominated. Two of the best addresses of the evening were made by Rev. Drs. Cuyler and Paxton. Among the other speakers were Judge Noah Davis, Dr. Titus Munson Coan, Mr. Moncure Conway, Mr. A. M. Palmer, Mr. Murat Halstead, Mr. McKelway, of The Brooklyn Eagle, and Mr. E. A. Dithmar, of The New York Times. Miss Kathryn Kidder recited charmingly, and there were addresses by the president of Sorosis, Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, and by the heads of the various committees of Sorosis. Conspicuous among these for its excellence was the address of Dr. Jennie T. Lozier, chairman of the committee on philanthropy.—New York Letter.

"A Nine Days' Wonder."

The memorable reign of Lady Jane Grey is said to have given rise to the phrase, "A nine days' wonder." Lady Jane was proclaimed queen of England July 10, 1553, four days after the death of Edward VI. After the lapse of a period of nine days, on July 19, she relinquished her title to the crown, thus terminating her reign in the short space of a week and a half. A noted English historian says, "Thus we come to the end of the diary of that short and troubled reign that from its length is said to have given rise to the now (1620) popular phrase, 'A nine days' wonder.'"—St. Louis Republic.

Are You in Correct Form?

The present fashionable walk affected by New York girls is decidedly tiresome, and it is very amusing to watch some well built tailor made girl, when she takes to one of the side streets, allow her arms to swing and her body relax, and apparently take some comfort in moving. The regulation gait requires the body to be carried perfectly erect and stiff, the arms held at the side, with elbows turned out and the hand slightly open. The arms must be held perfectly steady if one desires to be thought in correct form.—New York World.

Little Lamp Tables.

Tables are now bought on purpose for the large lamps, which are so much used. White enamel tables, about knee high, are used for the delicate colored porcelain lamps, and ebony tables are used for the various kinds of iron lamps. Some of these tables have a space underneath for a piece of bric-a-brac.—New York World.

Permission by Postscript.

"Ma, can I go over to Sallie's house and play a little while?" asked four year old Nellie.

"Yes, dear; I don't mind if you do.'

"Thank you, ma," was the demure reply; "I have been."—New Haven Register.

JUST A LIVELY BOY.

A 10-Year-Old's Execution of an Errand.

A REPORTER'S NOTES OF HIS PRANKS.

Fun With an Empty Can.—Fooling a Conductor.

There was nothing peculiar about the boy's appearance. He seemed just an ordinary 10-year-old boy in knickerbockers, shoes, stockings, jacket and polo cap, the latter worn on the back of his head as most other boys wear theirs. He was starting out of a house on Lexington avenue with a gallon tin can, a new, smooth, bright vessel, very strongly made, and carried by means of a handle of wire at the top. In turning the corner of Fiftieth street the boy suddenly came upon a large black dog asleep in front of the grocery. Just before he reached the dog he let go his hold on the can and launched it squarely beside the sleeping animal. It struck the flagging, rattled off its cover, bounded in the air, and sent the dog out of his sleep with a leap and a yell of terror. The dog ran away, and the boy gathered up the can and its cover, fastened the two together, and went on. There are iron palings in front of the houses on Fiftieth street, and the boy found much sport in holding the can firmly against them as he walked along. This made a prodigious noise, and caused the can to bob incessantly from paling to paling, denting it at every bounce.

The boy was tempted to desist from this exercise by the sight of a frowsy woman pitching along the street with uncertain steps, and with half a yard of her rusty black dress dragging on the pavement. The boy went up to her with a modest and kindly air and asked her if she would not like some beer. She replied affirmatively with brightening eyes.

"Follow me," said the boy.

He led her to a gate in a high brown painted fence, opened it, waited until the woman was in the gateway, and then gently shoved her in, slammed the gate, and hung on the top of the fence with his head just over the edge, shouting to her that there was a savage dog in there, and that she had better look out.

He dropped to the sidewalk an instant later, tired of this conceit, and seeing a Third avenue car bowling along, waited until it had passed the corner, and then yelled and whistled for it to stop. It stopped and he ran after it. When close to it he shouted: "All right; let her go," The car moved, and he flung his gallon can on the platform. At the same moment he boarded the car. He had thrown the can in such a way that it went on at one side and off at the other into the street. The conductor pulled the bell to stop the car. "Never mind; I'll get it," said the boy, as he plunged off the car after the can. The car stopped, and the boy got his can. He picked it up, and then continued walking hastily away from the car precisely as if he had never dreamed of wanting to ride on it.

At the moment that he reached the sidewalk he encountered a young playmate, who asked him what he was doing with the can.

"Got it to play shin loo with. Don't you know how to play it? It's the boss game out."

Without apparently taking time to think what he was about to say, he explained to the boy, who was two years younger than himself, all about the game, which he would have been obliged to admit he had never heard of before, but which he now said consisted in pitching pennies at the can, the rule being that all the coppers the little boy put in the can were "counters," and all that he failed to get in were "losers." The little boy had three cents, and threw them at the can, which the bigger boy had set up as a mark. All the little boy's coppers rolled away from the can, and the big boy picked up them and the can. After spending a moment over an expression of sympathy for his friend, and promising to give him "another chance tomorrow," he strode off, whistling light heartedly.

A little further down the street he noted the fact that a candy store was in charge of a little girl. He opened the store door and went in. "Hello, little girl!" said he, assuming a wicked appearance, "I am going to leave this thing behind the counter, and as soon as I have gone away it will burst up and blow the whole store over to Hoboken, and you'll be killed and your mother will be pulver"——

At this instant the stout German woman who kept the store opened the lace curtained inner doorway to the household apartment in the back and entered the store. The boy ceased teasing the child. His face looked blank and innocent, though the little girl's countenance expressed considerable alarm.

"Penny's worth er chewing gum," said the boy, "'n' I'm in a hurry."

He got the chewing gum and started to return. In his haste he opened the door so rapidly with one hand as to knock the gallon can out of his other hand. It banged on the floor, its lid rolled off, and there was noise beyond all estimate. The little girl had been expecting an explosion and screamed with fright. "Dropped my can," said the boy, and at once squatted on the floor, spread his legs as wide as possible, and described an arc with one and a circle with the other as he lunged first for the can and then for its lid. A bale of little red wooden wagons was disengaged from the nail it hung on and fell with a crash that brought the German woman around the corner of the counter just as the boy had gathered himself and his belongings and was darting out of the door.

In his flight he made a pretended dash at a pile of apples on an Italian fruiterer's stand, but neither touched the fruit nor stopped his flight. He did not take the trouble to look around in order to note the consequence of what he had done. He lost something by that, for the Italian in charge of the stand had almost leaped out of his coat in his haste to defend his goods. The boy ran until he came to the stairs of an elevated railroad station. These he mounted with only three falls, by reason of one of which he was obliged to chase his gallon can down to the foot, where it had gone with a series of bumps and bounces that aroused all the pleasure the boy's eyes had power to express.

He made believe to forget to put his ticket in the box, and when the gateman asked him for it he pretended to indulge in a weariesome search through all his pockets. The man discovered the ticket in the boy's mouth, took it away, and offered to cuff the lad's ears, but was not half quick enough.

In the elevated car he had rare fun. He put the now battered and dirty can bottom up between his knees, and to a tune whistled between his teeth in that grating, discordant way that only such a boy can manage, he drummed with his knuckles.

Thus the boy rode on his errand. Unfortunately, the reporter who observed him left him at the termination of the elevated ride, so that what he did on the return journey can only be guessed at. But he was evidently an every day New York boy, with only the ordinary excess of animal spirits.—New York Sun.

Only Partially Educated as Yet.

Mrs. Kidsma—John, Mary left a vase on the table today where Willie could reach it, and the little man went over, put his hands behind his back and said: "Willie mus' n' touch, Willie mus' n' touch!"

John—And he let it alone, eh?

Mrs. Kidsma—N-o; he said that three or four times, and then he grabbed the vase and dashed it against the mantel before I could stop him. But he's learning to let things alone a little; don't you think so?—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Ingenuity.

Tramp—Th' darned thing's chained, but it's got to be a ter'ble cold day when I can't git warm fer half an hour'r so!—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly.

Thought He Was Going to Sleep.

Congressman H—— is a very absent minded man by nature, and the influence of years has increased the propensity. It is told on last Sabbath morning at 9:30 Mrs. H—— said to him pleasantly: "Come, now, William, it is growing late; you must go in and change your clothes and get ready for church. And hurry, William, for you know how slow you are."

Congressman H—— passed into his bedroom.

Mrs. H—— waited, and waited, and waited. At 10:28 she tapped at his door.

"Come in," said the congressman.

Mrs. H—— entered. She saw the distinguished gentleman in bed with the clothes drawn up to his chin, gazing at the ceiling with the expression of a man wondering how two and two can possibly make four.

"Well, William," she exclaimed, "I do declare! If this doesn't beat all! We can never get to church now in time!"

"To church?" repeated the great statesman—"to church? I beg your pardon. I thought I was going to sleep."—Washington Critic.

The Sleeping Car Wreck.

Manager Bennett has three bright youngsters, ranging from 3 to 7. The other morning he was awakened by a heavy crash in the children's room, followed by a prolonged howl. He rushed in. The smallest kid was raising the roof, while the eldest stood, half frightened, contemplating a heavy bureau which was tipped over on the floor.

"Papa," he shouted, "Frankie's in the upper berf. Frankie's in the upper berf."

With considerable difficulty Mr. Bennett raised the wreck and skidded it on to the track. Then he opened the upper drawer, and young Frank popped his head out and surveyed the group.

"We was playing sleepin' car, pop," he exclaimed. "I got in all right, and Fwed tried to climb in the lower berf when the old car tipped over. But we didn't brweak nuffin, wid me, pop!"

"Nothing more valuable than your necks, you young train robbers," was the fond parent's comforting reply.—Washington Post.

New Industry.

Small Boy—I see you advertised for a boy, sir. Will I do?

Grocer—Well, we want a very spry, active young chap. You look about right.

Small Boy—What will I have to do?

Grocer—Well, you see, we are introducing a new fly paper, warranted to kill all the flies in a room in short order. Your work will be to catch flies and stick 'em on samples of the paper in the window.—New York Voice.

To What Base Uses May We Come!

"This is my grandfather's sword."

"Are those stains upon the blade blood stains?"

"Yes."

And the look of awe that came over the young woman's face showed that she was not aware that the revolutionary relic had been used the day before to behead an 8-year-old spring chicken.—Harper's Bazar.

His Own Fault.

Customer—You recommended a young lady with $10,000 to me, and I was just going to marry her.

Matrimonial Agent—Well, why didn't you?

"But I have discovered that she is paralyzed."

"Well, if you want a wife to climb mountains or run foot races, you should say so beforehand."—Texas Siftings.

He Didn't Know It All, After All.

Yellowly—Whitely is a very intelligent fellow, isn't he?

Brownly—He pretends to be.

"He knows lots."

"There's one thing he doesn't know."

"What is that?"

"He doesn't know that he doesn't know everything."—Boston Courier.

He Objects to It.

"I see the price of meats has gone up," said a traveling man to his wife.

"Has it?"

"Yes; and as a man with judicious sporting instincts, I object to it."

"To what?"

"Playing for such high steaks."—Merchant Traveler.

Extremely Polite.

He was a man noted for his Chesterfieldian address, and had been very ill.

"You were at death's door," remarked the doctor, as his patient began to mend.

"Really, doctor!" replied the man of the world. "Do—do you know whether I—ah—left my card?"—Harper's Bazar.

Felt Like Her Father's Boot.

Bixby (delirious after having been struck by the locomotive)—Now, look here, Mr. Bjones. This makes the second time you have used forcible means. If you don't want me to court your daughter say so, but don't kick me out.—Lawrence American.

Said with Feeling.

"Do great calamities move in cycles?" asked Brown.

"They frequently do in bicycles," said Smithers, who had recently left three layers of his nasal cuticle on a macadamized road.—Munsey's Weekly.

Tit for Tat.

Disgruntled Boarder (to landlady)—If I were in your place, Mrs. Tuffern, I'd discharge that cook.

Landlady (with spirit)—If I were in your place, Mr. Owen, I'd discharge that board bill.—Time.

A Dead Cat Mine.

It was the man on whose land natural gas was first struck in the Findlay, O., district, and he was telling some of us about it as we waited in the depot at Columbus.

"Wall, you know," he began, "my son Bill was a great hand to read. One day he laid away a book he had been reading and says to me:

"'Dad, I've been reading up on minerals and I'm goin' to find suthin' right here on our farm.'

"'Shoo, Bill,' says I, 'but you won't strike nothing outside of cobble stones and worms.'

"But he went at it and begun to dig and bore and fool around and leave me to hoe the corn, and one day he struck sunthin'. There cum sich an infernal smell that both of us was drove to the house, and then the smell got so bad that we was drove to a neighbor's, and we had to let the hogs out of the pen, or they would have keeled over.

"'Bill,' I says, when I got where I could breathe again, 'you said you'd strike sunthin', and you have. You've wasted three months' time gettin' down to whar Christopher Columbus buried about a thousand tom cats, and we've all been driv off the farm in consekence. It's my turn now to strike sunthin', and you kin git ready for the all-firedest lickin' a boy ever got.'

"I give it to him, gentlemen, and then I went spookin' around to find somebody who'd buy the farm at about the cost of the barn. A feller who seemed to hev catarrh and didn't mind the smell closed up a deal with me, and I had to grin as I walked off with his money under my arm. I kept on grinnin' fur about a week, but then I heard some news that stopped me, and I guess it's three years since I've opened my mouth sideways. Them dead cats was worth a hundred thousand dollars to me, and I sold 'em for $800 and walked around patting myself on the back fur bein' so all-fired cute."—New York Sun.

Miss Braddon as "My Lady."

Among the new knights are the brothers of two novelists, Miss Braddon and Miss Olive Schreiner. It has often occurred to me that it would be well to found an order for women which would give those possessing it the right to prefix "Lady" to their names. "Let me make the people's songs and I will govern them with ease," said somebody. And if any minister had the power to create "Ladies" my impression is that he would remain minister for a very considerable time. What peace would Jones, M. P., have if Mrs. Jones knew that it only depended on his submissiveness for her to blossom forth into Lady Jones?

Putting, however, aside this political advantage, why should distinguished men be made knights and distinguished women not be made ladies? If we are to have knights with ribbons round their necks and across their breasts, it would be only fair if these ornaments were also conferred on their wives. I am entirely against woman suffrage, but I see no objection to women sharing in all this sort of decorative adornment; and assuredly, if they merit a title, it is absurd that the only way for them to obtain it is to give one to their husbands. Mr. Braddon, I make no doubt, is deserving of the prefix of "Sir." But his sister, Miss Braddon, has at least an equal right to the prefix of "Lady."—Exchange.

A Successful Unknown Book.

I was talking with a subscription publisher, and in the course of our conversation he reached in his library and pulled out a book the title of which I never heard. It was called "God, Home and Heaven," a book as pretentious in size as in title. "What is there peculiar about the book? Well, I will tell you. Of that work there have been sold over one million copies," said the publisher, "and yet I'll wager that there are salesmen in the biggest New York stores who never heard of the book, and will tell you there is no such work printed."

This struck me as rather odd and I determined to make the test. I went into six of the largest book stores in New York that day and asked for a copy of "God, Home and Heaven." It proved exactly as my friend predicted. I encountered only one man who ever heard of the book, and he said he had no idea where I could get a copy. "Doubtless out of print for years," he added. And yet within two blocks of that man's store there was at that time printing an edition of 50,000 copies of the book on the presses!—Edwin W. Bok's Letter.

Eccentricities of Ministers.

Dr. Fisher, of Salem, had a singular way of satisfying his conscience. He was asked how he could read the Athanasian creed when he did not believe it. He replied, "I read it as if I did not believe it." Mr. Pyle, being directed by his bishop to read it, did so, saying, "I am directed to read this, which is said to have been the creed of St. Athanasius, but God forbid that it should be yours or mine!" John Patriot Wilson, when speaking of Nicodemus as referred to in the third chapter of John, would uniformly say, "There was a gentleman of the Pharisees called Nicodemus," and when commenting on the parable of the ten virgins he used to call them the "ten young ladies."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Barnes' Chivalry.

George—I'm surprised that Barnes struck Homer on the nose after he was down.

Henry—Oh, Barnes is chivalrous. He always prefers to do a thing to a man's face rather than to his back.—Kate Field's Washington.

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Capital and labor could get on well enough together if there were not so many men trying to get capital without labor.—Texas Siftings.

The man who lets his wife split all the wood may mean well, but he should not be allowed to do all the talking at prayer-meeting.—Ram's Horn.

If reports from London are reliable, there will be no lack of royalty visiting the world's fair. Several members of Victoria's family contemplate coming, and it is more than probable that Emperor William will join the caravan.

Balmaceda seems to have made up his mind to declare war against Bolivia because that country has recognized the Chilean insurgents as belligerents. The pluck of the Dictator is up to standard but few people would care to go "long" on his judgment.

The vaporings of prize-fighters occupy an excessively large space in the daily telegrams. These amiable gentlemen have an uncommonly fine knack of passing through the several stages of drunkenness into a fine climax of brutality. The laws should be asserted. Where found insufficient they ought to be amended and inflexibly enforced. Between the Sullivans, Slavins, Charley Mitchells and Pony Moores the American people have had a great surfeit. The chain gang should be recruited from these burly ruffians, who are able bodied and could be made to do a great service to the State.

The death of Judge Ogden Hoffman removes from the scene of active life a man who took a conspicuous part in the growth and development of California. In his capacity as a federal judge he was called upon to decide questions involving immense interests. Again and again the opportunity was presented of enriching himself at the expense of his conscience, but he never wavered in his firm conviction of what was right and just. In all the forty years that he occupied the bench not the slightest stain besmirched the purity of his motives. The breath of suspicion never was directed against him. It is such records that sustain our faith in mankind. They are legacies to which the world is heir. The accumulation of material wealth, though it be millions, can never accomplish for humanity the lasting good effected by even one upright life.

The statement is made again with much confidence that a treaty of alliance between France and Russia has been signed. Whether such a treaty has actually been signed or not the Triple Alliance makes an understanding of this nature almost inevitable. Germany, Austria and Italy, with the financial backing of England, would form more than a match for either France or Russia singly. Consequently it is not probable that either will look on while the other is being crushed. Some doubt has been expressed as to the relative strength Austria and Italy can give to Germany. It is said that Austria has not much money, and that Italy has not any. But Austria has an army, Italy a navy, and either nation resources in the way of men. England can without exhausting her credit keep the Austrian and Italian forces in the field for the year or two the war will last. There will be no more seven years' wars in Europe. It is more likely that one party or the other will dictate the terms of peace within seven months after the first gun is fired. The question may be raised if England will add a thousand millions to her debt to maintain the Triple Alliance in its war against Russia and France. The present indications are that she will. If Austria and Italy should be crippled through lack of means, Germany could not long resist an attack upon her western and eastern borders. England knows what supremacy in Europe means. With nothing to apprehend from a European power, Russia could push her way down to British India at her leisure. In this contest Russia would have an immense advantage. The Czar could easily march a million of men into India, while England can only send a limited number by water. It takes a good many transport ships to land even 100,000 men in a distant country, but England would need at least 500,000 to meet Russia on anything like even terms in India. The conclusion is reasonable therefore that if fighting commences, England will supply the sinews of war rather than incur the consequence of an overthrow of Germany, which would probably happen if left to fight the battle alone.

W'EN MELINDY TOL' ME YES.

Jest two weeks from my big fall out with my
first sweetheart, Lucindy,
Did Melindy, my Melindy, tell me "Yes;"
An' the atmosphere wuz windy, 'way from
Pokumville to Indy,
Windy with the breezy music of eternal
blessedness.
An' she said it fair an' squarely, an' not "Call
again" or "May be,"
An' a New Jerusalem glory lit the fiel' an'
wilderness.
An' the sun burst out like laughter on the
round face of a baby,
W'en Melindy, my Melindy, tol' me "Yes!"

Like a twenty million orchestra away beyond
all countin',
The bob'links bubbled over in a music water-
fall,
An' I felt jest like a-mountin' on the meetin
house an' shoutin'
That Paradise was open, with admission free
to all.
Each grass blade in the medder wuz a string
to Natur's fiddle,
That was played on by the zephyrs with a vel-
vety caress;
An' ol' Natur's jints were limbered, an' she
sashayed down the middle,
W'en Melindy, my Melindy, tol' me "Yes!"

An' the angels played so bully thet the music
reached the gateway
An' came spillin' through the op'nin, and
a-singin' down to earth—
Came a-singin' such a great way thet the uni-
verse wuz straightway
Shoutin' in the glad redem'tion of a holy
secon' birth;
An' I—I set a-straddle on the ridge pole of cre-
ation,
An' only fit to holler in my hootin' happi-
ness,
W'en Melindy, my Melindy, filled my heart
'ith jubilation,
W'en Melindy, my Melindy, tol' me Yes!"

—Yankee Blade.

UNDER A CLOUD.

I am Agnes Grey; or at least that was my name when one bright summer day, the sky as blue as though there never could be another cloud in it, I came home across the fields from Nellie Hobart's wedding. Very sweet she looked in her bridal dress, and very fond the gentleman to whom she had given her hand seemed to be of her. The church was decked with flowers, and not one of those who sat there but wished the pretty young creature well; and as she stepped out from the shadow of the painted windows into the clear, golden, out of door light I thought of the old rhyme—

Happy is the bride
Whom the sun shines on.

And thought that she looked like one of those fair saints the old masters were so fond of painting, blue eyed and blond, and with mouths like those of smiling babies.

I thought of something else, also, as I suppose every girl who had been to that wedding did, could one but know the truth. I wondered whether it would ever be my turn to stand where Nellie stood that day, and what manner of man my bridegroom would be; for I had never yet seen any one I could fancy giving myself to, almost body and soul, as a wife must. I was making a picture of him for myself, like a goose, when my foot caught in the grass, where some boys had tied it, and down I fell, twisting my ankle and hurting my head, so that for awhile I knew nothing.

At last I felt some one lift me off the ground, and opened my eyes to see that it was a great, swarthy, black eyed girl of seventeen or so—a girl with a careless look about her dress which was not ladylike. But she had the voice and manner of a lady, and she asked me very kindly if I were much hurt; and, seeing that I was, picked me up in her strong arms and carried me through a garden gate and into a little parlor, where she laid me on a sofa and bathed my head with rose water and told me to keep up my courage, for "Gideon has gone for a doctor."

That name told me where I was. I was under a roof that I had never thought would shelter me, no matter what would come to pass. I would have risen and gone away if I could have stirred from the odd old sofa. For this was Gideon Lee's old homestead, and here dwelt the children of the man who, sixteen years before, had been hung for the murder of my Uncle Mathew.

I was but a baby when it all happened, but I could remember how the whole village was astir in search of the missing man, and how a body was found at last in the heart of Alcott's woods, and how the facts that there had been a quarrel between Gideon Lee and Uncle Mathew, and that Gideon Lee owed the latter money, and how they were last seen together quarreling in Gideon's garden, where a bloody handkerchief, marked "M. G.," was found soon after, and brought Gideon to the gallows.

Perhaps hearing the story afterward from my grandfather made me fancy I remembered it, but at all events the name I had learned to hate was that of Gideon Lee. And now it was the child born on the day of her mother's death—the very day on which the father met his awful fate—who lifted me from the ground, dusky Madge Lee, who had never found a playmate nor a friend in the town because of the ban upon her father's name, and Gideon, the son, who had been old enough to understand it all at the time, who came in with old Dr. Humphries soon after.

They were not poor people. The house was a substantial one, and there were more books and pictures and tokens of refinement within than country homes generally boast of. But even the farm hands spoke contemptuously of the "son of the man who was hung," and the servants who were hired by Madge Lee were not natives of the place.

And here was I, Mathew Grey's own niece, lying under the roof, and likely to be there for some time, for the doctor forbade my removal.

"I must go home—I must go away from this house!" I said, angrily and feverishly.

And Madge Lee looking down on me as an Indian princess might, with her dark eyes aglow, said, in a bitter voice, "Never fear, Miss Grey, we'll not murder you!" and somehow abashed me, haughty as I was.

Grandpa was away from home, or I think even the risk of my life would not have kept him from taking me home; and I grew ill and delirious, and Madge Lee nursed me as a sister might, and Gideon was kinder than a brother. He read to me; he brought me cooling drinks made of fruits after some Oriental recipes which he possessed; he found sweet flowers dripping with dew in the woods, and he sang, as I never heard any one sing before, those Scottish ballads that are lovelier than any other music ever written, to my mind; and it ended in my loving them.

So when I was well enough to go away I took Madge's hand in mine and said, "How shall I ever thank you for your tender care of me?"

And she answered, "Agnes Grey, the [illegible] I ask is [illegible] people down there" (and she pointed with her brown hand toward the town) "call us the children of a murderer. We are the children of a martyr instead. I never saw my father, but we both know that he is innocent. And Gideon remembers his kindness, his tenderness, his gentleness and his honor.

"Your uncle Mathew—forgive me, but it is the truth—was a wild, bad fellow. He quarreled with my father, not father with him, and the debt was paid. Mother saw it done, and heard him boast that the money should take him beyond the reach of irksome laws and chattering tongues. And for the bloody handkerchief, he had cut his hand, and unbound and washed it, and tied it up afresh in mother's very sight that day. Don't dare to doubt it, don't be so cruel as to doubt it, Agnes Grey."

Then she brought me the picture that they kept as a sacred relic, and verses written by his hand and tender love letters yellow with age, and as I looked at the face—so sweet, so good, so like that of the Gideon Lee I knew—I felt sure that those who stood before me, though they were the children of the man who was hung, were not the offspring of a murderer. And afterward Gideon also spoke.

"It is hard to bear," he said; "hard to know that we must bear it all our lives; but if you only see the truth—if only, without proof, you will understand that we know no murder was ever done by our dear father's hand—we, who have his pictured face upon the wall, the letters written to our mother, the words our mother wrote begging us to read them often when she was dead, and never doubt the man who on his knees in the condemned cell, calling on God to witness his last words, had sworn to the wife who would have loved him even had he in some hasty moment dealt a fatal blow, that he knew nothing of Mathew Grey's death and even doubted that he was dead at all—if you can believe with us and not with those who were his murderers, I, at least, shall have a lighter heart."

And I put my hand into his, and gave the other to Madge, and said honestly, "I do believe as you do, and I always will."

And so I went away; but I took their faces with me, their pleasant ways, their voices. As for Gideon's face, it haunted me. There was about him a charm that no one else ever had. They were all quaint, all charming in their way, but he most of all.

A pretty scandal there was through the town when I began to go down to the farmhouse to see my friends. I knew it, and fought it bravely.

"Gideon Lee never killed any one," I vowed aloud to those who chided me, "I will not ban his children for the fault of others."

But there in the town were those who had been at the trial, and eleven of the jurymen and witnesses; and under a stone in the graveyard were the bones that had been sworn to as Uncle Mathew's, and in a bleak, lonely spot near the prison the coffin of the man who was hung; and how dared I, a baby almost at the time, to judge for myself.

I knew they were right enough, but I never faltered. I was as sure as Madge was that her father never killed Uncle Mathew.

They would not come to my home. Indeed, grandfather would have had the door closed in their faces, but nothing could keep me from them. And it was dangerous work for me, too, as I began to know before long, to sit so much by Gideon Lee's side, to hear his dear voice so often, to feel my heart thrilling with a loving pity for him for which I had no words. He was my wounded and despised knight, this dear Gideon Lee, before I had known him three months, and I would have given my life for him. But he said no words of love to me nor I to him. Just friends we were, and nothing more, outwardly. That was enough for the town—enough for grandfather. I was called unnatural. I found my dearest friends grown cold. Even the clergyman asked me if "it would not harm me to hold companionship with such people."

And I said: "They are the best people I have ever known. And even had their father done the deed for which he died, they would be no worse for it. As it is he was murdered, and you are all cruel to these poor children of his—cruel and unchristian."

So he left me angrily, and so many a friend left me, and all my comfort was to sit between Madge and Gideon in the quiet evenings and talk to them.

In the summer time we used to light no candles, and the moonlight fell through the ivy leaves upon us, and the old dog lay at our feet and put his curly head upon Madge's lap. We would tell stories of fairies and goblins or sing romantic songs written before any of us were born. Now and then Gideon would steal his arm about my waist or hold my hand awhile, and wrong though any one might have thought there was no more harm in it than though we had been children.

Just so we were sitting one evening, when grandfather walked into our midst and clutched me fiercely by the arm. No need to repeat the words he uttered. The insults stung me as sharply as they could Gideon Lee's children. But he forbade me ever to speak to them again and took me home with him.

The last glimpse I caught of the brother and sister showed them to be standing hand in hand, their fingers clutched tight, their teeth set, their faces white with wrath under the moonlight. It was my last glimpse for many years, for the day after this we sailed for Canada. Grandfather was a Canadian, and it was partly to revisit his native land and partly to put the ocean between the Lees and me that he took the voyage. But he could not tear my heart from them. I loved them better than any people I ever met; most of all I loved Gideon.

But I never heard of him or from him, nor could I guess whether he lived or died, remembered or forgot me, for three long years.

At the end of that time my grandfather died, and I, his heiress, returned to my native land a rich woman and my own mistress, though this was the codicil to the will that left me all:

"I, Henry Grey, having cause to fear that my beloved grandchild is easily misled by artful persons, and is not guileful enough to understand their guile, do, for her own welfare, add this proviso, That, should she ever give her hand in marriage to the son of the murderer of my son, Matthew Grey, all claim upon the moneys and estates above bequeathed her shall be forfeited, and said property go, without reserve, to the Hospital of St. Martha, to be used by the trustees of said institution as they see fit."

But, despite this codicil, I went down into the valley in which Gideon Lee's homestead stood before I had been at home a day. It was sunset when I reached it, but the light did not as of yore gild the panes of the upper windows to sheets of burnished gold. Every shutter was closed and the house seemed to frown upon me. The garden had run wild; the fields lay desolate; the broken branches of the orchard trees told of boyish depredation. Strange cattle grazed in the meadow and Rover's kennel was empty. The sight brought tears to my eyes. I went up the old porch and found there, wet with rain and tangled in the relics of last year's vine, a scarlet ribbon, one Madge must have worn. I put it in my bosom and came away. No one could tell me anything of Gideon Lee's children, except what the empty house had told me—that they were gone.

I had lost them; and what did I care that all the country place besides welcomed me home? Gideon's smile would have been more to me than all their greetings, and Madge would have given me a kiss that had true love in it.

I was not happy; I could not be gay. I could not care for anything very much. I lived a quiet life for two long years, and, let those call me cold and proud who would, I was not cold, but those who courted me were Gideon Lee's enemies, and had persecuted pretty Madge since her very birth, and had done their innocent father to death, and I hated them for it, though I said nothing.

But at last, one bright morning, walking up the road to look at the desolate dwelling where I had learned to love Gideon Lee's children, I saw a change in it. The windows were open; a man was at work in the garden. Three figures in traveling costume had just entered the porch and a carriage stood at the gate.

I knew Gideon's tall figure at a glance, but who was this—superb, glowing, beautiful, with a look of triumph on her face—who came toward me? And who was that old man with the strange, sarcastic smile, that I fancied I had seen before?

As I advanced I knew that it was Madge who ran to meet me—Madge, grown to be a magnificent woman—Madge, who kissed me as of yore, but more gladly, and who left me in a moment alone with Gideon and drew the stranger away with her.

And Gideon held my hand, and I could only say, "it has been very long, Gideon," and try and hide my tears.

"It has been long for me, Agnes!" he said. And then there was a pause. He broke it by kneeling down beside me, with my hands in his as I set on the low step of the porch.

"You are Miss Agnes Grey," he said, "and the world honors you. I am the son of the man who was hanged. Even now, loving you as I do—as I have all this weary while—that stands between us, a barrier you could not cross. Is it not so? Were I all else, and so worthy of you, I should still be Gideon Lee, and an outcast, branded with Cain's brand upon the forehead, and you could neither love nor wed me!"

Could I say "I love you?" It was not in maidenhood to do that. It was impossible. I trembled; I faltered; I only said these words: "It is an unjust brand—unjust and cruel. My eyes never see it, Gideon Lee!"

He showered fond kisses on my hands, but he spoke again.

"Do you dare to do it, Agnes—to love an outcast man; to bring upon yourself contempt and hate; to relinquish wealth for the humble life of a simple farmer? Is your love strong enough for this? Will you never repent?"

"Never," I said.

"When your gold is gone, your land another's, your friends turned to enemies and your name, your very name, Agnes—that of the man who was hanged!" he asked slowly. "Think! can you bear that ignominy? I know how terrible it is."

And I took my hands from his and laid them on his broad shoulders and said—but no matter what I said. I have forgotten the words that told him that I loved him too well to doubt my courage to bear anything for his dear sake.

But suddenly, as he knelt there looking up into my eyes, I saw a look in his face that I could not understand—a look that made me cry out and begin to tremble; and I saw others draw near; and I saw Madge clasp her brother's hand, and the old man held out both of his to me.

"We have been parted five years," said Gideon. "In that time I have been searching for something that I believed must be hidden in the wide world. I have found it."

"Gideon, tell me," I cried.

"Could any earthly thing but one embolden me to speak as I have spoken to you?" said Gideon. "Do you think that I would ever have offered any woman a name that would have made her an outcast? That which I sought, that which I found, was a living proof of my dear father's innocence. Look! do you know this man? Have you no recollection of him?"

And I turned my eyes upon the old man, who had taken my hand in his, and knew that I looked upon my uncle Mathew.

The whole town knows the story now. He has told them how, yielding to his wandering impulses, he left, as he had done once before, the home and friends of his early manhood, and far from all news of Christian lands dwelt in the Arab's tent upon the desert and wandered with him over the burning sands, loving the life too well to leave it, and never hearing of Gideon Lee's unjust condemnation, or of his terrible fate, until his son stood before him and bade him, if one drop of Christian pity lingered in his soul for the man on whom he had brought this awful doom, to return and prove by his living presence the fact of his innocence and of his unjust death.

They speak of Gideon Lee's children now as of those of a martyr; and the ban is lifted from the name that I have taken for my own.—Buffalo News.

The Ancient Mines of Laurium.

United States Consul Manatt, at Athens, in a recent report on Greek mining and metallurgy, enters into the history of the subject in an interesting manner.

The mines of Laurium, now worked for zinc, lead and iron, are, he says, the very mines from which Themistocles drew the silver supply to fit out his fleet and beat back the Persian invader at Salamis (490–480 B. C.), and so to lay the foundations of the Athenian hegemony. More than this, it is thought probable that the Phœnicians delved here before the Greeks came, as they are known to have done in the Island of Thasos.

At any rate, Thoricus was a free city before Theseus welded the Attic boroughs into a single commonwealth (that is to say, before the name of Athens appeared in history) and its importance must have been due to the mines; so that the mining industry at Laurium may possibly boast an origin as remote as thirty centuries back, while it is again in full blast today.

In walking through the French company's great mine at Camaresa, in the heart of the Laurium region, one traverses here a gallery in active exploitation for zinc and lead and hard by another worked out by the old Greeks two or three thousand years ago. These ancient works are among the most interesting monuments of Hellenic civilization.

Etiquette in the Reign of Louis XIV.

The etiquette which prevailed at Versailles was of the most minutely elaborate character, and governed every movement of the king and those about him from the very moment he opened his august eyes until he closed them in sleep. He was the center of the whole; it was a drama, daily repeated—the same characters, the same scenes, the same details—oppressive in its sameness, fatiguing in its constant pressure.

I have neither the space nor the inclination to dwell on all the extraordinary ceremonial of the state dinner; the twenty or thirty grandees fluttering around the king's plates and glasses; the sacramental utterances of the occasion; the gaudy procession of the retinue; the arrival of la nef—that is, the center piece of plate which contained, between scented cushions, the king's napkins, and Pessai des plats—the tasting of each dish by the gentlemen servants and officers of the table before the king partook of it.

The same custom was observed with the beverages. It took four persons to serve the king with a glass of wine and water. Well might Frederick the Great, on hearing an account of all this tyranny of etiquette, exclaim, that if he were king of France his first edict would be to appoint another king to hold court in his place.—All the Year Round.

Cost of Booming in Georgia.

I heard an amusing conversation between two property holders. One was speaking of improved values of property around Augusta, when he said: "A real estate holder in Augusta is afraid to try to boom his property for fear of having his tax assessment increased. If a man goes out on the street and makes the innocent remark that he wouldn't take $25,000 for certain property, up goes the assessment to $25,000, even though he couldn't get $20,000 for it."

The other speaker said: "One day I had some friends at my house to dine. During the dinner I was asked what my place was worth, and we were all feeling good, and I wanted the value of the place to sound well, so I gave some extravagant figure which I could never have got for it. One of my guests happened to be a tax assessor, and, would you believe it, my assessment was increased according to my rosy hued statement."

The moral seems to be either that a man had better talk "poor," or else that the assessors should take something more substantial as their basis of assessment than a man's after dinner or ante-trading talk.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

The Tonic Effect of Bathing.

The tonic effect of bathing is caused by the contraction of the surface blood vessels, which drives the blood back to the larger blood vessels and the heart. These react and send the blood rushing back to the skin, causing the glow which follows the bath, or ought to follow it, the free respiration and the vigorous feeling of the muscular system. The bath should always be followed by friction with the hand, a brush or a towel.

The frequency with which it should be taken depends entirely on circumstances. It should be often enough to keep the pores open and the skin clean, for the skin does one-third of the breathing, and if it is clogged the lungs must do the work and they will be overburdened. As a rule the more rapidly a bath is taken the better will be its effects.—Herald of Health.

A Secularist "Christening."

On Sunday evening, at the Hall of Science in London, G. W. Foote, president of the National Secular society, performed a ceremony which has of late become almost obsolete among Freethinkers—"the naming of infants," to wit: The parents appeared on the platform with their child, a baby of three months. Mr. Foote briefly explained that the custom of publicly naming children, which had been frequently observed by Mr. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant and other Secularist lecturers, was in no sense intended to be a travesty of any religious function. If parents desired their offspring to be publicly identified with the Freethought party, there was no reason why this should not be done.

Then Mr. Foote, having kissed the baby with due solemnity, named it "Carlile Bradlaugh Owen Golding." The first of this portentous string of "given names" is derived from Richard Carlile, who suffered ten years of imprisonment early in this century for asserting the right of free publication. Mr. Foote expressed a hope that, when the child becomes old enough to understand the significance of the names he bears, he may prove worthy of them.—Cor. Public [illegible]

J. W. Murphy.

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—AND—
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Wagons and Carriages Repaired..

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
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Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday	January 24th
"	February 21st
"	March 21st
"	April 18th
"	May 23rd
"	June 20th
"	July 18th
"	August 15th
"	September 12th
"	October 17th
"	November 14th
"	December 12th

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All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
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NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the the following described stock, on account of assessment No. 6, levied on the 27th day of June, 1891, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. Cert.	No. Sh's.	Am't
Mrs. John Baxter..	20	50	10 00
A. W. Eibeshutz...	73	100	20 00
" " ...	74	150	30 00
T. C. Boland.....	72	100	20 00
E. Robinson.....	58	75	15 00
" "	59	125	25 00
John Alexander, Tr	77	250	50 00
W. H. Jenkins.....	30	100	20 00
" "	31	100	20 00
" "	33	100	20 00
" "	36	64	12 80
W. J. Jenkins.....	55	100	20 00
" "	56	100	20 00
" "	57	100	20 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 27th day of June, 1891, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Stevens Ditch Company, Independence, California, on Monday, the 24th day of August, 1891, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

P. H. MACK,
Secretary.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGANACIA ABECHUCO,
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON
Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence, Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.
THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal.
P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY AUGUST 14.....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 1.01¼
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Wilsor will preach on Sunday as follows: Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m., and Independence 7:30 p. m.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:30 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY, August 8, 1891.

W. H. Uhlmeyer vs. Sylvania Mining Company and J. F. Turner—Clerk's entry of default.

MONDAY, August 10, 1891.

Estate of E. Mallory—Filed order confirming sale of personal property.

Anthony vs. Silva—Clerk's entry of default.

WEDNESDAY, August 12, 1891.

Anthony vs. Silva—Judgment entered.

THURSDAY, August 13, 1891.

Estate of Charles D. Begole, deceased—Filed final account of special administrator.

Estate of Benjamin Theban, deceased—Filed order of sale of personal property. Entered decree establishing notice to creditors.

Estate of Barna Peeler, deceased—Entered decree establishing notice to creditors.

The Fair Directors meet at Independence to-morrow.

Vernon Smith brought a drummer down from Big Pine to-day.

Miss Mary Mulhollan returned from a visit to Lone Pine yesterday.

A heavy shower yesterday morning proved refreshing after the intense heat.

There will be a social hop next Friday evening at Mairs' Hall. Everybody invited.

Manuel Diaz, of Lone Pine, will please accept our thanks for the nice large box of fruit received this week.

The voting for bonds in Fish Spring School District resulted in the appropriation of $1,500 for the purchase of a site and the erection of a school house.

Last night about nine o'clock Dr. I. J. Woodin was called to attend Judge Hannah. He has been failing considerably lately and last night medical services were required.

During the absence of Mr. Murphy Arthur Smith has been in charge of the blacksmithing department of the Independence Foundry—the workmen there will always be found dry.

State Senator, Thomas Flint, Grand Vice President, N. S. G. W., will be here next Friday night, August 21, on an official visit. A Social Dance will be given in his honor by Mt. Whitney Parlor, to which all are cordially invited.

The Sheriff of Kern county has written to Sheriff Gorman in regard to the Indian known as "Jack Gunn." Mr. Gorman informed him that the Indian was wanted here and sent his description together with an offer of fifty dollars reward to be paid by himself and Under-Sheriff Holland. He also informed Mr. Borgwardt that an additional reward would be paid by the citizens of Lone Pine.

The stallion Allerton, Aug. 5, lowered his record to 2:12, which equals Axtell's record. The only two stallions with faster records than Allerton are Nelson, 2:10¾, and Stamboul, 2:11. It is a remarkable fact that Axtell and Allerton, two of the fastest four stallions in the world, were bred by a man named Williams, who formerly drove a milk cart in the city of Chicago. Allerton is 5 years old, and looms as a formidable candidate for stallion championship honors. Nelson, Stamboul and Allerton are all in training to have a shy at still further reducing their records. Three years ago Maxey Cobb held the stallion record with a mark of 2:13¼.

Will Be Paid.

Last week Tom McDonough sent a bill to the Board of Supervisors of Kern county for expenses incurred in the capture of the Indian "Doc." Sheriff Borgwardt of Kern mailed blanks for making out the claim in proper form to Sheriff Gorman and requested that the same be filled out and verified. At the next monthly meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Kern county the bill will be presented and quite likely allowed. A letter from Judge Conklin, of Kern, to Mr. Gorman states the reward of fifty dollars will also be forwarded. It is a matter of considerable satisfaction that Mr. McDonough receives recognition of the meritorious services rendered.

Indian Trouble at Bishop.

Last Sunday evening, while patroling the town of Bishop as night watchman Fred George had occasion to remove three drunken Indians from the town. The third offending Piute was Duckie, the Indian Sheriff. Duckie resented George's order to leave the town and became very quarrelsome. The watchman finally found it necessary to shoot the besotted Indian and the shot proved fatal. After a preliminary examination George was discharged, but his life is still in a hazardous position as the Bishop Indians vow vengeance for the killing of Duckie. The affair promises unpleasant developments both for Indians and whites, and one can but regret that a heavy punishment cannot be dealt out to the wretch who sold Duckie and his comrades the whiskey.

It is reported that George was discharged after the Coroner's inquest, no preliminary examination being held. This seems rather a strange proceeding. Proof should have been made before proper authorities that the man shot in self defense before he was released.

Smallpox Near Carson.

The railroad boys yesterday brought in the news that there was smallpox at the Indian school near Carson.

A dispatch to Dr. S. L. Lee from this office was answered as follows:

"Yes; two severe cases—one confluent.
"LEE."

Confluent smallpox is the worst form of the disease known among civilized people, although there is a Chinese article still more to be dreaded. Smallpox is called confluent where the pits run one into the other.

Several years ago a father buried two of his children who died of smallpox on the grounds now occupied by the Indian school. It is believed that the children partly resurrected these bodies and caught the infection. No other theory can be advanced for the cause, particularly at this time, when the entire Coast is almost free from the infection.

Carson stepped promptly in the breech and established a quarantine. The Indian school-house was properly flagged and communication cut off.

We cannot vouch for reports. It is reported in Virginia that several persons who attended the picnic Saturday visited the Indian school, and it is also reported that one of the Indian boys who was taken sick Sunday attended the picnic Saturday. In justice to the management of the school, it is only fair to state that at the time the picknickers visited the school there was no alarming cause of sickness known.

Those who were at the Indian school Saturday, if any there be, in all deceney, should immediately repair to a physician and get a good disinfectant, and follow instructions with regard to its use.

A good way to disinfect clothing is to place it in a close room and burn sulphur in it, leaving the clothing in for two hours or longer.

The Carson *Tribune* says: As soon as they learned that smallpox was in the building the balance of the Indians began to light out for parts unknown, only a half-dozen remaining.

It is unfortunate that they were not kept together. They came from every part of the State, and they will return to their several homes to spread the disease.—*Enterprise.*

Estray Notice.

Came to my place at Black Rock on or about the 19th day of July one bay colt and one brown filly branded JR, connected, on right shoulder, also one brown colt branded with half-circle and T connected on right shoulder. The owner is hereby notified to pay charges on said animals and remove them or they will be sold on Saturday the 12th day of September, 1891, to pay said costs.

CHARLES WALTER.

Superior Judge, Geo. M. Gill, will leave to-morrow morning for San Francisco for medical treatment. While there he will consult the ablest physicians and specialists in regard to his ailment, and it is earnestly hoped he will meet with success. He expects to be gone about two months and during his absence County Clerk Yandell will act as Court Commissioner.

A. P. Smith passed through town to-day on his way home from Bakersfield.

A Quick Cure For Rheumatism.

In many cases persons subject to rheumatism, have got prompt relief from pain by applying Chamberlain's Pain-Balm. The relief it affords is alone worth many times its cost, which is but 50 cents, and its continued application effects a complete cure. For sale by A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

Well Merited Praise.

In almost every neighborhood there is some one or more persons whose lives have been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, or who have been cured of chronic diarrhœa by it. Such persons take special pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise that follows the introduction and use makes it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

BIG PINE HOTEL.

BIG PINE - CAL.

New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates

☞ Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.

Special attention given to the wants of every guest.

Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,
nov-30-tf Independence,

LUMBER FOR SALE

Huile & Shoemaker,

LESSEES OF

BLACKROCK SAWMILL.

Clear lumber, at the dump, $27.00 per thousand. Second class lumber, slabs and edgings for sale cheap. Inquire for our prices.

HUILE & SHOEMAKER.

A Suggestion.

If you are troubled with rheumatism or a lame back, allow us to suggest that you try the following simple remedy. Take a piece of flannel the size of the two hands, saturate it with Chamberlain's Pain-Balm and bind it over the seat of pain. It will produce a pleasant warmth and relieve you of all pain. Many severe cases have been cured in this way. The Pain-Balm can be obtained from

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent.

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS,
O. I. MAIRS.

BLACKSMITHING,

Horseshoeing, General Iron

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP

Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing .....$2 00 for Cash

For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef, Mutton, Pork, Sausage.

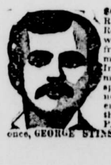
A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.



$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FIFTH
Annual Fair,
18th
Agricultural District
1891,
ALPINE, MONO & INYO

—WILL BE HELD AT—

-BISHOP-

Inyo County.

SEPT. 29 & 30, OCT. 1 & 2.

$2,000 in Premiums.
$800 in Purses.

For particulars see pamphlet and Premium List.

Board of Directors.

F. ROBINSON, B. RHINE, ROBT. LOVE, JOHN S. GORMAN, T. F. A. CONNELLY, C. A. WALTER, F. McIVER, W. S. ENOS.

E. ROBINSON, President. HENRY RHINE, Treasurer.

C. W. CRAIG, Secretary.

THOMAS & HILL,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL,

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,

HAWTHORNE, NEV.,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS.

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed Flooring.

sept 11-tf

PALACE SALOON

LONE PINE, CAL.

—THE FINEST—

WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

—o—

☞ This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.
j12-tf

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1030 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—**FREE.**

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. **GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,** Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC

☞ Buyers and consumers should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884. E. CHENOT.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

—o—

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of **San Francisco.** Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors,

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE SEWART HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1 Leave—		To Mound House. No. 2. Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.		5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.		2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5.50 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.		9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.		9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.		7:55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv.	7:20a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—		No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m.		5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.		1:25 a m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p. m.		11:00 a. m
Alvord	2.45 p. m.		10:00 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.		7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.	Lv.	7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leavin Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOLF'S

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

☞ Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CGARS

☞ The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 tf

Talk's cheap, but when it's backed up by a pledge of the *hard cash* of a financially responsible firm, or company, of world-wide reputation for fair and honorable dealing, *it means business!*

Now, there are scores of sarsaparillas and other blood-purifiers, all cracked up to be the best, purest, most peculiar and wonderful, but bear in mind (for your own sake), there's only *one guaranteed* blood-purifier and remedy for torpid liver and all diseases that come from bad blood.

That *one*—standing solitary and alone—sold *on trial*, is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

If it don't do good in skin, scalp and scrofulous diseases—and pulmonary consumption is only lung-scrofula—just let its makers know and get your money back.

Talk's cheap, but to back a poor medicine, or a common one, by selling it *on trial*, as "Golden Medical Discovery" is sold, would bankrupt the largest fortune.

Talk's cheap, but only "Discovery" is *guaranteed.*

When Prince George of Greece reached Omaha three men came on the car, and rushing up to him, shook his hand with great force, while one of them said, "Hello, George; my name is George, too."

EVERYONE SPEAKS WELL OF IT.

Rochester, N. Y., March 18, '86.

For many years I have been troubled with severe pains in the back of my head and neck, the pain being so severe at times that I was nearly insane, and my friends feared that I would be. Lumps as large as a hickory-nut, would swell up on my forehead and neck. I tried many different kinds of medicines and physicians, but none seemed to reach my case, until I commenced the use of Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, and before I had used it four days, the pain left my neck and shoulders and went to my hips and limbs. I continued taking the remedy, and the disease seemed to work downward. but there was but little pain. I am still using the remedy, and I feel confident it will entirely cure me; for I am so much better and stronger than I have been for years. I cheerfully recommend it to all.

Very respectfully yours,
MRS. PHŒBE WHEATON.
110 Mt. Hope Avenue.

A LETTER
From the Mother of Miss Jessie Bonesteele.

Rochester, N. Y., April 22, 1886.

GENTLEMEN:—It is with pleasure I add my testimonial to the many well-known cures which your most excellent remedy has effected. For more than two years I was a great sufferer with rheumatism, being scarcely free from pain during the time. I found no relief until I procured Dr. Pardee's remedy, and it cured me completely. It is now two years since I discontinued its use and I have had no symptoms of the disease since. I know from my own and from the experience of many others also, that it will cure any case of rheumatism or neuralgia.

I am, very truly yours,
MRS. H. S. BONESTEELE.

Lockport, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—I think the medicine prepared by the Pardee Medicine Company is in fact the best rheumatic medicine now on the market; its equal is not known. My boy only six years old was confined to his bed with rheumatism; I got a bottle of the medicine and in a few days he was out of bed and playing around the house. I can cheerfully recommend this medicine to all rheumatic sufferers.

J. K. PERRY, Shoe Dealer.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Pardee's Remedy and take no other. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles, $5.

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Darwin and His Children.

His son Francis states that he does not remember ever hearing his father speak an angry word, yet the children never thought of disobeying him. "I well remember," says his son, "one occasion when my father reproved me for a piece of carelessness; and I can still recall the depression which came over me, and the care which he took to disperse it by speaking to me soon afterward with especial kindness.

"He kept up his delightful, affectionate manner toward us all his life. I sometimes wonder that he could do so, with such an undemonstrative race as we are; but I hope he knew how much we delighted in his loving words and manner.

"How often, when a man, I have wished when my father was behind my chair, that he would pass his hand over my hair, as he used to do when I was a boy. He allowed his grown up children to laugh with and at him, and was, generally speaking, on terms of perfect equality with us."—Holder's Life of Darwin.

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THE SPLENDID SPUR.

Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-8: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

There was no time to be lost. Pulling the captain to his feet, we scrambled up the gully, and out at the top, and across the fields as fast as our legs would take us. Molly came to my call and trotted beside me—the captain following some paces behind, and Billy last, to keep a safe watch on his movements.

At the gate, however, where we turned into the road, I tethered the mare, lest the sound of her hoofs should betray us, and down towards the sea we pelted, till almost at the foot of the hill I pulled up and listened, the others following my example.

We could hear the sound of oars plain above the wash of waves on the beach. I looked about me. On either side the road was now banked by tall hills, with clusters of bracken and furze bushes lying darkly on their slopes. Behind one of these clusters I stationed Billy with the captain's long sword and a pistol that I by signs forbade him to fire unless in extremity. Then, retiring some forty paces up the road, I hid the captain and myself on the other side.

Hardly were we thus disposed before I heard the sound of a boat grounding on the beach below, and the murmur of voices, and then the noise of feet trampling the shingle. Upon which I ordered my prisoner to give a hail, which he did readily.

"Ahoy, Dick! Ahoy, Reuben Gedges!"

In a moment or two came the answer:

"Ahoy, there, captain—here we be!"

"Fetch along the cargo!" shouted Capt. Settle, on my prompting.

"Where be you?"

"Up the road here—waiting!"

"One minute, then—wait one minute, captain!"

I heard the boat pushed off, some good-nights called, and then (with tender anguish) the voice of my Delia lifted in entreaty. As I guessed, she was beseeching the sailors to take her back to the sloop, nor leave her to these villains. There followed an oath or two growled out, a short scrimmage, and at last, above the splash of the retreating boat, came the tramp of heavy feet on the road below.

So fired was I at the sound of Delia's voice, that 'twas with much ado I kept quiet behind the bush. Yet I had wit enough left to look to the priming of my pistol, and also bid the captain shout again. As he did so a light shone out down the road, and round the corner came a man bearing a lantern.

"Can't be quicker, captain," he called; "the jade struggles so that Dick and Jeremy ha' their hands full."

Sure enough, after him there came in view two stooping forms that bore my dear maid between them—one by the feet, the other by the shoulders. I ground my teeth to see it, for she writhed sorely. On they came, however, until not more than ten paces off; and then that traitor, Luke Settle, rose up behind our bush.

"Set her here, boys," said he, "and tie her pretty ankles."

"Well met, captain," said the fellow with the lantern—Reuben Gedges—stepping forward; "give us your hand!"

He was holding out his own, when I sprang up, set the pistol close to his chest and fired. His scream mingled with the roar of it, and, dropping the lantern, he threw up his hands and tumbled in a heap. At the same moment out went the light, and the other rascals, dropping Delia, turned to run, crying "Sold! sold!"

But behind them came now a shout from Billy, and a crashing blow that almost severed Black Dick's arm at the shoulder; and at the same instant I was on Master Toy's collar, and had him down in the dust. Kneeling on his chest, with my sword point at his throat, I had leisure to glance at Billy, who in the dark seemed to be sitting on the head of his disabled victim. And then I felt a touch on my shoulder, and a dear face peered into mine.

"Is it Jack—my sweet Jack?"

"To be sure," said I; "and if you but reach out your hand, I will kiss it, for all that I'm busy with this rogue."

"Nay, Jack, I'll kiss thee on the cheek—so! Dear lad, I am so frightened, and yet could laugh for joy!"

But now I caught the sound of galloping on the road above, and shouts, and then more galloping; and down came a troop of horsemen that were like to have ridden over us, had I not shouted lustily.

"Who in the fiend's name is here?" shouted the foremost, pulling in his horse with a scramble.

"Honest men and rebels together," I answered; "but light the lantern that you will find handy by, and you shall know one from t'other."

By the time 'twas found and lit there was a dozen of Col. John Digby's dragoons about us; and before the two villians were bound comes a half dozen men, leading in Capt. Settle, that had taken to his heels at the first blow and climbed the hill, all tied as he was about the hands, and was caught in his endevor to clamber on Molly's back. So he and Black Dick and Jeremy Toy were strapped up; but Reuben Gedges we left on the road for a corpse. Yet he did not die (though shot through the lung), but recovered—heaven knows how; and I myself had the pleasure to see him hanged at Tyburn, in the second year of his majesty's most blessed restoration, for stopping the Bishop of Salisbury's coach in Maidenhead Thicket, and robbing the bishop himself with much added contumely.

But as we were ready to start, and I was holding Delia steady on Molly's back, up comes Billy and bawls in my ear:

"There's a second horse, if wanted, that I spied tethered under a hedge yonder"—and he pointed to the field where we had first found Capt. Settle—"in color a sad black, an' harnessed like as if he came from a cart."

I looked at the captain, who in the light of the lantern blinked again. "Thou bloody villain!" muttered I, for now I read the tragedy of the wagon beside the road, and knew how Master Settle had provided a horse for his own escape.

But hereupon the word was given, and we started up the hill, I walking by Delia's stirrup and listening to her talk as if we had never been parted—yet with a tender joy, having by loss of it learned to appraise my happiness aright.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOAN DOES ME HER LAST SERVICE.

We came, a little before midnight, to Sir Bevill's famous great house of Stow, near Kilkhampton; that to-night was brightly lit and full of captains and troopers feasting, as well they needed to, after the great victory. And here, though loath to do so, I left Delia to the care of Lady Grace Grenville, Sir Bevill's fond, beautiful wife, and of all gentlewomen I have ever seen the pink and paragon, as well for her loyal heart as the graces of her mind; who, before the half of our tale was out, kissed Delia on both cheeks and led her away. "To you, too, sir, I would counsel bed," said she, "after you have eaten and drunk, and especially given God thanks for this day's work."

Sir Bevill I did not see, but, striding down into the hall, picked my way among the drinking and drunken; the servants hurrying with dishes of roast and baked and great tankards of beer; the swords and pikes flung down under the forms and settles, and sticking out to trip a man up; and at length found a groom who led me to a loft over one of the barns; and here, above a mattress of hay, I slept the first time for many months between fresh linen that smelt of lavender, and, in thinking how pleasant 'twas, dropped sound asleep.

Sure there is no better, sweeter couch than this of linen spread over hay. Early in the morning I woke with wits clear as water, and not an ache or ounce of weariness in my bones; and, after washing at the pump below, went in search of breakfast and Sir Bevill. The one I found, ready laid, in the hall; the other seated in his writing room, studying in a map; and with apology for my haste, handed him Master Tingcomb's confession and told my story.

When 'twas over, Sir Bevill sat pondering, and after a while said, very frankly:

"As a magistrate I can give this warrant; and 'twould be a pleasure, for well, as a boy, do I remember Deakin Killigrew. Young sir"—he rose up, and, taking a turn across the room, came and laid a hand on my shoulder—"I have seen his daughter. Is it too late to warn you against loving her?"

"Why, yes," I answered, blushing; "I think it is."

"She seems both sweet and quaint. God forbid I should say a word against one that has so taken me! But in these times a man should stand alone; to make a friend is to run a chance of a soft heart; to marry a wife makes the chance sure"——

He broke off, and went on again with a change of tone:

"For many reasons I would blithely issue this warrant. But how am I to spare men to carry it out? At any moment we may be assailed."

"If that be your concern, sir," answered I, "give me the warrant. I have a good friend here, a seafaring man, whose vessel lies at this moment in Looe Haven, with a crew on board, that will lay Master Tingcomb by the heels in a trice. Within three days we'll have him clapped in Launceston jail, and there at the next assize you shall sit on the grand jury and near his case, by which time, I hope, the king's law shall run on easier wheels in Cornwall. The prisoners we have already I leave you to deal withal; only, against my will, I must claim some mercy for that rogue Settle."

To this Sir Bevill consented; and, to be short, the three knaves were next morning packed off to Launceston; but in time, no evidence being brought against them, regained their freedom, which they used to come to the gallows, each in his own way. Their doings no longer concern this history, and so I gladly leave them.

To return, then, to my proper tale, 'twas not ten minutes before I had the warrant in my pocket. And by 11 o'clock (word having been carried to Delia, and our plans laid before Billy Pottery, who on the spot engaged himself to help us) our horses were brought round to the gate and my mistress appeared all ready for the journey. For though assured that the work needed not her presence, and that she had best wait at Stow till Master Tingcomb was smoked out of his nest, she would have none of it, but was set on riding with me to see justice done on this fellow, of whose villainy I had told her much the night before. And glad I was of her choice, as I saw her standing on the entrance steps, fresh as a rose, and in a fit habit once more; for Lady Grace had lent not only her own bay horse, but also a riding dress and hat of gray velvet to equip her, and stood in the porch to wish us god-speed, while Sir Bevill helped Delia to the saddle.

So, with Billy tramping behind us, away we rode up the combe, where Kilkhampton tower stood against the sky; and, turning to wave hands at the top, found our host and hostess still by the gate, watching us, with hands raised to shield their eyes from the sun.

At Launceston, Billy Pottery took leave of us; and now went due south, towards Looe, with a light purse and lighter heart, undertaking that his ship should lie off Gleys, with her crew ready for action, within eight-and-forty hours. Delia and I rode faster towards the southwest; and having by this time recovered my temper, I was recounting my flight along this very road, when I heard a sound that brought my heart into my mouth.

'Twas the blast of a bugle, and came from behind the hill in front of us. And at the same moment I understood. It must be Sir George Chudleigh's cavalry returning, on news of their comrades' defeat, and we were riding straight towards them as into a trap.

Now what could have made me forgetful of this danger I cannot explain, unless it be that our thorough victory over the rebels had given me the notion that the country behind us was clear of foes. And Sir Bevill must have had a notion we were going straight to Looe with Billy. At any rate there was no time to be lost, for my presence was a danger to Delia as well. I cast a glance about me. There was no place to hide.

"Quick!" I cried; "follow me and ride for dear life!"

And, striking spur into Molly, I turned sharp off the road and galloped across the moor to the left, with Delia close after me.

Down the hollow we raced with three dragoons at our heels, the rest going round the hill. But they did little good by so doing, for after the hollow came a broad, dismal sheet of water (by name Dozmare pool, I have since heard), about a mile round and banked with black peat. Galloping along the left shore of this, we cut them off by near half a mile. But the three behind followed doggedly, though dropping back with every stride.

Beyond the pool came a green valley, and a stream flowing down it, which we jumped easily. Glancing at Delia as she landed on the farther side, I noted that her cheeks were glowing and her eyes brimful of mirth.

"Say, Jack," she cried, "is not this better than love of women?"

"In heaven's name," I called out, "take care!"

But it was too late. The green valley here melted into a treacherous bog, in the which her bay was already plunging over his fetlocks and every moment sinking deeper.

"Throw me the rein!" I shouted, and, catching the bridle close by the bit, leaned over and tried to drag the horse forward. By this, Molly also was over hoofs in liquid mud. For a minute and more we heaved and splashed; and all the while the dragoons, seeing our fix, were shouting and drawing nearer and nearer. But just as a brace of bullets splashed into the slough at our feet, we staggered to the harder slope, and were gaining on them again. So for twenty minutes along the spurs of the hills we held on, the enemy falling back and hidden, every now and again, in the hollows—but always following; at the end of which time, Delia called from just behind me:

"Jack—here's a to-do; the bay is going lame!"

There was no doubt of it. I suppose he must have wrung his off hind leg in fighting through the quag. Anyway, ten minutes more would see the end of his gallop. But at this moment we had won to the top of a stiff ascent; and now, looking down at our feet, I had the joyfulest surprise.

'Twas the moor of Temple spread below like a map, the low sun striking on the ruined huts to the left of us, on the roof of Joan's cottage, on the scar of the high road, and the sides of the tall tor above it.

"In ten minutes," said I, "we may be safe."

So down into the plain we hurried; and I thought for the first time of the loyal girl waiting in the cottage yonder; of my former ride into Temple; and (with angry shame) of the light heart with which I left it. To what had the summoning drums and trumpets led me? Where was the new life, then so carelessly prevented? But two days had gone, and here was I running to Joan for help, as a child to his mother.

Past the peat ricks we struggled, the sheep cotes, the straggling fences—all so familiar—crossed the stream and rode into the yard.

"Jump down," I whispered; "we have time, and no more." Glancing back, I saw a couple of dragoons already coming over the heights. They had spied us.

Dismounting, I ran to the cottage door and flung it open. A stream of light, flung back against the sun, blazed into my eyes.

I rubbed them and halted for a moment stock still.

For Joan stood in front of me, dressed in the very clothes I had worn on the day we first met—buff coat, breeches, heavy boots, and all. Her back was towards me, and at the shoulder, where the coat had been cut away from my wound, I saw the rents all darned and patched with pack thread. In her hand was the mirror I had given her.

At the sound of my step on the threshold she turned with a short cry—a cry the like of which I have never heard, so full was it of choking joy. The glass dropped to the floor and was shattered. In a second her arms were about me, and so she hung on my neck, sobbing and laughing together.

"'Twas true—'twas true! Dear, dear Jack—dear Jack, to come to me; hold me tighter, tighter—for my very heart is bursting!"

And behind me a shadow fell on the doorway; and there stood Delia regarding us.

"Good lad—all yesterday I swore to be strong and wait—for years, if need be. Fie on womankind to be so weak! All day I sat an' sat, an' did never a mite o' work—never set hand to a tool; an' by sunset I gave in an' went cursing mysel', over the moor to Warleggan, to Alsie Pascoe, the wise woman—an' she taught me a charm—an' bless her, bless her, Jack, for 't hath brought thee!"

"Joan," said I, hot with shame, taking her arms gently from my neck; "listen: I come because I am chased. Once more the dragooners are after me—not five minutes away. You must lend me a horse, and at once."

"Nay," said a voice in the doorway, "the horse, if lent, is for me!"

Joan turned, and the two women stood looking at each other—the one with dark wonder, the other with cold disdainfulness—and I between them scarce lifting my eyes. Each was beautiful after her kind, as day and night; and though their looks crossed for a full minute like drawn blades, neither had the mastery. Joan was the first to speak.

"Jack, is thy mare in the yard?"

I nodded.

"Give me thy pistols and thy cloak." She stepped to the window hole at the end of the kitchen and looked out. "Plenty o' time," she said, and pointed to the ladder leading to the loft above—"Climb up there, the both, and pull the ladder after. Is't thou they want—or she?" pointing to Delia.

"Me chiefly they would catch, no doubt—being a man," I answered.

"Ay—bein' a man; the world's full o' folly. Then, Jack, do thou look after her, an' I'll look after thee. If the rebels leave thee in peace, make for the Jews' Kitchen and there abide me."

She flung my cloak about her, took my pistols and went out at the door. As she did so the sun sank and a dull shadow swept over the moor. "Joan!" I cried, for now I guessed her purpose and was following to hinder her; but she had caught Molly's bridle and was already astride of her. "Get back!" she called, softly, and then, "I make a better lad than wench, Jack," leaped the mare through a gap in the wall and in a moment was breasting the hill and galloping for the high road.

In less than a minute, as it seemed, I heard a pounding of hoofs, and had barely time to follow Delia up the ladder and pull it after me, when two of the dragoons rode skurrying by the house and passed on yelling. Their cries were hardly faint in the distance before there came another three.

"'A's a lost man, now, for sure," said one, "be danged if 'a's not took the road back to Lan'son!"

"How 'bout the gal?" asked another voice. "Here's her horse i' the yard."

"Drat the gal! Sam, go thou an' tackle her; reckon thou'rt warriors enow for one 'ooman."

The two hastened on; and presently I heard the one they called Sam dismounting in the yard. Now, there was a window hole in the loft facing, not on the yard, but towards the country behind; and running to it, I saw that no more were following—the other three having, as I suppose, early given up the chase. Softly pulling out a loose stone or two, I widened this hole till I could thrust the ladder out of it. To my joy it just reached the ground. I bade Delia squeeze herself through and climb down.

But before she was half way down I heard a wild screech in the kitchen below and the voice of Sam shrieking:

"Help—help! Lord ha' mercy 'pon me—'tis a black cat—'tis a witch! The gal's no gal, but a witch!"

Laughing softly, I was descending the ladder when the fellow came round the corner screaming—with Jan Tergagio clawing at his back and spitting murderously. Delia had just time to slip aside, before he ran into the ladder and brought me flying on top of him. And there he lay and bellowed till I tied him, and gagged his noise with a big stone in his mouth and his own scarf tied around it.

"Come!" I whispered; for Joan and her pursuers were out of sight. Catching up her long skirt Delia followed me, and up the tor we panted together, nor rested till we were safe in the Jews' Kitchen.

"What do you think of this for a hiding place?" asked I, with a laugh.

But Delia did not laugh. Instead, she faced me with blazing eyes, checked herself, and answered, cold as ice:

"Sir, you have done me a many favors. How I have trusted you in return it were best for you to remember, and for me to forget."

The dark drew on; but as I think, about 10 o'clock, I heard steps coming over the turf. I ran out. 'Twas Joan herself and leading Molly by the bridle. She walked as if tired, and, leaving the mare at the entrance, followed me into the cave. Glancing round, I noted that Delia had slipped away.

"Am glad she's gone," said Joan, shortly. "How many rebels passed this way, Jack?"

"Five, counting one that lies gagged and bound down at the cottage."

"That leaves four"—she stretched herself on the ground with a sigh—"four that'll never trouble thee more, lad."

"Why? how"——

"Listen, lad; sit down an' let me rest my head 'pon thy knee. Oh, Jack, I did it bravely! Eight good miles an' more I took the mare—by the Four Holed Cross, an' across the moor past Tober an' Catshole an' over Brown Willy, an' round Roughtor to the nor'west; an' there lies the bravest quag—oh, a black, bottomless hole—an' into it I led them; an' there they lie, every horse, an' every mother's son, till Judgment Day."

"Dead?"

"Ay—an' the last twain wi' a bullet apiece in their skulls. Oh, rare! Dear heart—hold my head—so, atween thy hands. 'Put on his cast off duds,' said Ailsie, 'an' stand afore a glass, sayin' "Come, true man!" nine-an'-ninety time.' I was mortal 'feard o' losin' count; but afore I got to fifty I heard thy step an'—hold me closer, Jack."

"But Joan, are these men dead, say you?"

"Surely, yes. Why, lad, what be four rebels, up or down, to make this coil over? Hast never axed after me?"

"Joan—you are not hurt?"

In the darkness I sought her eyes, and, peering into them, drew back.

"Joan?"

"Hush, lad—bend down thy head, and let me whisper. I went too near—an' one, that was over his knees, let fly wi' his musket—an' Jack, I have but a minute or two. Hush, lad, hush—there's no call! Wert never the man could ha' tamed me—art the weaker, in a way; forgie the word, for I loved thee so, boy Jack!"

Her arms were drawing down my face to her, her eyes dull with pain.

"Feel, Jack—there—over my right breast. I plugged the wound wi' a peat turf. Pull it out, for 'tis bleeding inwards, and hurts cruelly—pull it out!"

As I hesitated, she thrust her own hand in and drew it forth, leaving the hot blood to gush.

"An' now, Jack, tighter—hold me tighter. Kiss me—oh, what brave times! Tighter, lad, an' call wi' me—'Church and King!' Call, lad—'Church an'"——

The warm arms loosened; the head sank back upon my lap.

I looked up. There was a shadow across the entrance, blotting out the star of night. 'Twas Delia, leaning there and listening.

(To be Continued.)

Incident of the Franco-Prussian War.

We breakfasted on a bit of chocolate cake and a sip of wine and a rank and rough cigar, and after a toilsome march, broken by the chance that the telegraph wagons happened to be going our way a few miles, we reached Gorze some minutes after 10 o'clock, and saw a Frenchman hanging by the neck beside a well, his breast torn by rifle shots—a ghastly spectacle, to warn the people that they must not pollute the water to prevent the German soldiery from drinking it. We pushed on, a shade sickened by an object so repulsive. A beautiful bronze figure of an angel, the signal of the establishment of a benevolent sisterhood, appeared above low trees on the right. There was a remote rattle of musketry in the same direction, and occasionally the grumbling, beyond wooded hills, of cannon.—Murat Halstead.

For Consistency's Sake.

For the sake of being consistent a man just stupid enough to be consistent will go and do and say the same fool things he has done and said before. The fool cannot catch on to any ideas of progress.—New Orleans Picayune.

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, August 21, 1891.

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Hot Winds of Africa.

In the vast deserts of Africa, Asia and Australia we find all the requisites for the full development of heated air currents. The whole surroundings are favorable, and sand being a poor conductor the powerful rays of an undimmed sun warm the superficial layers to an extraordinary degree, and this excessive temperature is communicated to the superincumbent atmosphere in the usual way. Between Tripoli and Murzuk there is a sterile tract of more than fifty miles of sandy country, where a thermometer thrust six inches below the surface recorded a temperature of 130 degs. In South Africa Sir John Herschel found a ground temperature of 159 degs. In the severe drought of the summer of 1877, in the Fiji Islands, the black bulb thermometer on the grass registered 172 degs. So exceedingly hot was the ground that the poor natives, whose feet are "as tough as cowhide, often enabling them to walk over fire or on the top of live coral, an ordeal almost equally severe," were compelled for once to bandage their feet for protection against the fiery soil.

On some arid desert plains the temperature of the sand reaches 200 degs. and even higher. During Capt. Sturt's wanderings in Australia he found that a match would fire by simply dropping it on the ground. Burton's feet were scorched while pitching his tent in the Arabian desert. The same authority, describing the Inenge district of Central Africa, states that "under the burning yellow sky the grass is as white as the soil; the fields—stubbles stiff as harrows—are stained only by the shadows of passing clouds; the trees, except upon the nullah banks, are bare; the animals are walking skeletons, and nothing seems to flourish but flies, white ants and caltrops. Intense heat and want of water have dried the land." The Ragolay, an important river system of Abyssinia, receiving many tributary streams, is unable to reach the sea, as the hot dry air and sand between them drink up the whole volume of water.—Cornhill Magazine.

Overloading the Dining Table.

But what have the women to do in this matter? Do they, too, not vie with each other as to who can set the finest table? Even the plain farmers' wives do not always give us a good example. Count the varieties at a single meal, especially if they have company. Besides bread, butter, milk, meat, vegetables, etc. (enough for any Christian), there are cakes, pastries, preserves, jellies, pickles, puddings, side dishes innumerable, with coffee or other hot drink, over and above. I think I once counted no less than sixteen dishes at a plain little "tea" in a country village. With this state of things in the rural districts, what are we to expect in the large cities? Listen to one who has just spoken his mind on this subject:

"The essential difference between barbarism and civilization, according to epicures, is that then men ate to live, and now they live to eat. In American cities, notably in New York, there are, it must be confessed, many so called civilized beings of this order. When they are not eating, they are talking or thinking about it; and their faces show what an absorbing idea and habit it is. They may be seen any evening at Delmonico's, the Brunswick, the Hoffman, or at some one of the fashionable clubs, intent upon the dinner they have ordered, and enjoying with repellent sensuality their various dishes and wines. They are apt to have round, protruding eyes, large, coarse mouths, double chins, florid, oleaginous complexions, a general expression of matter dominating and controlling mind. They are barbarians in the midst of high civilization; for they are consecrated to their appetites, and impervious to the finer issues of life."—Susanna W. Doods, M. D., in Demorest's Monthly

Trick of a Theatre Goer.

A manager whose path in life is evidently not strewn with roses, speaking of the tricks that are attempted by some persons who attend the theatre, said: "The odd things that people will do to get what they have not paid for makes a very interesting study. Last night a well dressed, apparently prosperous citizen who had purchased a 50 cent admission ticket took a stand down one of the side aisles. A few minutes after the curtain had gone up he quietly sidled into a vacant seat. None of the ushers observed him. I did, but I wanted to study this case. When the act closed he walked out in the lobby. I missed his second entrance, but after some scrutiny discovered him in an aisle seat well down to the footlights. He had evidently spotted that as unoccupied, and came down the aisle with other people who had left their places at the close of the first act. His cleverness had been rewarded by the enjoyment of the performance from a $1.50 orchestra chair for just the 50 cents admission fee."

"Did you disturb him?"

"Oh, no; that would have hurt his finer sensibilities, and perhaps made an enemy of him."

"What did you do?"

"I jumped on the usher who was on that aisle."—New York Herald.

The Young Kaiser's Physique.

The appearance of the young kaiser does nothing to discourage the admiration evoked by what we hear of his military performances. He is above the average of his officers in height, carries himself with a grace seldom allied to the profession of arms, and in proportion he is of full body, though suggesting muscular development rather than stoutness. His left arm has not developed normally, but it is not unless one's attention is called to it that its impotency becomes striking. With this left arm, however, he holds his horse's reins, and once at least I saw him take a ditch which three of his officers refused, a feat that does not harmonize with the current stories about his feeble powers. His right arm, on the other hand, has absorbed all the vigor which was denied its mate, as is remarked by all who experience the powerful grasp he applies when shaking hands, a grasp which in Berlin has passed into a proverb. How little his left arm has interfered with his love for sport may be judged from the fact that he is an excellent shot and a good oar—all with the single right arm alone. He is also a very strong fencer.—Poultney Bigelow in Army and Navy Gazette.

Spaniard and His Guitar.

I suppose it must have been by way of burlesque that Spaniards were always represented as playing on a guitar, my first knowledge of them being from the pictured wrappers in raisin boxes from Malaga. However, their affection for this instrument is not overestimated. They carry their guitars with them everywhere, even in the railway carriages, which are always crowded. Its musical tinkle is heard ever before the peasants' doors, under the vine, by the plow left in the furrow; and generally there is some one dancing to its music.—W. Parker Bodfish in Demorest's Monthly.

LOUISE MICHEL.

A Brief Account of Her Late Lecture.

NOTED PERSONS SEEN IN THE AUDIENCE.

A Homely but Strong Face.—Surprise of Many of her Hearers.

The little Salle des Conferences in the Boulevard des Capucines was filled last night by a mixed crowd, assembled to hear Louise Michel lecture on the "Role of Woman in Modern Society." On one side of the hall was a group of personal friends of the "grande citoyenne," habitues of her sort of political meetings, and these had for the occasion donned their Sunday head covering instead of the slouch hats they wear usually. In the front row sat the Italian Revolutionary Cipriani, recently arrived from the peninsula kingdom, where he has been spending the last few years of his life in prison. He does not seem to have suffered much from the long confinement; his long beard is jet black, his hands are white, his face bears a contented expression, and he wears his broad brimmed, high hat jauntily inclined to one side, with the air of a man who knows that he is a fine looking fellow.

AMONG THE AUDIENCE.

Among the determined enemies of society I noticed also Pere Hyacynthe Loyson and many other well dressed bourgeois. Indeed the respectable element formed four-fifths of the audience, and most of them were young ladies and middle aged or venerable matrons who had come out of curiosity to see and hear the "monster" whose name appears in reports of all meetings at which incitations to acts of pillage and violence form the burden of the oration delivered. When the "monster" made her appearance she seemed a little bit surprised at finding herself in the presence of such a nice audience. She had not gotten herself up especially for the occasion and wore the shabby black dress, small crape bonnet and long veil thrown back over her shoulders that form her ordinary costume when in public. It was with shaky accent, and in a rather nasal voice that she announced her subject, but as soon as the first words were pronounced Louise Michel, herself again, had recovered that presence of mind and cool boldness which rarely desert her.

As she spoke the physiognomy of most of her hearers, especially those of the female portion of the audience, betrayed a surprise quite amusing to contemplate. It was easy to read on their faces that most of them were saying to themselves: "What! Is that her? Is that the Louise Michel we have heard and read so much about? That the woman? Why she looks like a Protestant school teacher, and as ugly as a scarecrow!" Yes, Louise Michel is undoubtedly a very homely person, but there is a gleam of intelligence about her face which, when she speaks, becomes exceedingly animated and mobile. It was evident, however, that most of the audience were disappointed, and after she had spoken a few minutes their attention began to flag. Moreover, what she was saying was not easy to follow or understand because of the disjointed connection between the ideas and the remarkable rapidity with which she was speaking. She never picks her words, but she frequently uses images of wonderful poetic freshness, which sound all the more strange coming from such lips. Once started, she goes on at break neck gallop, catching at a thought here, throwing off a daring expression there, leaping over all obstacles, and apparently endeavoring to realize some dream of unattainable perfection of which her credulous soul has caught a glimpse through the mists that becloud her exceedingly crude conceptions of things here below.

RELATING AN ANECDOTE.

Starting with the assertion that "woman has today the faults of a slave and man those of a conqueror," she declared that women are necessary, and that a time will come when the world will learn how to utilize their rare faculties. That time will be an epoch, and "wars will no longer be waged, because electric mitrailleuses will have been invented which will suppress thousands of men at a shot, and thus force nations to disarm." For the present it was the duty of woman to prepare for the advent of that golden age when nothing would prevent them from reaching a perfect equality with men. To prove that her sex were capable of that equality, she related an anecdote from her own experience:

"When I was attending lectures," said she, "in order to secure a diploma as a qualified school teacher, I one day heard an old savant trying to demonstrate, with the aid of two skulls, that a woman's head was smaller than that of a man, but he never noticed that, misled by a change of labels, made by a pupil with whom I am well acquainted, he was all the time using one anatomical specimen for the other."

Now and then Miss Michel said things which pleased the revolutionary group of her hearers, but were not at all to the liking of the rest of the audience. Speaking of woman, as affected by novel impression, she said that for her part she had never felt anything comparable to the sensation experienced when, marching at the head of a battalion of communists, she contemplated the marvelous picture of burning Paris spread out before her eyes against the red background of the glowing sky. But this cynical declaration called forth angry protests, and Louise wisely dropped into another strain, protesting that she did not wish to see women concerning themselves with politics. Scientific and artistic studies were the only ones to which they should devote themselves. "Let us have no leagues," said she, "for the purpose of demanding rights today which will no longer be our rights to-morrow. Woman is naturally good and virtuous, and when she knows all things she will no longer be the charming creature whose coquetry troubles man; she will no longer be faithless, because she will not be ignorant of the fact that her neighbor's husband is not a bit superior to her own."—Henry Haynie in New Orleans Picayune.

If you carry five $20 gold pieces in your pocket one day the amount of value rubbed off is exactly two cents. If you adopt the newspaper way and carry a $100 bill in your coat tail pocket it's all there when night comes.—Detroit Free Press.

A soldier belonging to a detachment of the Austrian army in Transylvania was recently killed by a bullet from a Manlicher rifle, discharged during target practice at a distance of more than two and one-half miles.

WHALE MEAT AS DIET.

It Is Not Only Wholesome but Also Very Palatable.

Talk of butchers' shops. A whale is a whole meat market in itself. It is a floating Smithfield, a marine edition of Copenhagen fields, an entire Billingsgate. Nobody need ever starve when whales are in season. A few of them would provision a city for a long siege. Fortunately, as the world grows older, it learns to judge more fairly of neglected kinds of provisions. It is a pity that the true value of whale flesh has not been discovered long ago. How many poor families might have been amply fed if only "whale extract" had come into fashion years back. Gourmands should also show their gratitude for the gift of a fresh flavor. It must be admitted, with regret, but without hesitation, that the list of ordinary articles of food is very limited, and that beef and mutton are apt to become monotonous, even when varied with fish and poultry, and all the eatable fruits of the earth as well. The edibility of the whale is, therefore, an exciting discovery."

The only drawback to the pleasant picture which arises when the mind contemplates 50,000 people dining off one animal is contained in the thought that whales, when they are proved to be valuable for dietetic purposes, will be hunted until they become scarce and perhaps extinct. To guard against this danger we have no doubt that whale breeding would come into fashion. People who found other forms of food culture unremunerative might remove to countries where the climate allowed whales to live in comfort and establish whale farms at the mouths of tidal rivers. There is, in fact, no end to the opening for enterprise and ingenuity which are available owing to this remarkable addition to the domestic larder.—Medical Classics.

Tricks of Indian Jugglers.

Some of the tricks are performed by every juggler you meet; others again are of such an astonishing nature, and border so nearly on the miraculous as to be beyond the capacity of an ordinary performer. Of this character are the orange tree trick and the burial trick. If, after having witnessed these feats performed in broad daylight, one is of the opinion that it was an optical delusion produced by the mesmeric power of the operator, I can only say that the ability to obtain an absolute mastery over every faculty of the observer is no less astonishing than would be the actual performance of an apparently impossible feat.

The most noticeable feature in the performance of the Indian juggler is the entire absence of any kind of apparatus. His scanty clothing affords no opportunity for concealment, and every feat is performed simply by manual dexterity or is a delusion effected by mesmeric influences. The famous wizards of Europe and America were nothing without apparatus, and a great deal of the effect of their performances was due to their magnificent and costly paraphernalia. Ingenious mechanisms and expert assistants were absolutely essential to the success of their delusions. As an illustration of this I may mention that Anderson—who, by the way, was the poorest wizard I ever saw, considering his reputation—made oath some thirty years ago in an English bankruptcy court that his apparatus, destroyed by the burning of Covent Garden theatre, London, was worth over $80,000, and that the effort to replace it was the cause of his insolvency. This amount, of course, included stage properties and everything necessary in his business. A 75 cent carpet bag would hold all the appliances deemed necessary by a Hindoo juggler. Even in the beautiful butterfly trick he manufactures his paper butterflies as occasion requires.—Charles E. Romain in The Cosmopolitan.

The Japanese Wooden Shoe.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! What a noise the people make as they go along the road! They all wear wooden sandals, and their stockings are a kind of mitten with a finger for the big toe. During wet weather their sandals become stilts, and the whole Japanese nation increases its stature by three inches when it rains. These sandals are held to the foot by straps coming over the toes, and there is a straw sole between the foot and the sandal of wood. A tall Japanese on a stilt sandal closely approaches the ridiculous. He sometimes tucks up his long gown under his belt to keep it from being spattered by the mud, and the backs of his bare calves seem to be walking off with the man. The Japanese walk is peculiar. The men put their feet straight in front of them, like the American Indian. They lift them high off the ground, and they have a get there air about them. The women wabble and wabble; they bend over as they walk, and they have what is now in America the fashionable stride. Their little feet in sandals turn inward, and all female Japan is pigeon toed. Your Japanese beauty is not averse to showing her ankle, and the soul of the Japanese beau does not flutter when he sees a two inch slice of cream colored skin above the three inch foot mitten. The Japanese shoe store is one of woodenware rather than of leather, and the cobbler mends his shoe with the chisel and planer.—Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.

The Contents of an Eggshell.

The weight of an ordinary new laid hen's egg is from one and a half to two and a half ounces avoirdupois, and the quantity of dry solid matter contained in it amounts to about two hundred grains. In 100 parts about 10 parts consist of shell, 60 of white and 30 of yolk. The white of the egg contains a larger proportion of water than the yolk. It contains no fatty matter, but consists chiefly of albumen in a dissolved state. All the fatty matter of the egg is accumulated in the yolk, which contains relatively a smaller proportion of nitrogenous matter and a larger proportion of solid matter than the white. Therefore, in an alimentary point of view, the white and the yolk differ considerably from each other, the former being mainly a simple solution of albumen, the latter being a solution of a modified form of albumen, together with a quantity of fat.—Cassell's Domestic Dictionary.

The Influence on Watches.

Often you hear street car conductors or drivers talking of the almost impossibility of keeping their watches on good time for any reasonable time. At the same time another individual can carry the abused time piece and have the most perfect time. I have tried the idea and found it worked admirably. I have a theory to advance as a cause. I believe that magnetism has much to do with it. For instance, an individual with a strong flow of magnetism will carry a watch that will gain a fraction. Another person with a less flow will carry the same watch and it will drop off in time.—Conductor in Globe-Democrat.

A STATE BANQUET.

White House Dinners Past and Present.

THE INVITATIONS AND THE GUESTS.

The Highest Social Events in Washington Life.

The president gave his first state dinner not a great while ago. It was to the cabinet, and each guest received a heavily engraved invitation inclosed in an envelope, which bears the national coat of arms. The White House paper and cards have a gigantic eagle printed in gold upon them. It bears a gold shield on its breast, and its beak holds the words "E Pluribus Unum." The card of invitation to a state dinner is almost as big as a cabinet photograph. It is engraved in black, and it bears the words: "The President and Mrs. Cleveland request the pleasure of the company of —— at dinner on —— evening, at — o'clock, 1888."

These dinners last several hours, and the guests first assemble in the East room, and it is here that the president and Mrs. Cleveland receive them. They go to the table at once, and there they eat often as high as twenty courses. The dinner just mentioned was one of thirty covers, and the state dining table was set in its ordinary form. There are three ways in which the table may be arranged, according to the number of guests who are to be seated, and the table, as it usually stands, is fitted to seat thirty-six. It is a long oval, and it runs the full length of the state dining room. When more than thirty-six sit down it is changed by adding to each end, making in one shape a gigantic letter "I," and in another, by hollowing out the sides, a figure like the stand of an anvil.

The dining room is gorgeous during a state dinner. It is a great oblong parlor, as large as the ground floor of a house thirty feet wide and forty feet deep, and its ceiling is so high that it would reach to the base of the windows of the second story of a city house. It lies at the left of the great promenade corridor, and its windows look out on the Potomac and the monument. It adjoins the Red parlor on the east, and it has windows on the opposite side of the room which look into the grand conservatory of the White House.

The flowers of a state dinner table are beyond description, and the florist puts his best efforts on the gold lake which lies in the center of the table. This lake runs nearly the whole length of the table, and it is a mirror with a gold rim about three inches high, and this, during a great state dinner, is framed with the choicest of flowers and greens. A thousand roses are often used at state dinners, and about the same number of carnation pinks. During a single season the state dinners have consumed 6,000 sprays of lilies of the valley, 400 strings of similax and thousands of other flowers, such as camellias and calla lilies. At times canoes are made, and ships of flowers in full sail are seated upon the table. At others there may be bridges and castles, and once there was a design which represented the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis. To these flowers is added the brilliance of the state china, and the wine sparkles in cut glass.

It goes without saying that guests at state dinners always appear in full dress. The men wear boiled shirts and the decollete dress prevails, as a rule, with the ladies. At the dinner referred to Mrs. Fairchild's dress was decollete and Mrs. Endicott's dress was well filled in with lace at the front. Mrs. Gen. Joe Hawley wore a blue satin train of silver brocade and her corsage was low, and Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn wore a ruby velvet, with a low necked waist. Mrs. Whitney appeared in pearl gray satin, and Mrs. Ingalls looked regal in a trained robe of black velvet.

The men looked well, too, and Bayard walked out with Mrs. Cleveland, while the president sat with Miss Bayard on his right. Speaker Carlisle looks like a statesman in a swallow tail coat, and Senator Hearst was straighter than ever in his claw hammer garment. Secretary Lamar appeared almost judicial, with his long hair hanging down over his collar, and Admiral Porter and Gen. Sheridan were as courtly as usual. Put thirty such guests around this big table, let the light glitter, make the wine flow and add the gorgeous table decorations and you have some idea of the scene. Bring on waiters in full dress suits and have the dark-eyed steward presiding over the whole, and you may begin to appreciate a state dinner.

To this, however, must be added the food, and it comes on in shapes that please your eye while at the same time it tickles your stomach. The cook of the White House gets a better salary than a New York bookkeeper, and he is as much of an artist as some of the big chefs of Europe. He builds his dishes with the care of the painter or the sculptor, and castles and boats and nearly every object in nature is represented by him in the form that the dishes assume on the state dinner table. At the recent dinner there was a curious stand for the pates, and there was a sugared building covered with conserves and candied fruits. He had near these tall and low candelabra, and the tapers were tipped with white, pink and ruby shades.

The cooking in the White House is done in the kitchens below stairs, and the chief room is directly below the dining room. The White House kitchen consists of two large rooms, hung with cooking utensils of every character and color. Ranges big enough to roast an ox are set into the walls, and on these mammoth kettles and boilers smoke with an appetizing flavor. A big zinc table stands in the center of the room and the cook has a number of assistants. He wears a white cap and an apron, and he takes pride in his calling.

The ices for state dinners usually come on the tables in forms as widely different as the flowers, and an old French woman here has made a fortune in furnishing ices to noted dinner tables. She has supplied the presidents with their ice cream since the days of Buchanan, and she is almost as much of an artist as the chef.—Frank G. Carpenter in New York World.

It Was a Double Hit.

"Well, good-by," said one as she finally turned to go.

"Well, if you must go, good-by," replied the other.

"Shestnuts!" called the Italian who keeps the stand on the corner.

Both women halted and looked back at him in surprise and indignation, and it is not unlikely that he has been overhauled by one of their husbands ere this.—Detroit Free Press.

Young Man (in shoe store, to clerk)—I say, d'ye know that old gentleman who just went out is the father of my girl?

Clerk—Is that so?

Young Man—Yes. I don't know him personally, but I expect to meet him soon.

Clerk—Yes, you probably will. He just purchased a pair of cowhide boots.—New York Sun.

Fancy stationery of any kind is held to be "bad form" and "inelegant," but there will always be curl paper girls to doubt this.

POVERTY'S PANGS.

Tale of Privation and Suffering Told by a Visitor to the Spring Valley Mines.

Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, of this city, who has just returned from a visit to Spring Valley, Ills., where he distributed among the destitute miners medicine furnished by a charitable New York lady, writes a long letter to The New York Tribune, in which he describes the wretched condition of the people there. He says: "Among other means of getting intelligent and unbiased information as to the exact state of things I visited the Catholic school and the public school, in which together there are over 600 children, and talked with the teachers and many of the children. The sisters who teach in the Catholic school said that their children gave unmistakable evidence of not having sufficient food. They were pale and they could not study as well.

"Children would frequently fall asleep at their desks from weakness. But so sturdy was their pride and self respect that it was almost impossible for their teachers to obtain from them any acknowledgment that they did not get enough to eat at home. Children who were unmistakably suffering for want of nourishment would even refuse food when offered them by their teacher, and in some cases, the sister superior said, when food was taken by some such children, it was immediately rejected by the stomach, showing how far the exhaustion of hunger had gone. One of the teachers in the public schools stated that on her way to the school in the morning she would sometimes meet as many as a dozen of her class out with baskets going to beg. As they saw her the little things, ashamed, would try to hide from sight until she had passed. In both schools numbers of the children were insufficiently clothed, little boys and girls of the tenderest years having on only some light sack or jacket, with no underclothing. It was a cold, bleak day, but many were barefoot. How the people have lived at all is a mystery.

"There have been during the last four weeks, ending Sept. 25, five distributions by the relief committee—all in goods, and no money has been given out—and the extent of this 'charity' is sufficiently indicated by the statement taken from the account of the committee that each family of seven, and others in proportion, had received for the entire period of four weeks flour, meal, etc., to the value of $5.88, or 84 cents' worth for each person for the whole four weeks. The mayor of the city, the editor of The Spring Valley Gazette, the Congregational clergyman, Mr. Stringer; all the physicians of the place, every one, in fact, stated without qualification that were it not for the relief from without the people would be starving. To check so scanty a stream of relief, 84 cents' worth of food for each person monthly, by talk about 'exaggeration' seems to me nothing short of inhuman."

Mr. Lloyd declares that the death rate is high there, and that it will be greatly increased as the weather grows cold. He declares, of his own knowledge, that the sick and poor have been refused medicines and medical advice by the poor authorities there.

He urges that contributions be sent to these people.—Chicago Dispatch in St. Louis Republic.

A Good Word for the College Boys.

An American college contains from 500 to 1,500 boys, rich, poor, ambitious or thoughtless, as the case may be. Among them there is sure to be a mischief making element. The escapades of these are telegraphed over the country and commented on by a sternly indignant press. Had the indiscretions been committed by boys out of college they would never have attracted even passing attention. From these widely circulated stories, always exaggerated and affecting at most but a handful of students, the idea has sprung that to send a boy to college is to cast him into a moral fiery furnace, where he will be assailed by every form of temptation. This is as far from the truth as it can well be.

There are few temptations in college life which are not encountered in the everyday world. On the other hand, there is a standard of college morals which must be lived up to by any student who cares to preserve his social standing among his fellows. This is not, in some ways, a high standard, but it is higher than any to be found in common use outside college walls. To live by it is to acquire the habits of thought and the manners of a gentleman. The only wonder is that college disturbances are so rare.—Albany Journal.

Marriage Not a Failure!

"I pronounce you man and wife," said Judge Mitchell in his office Wednesday morning to Miss Sallie Stephens and Mr. Dellie Myrick, a couple who had stepped into the judge's office to be made one.

And they walked down stairs, up the street and out into the broad and glorious country, where the birds were singing, the golden harvest being gathered, and the little rills singing on their way to the sea; where the sky was blue and the air pure; where the wild flowers were blooming; where the gentle breezes were whispering through the pines; where the aroma of new mown hay permeated the surroundings; where the song of the reaper was heard; where grazing herds were seen; where the sunlight danced through the overhanging boughs; where the green grass—nature's carpet—was spread out; where field and forest and hill and dale alternated; where the husbandman tilled the fields; where flower bordered paths meandered through wooded lawns, and where Dame Nature opened wide her arms to receive her children. Happy rural couple!—Thomasville Enterprise.

At last Venice is to be made a subject of municipal improvement. She is going to have new boulevards or new canals laid through her, after the manner of the new boulevards of Paris, and there is a tremendous hubbub of alarm among those desiring to keep her as she has always been.

Advantage of a Big Wedding.

There is a certain frankness of tone in this sentence from a recent article by Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, "One advantage of a large wedding over a small one, and therefore, in most cases, of a church wedding, is that the bride is likely to receive a greater number of presents."

POLICE IN JAPAN.

Their Politeness When Arresting an Offender.

SCENE IN A JAPANESE POLICE STATION.

The Bureau of Newspaper Censorship.—Secret Service.

A Japanese policeman was never known to smile, but when he finds it necessary to proceed to the extreme step of arresting a lawbreaker his face becomes clouded over with a pall of sorrow and solemnity that would do credit to an Irish undertaker taking the coffin measurement of an archbishop. Grasping the offender firmly with one hand, with the other he extracts from an invisible pocket of great capacity a roll of strong cord. Whispering polite and minute directions in the ear of the victim, who obeys them with scrupulous consideration for the feelings of his captor, he winds the cord several times around his waist and then attaches his wrists in optical contact with the small of his back. Six feet of cord remain; the policeman grasps the loose end, and bowing to the prisoner with an "After you, sir," the pair march away in a touching union of sadness and security. The neighborhood is paralyzed during the performance, business is suspended and traffic is stopped.

MARCHED OFF TO PRISON.

The formality of an arrest, however, is the only amusing side of Japanese justice. If you follow the white clothed policeman and his prisoner you will soon reach a police station in which sit a dozen clerks and functionaries hard at work at books and accounts and reports, with nothing except their physiognomy and the little teapot and tobacco brazier beside each one to differentiate them from similar European officials. The prisoner will be taken before a superior officer, the charge against him noted down; he will be searched and then put in one of a dozen wooden cells, ten feet square perhaps, separated from the central passage by great wooden bars reaching from floor to ceiling, and making a cell curiously like an elephant house, but providing admirably for ventilation in this hot climate. At the police station he may not be kept more than twenty-four hours, and then he is removed to a central station, which is simply the first police station on a large scale, minus the functionaries and plus the necessary arrangements for the detention of prisoners for long periods. The courts are much like European courts.

After visiting many court rooms we reached a room where twenty particularly intelligent looking officials sat at both sides of a long table piled up with newspapers, scissors, blue and red pencils, paste pots and all the familiar equipment of the exchange editor's sanctum. I turned to my guides for an explanation, and caught them regarding me and each other with amused smiles. Then I saw the joke. It was the Bureau of Newspaper Censorship, and these gentlemen with the spectacles and scissors and paste were examining all the newspapers of Japan for treasonable or seditious sentiments or improper criticism of ministerial and imperial affairs. I was introduced, the twenty gentlemen rose simultaneously and the laugh became general. "This," said my guide, waving his hand proudly over the piles of newspapers and the teapots of the censors, "is an institution you have not yet reached in England."

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

The procedure of this branch of the Japanese police is simple in the extreme. A lynx eyed censor discovers an article which seems to his conservative notions to threaten the stability of the government, to bring a minister into contempt or to foster improper agitation among the people. He extracts it and submits it to the director of the bureau, who probably takes counsel with the higher authorities. If the censor's view is confirmed the editor of the paper is peremptorily but politely summoned—everything is done politely in Japan, and I have no doubt that the school boy is politely birched and the criminal politely executed—to appear at the department of police at a certain hour on a certain day. When that summons comes to join the innumerable caravan of martyrs to a sense of journalistic duty he knows that—in the expressive language of the Bowery—he is a "goner." "Sir," he is told, "your estimable journal is suspended for so many days. Good morning."

The whole system of secret police is highly developed in Japan. There is a regular staff of detectives who disguise themselves as laborers, merchants or travelers, or even in case it is necessary to hunt down some great criminal, hire a house in the suspected neighborhood and live there. One of these men loses caste very much in his office, if he does not actually suffer a degradation of position, by failing to return with information he is dispatched to secure. Besides these, however, there is a regular staff of private police correspondents in all parts of the country, and one whole bureau at the department of police is devoted to receiving, ordering, classifying these, and taking action upon them. A good deal of information must be picked up from the teahouses, each of which is a center of gossip, and in one or other of which almost every male well-to-do inhabitant of Tokio is an habitue.—Tokio Cor. New York World.

There is still a good supply of Quakers in Philadelphia, though a contrary impression prevails. Twenty-five years ago the same impression prevailed, but today the benches in the meeting houses are as full as then. The explanation is that after coqueting with worldly ways and fashions for a season the young generation of Friends undergo a reaction and gradually fall into the same ways and the same austere life, even to the plain garb of their grandfathers and grandmothers.—New York Telegram.

Snuff Dipping in Maine.

Snuff dipping is on the increase at Lewiston. In fact the practice is growing quite the fashion. The devotees don't inhale it as did our grandfathers; they make what is called "a smear" with castile soap, and what not, and apply it delicately, voluptuously to the nostrils. A species of mild intoxication is said to result. Twenty-five pounds of snuff is one tobacconist's order for a week. It comes in ox bladders as big as your head and as solid as a Dutch cheese.

A while ago a student preached in a New England city "with a view." After his Sunday evening sermon one of the "pillars" said to him: "We have been much pleased with your sermons and I am very sorry we are never going to see you again." This suggestive remark convinced the candidate that he was not likely to be elected to the vacant pulpit.—Christian Inquirer.

A HOLY PLACE IS THE HEARTHSTONE.

A holy place is the hearthstone,
Where loved ones are gathered round,
Where mothers, sires and sisters dear
And brothers and friends are found.
A holy place is the hearthstone,
Home's innermost shrine is there,
Laden with blessed benison
And hallowed by loving prayer.

A holy place is the hearthstone;
What clustering joys abide
Where the cradle of our infancy
Was rocked by a mother's side.
A holy place is the hearthstone,
Where childhood's pattering feet
Go glancing in shade and sunshine
To the music of pleasure's beat.

A holy place is the hearthstone,
Where the youth have wooed and won,
And wed and gone to the battle
Of life with full armor on.
A holy place is the hearthstone,
Where manhood has settled down
With blessings blossoming round him,
And love for a priceless crown.

A holy place is the hearthstone,
Whence the old and young have gone
To rest from their weary labor
When the battle of life was done.
And oh, from the holy hearthstone,
When parted from those we love,
May we go to meet by the hearthstone
Of our Father's house above!

—New York Ledger.

A Cornish Custom.

Of the more modern and wholly quaint and innocent customs of Cornwall a few pleasant illustrations may be cited. The fish wives of ancient St. Ives are an incorrigible lot. Should you visit the town at the height of pilchard fishing, and enter the dark cellars where hundreds of women and girls are engaged in "bulking," or salting, the fish, scores of grinning Amazons will rush at you, and the fleetest one will daub your shoes generously with the odorous fish oil which has drained from the piles of curing fish. This is called "wiping the shoe," and if you do not respond with tribute of at least a half crown for luck of the "fair maids that feed and clothe the poor"—that is, the pilchard fishes—your subsequent "hustling" by these savory wenches will certainly cost you a new suit of clothing. The same custom, save that the daubing is done with "miner's clay," prevails within the mines, where the stranger is expected to pay something for his initiation into their mysteries.—Edgar L. Wakeman in New York Sun.

A 'Longshoreman's Sense of Modesty.

"You would hardly believe what silly ideas some rough, uneducated men have about propriety," said the nurse, as she smoothed out the pillow and rearranged the bed covers with a gentleness and a dexterity that recalled to the patient the ministering hand of a mother to her sick boy. "I recollect nursing a big 'longshoreman when I was in the hospital, who had an idea of chivalry which, mistaken and nonsensical though it was, yet was refreshing in one of his class. He had been in some fight in a shop near the river, and had received a number of bad wounds. His antagonist had cut right for his heart, and had made three or four gaping slashes in his chest.

"The injured man was one of the best built men I ever saw, and if his chest had not been padded with thick muscles, he would have been murdered outright. As it was, he was in a critical condition, and only the best care and treatment could save his life. The surgeons dressed his wounds the first few days, and then turned the task over to me. I went up to the patient, whose name was Jackson, the next day, and began to lay back the covers of the bed.

"'What are you doing?' he asked.

"'I am going to dress your wounds,' I answered.

"'You, a lady!' he said in astonishment.

"'Of course; come, no nonsense,' I went on, for he had grasped the cover in his weak hands and was trying to prevent my laying it back. I tried to argue with him, but he blushed and said doggedly that he wouldn't let a lady dress his wounds. I told him he would die if he didn't let me take care of him, but he said he didn't care if he did, so I had to send for the surgeon. After several days the patient was persuaded to let me dress the wounds, but he turned crimson when he bared his chest for me, although he had to expose little more than a society woman does when she wears a ball gown. Well, the 'longshoreman got well, and since then I have been convinced that the coarsest men are not without instincts of gentility."—New York Tribune.

Woman's Fancies Concerning Jewelry.

A long time ago, that day when the world moved at the nod of Cleopatra, the Egyptian women saved all their gold to buy emeralds for their daughters, because the possession of them not only insured freedom from all physical ills, but made in their hearts an ever spring well of hope, forcing them to be cheerful, happy women. Sometimes the emerald was engraved with cabalistic characters, oftener its smooth surface was untouched; what could not be accomplished by the precious gem itself certainly could not by the aid of a mysterious symbol. Then the Sicilian women bought coral for their babies, believing that it not only brought to them good health, but counteracted the effect of the evil eye and kept away the wicked spirits. It seemed for a while as if the same interest was going to be taken in coral now that was then, for beautiful pink coral framed in diamonds was not only shown in the large jewelry shops, but was worn by some very smart women. However, the fancy seems to have died out; coral is no longer either displayed in the window or on the woman. Unfortunately both of these health giving ornaments, the emerald and the coral, are easily imitated, which destroys their value in the eyes of the gem collecting woman.

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Irv. H. Mulholland,
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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 21 ..... 1891.

Do the people who use kerosene to light fires ever read the papers? At least a dozen lives a year are lost on the Pacific Coast through that recklessly dangerous practice, but still the folly continues. Three deaths have just occurred in the town of Redding from this cause.

The appointment of Mr. Samuels of Kentucky, as chief of the horticultural bureau of the worl's fair has been again hung up by the Chicago local directory. It is alleged that more time is needed to investigate the character and qualifications of the appointee. As it has been often remarked, this continued postponement savors strongly of boodle.

Ex Congressman Morrow and Judge Van Fleet are mentioned as candidates for the for the position vacated by the death of Judge Hoffman of the United States District Court. Either of these gentlemen would make a capable successor to Mr. Hoffman. Judge Van Fleet has for several years past been one of the Judges of the Superior Court of Sacramento county, and has earned an enviable reputation for ability and integrity.

California, Nebraska and Virginia are the only States and Utah the only Territory that have thus far embarked in the production of beet sugar. Virginia is doing little more than experimenting in the business, but the output of sugar in California and Nebraska will be large this year. This State has exceptional advantages for success in this new field for enterprise and the number of beet sugar factories here promises to be large.

The London News says that the American farmers are masters of the wheat situation, and hopes they will use their power mercifully, alleging that to make a corner in the present condition of affairs in Europe would be "little short of fiendish." All the same, the American farmers will take the best prices they can get for their wheat, just as English shipmasters will charge the biggest rates they can get for carrying it.

During the last decade the population of Great Britain increased a trifle over fourteen per cent. During the same time the population of France increased only a trifle one per cent. During the same period the national debt of England was largely decreased while that of France was enormously increased. Wages are sixty per cent. higher, taking all trades and classes of work into consideration, in England than in France (vide the United States consular reports). Yet France is an ideal protection country and England is incurably afflicted with free trade.

That the entire country is a unit on the necessity for strict enforcement of the immigration laws, and for much greater restriction than now existing, is apparent from the tone of the press irrespective of locality or party affiliation. The reports just issued by the English customs department will be sure to strengthen this feeling. The figures show that during the first six months of the present year that out of 69,087 pauper immigrants who landed at British ports 53,177 were noted as en route to the United States. The time has come for putting up the bars and keeping them up against such undesirable additions to our population.

The fiasco attending the efforts of California to secure the headship of the horticultural department of the world's fair will always be a melancholy page in our history. Calumny and lies have pursued every successive aspirant from Maxwell to Shorb. This is a development that is mortifying and discouraging in the extreme. It is a disastrous thing for a State to know that envy and malice form so large an element in the composition of so many of her citizens. It seems to be conceded that with a little unison and good judgment California could surely have secured the prize. It would have meant much for our people, and was really deserved by the prompt and liberal manner in which our State met the situation by an appropriation that exceeds in amount that of any other State, with the exception of Illinois. It is to be hoped that we shall be able to know better how to go about such things in the future. The four gentlemen who have been in turn applicants for the position have had the equivocal satisfaction of knowing that there are in California men who delight in nothing so much as in pulling down their fellow citizens.

Arrested, Then Married.

Monday William Jones and Chester Smith, two young Canastota men, came to Utica to enjoy a day's pleasure. They devoted the day to seeing the sights and expended their money in various ways. They thereupon decided to pawn two watches which were in their possession, and by attempting to do this they fell into the clutches of the law upon suspicion. At the police station they said their sweethearts, Minnie Perry and Hattie Dailey, of Canastota, had given them the watches, and Chief of Police Dagwell used the telephone to find out whether the story was true. The young women immediately swore out warrants for the arrest of the young men, claiming they had simply loaned them the watches, and United States Marshal J. E. Stimson came to Utica Tuesday and took the twain back to their native town.

They were arraigned before Justice Northrop, and the young women were not able to establish their charge of larceny. It appeared, however, that while they had given their hearts freely and wholly to the young men, they had only loaned them the watches, but the crime of larceny was not proven, and the young men were discharged from custody.

At this point of the proceedings a consultation took place. Remorse was displayed on both sides, and some one of the four proposed that the whole affair could be nicely arranged in a few minutes by a couple of weddings. The parties most interested agreed to this pleasant way out of the mess, and Justice Northrop tied the double knot with dispatch. Miss Dailey became the bride of Mr. Jones and Miss Perry was wedded to Mr. Smith.—Utica Observer.

He Kept His Youth.

There was one man in New London before the college boat races had ended who was a refreshing treat to those who were in the Connecticut town. He had a son who was rowing in one of the big university boats, and he was an example of the paternal college spirit which may grow old, but which seldom dies. Here was a man sixty years old, who spent three weeks in New London following college oarsmen from one end of the town to the other. You might see him with a couple of young men whose arms were locked in his. No years could rob him of the sentiment which hung around his memory of his college days.

He was an undergraduate again with the undergraduates who were classmates of one of his sons. Whenever he saw a college man whom he knew, whether the youngster were 100 or 500 yards away, the old man would hurry off, crying after the other, "Halloa, old man, wait a minute." That college boy forty years a graduate was one of the most popular men to be found near the famous old four mile course on the historic Thames.—New York Tribune.

An Indiana Snake Charmer.

Joseph Freibur, of Cincinnati, has acquired a reputation in this vicinity as a snake charmer. Yesterday was his first opportunity to display his powers. He and Samuel Benz hired a rig, and accompanied by Mrs. Benz drove to Taswell, seven miles distant. En route they alighted to gather some wild raspberries, when they were attacked by rattlesnakes. They were in a rattlesnakes' den. A small terrier which accompanied them was bitten, and almost instantly swelled to twice his size. Mr. and Mrs. Benz fled and called for Mr. F. to follow, but he stood his ground, and the snakes, which appeared to gather from every quarter, began to huddle round his feet and act as if they had found a long lost friend.

Mr. F. now picked up one and ordered Mr. B. to get an old barrel at a house near by. This was procured and Mr. F. put the reptiles into it and brought them back to English. While in English Mr. F. gave several exhibitions of his power over the snakes, such as wrapping them round his neck and body, and stirring them around in the barrel with his naked arm.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A Statue of Andreas Hofer.

The emperor Francis Joseph has visited the sculptor Natter's studio to inspect the statue which he is completing of Andreas Hofer, the heroic Tyrolese who defended his country and was shot by the French in 1809. The statue is to be the central figure of a monument to be erected on Mount Isel, facing Innsbruck, with a tablet bearing the inscription, "Fur Gott, Kaiser und Vaterland."

The figure of the handsome peasant in the picturesque Tyrolese costume will stand bearing on high the Austrian flag. The bearded face surmounted by the simple broad brimmed hat is copied from a good picture of Hofer taken during his life, and now the property of the Count of Meran, who has lent it to the sculptor. The emperor was very much pleased with the statue of the popular national hero.—London News.

A Companion Hero.

A day or two before Frederick Brokaw lost his life there was enacted at Washington, Pa., a scene more tragic and not less heroic than that. Walter Jones, aged fourteen years, and three younger companions went in bathing and got beyond their depth. Jones could swim, the others could not. But, instead of saving himself, as he could easily have done, he set about trying to rescue his drowning companions. He succeeded in piloting one of them safely to shore and was in the act of landing the others when the death grip of the boys about him bore him down and they all three perished together.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

A Cow's Motherly Love Betrays Her Calf.

In a pasture on a farm in East Hartford, recently, one of the cows had a calf which no one of the farm hands was able to find the day after its birth. A search proved a failure until some one suggested a novel scheme. It was to bring a dog into the lot, when, in all probability, the cow would return to her calf to defend it. The dog was brought, and sure enough the cow started for a clump of bushes, and among them the calf was found, where the leaves had concealed it.—Hartford Courant.

A Queer Ocean Chase.

The ocean tug Britannia is engaged in a chase after a Maine vessel that is floating on the ocean with $20,000 worth of mahogany in her hold. That vessel is the Wyer G. Sargent, owned by William G. Gower, of Sedgewick, and abandoned in a storm last March, when about eighty miles off Hatteras. Since then she has drifted over 2,000 miles, crossing the gulf stream three times. At one period of her wild cruise she went 500 miles in twenty-two days. When last sighted, June 19, a part at least of the cargo was yet on board.—Philadelphia Ledger.

DOUBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Methods of Making a Figure Appear in Different Positions on One Plate.

The making of double pictures on one negative plate has been practiced by photographers for some time. It has been supposed that they were made by using reflections from mirrors to double the object to be photographed. Doubles may be made that way, but the reflection of the glass always shows, while the figures are invariably distorted. The most common way of making successful doubles is to extend the reach of the lens with a small box of the same depth of the focal depth of the lens. The inside of the box should be smooth and blackened a dead black, to prevent its appearance in the picture.

The front of the box is then divided equally by two small doors or flaps. In making the exposure open one flap, draw the slide from your plate holders and expose the plate. Then replace the slide, close the door that was open, let the person being photographed change position, open the door that was closed on the first exposure, leaving the other one closed, focus the object, draw the slide again and expose the plate again, and you have the same person in two different attitudes in the same negative, without any line of demarkation showing in the background.

Captain John N. Riker goes further than making doubles. He makes triples, quadruples or any number wanted, in the most grotesque and ghastly forms, on one plate. His system of making doubles on the same plate is more complicated than the one described. It is done by placing a kit or shutter over the plate in the holder and exposing a part at a time.

The kit is hinged in sections, the upper corners opening like little doors to the side. Decapitated heads are taken by opening the doors and just exposing the part of the plate directly behind, on which the head has been focused. After these exposures have been made the doors are closed and the subject is focused with outstretched hands. After proper focusing, the kit, except the upper corners, is drawn away and a full exposure made.

A few days ago Captain Riker walked into the house and tossed an envelope into Mrs. Riker's hands. On opening it she found a picture of the headless body standing upright with arms outstretched, and in each hand a platter on which lay a ghastly head—his own.

Captain Riker said that while he had known for many years the secret of making the pictures, he now desired to show simply what really is behind the making of alleged spook and spirit pictures. The secret of making the pictures has been known for many years also by Professor George R. Cromwell.—New York Sun.

An Improvement in Tunneling.

The frequent and serious difficulty experienced in the operations of tunneling, namely, the subsidence of the surface after the completion of the work, has lately been found to be preventable by a simple system resorted to by a London contractor, by the use of which no ground outside the actual section of the subway in hand need be disturbed. The system in question comprises a series of steel bars placed side by side with the excavation so as to form a complete temporary lining and support to the roof, and within this series of bars the permanent brick arch of the tunnel is built.

The bars used in this work are ten feet long, six inches wide, and two inches thick, being provided at their edges with longitudinal grooves, by means of which each is linked to the next one in such a way as to admit of separate longitudinal motion, and yet to prevent lateral separation. The bars are inserted in the same manner, as well as supported, as ordinary tunnel bars, the ground being excavated only the exact section of the tunnel, plus the trifling thickness of the bars.

After the brickwork has been built within them the bars are separately pushed forward by jackscrews as the earth is excavated for the succeeding length. The bars are provided with longitudinal tubular cavities, through which grouting or other filling material may be introduced from time to time to fill the space left vacant by the advancing bars between the top of the lining arch and the earth above and around, this preventing any subsidence.—New York Sun.

Maine's Female Tramp.

A city female tramp of giant stature is annoying some of our western Maine towns. She comes to the farmhouses, generally after dark, and begs to be allowed to stay all night. Her request is generally granted, though unwillingly, for her person is very repulsive. She always carries several large bundles covered with a waterproof. In one of them are a clean dress and whole shoes which she saves to put on in Boston. They are too good for tramping in Maine.

To all appearance she hasn't a relative in the world, and prefers this roving life to any kind of labor, for she is frequently offered a chance to do housework at farmhouses, but always declines. Once she did work for a day or two, but declared she'd rather walk and beg. She expects to go to the poorhouse, but not until she can no longer travel. It is said that to hear her talk without looking at her one would imagine her a lady, so correct is her language.—Lewiston Journal.

Returned After Thirty Years.

The return to Milwaukee of Kyrle A. Sidley after an absence of forty-one years is to his relatives almost as if the dead had come to life. The father of Mr. Sidley was a physician and druggist in Milwaukee in the forties. Kyrle Sidley spent most of his youth in the east, but was in Milwaukee during the year 1849. The next year he went east and shipped as a sailor.

In 1861 Mr. Sidley went to Australia. For some time his relatives heard from him regularly. Suddenly the correspondence ceased, and for thirty years he was mourned as dead. As was afterward learned Mr. Sidley lost everything by fire, the addresses of his relatives being destroyed. The families had moved and his letters did not reach their proper destination. Likewise Mr. Sidley had moved and the letters sent by his family failed to reach him.

Three years ago he employed a lawyer to find his relatives, and after a few months he was in communication with them. This year Mr. Sidley, now sixty-two years of age, decided to visit his relatives in Milwaukee, and he arrived there this week from Australia. He found two of his sisters living there, and a brother came from New York to meet him. After his visit Mr. Sidley will return to Australia.—Chicago Tribune.

WHERE BEAVERS LIVE.

KILGORE'S BIG FARM INHABITED BY BEAVERS FOR MARKET.

One Man Who Hopes to Grow Rich Out of the Scarcity of Sealskins—A Queer Kind of Live Stock to Raise—Beavers Are as Social as Pigs.

"You have never heard of Dick Kilgore's beaver farm? That's queer." The speaker was old "Mud Cat" Williams, who has been a fisherman in the southeast Georgia streams for forty years.

"Dick's going to make a pile of money," he continued.

"You see, Dick has about 200 beavers, young and old, but there are not more than twenty to be killed for their skins this year. It's a new industry, an experiment with him, and he don't want to kill any except the surplus males for the present. But suppose you go out with me and see the farm."

A drive of ten miles through the swamps along Briar creek and the Kilgore place, or Beaver Dam Hollow, was reached.

"Now, here's the farm," said Williams, pointing to the creek, across which every few yards were rough dams, and above them, in the almost still water, were mounds of earth, rocks and sticks coming out a few feet above the surface of the water.

"You know beavers don't show themselves much in the day. They do their work at night. Dick owns about 1,000 acres running up and down the creek. He has the land posted and keeps everybody off, but it is not fenced. Fences would not keep the beavers in, but there is no danger of them going off, for this is a natural home for them, and every beaver here knows old Dick. He feeds them every night, and they come, when he calls, like hogs."

Kilgore has been a farmer down here for years, and beavers have been in the creek for all time, but it was not until recently that he began to protect and care for them with a view to making beaver raising a regular business. It will be a profitable business, for the scarcity of sealskins has increased the value of beaver skins, and they will continue to increase year by year. A few years ago beaver skins sold as low as four dollars per skin, but they should now bring at least ten dollars each.

VALUE OF BEAVER SKINS.

Beaver skins sent to London and properly dyed a seal brown are splendid imitations of the seal. The seal fur, you know, is naturally a gray. The reason I say send beaver skins to London is because that is the only place in the world, it seems, that furs can be properly dyed. However, the fur of the beaver is naturally a reddish brown, and is a beautiful fur.

The beaver is a queer little animal. When full grown it weighs from fifty to sixty pounds. Its hind legs are its principal propellers, both when in and out of the water. The hind feet are webbed and the front ones have claws, which are about as convenient to the beaver as a monkey's hands are to him. They can carry stones and sticks about in them with ease. In the water especially a beaver can carry a quantity of freight, for he swims with his hind feet and carries his load in his mouth.

Just after dark Mr. Kilgore went down to the edge of the stream to feed the beavers.

"I don't often feed them in the summer," he said, "for they get all they want along the banks of the stream. They eat bark off the trees, and at this season there is an abundance of fresh, tender bark and grasses and roots. In the winter they lay up a supply of food for themselves along the banks and in their holes in the dams, which they build of roots and sticks and stones. I feed them nearly all the time in winter, when they flock together and unite in building dams, but in summer they scatter—every fellow for himself—and I only call them up occasionally, just enough to keep them tame. As they are scattered off for miles around, but few will come to a call for food."

HOW THE BEAVER WORKS.

But there were a dozen romping about in the stream then, and in a few minutes quite a number had gathered. Among them were a score or more little fellows born only a month ago. The females have from two to six young each annually, and as a consequence the families increase very rapidly.

A mixture of green food and a little grain was thrown out on the ground to the herd of little animals, and they scampered around and picked it up like so many hogs. Some of them would gather up an ear of corn or a young cornstalk and dive off with it into the stream. They were tame, but, like hogs, would scamper off if you tried to catch one.

A beaver seems to be almost human in intelligence. They actually gnaw down young trees, drag them into a stream and let them float down, swimming with them to the place they want to build a dam. Then they will drag stones and roots and sticks and grasses, and indeed everything used to dam a stream, until they have practically as substantial a dam as a man could construct. They do this to make the water above deep enough to sport in and placid enough to build their homes of sticks and mud in, which are very warm and comfortable in winter and large enough for a family of eight or ten.

The beaver's principal tool in building these homes is his tail. The tail is a scaly, trowel shaped appendage about ten inches long and four or five inches broad. The beaver's main strength is in the tail. He can take up soft mud on it, place it against the sticks and stones used to build his home, and pat it down with the tail as firmly and as well as a man could do the work with a trowel. Besides its fur, which is the main revenue from the beaver, it furnishes castoreum, a product used in medicines, and its flesh is a food that when properly prepared is delicious.—Bascom (Ga.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Nose Cut Off by a Barber.

Letter Carrier G. W. Yost went into a Western Addition barber shop to get shaved. His face was lathered and the barber was strapping the razor on a strap affixed to the chair in which Mr. Yost reclined. Suddenly, by some unaccountable slip of the barber's arm, the razor flashed by Yost's face and severed his nose completely. The poor young man will be disfigured for life, and when he saw his nose lying on the floor he first wept and then fainted from loss of blood. Of course the barber apologized.—San Francisco Report.

A July Episode.

He stood before the shop window gazing at the display of fireworks, with big, bright eyes. He was a little fellow, about seven or eight years old, and below the usual size for his age. After he had stood there long enough to count all the packs of firecrackers and imagined the grand time he could have with even a dozen of these noisy red sticks, he turned away with a tiny, wistful sigh, and walked up to a fruit stand that was close by.

"Gi'me one yer bestestest oranges an' a peach," he said. The Italian looked at him; first at the dirty little face, then down at the bare feet, blue from the cold pavement and blackened with mud. The little fellow felt the contempt in the look given him, and drawing himself up with all the dignity worthy of a perfectly dressed gentleman, extended a silver ten cent piece and said: "I got the money. Come, hurry up, now; my time's val'able."

He received the orange and peach, which he tucked into the pockets of his ragged trousers without taking a bite. Just then another small street arab came on the scene.

"What's yer been getten—firecrackers?" he asked in eager tones.

"Naw," replied the other. "Me little sister's sick, an' the dispensary doctor says she ain't a-goin' ter see no Fourth, so I thought I'd give 'er a kinder s'prise picnic afore th' Fourth comes."

"An' yer not goin' ter have no firecrackers?" ejaculated the other boy.

"'Course not," was the reply, and the noble little fellow marched off whistling "Comrades" in a trembling key, which betrayed that the victory over self indulgence had been a hard won battle.—New York Advertiser.

Coal in a River.

During the several freshets which have occurred in the Susquehanna river the past spring a vast amount of "culm" from the anthracite coal fields floated down the river with the debris coming out of the North Branch and its tributaries. Large quantities of this culm or coal dirt, which was washed from the huge banks of that material at the coal breakers, lodged at the heads of the several islands opposite and above the city, and recently parties have secured tons of it by digging it out of the sand and screening it, producing a good quality of pea and chestnut coal for boiler use.

A considerable quantity of egg or larger sized coal is also gathered from the bottom of the river, where it has lodged among the gravel, and is removed in a perfectly clean state. All the larger sizes of coal have become more or less rounded by the action of the water. Tons of this material are gathered during the summer when the river is low.—Harrisburg Star.

A Dog's Sympathy.

Saturday afternoon a case of remarkable sympathy on the part of a dog was witnessed on Church street, near the postoffice. A small dog strayed out into the street and was run over by a passing vehicle. He was not permanently crippled, but appeared hurt across the back, and at first lay howling and squirming in the street. Another dog of an entirely different breed was standing on the sidewalk when the accident occurred. Promptly he went to the assistance of his injured companion, and by pushing him with his nose aided him in rising, and then escorted him to the sidewalk with every possible demonstration of mute sympathy, and stood by him until the partly paralyzed animal was able to hobble off. Persons who witnessed it expressed astonishment at the unusual spectacle.—West Chester (Pa.) News.

To Keep Insects Off from Trees.

The tying of a piece of wool round a tree stem to keep down the bugs and vermin is a poor idea, because it is based on the supposition that all these nuisances ascend from the ground, whereas, in most instances, the eggs are laid in the foliage above the supposed guard. The only actual preventive involves a delicate operation, which, however, can be successfully performed by a man with a steady hand. It consists in boring a small hole in the tree near the ground and filling it with sulphur. The sap carries this over the tree and there will be few insects settle or crawl on any part of it. The spring is the best time to do this, but with a strong healthy tree it can be done now with perfect safety.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Seats a Hundred Francs.

Three hundred seats at a hundred francs per seat, and all of them filled! This, briefly, was the result of the recent ultra fashionable charity performances given by the Duchesse d'Uze. The great feature of the entertainment was a magic lantern display by a noble amateur, whose highly original slides are still the talk of aristocratic Paris.—London Figaro.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
Nov 30-tf Independence,

LUMBER
FOR SALE
Huile & Shoemaker,
LESSEES OF
BLACKROCK SAWMILL.
Clear lumber, at the dump, $27.00 per thousand. Second class lumber, slabs and edgings for sale cheap. Inquire for our prices.
HUILE & SHOEMAKER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" building, Independence, Inyo county, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful attention given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 28st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Timepieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the the following described stock, on account of assessment No. 6, levied on the 27th day of June, 1891, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. Cert.	No. Sh's.	Am't
Mrs. John Baxter	20	50	10 00
A. W. Eibeshutz	73	100	20 00
" "	74	150	30 00
T. C. Boland	74	100	20 00
E. Robinson	58	75	15 00
" "	59	125	25 00
John Alexander, Fr	77	250	50 00
W. H. Jenkins	50	100	20 00
" "	51	100	20 00
" "	33	100	20 00
" "	36	64	12 80
W. J. Jenkins	55	100	20 00
" "	56	100	20 00
" "	57	100	20 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 27th day of June, 1891, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Stevens Ditch Company, Independence, California, on Monday, the 24th day of August, 1891, at the hour of [illegible] o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

P. H. MACK,
Secretary.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, Independence, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGANACIA ABECUCO,
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891.

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.
$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $25 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.
It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.
Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.
For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON
Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence, Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt an furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.
THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY AUGUST 21 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 1.01¼
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20@21¾
Wool, foothill, 13@19.

Religious Services.

Rev H J. Winsor will preach on Sunday as follows: Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m., and Independence 7:30 p. m.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:30 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

FRIDAY, August 14, 1891.

A. Stecker vs. A. Fyte et als.—Notice of motion to set aside amended demurrer. Filed plaintiff's brief answering demurrer.

SATURDAY, August 15, 1891.

P. Reddy vs. estate of J. C. Eddy, deceased—Filed demurrer to complaint.

THURSDAY, August 20, 1891.

A. Stecker vs. Andrew Fyte et als.—Filed stipulation fixing times for filing briefs in submission of demurrer.

D. Hessian was down from Big Pine early in the week.

Social dance at Mairs' Hall to-night. A good time is sure to be had.

W. H. Uhlemeyer and E. Spencer of Big Pine visited town during Tuesday.

George Gilliam showed the light of his countenance in town a few days ago.

L. Wood is erecting a new warehouse near his store building. H. P. Cartier is doing the carpenter work.

J. Vagt is working steadily on the race-track at his place. It will soon be in good condition for speeding.

Frank Densmore Esq. accompanied Superior Judge Gill to San Francisco and will remain during the latter's stay there.

Mrs. Wm. Rowan of Bishop is visiting at Independence with her brother, County Clerk Yandell.

Allen Shannon, George Huckaby and George Drake arrived from Bishop to-day on land business.

Judge Hannah still continues very ill, but is resting easier to-day and we hope to soon see him around again.

A. Church and family will return to Hawthorne to-morrow after a vacation spent at Independence and vicinty.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Conklin have been visiting in town during the week. Mrs. Conklin is a member of the Board of Education now in session.

O. I. Mairs has purchased the residence owned by C. S. Swan in Independence and the latter started for Redlands, San Bernardino county, last Saturday.

We don't mind telling a joke, if it is on ourself. If you doubt it, ask Jack Welsh about the bear—you needn't mind saying about old Ward.

The Board of Supervisors of Kern county have ordered that a reward of $250 be offered for the arrest and conviction of Long John for complicity in the murder of John L. Powers and Oliver McCoy.

A party of Government Entomologists camped near town on Tuesday night and next day went south to join the main outfit near Mt. Whitney. Mr. and Mrs. Zumwalt of Visalia were traveling with them.

The stallion Nelson lowered his record at Independence, Iowa, last Saturday to 2:10. The fact of his trotting so fast so early in the season makes it extremely doubtful if Maud S. will carry the banner at the end of the year.

The Methodist Conference, Nevada Mission, will be held at Bishop. It was held there six years ago, Bishop Fowler being present, and the ministerial brethren expressed themselves as being much pleased with their reception at that place.

A cloud burst occurred at Hawthorne on last Saturday afternoon. The main street was filled with water and considerable damage done to the railroad track. One of the washouts was ninety feet wide. Train No. One was delayed several hours about three miles north of Hawthorne.

The Board of Education met at Independence on Tuesday all the members as follows, being present: J. H. Shannon, H. H. Howell, Mrs. Etna Conklin, A. E. Janvier and C. W. Rathbun. Miss Lottia Armstrong, of Reno, is taking the examinations for a first-grade certificate.

The Directors of the 18th District Agricultural Association met at Independence last Saturday. There were only five members present, Robinson and Enos being absent and Connelly too ill to attend. Various minor matters relating to the coming fair were attended to and the Board adjourned until September 19th.

When A. D. Gilbert returned from Bakersfield recently he was accompanied by Messrs. Bacon and Edmiston of Tulare county. The result of their trip was that they purchased from Mr. Gilbert his half interest in the 8-mile ranch, the other half of which is owned by J. W. Robinson, of Carson. On Wednesday the parties named returned from Tulare with their families, numbering twelve persons in all and will make their homes in Owens Valley.

Senator Tom Flint, Grand Vice-President of the N. S. G. W., will pay an official visit to Mt. Whitney Parlor to-night. The boys have arranged a banquet in his honor which will take place at the Norman House and will be attended by many of our leading citizens. After a meeting of the Parlor a social hop will be given in honor of the visitor, to which all are cordially invited. The Native daughters have arranged some elegant table pieces and altogether the arrangements will be most carefully made. Mr. Flint in the natural order will next year fill the President's chair and is a young Californian who reflects much credit upon the State as well as the Order of Native Sons.

Correspondence

ED. INDEPENDENT:—I again take the liberty of addressing you on the subject of the coming fair. I am gratified to find that my memory was not at fault in the facts stated in my last letter. The *Index*, in its review of my article, completely verifies the fact that the present amounts offered for racing purses are the smallest yet given by the Association. The list stands as follows:

FAIR	GROSS	NET	RACES	AV'GE
1. 1887.	$775	$542 50	8	$67 50
2. 1888.	850	595 00	10	59 50
3. 1889.	850	595 00	7	85 00
4. 1890.	900	630 00	8	78 75
5. 1891.	750	525 00	8	65 62

I have taken the above from the *Index*, with the exception of 1887, which is given at $675. I am trusting to memory but am positive these figures are wrong and think that the difference must be that the special stallion purse of $100, won by Billy Kingsley, is not added in. I regret that the review referred to calls forth more discussion, as it does not alter existing errors. The question simply resolves itself into this: Do, or do not, good races prove an attraction at fairs? I am a lover of the sport and therefore biassed, but I contend that without racing the main attraction at fairs is lacking. Granting that this is true an important element of attraction will be missing for there will be no racing. I make this statement carefully and fully believe that the prediction will prove true, while I earnestly hope I may be mistaken. Hitherto there have been two fairs in the Valley and the same horses attended both of them, needing no additional preparation. This year there is but but one fair, the purses are small, and the conditions of entering are such that I do not believe a single race will fill on the 19th of September. The *Index* says that $500 is to be paid for the use of the race track four days. Now, permit me, does not this seem—well, incongruous? The sum of $500 is given for the use of a track four days, paid out of the money given by the State, and but $525 given to the horsemen. This certainly looks a trifle queer. Further: "There is no good reason why the race-horse-men should be dealt with any more liberally than other classes. As a rule the men who are doing most to improve the stock of this Valley do not indulge largely in horse racing." It is not a question of liberality to horsemen; it is simply a matter of what will attract visitors to the fair. As to improving the breed of horses in the Valley, before the first fair of 1887 there was not a first-class thoroughbred in the Valley; now there are a number. The first trotting race was won by Echo in 3:36; the next year by Ned in 3:20; the following year by Patchen in 2:55 and last year by Fred B. in 2:44. This certainly looks like improvement, and all other races, particularly the colts, have improved in proportion. There are now in the county two as well bred thoroughbred stallions as can be found anywhere, and two standard bred stallions with the best blood in the world in their veins. Any candid person, looking backward, will at once admit that the despised "race-horsemen" have certainly added vastly to the improvement of the stock in the District. As you know I have no special axe to grind beyond the general good, and believing that free discussion, in a fair minded spirit, will do much toward improvement, I thank you for lending your valuable space to me, and promise not to intrude too often.

C.

Standing In.

The last issue received of the Kern Valley *Democrat* contains the following:

"The INYO INDEPENDENT insists that a reward is due to the persons who captured the murderer of Officer Powers, and that journal takes a contemporary to task for opposing the suggestion. We are inclined to agree with the INDEPENDENT. A great service has been done this county by persons not particularly interested in our well being. If no capture had been made undoubtedly a reward would have been offered. What reason can there be, then, for refusing to reward a meritorious deed which was accomplished without the incentive of a financial consideration? It would be a graceful act on the part of Kern county to pay the captors and pay them liberally."

A Quick Cure For Rheumatism.

In many cases persons subject to rheumatism, have got prompt relief from pain by applying Chamberlain's Pain-Balm. The relief it affords is alone worth many times its cost, which is but 50 cents, and its continued application effects a complete cure. For sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

Well Merited Praise.

In almost every neighborhood there is some one or more persons whose lives have been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, or who have been cured of chronic diarrhœa by it. Such persons take special pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise that follows the introduction and use makes it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

BIG PINE HOTEL.

BIG PINE - CAL.

New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates

☞Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.

Special attention given to the wants of every guest.

Thos. Williams, *Proprietor.*

J. W. Murphy.

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

A Suggestion.

If you are troubled with rheumatism or a lame back, allow us to suggest that you try the following simple remedy. Take a piece of flannel the size of the two hands, saturate it with Chamberlain's Pain-Balm and bind it over the seat of pain. It will produce a pleasant warmth and relieve you of all pain. Many severe cases have been cured in this way. The Pain-Balm can be obtained from

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent.

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS.
O. I. MAIRS.

BLACKSMITHING,

Horseshoeing, General Iron

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP

Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. F. MATLACK ..... PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing ..... $2.00 for Cash

For particulars, call and see W. F. MATLACK.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
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INDEPENDENCE MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef, Mutton, Pork, Sausage.

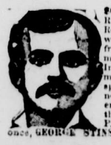
A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.



$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FIFTH
Annual Fair,
18th
Agricultural District
1891,
ALPINE, MONO & INYO
—WILL BE HELD AT—
-BISHOP-
Inyo County.
SEPT. 29 & 30, OCT. 1 & 2.
$2,000 in Premiums.
$800 in Purses.
For particulars see pamphlet and Premium List.

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F. ROBINSON, B. RHINE, ROBT. LOVE, JOHN S. GORMAN, T. F. A. CONNELLY, C. A. WALTER, F. McIVER, W. S. ENOS.

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—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.,
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
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MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. Work can be started at home in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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OF ALL KINDS.

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sept 11-tf

PALACE SALOON
LONE PINE, CAL.
—THE FINEST—
WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

☞This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.
j12-tf

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC

☞Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891.
m4-6tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

BIG 10P ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO., Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE SEW ART HOU

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

dependence, Cal. A. N. BELL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m.
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.	2:50 p. m.
Hawthorne	5:50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m.
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:55 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10:00 p. m.	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville	8:20 a. m.	5:25 p. m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.	1:25 a. m.
Bisaep Creek	2:00 p. m.	11:40 a. m.
Alvord	2:45 p. m.	10:00 a. m.
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m.
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m.
Keeler	Ar 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m.

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (20 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON, General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D. A. BENDER, General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc.
AT
L. WOOL
CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

☞Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES,
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

☞The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 tf

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

A heavy burden—all the ills and ailments that only female flesh is heir to. It rests with you whether you carry it or lay it down. You can cure the disorders and derangements that prey upon your sex, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization.

For all organic displacements and weaknesses, accompanied by weak back, bearing-down sensations, and for all uterine diseases, it's a positive specific. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, in every case. If it doesn't, you've only to ask for your money and it's cheerfully refunded. If it does, you'll want to ask for nothing more. It's the *cheapest* medicine you can use, because you only pay for *the good* you get. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, invigorates the system, and produces refreshing sleep.

A lawyer's reputation clings to him to the last. A north-country paper speaks of a legal gentleman "who lies at death's door."

CHANGES OF CLIMATE

Kill more people than is generally known. Particularly is this the case in instances where the constitution is delicate, and among our immigrant population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail at certain seasons of the year. The best preparative for a change of climate, or of diet and water which that change necessitates, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, a variable temperature, damp, and the debilitating effects of tropical heat, but is also the leading remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, bodily troubles specially apt to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and tourists. Whether used as a safeguard by sea voyagers, travelers by land, miners, or of agriculturists in newly populated districts, this fine specific has elicited the most favorable testimony.

The two "captains" who are racing across the Atlantic in dories seems to be engaged in a competitive suicide.

DEAFNESS CAN'T BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Revolution gives a chance for changes. When streets are turned upside down the mud gets on top.

VIRTUE IN BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

There is more virtue in one BRANDRETH PILL than in a bottle of the best Sarsaparilla. The solid extract of Sarsaparilla contained in BRANDRETH'S PILLS in combination with other Vegetable Extracts, makes them the strongest blood purifier known. One or two at night for a week will remove all pimples and eruptions of the skin and make the complexion fair as an infant's.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

Youth is the only fault that every man is sure to outgrow, and when he outgrows that he developes a worse one—age.

For the Cure of a Cough or Sore Throat, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a simple remedy.

Champagne has gone up. This fact will prove a serious obstable to its going down.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

When it comes to house-cleaning, there is only here and there a man who seems to be truly religious.

A LETTER

From the Mother of Miss Jessie Bonestesle.

Rochester, N. Y., April 22, 1886.

GENTLEMEN:—It is with pleasure I add my testimonial to the many well-known cures which your most excellent remedy has effected. For more than two years I was a great sufferer with rheumatism, being scarcely free from pain during the time. I found no relief until I procured Dr. Pardee's remedy, and it cured me completely. It is now two years since I discontinued its use and I have had no symptoms of the disease since. I know from my own and from the experience of many others also, that it will cure any case of rheumatism or neuralgia.

I am, very truly yours,

NESTEELE.

DR. AUGUST KŒNIG'S

HAMBURG BREAST TEA

(Hamburger Brustthee)

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

AND THE

Relief of Consumptive Patients.

THE GENUINE IS NEVER SOLD BY WEIGHT.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (6 packages $1.00) in stamps.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

S. F. N. U. No. 474 New Series No. 29

THE SPLENDID SPUR.

Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE HEARSE.

The day spring came at last, and in the sick light of it I went down to the cottage for spade and pickax. In the tumult of my senses I hardly noted that our prisoner, the dragoon, had contrived to slip his bonds and steal off in the night.

And then Delia, seeing me return with the sad tools on my shoulder, spoke for the first time:

"First, if there be a well near, fetch me two buckets of water, and leave us for an hour."

Her voice was weary and chill, so that I dared not thank her, but did the errand in silence. Then, but a dozen paces from the spot where Joan's father lay, I dug a grave and strewed it with bracken, and heather, and gorse petals, that in the morning air smelt rarely. And soon after my task was done, Delia called me.

In her man's dress Joan lay, her arms crossed, her black tresses braided, and her face gentler than ever 'twas in life. Over her wounded breast was a bunch of some tiny pink flower that grew about the tor.

So I lifted her softly as once in this same place she had lifted me, and bore her down the slope to the grave, and there I buried her, while Delia knelt and prayed, and Molly browsed, lifting now and then her head to look.

When all was done, we turned away, dry eyed, and walked together to the cottage. The bay horse was feeding on the moor below; and, finding him still too lame to carry Delia, I shifted the saddles, and, mending the broken rein, set her on Molly. The cottage door stood open, but we did not enter; only looked in; and seeing Jan Tergagle curled beside the cold hearth, left him so.

Mile after mile we passed in silence, Delia riding and I pacing beside her with the bay. At last, tortured past bearing, I spoke:

"Delia, have you nothing to say?"

For a while she seemed to consider; then, with her eyes fixed on the hills ahead, answered:

"Much, if I could speak; but all this has changed me somehow—'tis, perhaps, that I have grown a woman, having been a girl—and need to get used to it and think."

She spoke not angrily, as I looked for, but with a painful slowness that was less hopeful.

"But," said I, "over and over you have shown that I am nought to you. Surely"—

"Surely I am jealous? 'Tis possible—yes, Jack, I am but a woman, and so 'tis certain."

"Why, to be jealous you must love me!"

She looked at me straight, and answered very deliberate:

"Now that is what I am far from sure of."

"But, dear Delia, when your anger has cooled"—

"My anger was brief; I am disappointed, rather. With her last breath, almost, Joan said you were weaker than she; she loved you better than I, and read you clearer. You are weak. Jack"—she drew in Molly, and let her hand fall on my shoulder very kindly—"we have been comrades for many a long mile, and I hope are honest, good friends; wherefore I loathe to say a harsh or ungrateful seeming word. But you could not understand that brave girl, and you cannot understand me; for as yet you do not even know yourself. The knowledge comes slowly to a man, I think; to a woman at one rush. But when it comes, I believe you may be strong. Now leave me to think, for my head is all of a tangle."

Our pace was so slow (by reason of the lame horse) that a great part of the afternoon was spent before we came in sight of the House of Gleys. And truly the yellow sunshine had flung some warmth about the naked walls and turrets, so that Delia's home-coming seemed not altogether cheerless. But what gave us more happiness was to spy, on the blue water beyond, the bright canvas of the Godsend, and to hear the cries and stir of Billy Pottery's marines as they hauled down the sails.

And Billy himself was on the lookout with his spyglass. For hardly were we come to the beach when our signal—the waving of a white kerchief—was answered by another on board, and within half an hour a boat puts off, wherein, as she drew nearer, I counted eight fellows.

They were (besides Billy) Matt. Soames, the master; Gabriel Hutchins, Ned Masters, the black man Sampson, Ben Halliday and two whose full names I have forgot—but one was called Nicholas. And, after many warm greetings, the boat was made fast, and we climbed up along the peninsula together, in close order, like a little army.

All this time there was no sign or sound about the House of Gleys to show that any one marked us or noted our movements. The gate was closed, the windows stood shuttered, as on my former visit; even the chimneys were smokeless. Such effect had this desolation on our spirits that, drawing near, we fell to speaking in whispers, and said Ned Masters:

"Now a man would think us come to bury somebody!"

"He might make a worse guess," I answered.

Marching up to the gate I rang a loud peal on the bell, and, to my astonishment, before the echoes had time to die away, the grating was pushed back and the key turned in the lock.

"Step ye in—step ye in, good folks! A sorry day—a day of sobs an' tears an' afflicted blowings of the nose—when the grasshopper is a burden an' the mourners go about seeking whom they may devour the funeral meats. Y' are welcome, gentlemen."

'Twas the voice of my one eyed friend as he undid the bolts; and now he stood in the gateway with a prodigious black sash across his canary livery, so long that the ends of it swept the flagstones.

"Is Master Tingcomb within?" I helped Delia to dismount, and gave our two horses to a stable boy that stood shuffling some paces off.

"Alas!"—the old man heaved a deep sigh, and with that began to hobble across the yard. We trooped after, wondering. At the house door he turned:

"Sirs, there is cold roasted capons, an' a ham, an' radishes in choice profusion for such as be not troubled wi' the wind; an' cordial wines—alack the day!"

He squeezed a frosty tear from his one eye, and led us to a large bare hall, hung round with portraits; where was a table spread with a plenty of victuals, and horn handled knives and forks beside plates of pewter; and at the table a man in black, eating. He had straight hair and a sallow face; and looked up as we entered, but, groaning, in a moment fell to again.

"Eat, sirs," the old servitor exhorted us; "alas! that man may take nothing out o' the world!"

I know not who of us was most taken aback. But noting Delia's sad, wondering face, as her eyes wandered round the neglected room and rested on the tattered portraits, I lost patience.

"Our business is with Master Hannibal Tingcomb," said I, sharply.

The straight haired man looked up again, his mouth full of ham.

"Hush!"—he held his fork up, and shook his head sorrowfully, and I wondered where I had seen him before. "Hast thou angel's wings?" he asked.

"Why, no, sir; but the devil's own boots—as you shall find if I be not answered."

"Young man—young man," broke in the one eyed butler, "our minister is a good minister, an' speaks roundabout as such; but the short is, that my master is dead, an' in his coffin."

"The mortal part," corrected the minister, cutting another slice.

"Ay, the immortal is a-trippin' it i' the New Jerroosalem; but the mortal was very lamentably took wi' a fit three days back—the same day, young man, as thou camest wi' thy bloody threats."

"A fit?"

"Ay, sir, an' verily such a fit as thou thyself witnessed. 'Twas the third attack, an' he cried, 'Oh!' he did, an' 'Ah!'—just like that. 'Oh!' and then 'Ah!' Such were his last dyin' speech. 'Dear master,' says I, 'there's no call to die so hard;' but might so well ha' whistled, for he was dead as nails. A beautiful corpse, sirs, dang my buttons!"

"Show him to us."

"Willingly, young man." He led the way to the very room where Master Tingcomb and I had held our interview. As before, six candles were burning there, but the table was pushed into a corner, and now their light fell on a long, black coffin, resting on trestles in the center of the room. The coffin was closed and studded with silver nails; on the lid was a silver plate bearing these words written: "Hannibal Tingcomb, MDCCLIII," with a text of Scripture below.

"Why have you nailed him down?" I asked.

"Now where be thy bowels, young man, to talk so unfeelin'? An' where be thy experience, not to know the ways o' the blessed dead in summer time?"

"When do you bury him?"

"To-morrow forenoon. The spot is two mile from here." He blinked at me, and hesitated for a minute. "Is it your purpose, sirs, to attend?"

"Be sure of that," I said, grimly. "So have beds ready to-night for all our company."

"All thy—! Dear sir, consider; where are beds to be found? Sure, thy mariners can pass the night aboard their own ship?"

"So then," thought I, "you have been on the lookout;" but Delia replied for me:

"I am Delia Killigrew, and mistress of this house. You will prepare the beds as you are told." Whereupon what does that decrepit old sinner but drop upon his knees.

"Mistress Delia! Oh, goodly feast for this one poor eye! Oh, that Master Tingcomb had seen this day!"

I declare the tears were running down his nose; but Delia marched out, cutting short his hypocrisy.

In the passage she whispered:

"Villainy, Jack!"

"Hush!" I answered, "and listen: Master Tingcomb is no more in that coffin than I."

"Then where is he?"

"That is just what we are to discover." As I said this a light broke on me. "By the Lord," I cried, "'tis the very same!"

Delia opened her eyes wide.

"Wait," I said; "I begin to touch ground."

We returned to the great hall. The straight haired man was still eating, and opposite sat Billy, that had not budged, but now beckoning to me, very mysterious, whispered in a voice that made the plates rattle:

"That's—a damned—rogue!"

'Twas discomposing, but the truth. In fact, I had just solved a puzzle. This holy speaking minister was no other than the groom I had seen at Bodmin fair holding Master Tingcomb's horses.

By this time the sun was down, and Delia soon made an excuse to withdraw to her own room. Nor was it long before the rest followed her example. I found our chambers prepared, near together, in a wing of the house at some distance from the hall. Delia's was next to mine, as I made sure by knocking at her door; and on the other side of me slept Billy with two of his crew. My own bed was in a great room sparely furnished, and the linen indifferent white. There was a plenty of clean straw, though, on the floor, had I intended to sleep—which I did not.

Instead, having blown out my light, I sat on the bed's edge, listening to the big clock over the hall as it chimed the quarters, and waiting till the fellows below should be at their ease. That Master Tingcomb rested under the coffin lid I did not believe, in spite of the terrifying fit that I could vouch for. But this, if driven to it, we could discover at the grave. The main business was to catch him; and to this end I meant to patrol the buildings, and especially watch the entrance, on the likely chance of his creeping back to the house (if not already inside) to confer with his fellow rascals.

As 11 o'clock sounded, therefore, I tapped on Billy's wall, and finding that Matt. Soames was keeping watch (as we had agreed upon), slipped off my boots. Our rooms were on the first floor, over a straw yard, and the distance to the ground an easy drop for a man. But wishing to be silent as possible, I knotted two blankets together and, strapping the end round the window mullion, swung myself down by one hand, holding my boots in the other.

I dropped very lightly, and looked about. There was a faint moon up and glimmering on the straw; but under the house was deep shadow, and along this I crept. The straw yard led into the court before the stable, and so into the main court. All this way I heard no sound, nor spied so much as a speck of light in any window. The house door was closed, and the bar fastened on the great gate across the yard. I turned the corner to explore the third side of the house.

Here was a group of outbuildings jutting out, and between them and the high outer wall a narrow alley. 'Twas with difficulty I groped my way here, for the passage was dark as pitch, and rendered the straighter by a line of ragged laurels planted under the house; so that at every other step I would stumble, and run my head into a bush.

I had done this for the eighth time, and was cursing under my breath, when on a sudden I heard a stealthy footfall coming down the alley behind me.

"Master Tingcomb, for a crown!" thought I, and crouched to one side under a bush. The footsteps drew nearer. A dark form parted the laurels; another moment, and I had it by the throat.

"Uugh—ugh—grr! For the Lord's sake, sir!"—

I loosed my hold; 'twas Matt. Soames. "Your pardon," whispered I; "but why have you left your post?"

"Black Sampson is watchin', so I took the freedom—ugh! my poor windpipe!—to—to"—

He broke off to catch me by the sleeve and pull me down behind the bush. About twelve paces ahead I heard a door softly opened and saw a shaft of light flung across the path between the glistening laurels. As the ray touched the outer wall I marked a small postern gate there, standing open.

Cowering lower, we waited while a man might count fifty. Then came footsteps crunching the gravel, and a couple of men crossed the path, bearing a large chest between them. In the light I saw the handle of a spade sticking out from it; and by his gait I knew the second man to be my one eyed friend.

"Woe's my old bones!" he was muttering, "here's a fardel for a man o' my years!"

"Hold thy breath for the next load!" growled the other voice, which as surely was the good minister's.

They passed out at the small gate, and by the sounds that followed we guessed they were hoisting their burden into a cart. Presently they recrossed the path and entered the house, shutting the door after them.

"Now for it!" said I in Matt.'s ear. Gliding forward, I peeped out at the postern gate, but drew back like a shot.

I had almost run my head into a great black hearse, that stood there with the door open, backed against the gate, the heavy plumes nodding above it in the night wind.

Who held the horses I had not time to see; but, whispering to Matt to give me a leg up, clambered inside. "Quick!" I pulled him after, and crept forward. I wondered the man did not hear us; but by good luck the horses were restive, and by his maudlin talk to them I knew he was three parts drunk—on the funeral wines doubtless.

I crept along and found the tool chest stowed against the farther end; so, pulling it gently out, we got behind it. Though Matt. was the littlest man of my acquaintance, 'twas the work of the world to stow ourselves in such compass as to be hidden. By coiling up our limbs we managed it; but only just before I caught the glimmer of a light and heard the pair of rascals returning.

They came very slow, grumbling all the way; and, of course, I knew they carried the coffin.

"All right, Sim?" asked the minister.

"Ay," piped a squeaky voice by the horses' heads ('twas the shuffling stable boy)—"ay, but look sharp! Lord, what sounds I've heard! The devil's i' the hearse, for sure!"

"Now, Simmy," the one eyed gaffer expostulated, "thou doesn't think the smoky king is a-took in, same as they poor folks up stairs! Tee-hee! Lord, what a trick!—to come for Master Tingcomb, an' find—aw dear! aw, bless my old ribs, what a thing is humor!"

"Shut up!" grunted the minister. The end of the coffin was tilted up into the hearse.

"Push, old varmint!"

"Ay—push! push! Where be my young, active sinews? What a shriveled garment is all my comeliness! 'The devil inside,' says Simmy—haw, haw!"

"Burn the thing! 'twon't go in for the tool box. Push, thou cackling old worms!"

"Now so I be, but my natural strength is abated. 'Yo-heave ho!' like the salted seafardingers up stairs. Push! push!"

"Oh, my inwards!" groans poor Matt. under his breath, into whom the chest was squeezing sorely.

"Right at last!" says the minister. "Now, Simmy, my lad, hand the reins an' jump up. There's room, an' you'll be wanted."

The door was clapped to, the three rogues climbed upon the seat in front, and we started.

I hope I may never be called to pass such another half hour as that which followed. As soon as the wheels left turf for the hard road, 'twas jolt, jolt, all the way; and this lying mainly down hill, the chest and coffin came grinding into our ribs, and pressing till we could scarcely breathe. And I dared not climb out over them, for fear the fellows should hear us; their chuckling voices coming quite plain to us from the other side of the panel. I held out and comforted Matt. as well as I could, feeling sure we should find Master Tingcomb at our journey's end. Soon we climbed a hill, which eased us a little, but shortly after were bumping down again, and suffering worse than ever.

"Save us," moaned Matt.; "where will this end?"

The words were scarce out when we turned sharp to the right, with a jolt that shook our teeth together, rolled for a little while over smooth grass, and drew up.

I heard the fellows climbing down, and got my pistols out.

"Simmy," growled the minister, "where's the lantern?"

There was a minute or so of silence, and then the snapping of flint and steel and the sound of puffing.

"Lit, Simmy?"

"Ay, here 'tis."

"Fetch it along then."

The handle of the door was turned, and a light flashed into the hearse.

"Here, hold the lantern steady! Come hither, old Squeaks, and help wi' the end."

"Surely I will. Well was I called Young Look-alive when a gay, fleeting boy. Simmy, my son, thou'rt sadly drunken. O youth, youth! Thou wine bibber, hold the light steady, or I'll tell thy mammy!"

"Oh, sir, I do mortally dread the devil an' all his works!"

"Now, if ever! 'The devil,' says he—an' Master Tingcomb still livin', an' in his own house awaitin' us!"

Be sure, his words were as good as a slap in the face to me. For I had counted the hearse to lead me straight to Master Tingcomb himself. "In his own house," too! A fright seized me for Delia. But first I must deal with these scoundrels, who were already dragging out the coffin.

"Steady there!" calls the minister. The coffin was more than half way outside. I leveled my pistol over the edge of the tool chest and fetched a yell fit to wake a ghost—at the same time letting fly straight for the minister.

In the flash of the discharge I saw him, half turned, his eyes staring and mouth agape. He clapped his hand to his shoulder. On top of his wild shriek broke out a chorus of screams and oaths, in the middle of which the coffin tilted up and went over with a crash. "Satan! Satan!" bawled Simmy, and, dropping the lantern, took to his heels for dear life. At the same moment the horses took fright, and before I could scramble out we were tearing madly away over the turf and into the darkness. I had made a sad mess of it.

It must have been a full minute before the hedge turned them, and gave me time to drop out at the back and run to their heads. Matt. Soames was after me, quick as thought, and very soon we mastered them, and gathering up the reins from between their legs, led them back. As luck would have it, the lantern had not been quenched by the fall, but lay flaring, and so guided us. Also a curious bright radiance seemed growing on the sky, for which I could not account. The three knaves were nowhere to be seen, but I heard their footsteps scampering in the distance, and Simmy still yelling "Satan!" I knew my bullet had hit the minister; but he got away, and I never set eyes on any of the three again.

Leaving Matt. to mind the horses, I caught up the lantern and looked about me. As well as could be seen, we were in a narrow meadow between two hills, whereof the black slopes rose high above us. Some paces to the right my ear caught the noise of a stream running.

I turned the lantern on the coffin, which lay face downwards, and with a gasp took in the game those precious rogues had been playing. For, with the fall of it, the boards (being but thin) were burst clean asunder; and on both sides had tumbled out silver cups, silver saltcellars, silver plates and dishes, that, in the lantern's rays, sparkled prettily on the turf. The coffin, in short, was stuffed with Delia's silverware.

I had picked up a great flagon, and was turning it over to read the inscription when Matt. Soames called to me and pointed over the hill in front. Above it the whole sky was red and glowing.

"Sure," said he, "'tis a fire out yonder!"

"God help us, Matt.—'tis the House of Gleys!"

It took but two minutes to toss the silver back into the hearse. I clapped to the door, and, snatching the reins, sprang upon the driver's seat.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE LEDGE.

We had some ado to find the gate; but no sooner were through, and upon the high road, than I lashed the horses up the hill at a gallop. To guide us between the dark hedges we had only one lantern and the glare ahead. The dishes and the cups clashed and rattled as the hearse bumped in the ruts, swaying wildly; a dozen times Matt. was near being pitched clean out of his seat. With my legs planted firm, I flogged away like a madman, and like mad creatures the horses tore upward.

On the summit a glance showed us all—the wild, crimsoned sky—the sea running with lines of fire—and against it the inky headland whereon the House of Gleys flared like a beacon. Already from one wing—our wing—a leaping column of flame whirled up through the roof, and was swept seaward in smoke and sparks. I marked the coast line, the cliff tracks, the masts and hull of the Godsend standing out clear as day; and nearer, the yellow light flickering over the fields of young corn. We saw all this and then were plunging down hill, with the blaze full ahead of us. The heavy reek of it was flung in our nostrils as we galloped.

At the bottom we caught up a group of men running. 'Twas a boatload come from the ship to help. As our horses swept past them one or two came to a terrified halt; but presently were running hard again after us.

The great gate stood open. I drove straight into the bright lit yard, shouting, "Delia!—where is Delia?"

"Here!" called a voice; and from a group that stood under the glare of the window came my dear mistress running.

"All safe, Jack! But what"— She drew back from our strange equipage.

"All in good time. First tell me—how came the fire?"

"Why, foul work, as it seems. All I know is I was sleeping, and awoke to hear the black seaman hammering on my door. Jumping up, I found the room full of smoke, and escaped. The rooms beneath, they say, were stuffed with straw, and the yard outside heaped also with straw, and blazing. Ben Halliday found two oil jars lying there"—

"Are the horses out?"

(To be Continued.)

Lovers at a Baseball Game.

It may have been the rain that hoodooed the Oaklands, or perhaps it was that touching little scene from "Romeo and Juliet" enacted in one of the boxes. Along about the middle of the game some one in the grand stand discovered the simpering, sad eyed lovers in the act of plighting their troth in the box.

They had evidently wandered in from the Alfalfa girded regions round about Milpitas to take in the Decoration Day exercises. Then somebody steered them out to the ball park, where they placed themselves on exhibition in their great two-hearts-that-beat-as-one act.

In plain sight of 4,000 people and the players they sat lovingly clasped in each other's arms, thinking thoughts too utterly utter for words. First he would rapturously kiss the maiden and then gaze down into the sweet, soulful depths of her lovelit eyes, and she would bury her face in his celuloid collar and sigh like a bathtub exhaust.

"Does her love her 'ittle tootsey?" he would exclaim with all the fervency of which a strong man is capable.

"Well, I should gurgle, Petie," and the listening winds wafted the answer to the eight thousand expectant ears in the grand stand.

They took no interest whatever in the game as they sat in silent bliss, utterly oblivious to the shouts of "Shut the door" and "Break away." Both audience and players forgot the game for three innings while watching the unconscious young couple in the box.

Once, while the uproar was at its height, Romeo tore himself away from Juliet's side long enough to go out on the balcony and ascertain, if possible, the cause of the excitement. He glanced down toward the score board, thinking, perhaps, that some important news had just arrived from San Jose. He then returned to the impatient maiden, who had not been kissed for nearly two seconds, and made it as pleasant for her as he could.

Not until the game was over did the young folks learn that their sacred seance in the box had been exposed to the vulgar gaze of a cold, unfeeling world. As they were leaving the park some one exclaimed, "There they are," and the crowd gave them a vigorous round of applause. The girl wound a veil around her crimson cheeks, and Romeo instinctively felt in his girdle for a dagger with which to stab himself to death.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Summer Furniture.

Decorations for summer homes are now engrossing. The wide vine shaded piazzas are justly regarded as the most delightful lounging places and receive much attention from the tasteful housekeeper. Handsome rugs are strewn about, low sewing chairs flank trefoil and star shaped tables, and a divan piled with cushions is a sine qua non of all well regulated piazzas. For the lower and most used veranda one covered with corduroy may be recommended to wear indefinitely. Dark blue or stone blue are good colors, though one seen last summer of rich scarlet corduroy was wonderfully effective after the sun went down.

These couches are usually covered plain, with a box plaited valance of the material around the seat. They are wide and low, and their pillows are of many shapes, square, oblong, big and little, to fit into restful attitudes. Such couches are put out in May and are not taken indoors till November, and even under such conditions keep fresh for a number of seasons. Other piazza divans are done up in blue denise, which requires a little embroidery at least on the pillows to be effective.

For the upper verandas, where the women of the family loiter through the mornings with sewing, reading and writing, cane sofas, with sateen and china silk pillows, are popular. The cane work table, with brass tipped legs, is apt to be found in this alfresco sitting room, and a cane rack to hold newspapers and magazines secure from an invading breeze is another essential.

Some novelties are seen in foot cushions. Among such are those of embossed leather red and brown, pretty for the library and dining room. Small tufted oblongs, closely resembling mattresses, are covered with rugs, and are suitable for foot rests in any room. For the cool looking white and gold parlors and drawing rooms of pretentious residences, the llama foot stools with gilt feet are effective, and the young woman whose slipper rests upon one may fancy her pet poodle is supporting it.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Nationality in Art.

The men most prominent in American art today are, in the majority, of Parisian training, so much so that the most familiar reproach directed against their work is that it lacks national character. That this criticism, if applied to a period of transition, has a basis of truth is undeniable, for nothing is more natural than that the first steps in any career should be directed by the influences which have presided over preparatory studies. But if we take ten years to be the shortest period in which a young painter on his return from Europe can gain a foothold here, it will be found at the end of that time that, subjected to the various influences of the intellectual and material life of his native country, he has taken on more of our national characteristics than he is given credit for.

Modern art is essentially cosmopolitan, and as nations obey the iron rule of the general average, so in art the national characteristics become fused and blended until they are questions of detail more than of fundamental construction. Paris fin de siecle has a keen eye for detail, however, and we may depend upon it that, measured by its standards, the exhibition by our painters may be found wanting in many things rather than in the personality which results from race and temperament modified by conditions of environment.—Scribner's.

Winkle—How did you like that girl you had on the beach yesterday?

Nodd—First rate. I came very near proposing to her until I found she had on a ready made necktie.—Cloak Review.

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IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

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LITTLE EXCUSE FOR GOSSIPY GABBLE.

Callers Who Bore us.—With Ignorant People.

I have been trying to enumerate at least a part of the ways in which life slips into insignificance; for until we know the new we shall not find the remedy. Gossip unquestionably takes a high place in the list of mental and moral worth. By gossip I do not mean the vulgar racking of a neighbor's character or qualifications with delight at the sport of backbiting. This sort of business I rank no higher than cock fighting and bull baiting. Whoever engages in it is either too coarse to comprehend the values of time, or is nauseated by each indulgence until cured or ruined. The confirmed backbiter is so thoroughly diseased that she or he may be ranked with phthisical patients—not to be cured or not worth the curing.

But gossip is something a great deal more general than backbiting. It is the application of the mind to questions of positively inferior importance to the exclusion of matters of permanent value. Of course it is not easy from your standpoint to judge of what I should be conversing. A man is quite sure to despise questions of woman's dress—perhaps of dress altogether. But with us it involves art, and develops the peculiarly feminine capacity of appreciating fitness in form and color. But clearly there is a vast deal of intellectual waste on small topics. This is somewhat excusable at parties, when the mind is stupefied, often, in its abnormal desire to please or shine; when we are compelled to converse with those whose intellectual tastes we know nothing of. Perhaps it is for this reason that it has come to be held as ill breeding to introduce any topic of weight. Can not society move with a higher grade conversation? The effect at present is to send sensible people home with a feeling of distress and loss, while the vapid are made to consider that vapidity has value.

LITTLE EXCUSE FOR GABBLE.

In our home life and general social relations there is far less excuse for gossipy gabble. Those who are unable to converse except on trash should be classed with the ash barrel scavenger and denied the privilege of controlling any portion of our time. We are privileged by nature to exclude the gossip from any household familiarity. With these scavengers I class the bores who lack all valuation of the time of other people, persons who do not gossip, but in reality do nothing, and compel you to do the same. An honest person, man or woman, should have the days apportioned with great nicety to occupancy and use. For the unexpected and unforeseeable interruptions one may allow justly an hour a day. For probable interruptions another hour. To avoid the loss of two or three more hours requires both tact and decision. It is perfectly right to require all callers to report themselves, and to reply to many of them "not at home," or an equivalent.

There is no substantial reason why our callers should not only send in a card, but should also add the object of the call and specify the amount of time desired. This, placed on a card, will cause the applicant little time and trouble, and will save the recipient vast loss. Is all the social obligation on the side of the visited? I think not. I believe no one has a right to ask one minute of our time without apology and explanation. My time is my money. One hour is worth a cash value. Whoever takes it from me takes from my income as well as my comfort. This it is not righteous to demand nor right for me to allow. There are claims of friendship. These are compatible with work. True friends will not rob each other. There is compensation in such cases.

WITH IGNORANT PEOPLE.

I am not so confident what reward or compensation there may be for our necessary dealings with ignorant people; and as a rule this includes all the help we can employ. The narrowness of their vision makes it impossible for them to see or feel with us, and if we get on with them at all we must come down to their level and talk from their standpoint. This may not be altogether injurious; for we are likely to get too far away from the masses, and lose all communicating power. More than that, the highest mental life is too strictly a brain life. It is an invaluable power to be able to drop down at times into a more physical and simple life, provided our doing so does not involve sensuous degradation. That danger is constantly near, and must be carefully guarded against.

Too close familiarity with the grosser sort is overwhelmingly fatal. But we may go so far as to be kindly and friendly, and help to lift to a higher plane. But nothing is more difficult than honestly to secure the real friendship of people morally and intellectually our inferiors. The largest generosity and most kindly treatment will not make a firm friend of one who cannot understand you. And as a rule the ignorant can never understand the cultured. They may understand the more ignorant, but can use no mental measure greater than that possessed by themselves.—Mary E. Spencer in Globe-Democrat.

The Footgear of Kings.

A curious museum has just been opened at Dresden. In it are collected a number of boots, shoes and slippers in which emperors, kings, queens, princes and other august or famous persons have some time or other trodden the path through life. Among them are a pair of boots worn by Napoleon I at the battle of Dresden, on April 27, 1813, and a pair of white satin shoes, embroidered in gold, which the same great emperor wore on the day of his coronation; another pair of strong leather boots which belonged to the famous French marshal, Murat, afterward king of the Two Sicilies; a pair of high heeled boots of Maria Theresa; boots of the philosopher Kent, and many others, forming a curious assembly.

If the promoters of the museum have any energy they will not find it difficult to increase their curious collection considerably and to make it one of the sights of Dresden. But they must search both highways and byways for their treasures; thus, for instance, they might perhaps obtain an interesting article from the good nuns at Nazareth House, Hammersmith, who preserve a large comfortable looking slipper of the late pope under a dainty glass case in one of their large rooms.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mere Force of Habit.

Distinguished Foreigner—I think the voices of American girls very sweet, but they would be still more musical if conversation were carried on in a lower tone.

Chicago Belle—We make a good deal of noise, but you must remember our favorite amusement is concert going, and one gets in the habit of loud talking trying to make one's voice heard above the music, you know.—Omaha World.

NOBODY CARES!

A wearily wan little face,
A feeble, forlorn little smile,
Poor faltering feet,
That must pace their beat
For many and many a mile—
A star stealing out in the dusk,
A lamp that luridly flares,
In the wide city's whirl
Just a nameless girl—
Nobody cares!

A desolate, dearth stricken room,
A pillow pushed up to the wall,
A flicker that shows
A face in repose,
Silence, and that is all,
Save just on the woebegone cheek
That look which such raptness wears,
That light on the brow—
Ah, who shall say now,
"Nobody cares?"
—Cornhill Magazine.

He Traveled with the Lions.

"I had an interesting experience," said Mr. George Boniface, Jr. "I happened to be passing one of the dime museums when I noticed a large placard announcing the appearance of the elastic skin man. Having never seen this curiosity I bought a ticket and entered the museum. I was startled by the resemblance which the elastic skin man bore to some one I had seen. I could not recall the name, but the resemblance haunted me like a dim ghost that had come out of long ago. While I stood wondering the reporter for a local paper came up to interview the elastic skin man, and I heard the elastic skin man say: 'My name is D. B. Hodges. In 1837 I was agent for Rumsey & Newcomb's minstrels. Since then I have been idle.'

"In a few moments," continued Mr. Boniface, "who should come along but Arthur Cambridge, Charley Griste and Gus Pennoyer. They shook hands with the elastic skin man and began talking over old times.

"'Let's see, Charley,' asked the elastic skin man, 'what show were you traveling with when I first met you?'

"'Upon my word, I don't remember,' said Mr. Griste. 'The first show I ever traveled with was a den of performing lions, run by—well, now, it's curious that I can't recall the name!'

"'Was it Van Amburgh?' asked the elastic skin man.

"'Bless your heart, no,' said Mr. Griste. 'Why, he taught Van Amburgh the business. Funny I can't think of his name. He was a great friend of old Bill Coup's—oh, yes, now I recall the name; it was Daniel!'"—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

The Tradeless People of Paris.

In a great city like Paris there are thousands of persons who have no trade or profession, and who are obliged to resort to all sorts of tricks to get their daily bread. Some manage to accomplish this feat honestly, while others work unscrupulously upon the credulity of their fellows. Vaudevillists and caricaturists repeatedly exercise their wit at the expense of the unfortunate ones whom necessity forces into strange and improbable callings. Doubtless these wits often exaggerate the reality, but the fact remains that there are quantities of poor wretches here who really get their living by pursuing the queerest and most ingenious occupations.

If you question one of these tradeless individuals upon his manner of living he will reply, "Oh, I have a dodge!" It is very rare that he will consent to give you more ample explanations. For common mortals his way of procuring food, clothing and lodging is decidedly enigmatical. These men who invent "dodges" generally live in furnished lodgings, where the chambers contain several beds.

A "dodger" divines, so to speak, a man who is in the same line of business, and the similarity of their characters unites them on a common footing. They club together to get rid of the strange merchandise that others have invented. The one who creates does not reveal his manner of inventing to his partner, and this one in his turn conceals as well as he can the profits obtained by the sale. The mistrust is reciprocal.

The principal dodgers are the street peddlers who hawk about the thousand and one ingenious toys that are constantly invented in this great city, who sell newspapers when they have a few francs in their pocket to buy a stock from the wholesale dealers in Rue du Croissant, or who traffic in theater tickets during the evening.—Paris Cor. New York Epoch.

The Best Lighted City in the World.

Paris is now on the eve of a revolution in her lighting system. Gas lighting was first introduced in England, but Paris followed in good time and with a splendor unequaled elsewhere. In like manner America, Germany and some other countries have been earlier in the use of electric lighting, but the Parisians, with their superior taste and skill in all matters of municipal arrangements and appointments, are destined to make by far the most brilliant use of the new illuminant.

Within one year, or within two years at the furthest, it is confidently claimed that Paris will be incomparably the best lighted city in the world, and that electricity will have superseded gas in public use. In 1878, at the time of the universal exposition, the municipal goverment ordered the experimental illumination of the Avenue de l'Opera and several open spaces with electricity; but the new system was not ripe for large use, and the experiment was soon abandoned. Its principal effect was the stimulus it gave to the gas company, which invented and put into use certain large compound burners using 1,400 liters per hour, and giving a most brilliant light.

The great electrical improvements of the past decade were exhibited in the French exposition of 1889, and were studied with the utmost care by the Parisian authorities and municipal engineers. Undoubtedly the displays at the exposition had the most pronounced effect in stimulating the new zeal Paris is showing for the appliances of the electric age.—Dr. Albert Shaw in Century.

Where the Needles Go.

I can beat the pin and needle cushion thus far. Awhile ago, wondering what had become of the needles, I opened a cushion used by the family and found 328—five were darning needles, the rest all sizes of common sewing needles.—Cor. Newburyport News.

The spiders found in England are small and quite harmless to man, but it is probable that some poisonous fluid is secreted in the mandibles of all spiders. Even the bite of the common house spider (Tegenaria domestica) is quickly fatal to flies and other insects on which it preys.

VANDERBILT'S ESTATE.

How the Old Commodore Made His Fortune.

SUCCESSFUL RAILROAD UNDERTAKINGS.

Not an Educated Man.—His Physical Appearance.

Another great estate is the Vanderbilt estate. It was founded by Cornelius Vanderbilt, as its fellow was by John Jacob Astor, born thirty-one years, and died twenty-nine years earlier, at the same age. Vanderbilt, who was an American for several generations, had first seen the light on Staten Island, and inherited various traits from his Dutch stock. He had more financial capacity—it amounted to genius—than Astor; had far greater originality, boldness and power of combination; but it was exclusively of a monetary sort. He divided mankind into two classes, those who could and those who could not make money, and the latter he condemned as blank fools. Probably no man of this century ever bent himself more entirely to the pursuit of wealth, from the time he bought a periagua, at 16, after his father's death, to carry farm products to the New York market, until his final illness at 82.

NOT AN EDUCATED MAN.

He was illiterate throughout life, having a violent prejudice against education, which he believed to interfere with practical success, and talked a peculiar English, defiant of syntax and orthoepy. Letters he almost never wrote—correspondence was as severe a task for him as for Sam Weller—but he invariably wanted everybody else to put any business proposal on paper. He never, so far as known, expressed the slightest regret for his lack of education, and, presumably, never felt any, being in this an exception to his race. But as a compensation—fully sufficient for him—he was phenomenally astute at a trade, big or little, and had a marvelous instinct for commercial profit. Before 20, he removed to this city, and three years later was worth $10,000, which was harder, he said, to get than any subsequent sum. At that time he built the first steamboat to run between New York and New Brunswick, and received $1,000 a year as captain. He continued on the line until he made its revenue $40,000 a year; his wife meanwhile keeping an inn—he had married at 19—at the New Jersey terminus, and turning it to good account.

For fifty-four years he followed the water, owning steamboats on the Delaware, the Hudson and Long Island sound, and steamships on the Atlantic and Pacific, steadily overcoming opposition and swelling his fortune. At 70, with property estimated at $40,000,000, the commodore, as he was called, directed his attention to, and concentrated his interest in, railways, having been for many years a heavy stockholder in the New York and New Haven road. At so advanced an age such a change was hazardous to say the least; but he was brilliantly successful in it, showing the energy and force of youth in all his plans and combinations. He scarcely ever miscalculated, but in attempting to gain command of the Erie road, when Fisk and Gould controlled it, he found that they were supplying, without any thought of responsibility, all the shares that he or others were willing to pay for. Soon tiring of pitting his money against their printing press, he confessed his mistake, which he ascribed to his advisers, to whom he had yielded, he said, against his better judgment.

HIS PURPOSE ATTAINED.

When he saw his days closing—he had a long illness—he had the supreme satisfaction of having amassed not far from $100,000,000, and he cared for nothing else. His one purpose in existence he had splendidly attained. Although averse by constitution to giving away money—it could do no permanent good, in his opinion—he presented the steamship Vanderbilt, which cost $800,000, to the government at the outbreak of the civil war, and endowed, through the influence of his second wife, the Vanderbilt university, at Nashville, with $700,000. He also made, toward the last, various bequests, some of which indicated that he was not impervious to artful gallantry. He often helped men that he happened to like, and it may be said, to his credit, that he was always as good as his word. Totally without pretense or presumption, he was generally accessible, having so much executive power that he was seldom pressed for time.

Fine looking, especially in his old age, his handsome face, erect carriage, and elastic step were likely to draw attention, even in crowded Broadway. He might have been a prince in disguise, if princes were what they are imagined to be. He certainly did not appear, physically, like the hard headed, unconditional, unlettered business man he was. His two recreations were driving and whist. He loved good horses, had plenty of them, and was the despot of the road. In whist, he played the rigor of the game, and could not bear to be beaten, which he seldom was. At Saratoga, where he usually spent the summer, he was disappointed if he did not win enough to meet his hotel bill. When his memory began to fail he ceased to play; serious as was the deprivation, he was unwilling to lose the rank he had so long occupied. He did not bother himself about theology; but if he had believed the Biblical announcement of the difficulty attendant upon a rich man's entering heaven, he would have had a very poor opinion of heaven.—Paul R. Cleveland in The Cosmopolitan.

A first class American watch, well kept, will last thirty or forty years, or sometimes even longer, before the works wear out, but the average life of an ordinary low priced American watch is ten years, and that of a Swiss watch of the same grade seven years. The length of life for a watch depends largely on the number of its jewels. The range of prices for American watches runs from $5 to $500, the costliest being a split second minute register timing watch. In the United States about 3,500 watches are manufactured every day. The Waltham factory turns out 1,500 per day and the Elgin factory between 1,200 and 19,000.—Chicago Herald.

Chart of the Pleiades.

A remarkable photo-engraved chart of the Pleiades, showing 2,326 stars from the third to the seventeenth magnitude, has been produced at the Paris observatory.

Sir Isaac Newton's autograph, in the shape of a letter, brought $315 at a recent sale in England. It was bought for Trinity college, Cambridge.

A comparison of the work of English, French and American detectives show the latter to be 12 per cent. ahead all around.

Getting Out a Baseball Extra.

Newspaper men and printers may be interested in knowing how baseball extras are issued so quickly. The first five innings are described in detail by the reporters, who send their copy to the office by messenger, or telegraph it if the game is in another city. The result of the remaining four innings they telephone or telegraph, the latter being done by instantaneous ticker. While the last four innings are being played the printers set the type, the form is stereotyped and put on the press, and then everybody waits for the result of the last inning. The foreman of the press room stands with a mallet in his hand, and before him lie ten pieces of steel. On the end of each of these you see a figure. A man shouts down stairs, "Chicago 1!" Grabbing up a die with one blow the foreman stamps the figure "1" upon a blank in the stereotyped page. Then comes the shout, "New York 0!" Another blow stamps that. Two or three more blows stamp the totals made by each club, the press is instantly started, papers roll out at the rate of 40,000 an hour, the couriers put spurs into their horses, boys run all over the city crying "Extra, all about the ball game!" and a dozen wagons take on loads of papers and are driven at breakneck speed for certain distant corners, where a score of eager newsboys are waiting for each of them. About 45,000 of these sporting extras are sold in Chicago every evening.

Sometimes the extras appear with big head lines, "The Chicagos Win," or "New York Victorious," etc. This is done by making two stereotype plates. In one the head line is for a Chicago victory, in the other for defeat. If the Chicagos chance to win it is on the first plate that the pressman stamps the result of the last inning and the totals.

While one of the three sporting editors employed on a morning paper is reporting the ball game another is at the races, while the third is taking care of other sporting events. Sporting editors are always on the lookout for midnight prize fights, and as these affairs are usually held secretly and in out-of-the-way places, they give reporters no end of anxiety. Sometimes a "straight tip" as to where a fight is to be held turns out to be a wrong tip. I remember one occasion on which a reporter of The Herald was told, confidentially, where an interesting fight was to come off. Five or six other sports told him, confidentially, that the fight was to take place in as many different spots, many miles apart. The young man was nervous about it, but he didn't lose his head. He had a reporter sent to each of the half dozen places, and was lucky enough to be at the right one himself.—Walter Wellman's Chicago Letter.

The Costumes of Corea.

But the colors are what give the streets of Seoul such a quaint holiday appearance. White or blue predominates, and the long, flowing gowns, well starched and ironed, glisten in the sun and blend their colors together, making a dazzling picture together with the red of the children's dresses and the occasional bright silk gown of an official or well to do merchant. The people mostly dress in imported white cotton, victoria lawns and silks. These are thickly padded with cotton for winter wear, and then present a very balloon like appearance. Originally they colored the cloth as a rule, but now white is the prevailing color for the common people, a custom which is accounted for by the following tradition: White is the mourning color and three years the period of mourning. Once, during a period of ten years, three kings died, necessitating a change of raiment by the whole people each time. It of course was burdensome, as a Corean wardrobe is rather extensive and quite costly. In order, then, to avoid the difficulty in the future, they decided to dress altogether in white and be ready for the caprice of their kings. Of course, the wealthy are not obliged to follow this custom, but may dress as they please.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Railway Stations of Russia.

The railway stations, and especially the station for Moscow, are scenes of intense human interest. You usually go to catch a train in Russia half an hour too soon. If you are going any distance all your family and friends come to see you off. Every one is admitted to the platform, which, as a consequence, presents a crowded and interesting spectacle, the like of which I have seen in no other country. The restaurants at the stations are admirable. The restaurants in St. Petersburg are numerous, the hotels comfortable, and, thanks to the depreciation of the ruble, not too dear. In most of the Russian restaurants digestion is supposed to be facilitated by the strains of a gigantic musical box or mechanical organ, which discourses loud voiced music all the time dinner is going on.—W. T. Stead in Contemporary Review.

Peculiar Postal Regulations.

It is rather an odd thing that if you paste a printed slip on a postal card the government will charge the receiver letter postage, while if the same matter is printed directly on the card nothing extra is demanded. The same slip which, if pasted on a postal card, would be charged extra for, may be put into an unsealed envelope, and it will then go at printed matter rates, or the whole paper from which the clipping is taken may be sent containing the article marked at a much less rate than the government would charge for the same article attached to the card. That is, the government would rather carry four ounces for a cent than the four-fifths of an ounce for the same money.—Detroit Free Press.

Nutmeg Hickory the Strongest Wood.

Professor Sargent is credited with making the statement that the "strongest wood in the United States is that of the nutmeg hickory of the Arkansas region and the weakest is the West Indian birch. The most elastic is the tamarack, the white or shellbark hickory standing far below it. The highest specific gravity, upon which in general depends value as fuel, is obtained by the blue wood of Texas."

Didn't Wait for Him.

City Editor (to new reporter)—You say this man was blown up by a can of nitroglycerine, but you don't state whether he is dead or alive.

New Reporter—I waited around there four or five hours, but couldn't learn it.

City Editor—Why couldn't you learn it?

New Reporter—Because he hadn't come down yet when I left.—Binghamton Republican.

A Close Approximation.

In 1864, in Memphis, in a refugee school that I visited while chaplain in the army, the Bible lesson was John xv, 1, "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman." One little fellow recited it thus: "I am the vine and my father is a married man."—American Missionary.

A RIDE IN GUATEMALA.

A Rough Trip Over the Mountains.

DRIVING THROUGH TOWN AT FULL GALLOP

A Lively Scene.—Indian Ways.—A Tiresome Ascent.

I left Quezaltenango by stage for San Marcos recently. The road runs through the side spurs of the Cordilleras for thirty-six miles, and the up grades are so heavy that to make any time the animals are whipped along on every level stretch and sent faster down hill, the brake being applied only when the wagon gains too much on the horses. The team we had was made up of three miserable horses, not more than fourteen hands high, and one lazy mule of about the same size. The stages are canvas covered spring wagons, seating four people inside and one with the driver, all seats on the same level and cushioned with leather stuffed with straw, and as hard as the boards underneath. Most of the drivers are Mexicans, wearing sandals and such clothes as they may beg, borrow, or steal. The diligence company supplies a few extra pieces of chain, leather, an immense lash whip, and a large knife, with which the driver fashions the leather to repair the dozen or so breaks of the harness in the course of the day.

The first town reached was San Mateo, about two leagues from Quezaltenango, and one league further on, as we neared the foot of the mountains, we passed through San Juan Ostuncalco, a "pueblo" of 600 or 700 souls. It was about 8 o'clock in the morning and the streets were filled with Indians bringing in market produce, some carrying the loads in baskets on their heads, but the majority had their cargoes on their backs in what is called a "canasta." This is a wooden framework of shelves fastened into four upright pieces of wood and stiffened with rawhide thongs, those of ordinary size being about four feet high, thirty inches wide and twenty inches deep. Cords around the bottom and middle are joined to the leather headpiece, or broad strap, which passes across the man's forehead and serves to hold the contrivance in place. The Indian, inclining his body slightly forward, travels for days thus laden with his pack of 150 pounds so delicately balanced and adjusted that he feels no excess of strain on any particular point. Many were driving goats and sheep in front of them, and others dragging them with ropes tied around their necks.

The pretty, bright colored dresses of the Indians added much to this lively scene. Now and then you could see the entire family bringing in the produce of their farm, the father himself carrying his load and driving the "burro," so heavily packed that nothing but the tips of his ears and his feet could be seen, followed by the mother with a basket on her head and the youngest strapped to her back, with his legs dangling out of the folds of the shawl and his little black head peeping out of the top. Then come the two boys, both carrying loads; the older one tugging at a rope tied to the neck of an obstinate, squealing pig, who wishes to go in any direction but the proper one, and who is being urged forward by the younger boy, who is laying his whip across his hind quarters at every step. They seem to make but slow progress, but they will reach the plaza and in time for market hours.

Through the main street of San Juan, paved with cobble stones and filled with such a crowd, our driver forced his animals at a gallop, urging them on with his whip and a shrill whistle, and being comparatively fresh they responded quite willingly. The leaders, with sleigh bells tied to their necks, warned all in advance to get out of the way. Away we went, bounding over the uneven pavement with a great racket, and in ways so narrow that the crowd had to hug the sides of the houses to escape our wheels. For blocks in front you could see the Indians escaping into the side streets when possible, and though these people are subjected to the danger of being run over every time a diligence passes, they seem to bear no ill will to the careless drivers. They have never seen any other management of horses, and I presume they think that this is the proper way to drive. And besides, they depend on the stage line for the execution of any commissions they may have in the neighboring towns. Many times our driver stopped in the long streets of San Juan, always a welcome guest, dropping packages here, picking them up there, and at every stop receiving his small piece of silver and a drink in payment. He took so many drinks before coming to the hills that I began to have some fears for our safety on the steep and dangerous roads to come.

Three miles to the north of San Juan the long and tiresome ascent begins, and so narrow that horsemen only can pass the stage. The road is cut into the mountain side, many places in solid rock, in which, as you go slowly ahead, can be seen many names and prettily carved crosses; and on nearing the summit you see many wooden crosses planted on the roadside, inscribed with the names of the saints in whose honor they were erected. Looking back, the entire valley of Quezaltenango is spread out before and about 2,000 feet below you, and often obscured by the clouds, for you are above them and in them, and the blankets over your knees and your heavy wraps do not make you feel over warm. We were nearly five hours making the ridge, a distance of about seven miles. The mountain scenery in this region is grand, but any views, no matter how beautiful, would become monotonous when seen from an almost springless vehicle, dragged over a rain washed, rocky road at a gallop, accompanied by a Mexican driver's yells and whistles, and the incessant snapping of his whip; so, at about 1 o'clock when we pulled up at the breakfast station in a lovely green mountain valley, it was not the meal that pleased us, but the relief felt in getting out of that hard cushioned, wagon and away from the driver's noise.

The stages meet at this stopping place, and when the drivers had finished their conversation without any consideration for the feelings of the impatient passengers we were again off, and soon on the down grade. It was so rocky that with my feet braced in front and holding on to the sides, I very often came down on the seat with so violent a bump that I felt as if my spinal column had gone up through my brain. Now and then the stage would give a side lurch and smash the brim of my hat against the side sticks. This down hill ride continued for two hours, until, thoroughly exhausted, we arrived at the town of San Pedro, where we caught a glimpse of a rather level country in advance.—Guatemala Cor. New York Times.

What It Once Meant.

A teacher writes: "One of my pupils who had been teaching during the summer came to me in despair over a sum, saying, 'I can't understand sympathizing fractions.'" (When we went to school, years and years ago, "sympathizing fractions" meant broken candy. We understood, but the teacher didn't. Times change, and we change with them).—American Missionary.

AN OREGON AMAZON.

A Frontier Beauty on the Back of a Bronco—A Great Surprise.

The jar of heavy feet was heard. Some young horses came down a steep hill at full run. Behind was a reckless, rapid rider. The loose stock dashed past. The horse that bore the rider was tossing his head madly and slinging white foam in flakes from his mouth. He was a rearing, restless, heavy built, regulation bronco, but it was remarked that he was well under control, for he seemed to be fairly lifted from side to side by the reins at the will of the rider, who drew up to our resting place. We stared in a way that was not mannerly, even in the wilds of Oregon. The rider of the restless pony was a young girl. She waited with embarrassment for us to tell our errand.

"Who lives here?" we asked.

"I do," she replied, in a tone that did not make us feel any more at home.

"Whose garden is this?" was the next question.

"Mine."

After a pause she added: "Can I do anything for you, gentlemen?"

"Well, well, no," was about the only intelligible answer at command.

"Will you come to the house?" she added; "it is near dinner time."

As she rode before we looked upon a graceful rider, a well rounded, neat figure, a brunette with the languid beauty so much admired in the Castilian women, clad in coarse, strong, short skirts, below which showed a small boot and a keen, bright spur. Her rich saddle was new and strong and double rigged. Her horse had not stopped at the gate till she sprang to the ground. My companion stepped forward with a Chesterfield bow, but too late to assist her. She asked us to go the house while she led her horse to the stable. When we were within a rod of the door we both started with surprise. A repulsive, sullen, scowling Indian was at each window. We were greatly surprised to learn that our hostess was half breed. In her features or actions we had observed not one trace of the Indian. Her demeanor was modest, while at the same time she was fully imbued with that western liberality that allows no man to pass without an invitation to partake of a meal or night's lodging. We bade her good-by reluctantly, and continued our hunt, thinking how much more appropriate such grace and such wealth would be in the circles of society than on the back of a bronco.—Oregon Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Boston Women as Pedestrians.

The Boston woman is in need of a walking teacher. She has now about every sort of an instructor save in this matter of gait and carriage, and there she is singularly deficient. Strange as it may seem to the dear creatures who have turned their toes out in a dancing class from the age of 4 till they were old enough to graduate as rosebuds in society, not one of them knows how to walk. Observe, if you please, the sloppy, hippity hop, the waddle and the bounce which characterize the gait of young women of the present day, and tell me if there is the least excuse for it. High heels, tight clothes, tied in skirts! Perhaps, but even with these feminine disadvantages the graceful, free limbed goddess of society ought to be able to get over the ground with ease and dignity. That she does not is obvious to every student of woman's winning ways.

We have seen, once at least the most of us, our ideal in this regard, and, having seen, will simply wonder why on earth her sisters do not imitate her noble movements and get the kinks out of their legs or add a little spring to their feet. If dancing lessons do not lend grace to the deportment they fail in their intention, but the dancing master, after having taught the figures of the german, how to reverse in the waltz and given the pupil a pas known for three generations as "Papanti's," considers his or her duty is fulfilled. The natural gait, the real "step," has not been given a thought, and so mademoiselle runs out her chin, carries one shoulder higher than the other, and comes down on her heels with a stride or mincing walk which is fatal to "style." Who tells her what she is doing? Apparently no one, because there are so few girls who know how to walk. The stage is supposed to be an excellent school for pedal instruction, and the "devitalizing" of the Delsarte method is believed to saturate a disciple with grace. But a "stage walk" in the street is simply dreadful, and the tragedy queen prance as much to be avoided as the wiggle waggle of the bustle made girl. It would be delightful could the coming generation strike the happy mean, and very likely it will, if the world once begins to appreciate that walking is an art to be cultivated, as it now cultivates a love for the beautiful and a taste for outdoor sports.—Boston Herald.

Curious Case of Kleptomania.

There died in New York city not long ago an old woman, who to hundreds of New Yorkers presented a grotesque figure. Ten or twelve years ago she was a popular lecturer, gifted with a strong though unpolished eloquence. For nearly two decades this curious woman lived a lonely life. After her retirement from the lecture platform she was wont to haunt daily the public libraries of the city, and this fact soon led to the discovery that she was afflicted with kleptomania. Her character was quite above the theory of deliberate theft, and some of her few friends even now are ignorant of the shadow which hung over her. By reason of her constant visits she became a familiar figure, and an unmitigated nuisance to the librarians. She would enter a library, apparently bent on finding some extract of importance. Volume after volume would be called for and consulted in vain, until finally a pile of thirty or forty books lay before her. Then she would give it up, and hasten out without even thanking the disgusted attendant.

Several times books were missed, but no one dared accuse her. One day, however, an attendant detected her as she made her exit with a valuable volume. He followed her home, and the next day when she appeared she was gently reminded of her absent mindedness. But she indignantly spurned the insinuation, and the affair went no further; though she ceased to visit that particular library. When she died a large collection of books was found in her house, each book bearing the stamp of the institution from which it had been taken. Many of them, too, were from private libraries, and those most closely guarded. Her skill as a book thief must have been considerable. The volumes were all returned to their rightful owners by her executors.—New York Sun.

On the Tops of Stages.

One of the drivers of the Fifth avenue stages says that the young ladies, no matter if they live on the very tiptop of Murray Hill, like to climb up and ride on the outside seats. But they usually do it only in the evening. They are more graceful and quick about it than half of the men. On Sundays in pleasant weather a good many girls ride on the outside, and a good many go to the end of the route and back just for the excursion. The German girls are the most independent about climbing to the tops of the stages in the day time.—New York Press 'Every Day Talk."

ODDS AND ENDS.

The United States has 1,000,000 miles of telegraph wires.

It has been discovered that almanacs date back to the year 100 A. D.

Unbound palm leaf fans are effectively used in decoration of summer houses.

Woman's love of admiration is apt to vary inversely with her power of exciting it.

The caterpillar is making fearful havoc with the fruit trees in southern New England.

The hardest thing to do is to get people to think of the things that concern them most.

Take iron stains from marble with lemon juice or a mixture of spirits of wine and oxalic acid.

In Great Britain there is one elector to about six of the population; in Belgium only one to about forty-six.

On Irish railways women are much employed as booking clerks, and in Dublin tickets are given almost entirely by women.

A Sonoma county, Cal., vineyardist has purchased 10,000 paper bags to cover the young vines and protect them from grasshoppers.

All that can be said of very slow people is that it is their duty to avoid conversation and get through life as inoffensively as possible.

It has been found after elaborate experiments that sewage can be more efficiently filtered through open sand than through sand covered with soil.

The first dress of embroidered bobbinet ever woven in France was presented to the Duchess d'Anguleme, who, it was thought, would be one day queen of France.

The cheval glass is becoming more and more a necessary piece of bedroom furniture to the modern woman, and with it come into use the dressing table and high chest of drawers.

The Newest Thing in Refrigeration.

The latest elaboration of the refrigeration process is a new thing entirely. A plant has just been established near Washington market from which there is to be supplied a current of cold that will chill all the refrigerators in the stalls of the market—over 300 in number. One of the men who have worked for some years to perfect the scheme has said: "The company proposes to do what the great steam distributing companies are doing, with a difference. What they are doing is to distribute and sell plus units of heat. What we are doing is to distribute and sell minus units of heat."

The only sense in which this is new is that it is done on a larger scale than ever before. It is like applying the principles of the telephone to the long distance telephone. As has been already explained, the idea of refrigerating an icebox or a house is not new. The idea of doing it from a central plant, and supplying minus heat or positive cold through pipes is new. It does away with the handling of ice at each box owned by a customer, and enables the butchers and other dealers in the market to keep their wares as long and as well as if they were packed in ice. In one up town hotel, where the plan has been in operation for nearly two years, the saving has been found to be over 75 per cent. of the former cost. It is distinctly one of the great steps forward in modern progress.—Harper's Weekly.

The First Departure for the World's Fair.

A small, rosy cheeked girl picked up her doll and her doll's trunk and trudged a mile or more over frosty roads until she reached a railway station. There she boarded the first train that came along and contentedly settled herself and her doll into a vacant seat.

By and by the conductor appeared. He looked down at the little woman, who was pointing out flying trees and other objects of interest to her traveling companion, the doll.

"Where are you going, little one?" asked the big man with buttons.

"Why, I'm going to the World's fair, of course."

The conductor coughed.

"Aren't you rather early?" he asked. "I don't believe the doors are open yet."

"Dear me," said the child in alarm, "what shall I do?"

"Perhaps you had better go home and ask your mother," suggested the conductor.

And she did. She was loaded with pretty things by interested fellow passengers, and returned to her mother in safety. We may reasonably expect that she will be among the first visitors when the World's fair opens its doors.—Golden Days.

This Pensioner Had a Queer Career.

Frank M. Pennington, a well known citizen here, has just been granted a pension of eight dollars a month. This was one of the most complicated and interesting claims which has ever been filed in the pension bureau. He is a native of Florida. In April, 1861, he enlisted in a Confederate regiment for ninety days. Just before his term expired he was conscripted for three years. At the battle of Kenesaw Mountain he was captured.

While a prisoner in Illinois he enlisted in the United States navy, on board the old Ironsides, where his gallantry in action at the final assault on Fort Fisher is officially mentioned. He was afterward transferred to another vessel, and in consequence of leaving it without proper papers he was placed on record as a deserter. The sentence of desertion has been corrected and an honorable discharge procured, with arrears of pay and now a pension.—Burgettstown (Pa.) Enterprise.

Limewater.

It has come to be a usual thing if "anything ails baby" to be advised by the physician to make a free use of limewater, which he says must be put with the milk. Now, lime is a strong alkali, and it should be used with care and caution, and its effect on the baby closely watched.

It is in itself such a harmless looking and tasteless medicine that many mothers think it scarcely necessary even to measure the quantity used, and great detriment is done the baby because of such carelessness. If used too freely it causes constipation, and in consequence many ill effects follow its use. Taken in small doses, carefully measured, lime water is of great benefit to infants.—Detroit Free Press.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 28 1891

Cardinal Manning has come out in condemation of raffles and lotteries at church fairs. It has long been a puzzle to the lay mind how the church fair lottery could be less of a gamble than any other sort of lottery. Lottery reform should begin with the churches, if anywhere.

It is said that the trouble with the Prince of Wales is that he wanted "thrills," and there was nothing in the dreary, aimless life of the heir to the throne to give them to him, so he had to find them as best he could, in ways commendable or otherwise. That is the trouble with too many people—they want thrills.

Senator Felton, Representative Bowers, Governor Markham and a number of leading citizens of Los Angeles, visited San Pedro last Saturday and took a careful view of the harbor. They then proceeded to Redondo Beach where they had a chance to see what had been done there to bring ship and rail together. Senator Felton and Representative Bowers will go to Washington with clear cut ideas of what can be done to give us a harbor or deep sea vessels at San Pedro if sufficient money is appropriated to do the work that is required.

The Reno Gazette says: "Reports show that all around us the spirit of progress is aroused and Nevada is standing still. Utah, Idaho, Oregon Arizona and California are making great advances. Why not Nevada?" Poor, corporation ridden Nevada! She has vast natural resources of land and water, but the spirit of the dead bonanza days and wild-cat speculation must cease to haunt her ere they can be developed. A general reform in State government and reduction in taxes is necessary to induce capital to enter the State.

It is unfortunate that Governor Campbell's health has become, at this particular time, so broken that he has had to cancel all his campaign engagements. The brilliant and triumphant canvass Mr. Campbell made two years ago for the same office he now holds shows what a loss it will be to the Democratic party to have him away from the platform this year. It will be a great advantage to McKinley and his party will avail itself of it. The absence of Campbell from the stump ought to be made up by sending into Ohio the best speakers of the party outside that State.

There is a great deal of speculation of late in the press of California as to the practicability of growing tobacco and cotton in California. Both have been shown to be feasible. Good specimens of both were shown at the New Orleans Exposition. Sixteen years ago excellent cigars were manufactured at Gilroy from tobacco grown near that place and sold in Los Angeles. Haggin & Carr have raised fine staples of cotton in Kern county. Doubtless the reason why these branches of industry were allowed to languish is because they did not pay. They are both cheap labor staples and cheap labor in California is an unknown quantity.

The Daily Report criticises the status of the World's Fair in San Francisco as follows: "There is no enthusiasm in San Francisco over the World's Fair. Should the Supreme Court sustain the State Controller in his refusal to honor the Legislature's draft for $300,000 in aid of California's exhibit at Chicago, resort will have to be had to private subscription; and, in the present condition of business, and general absence of enthusiasm over anything, we feel that the response would be slow and discouraging When $200,000 is all that can be raised in San Francisco toward a competing transcontinental railroad or the Nicaragua Canal the prospects are not promising for a liberal contribution toward the World's Fair. About the best way to improve the prospects would be for some of our contemporaries to sink their business rivalries and abandon their old personal feuds to the extent of not letting them come to the front whenever the World's Fair is spoken of. If they continue as they are now doing it would not surprise us were our people to conceive a deep and lasting disgust for the World's Fair and everything and everybody connected with it." This is hitting the nail squarely on the head. The constant hounding of the Chronicle by the Call, the stupid child's play bickering, the real subject of which is purely personal, is becoming exceeding wearisome.

AFTER THE MUD MARCH.

AN INCIDENT OF CAMP LIFE SPOILS SUNDRY DINNERS.

How One Regiment Got the Laugh on a Company of Yankees—Jerseymen Feasted on Roast Dog—It Was Then Served to Vermonters as Head Cheese.

Every old soldier of the Army of the Potomac remembers Burnside's mud march. It began on Jan. 22, 1863. This was forty days after his defeat at Fredericksburg. In an effort to retrieve it he followed the example of Charles XII and opened a winter campaign. He tried to strike the Rappahannock some miles above Fredericksburg, cross the river on pontoons and reach Lee's rear. It began to rain on the evening of the 22d, and it rained incessantly for three days. The pontoons never reached the river. They were stuck in seas of mud. Nearly every man in the army was wet to the waist for days in efforts to drag them to dry ground.

The Confederates on the other side of the Rappahannock quickly divined the situation. They stuck up immense placards on the bank of the river bearing such inscription as "Burnside's Army Stuck in the Mud," "Burnside is not McClellan," and other pat sayings. When the sun began to shine and the pontoons were dragged from the sloughs the army went back to its old camp.

Everybody was disheartened. The peninsula veterans, who were stanch McClellan men, shook their heads mournfully, saying, "I told you how it would be." The discontent rose to such a pitch that there was a spirit of mutiny in some of the regiments. Hundreds of desertions occurred every day and the army had no confidence in its commander until Joe Hooker succeeded Burnside.

THE REGIMENTS.

I was a sergeant in Company C of the Twenty-sixth New Jersey volunteers at this time. The New Jersey regiment was part of the Second brigade. This brigade had won a brilliant reputation on the Peninsula and at Antietam. It was known in the Army of the Potomac as the Vermont brigade. It was composed, with the exception of the Jersey regiment, of Vermont troops.

They were tall, ungainly Yankees. They drawled their words and gave them a peculiar nasal twang. Their feet were so big that the Johnnies compared them to old-fashioned griddles.

A Mississippian once told me they were so big that whenever he killed a Vermont Yankee he had to go up and shove him over before he would tumble.

I saw some captured North Carolinians sent in from the front at the first battle of Fredericksburg. In stature, gait and accent they resembled the Vermonters. I believe that if they had worn the Federal uniform the Vermonters themselves would have taken them for brothers.

We went into camp after the mud march near White Oak church. About two weeks afterward Bill Young, a big Scotchman in our regiment, confiscated a sheep owned by some farmer in the vicinity. He had found a little copse in an out of the way nook, where he butchered the the sheep, hung the carcass to the limb of a tree by its hind legs and dressed it. He had hardly finished the work when he was frightened by a file of men who were approaching the spot. After hastily concealing the carcass he sneaked back to camp.

Two hours later he returned to the copse. The mutton seemed to be all right. It did not appear to have been disturbed. He avoided collision with the camp guard, and managed to get it to his shelter tent after dark. Then he cut it up and distributed it among his friends in the ranks and the commissioned officers.

DOG INSTEAD OF MUTTON.

Twenty-four hours afterward a Vermont regiment, then commanded by Louis A. Grant, now assistant secretary of war (and by the way, Redfield Proctor was a captain in the same regiment), passed through our camp on picket detail. As they struck company C's street, through which they marched down the hill, they all began to bark like dogs. The Jerseymen rushed from their tents and wondered what the barking meant. The Vermonters kept up the canine demonstration for half a mile, yelling with delight.

Commissioned officers who had partaken of the mutton were the first to solve the riddle. Some of the cold meat was left. After the Vermont demonstration it did not taste like mutton. It was a little rank, one said, and tasted more like coon meat that hadn't been parboiled. Many who had received the gift were sick at the stomach.

It turned out that some bright Vermonter had seen Young at work on the sheep. He rang in his comrades and frightened the Scotchman back to camp. Then they stole the carcass, and put in its place the dressed body of an old Newfoundland dog that had been following a Wisconsin brigade.

When the Vermonters returned from picket duty and began to cross our camp the barking was resumed. This time the Jerseymen were ready for them. From 700 throats came the cry: "Head cheese, head cheese, you Yankees!"

This cry gave a pallor to the Vermont faces. Their stomachs were turned. While they were on picket duty some Germans in the Jersey regiment had gathered all of the cold roast dog in camp, turned it into head cheese, and peddled it on the Vermont picket reserve. Head cheese was a delicacy rarely seen in the army. It had gone like hot cakes. Everybody bought it. Possibly even Secretary Proctor and General Louis A. Grant got their share of it. At all events there was no more barking and no more buying of head cheese on the picket line.
—Amos J. Cummings in New York Sun.

A Curious Freak of Lightning.

To strike and shatter into splinters a dozen telegraph poles, one after the other, is rather curious. Lightning did this on Cemetery Hill road, near Coatesville. It did not select a pole here and there, but took the twelve in regular order, and splitting some in two it shattered into splinters the others. It is quite a sight to see them as they stand in their present condition.—West Chester (Pa.) News.

Odd Bicycle Incident.

A bicycle and a horse and buggy collided on Commercial row yesterday. The bicycle struck the horse broadside, and both wheel and rider went over him. The man in the buggy was simply astounded, and as the wheelman, who was none the worse for his jump, remounted and rode off, asked, "What was that?"
—Reno (Nev.) Journal.

A Very Hungry Frenchman.

Fin de siecle in everything, Paris has discovered that she is the proud possessor of the very latest thing in cannibals—a man who eats his own flesh. A policeman on duty on the Boulevard a day or two ago was astonished to see an itinerant vender of some commodity or other deliberately and without apparent suffering cut off a long strip of the muscular part of his left arm with a pair of scissors. This eccentric individual, who is only twenty years of age and goes by the name of Leon, was taken to the police station, where it was discovered that he had in a similar manner removed large slices of flesh from his thighs and calves.

So far as could be gleaned from the poor fellow's incoherent talk he has for six months past been under the influence of a mad desire to eat the body of a girl. He related how on many occasions he had followed little children with an open knife concealed in his hand, ready to cut off and devour a portion of their flesh, and how he had just, and only just, control enough to prevent him from carrying out his desire. His mania, however, remained, and in order to satisfy it he had recourse to his own limbs, which are mutilated shockingly. This extraordinary case of mental aberration is being studied carefully by the medical authorities at the Sainte Anne hospital.
—London Graphic.

Free Delivery of Newspapers.

"I believe in the extension of the free delivery system," said Mr. Wanamaker. "Free delivery is like gas or water to a town. It increases its metropolitan character. It adds to its attractions as a business and a residence community. I believe that the introduction of the free delivery extends the circulation of newspapers and increases letter writing. It is not convenient for a man to go to the postoffice for his newspaper.

"If he could get it delivered at his door it would be a welcome visitor. But take a young couple, for example, living in a small town. The husband is at work all day. The wife does not care to go to the postoffice, or perhaps she cannot go, especially if there is a baby in the house. That man would like to take a daily paper perhaps. But he is too tired to go to the postoffice for it every evening, and so he takes a weekly paper or no paper at all.

"As I said, the extension of a free delivery system would increase letter writing too. It is astonishing to me how hard it is to convince the people that you can increase the business of the postoffice."—Washington Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The Reported Cure of Cancer.

Dr. H. J. Hardwicke, surgeon to the Sheffield Public Hospital for Skin Diseases and the Ear and Throat hospital, who has studied for twenty years the treatment of cancer and lupus, believes that he can now cure both diseases without resorting to the surgeon's knife. He has been in communication with Professor von Moretz and finds that his system is similar to that recently announced by that gentleman to the Society of Physicians at Vienna.

Dr. Hardwicke has hitherto for various reasons refrained from publicly explaining his treatment, but having now almost brought his method to a state of perfection he is anxious and willing to place the details before such of his medical brethren as express to him any desire to be acquainted with them. With this object in view he will be glad to invite such would be inquirers to visit a selected number of cases now under treatment and carefully examine them, and also to examine a number of persons who have been cured during the past eighteen years.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Venerable Prelates.

The announcement that Bishop Huntington at the age of seventy-two asks for assistance because the duties of his diocese are beyond his ability to discharge them, reminds us that this active and indefatigable prelate is one of our venerable men. Bishop Clark, who is the acting diocesan in Massachusetts today, is over eighty and exhibits but few of the marks of old age. Bishop Coxe is already several years beyond threescore and ten, and is still a vigorous and active man. Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, the present primate of the Episcopal church, is very nearly seventy-five and is still in charge of his diocese, though his duties fall heavily upon him. Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island, is not far from seventy, and must be classed among these older men.—Boston Herald.

New York Produces the Most Beans.

"Can I tell you something about beans?" said B. B. Smith, the bean broker, to a reporter on the floor of the Produce exchange. "Well, I think I can. About the acreage—it is larger in New York state than it has been for the last ten years, and the Empire State produces practically all of the beans produced in the United States. Last year the domestic crop was small, and the foreigners made a handsome thing by sending their beans here. But this year I think the New York farmers will get the benefit of the market."—New York Tribune.

A Troublesome Question.

The boundary line between the United States and the British possessions in North America once more threatens to become the subject of international dispute, conference and arbitration. A half century ago "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" was a campaign cry, and the coming controversy begins at that line, from which President Polk retreated, the once northern boundary of Oregon territory being the southern boundary of our territory of Alaska. The discussion of the ownership of Revillagigedo, Pearse and Wales islands, and of the line of the Portland canal, will rival the contest over San Juan island and San Rosario or De Haro straits, decided in favor of the United States, by the emperor of Germany as arbitrator, in 1872.

Each year that the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia remains in question increases the difficulty of determining it. Each year settlements are increasing in numbers, more private interests are involved, and the region in dispute becomes more valuable to each claimant. There is great indifference to the question on our side of the line, but in the Dominion it is well understood, and parliament and public opinion have taken their stand. Canadian maps now differ from the United States maps of that northwestern region, and this boundary question promises to provoke more international bitterness than the present Behring sea dispute.—Century.

The Bridegroom Was Flustered.

On Wednesday evening a young man with a pretty woman on his arm, entered the Hotel Boyer.

At the door they parted, she remaining in the vestibule, where her rustic beauty caused a sensation, while he went up to the desk and registered. He was evidently nervous, for he nearly put the wrong end of the pen in the ink, and finally wrote: Mr. and Mrs. Blank and wife, and forgot to set down the place he came from. The clerk, however, was used to such vagaries, and assigned the newly married couple to a room.

The bridegroom taking the key, still in a state of flusterment, forgot all about the bride he had left upon the threshold and hurried off up stairs. When he reached the room of course he remembered his life partner, and returned headlong to the office to find her. But in the meanwhile the clerk had observed Mrs. Blank's plight and sent a bellboy to take her to her room. So when the bridegroom landed in the lobby he found no trace of his better half, and his consternation was indescribable.

By this time a good many people about the lobby had got wind of the singular comedy that was being played, and bets were being offered as to whether the bridegroom would throw himself into the Allegheny or call for the police. Before any such tragic ending to the drama could take place, however, the clerk informed the husband where his wife was, and a reunion of a most affecting nature was soon brought about in the corridor above.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Precocious Infants.

Professor Henry L. Chapman's speech at the Bowdoin commencement dinner was a model for after dinner orators. In telling of the deeds of the class of '66 he spoke of the remarkable precocity of one member, George William Kelley, of Portland, of whom the following is recorded in Cleveland and Packard's History of Bowdoin college: "George William Kelley was born in Portland, November, 1844. He at once entered on a theological course of study in Bangor seminary," etc. The only case of precocity approaching this, he said, was in the class of '53, one member of which was Ephraim C. Cummings, of whom the same history records: "Ephraim Chamberlain Cummings was born in Albany, 1825. His first year was spent in teaching in the academy at Bucksport," etc. Of the two cases Professor Chapman held that the class of '66 led, as it was evidently a more precocious thing to study theology in Bangor than to teach in Bucksport.—Lewiston Journal.

Young Talleyrand's Engagement.

The engagement of the youthful Comte de Talleyrand Perigord to Mlle. de Rohan Chabot, daughter of the Prince and Princess de Leon, has raised the question in aristocratic Paris as to the most fitting age at which young men and maidens should enter the holy state of matrimony. The French aristocracy, it appears, is divided on the matter.

The Duc de Broglie was twenty-four when he married, the Duc de Fezensac only twenty-two, but Prince Alphonse was thirty-seven and Prince Ludovic forty-seven when they quitted the ranks of the bachelors. On the whole, however, it seems that the average age at which the inhabitants of the Faubourg Saint Germain marry is twenty-six; that of the ladies of the same quarter is not given, probably on the principle that "a woman on her wedding is exactly the age she looks."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sheep Frozen in the Month of June.

A Skowhegan (Me.) Reporter correspondent, in speaking of the year 1816, says it was so cold on the night of June 6 that sheep that had just been sheared suffered severely. "We took fifteen or twenty of the worst cases," he says, "laid them down in rows and covered their bodies with straw. They were so chilled that they lay so still that some of them never stirred again. I think we found seven dead in the morning.

"The neighbors lost so many that they loaded them into an oxcart and drove down the ferry road that ran through our field to the river and dumped them in. About 8 or 9 o'clock that morning a few flakes of snow were seen in the air. A number of little birds of a gosling green color were picked up dead, chilled to death."

Another Smoke Consumer.

Mr. Elson J. Hadlock, of Big Springs, Tex., has just patented an invention for arresting all sparks on locomotives and consuming all smoke that well informed railroad men say must undoubtedly soon come into general use. It entirely does away with the ordinary smokestack of the locomotive. The smoke and sparks, after arising in a pipe a few feet above the boiler, curve downward through double pipes and pass back into the furnace, where everything is reconsumed. There can be no danger of fire from a locomotive thus arranged, and it is claimed that this reconsumption makes a great saving of fuel. It also largely improves the draft on the furnace.—Boston Transcript.

The Fast of Ramadan.

Ramadan, the Mussulman's terrible month of daily fasting, is like the Chinaman's New Year, governed by the moon. This year, precisely at the moment the new moon became visible on the morning of April 8, Ramadan began and continued throughout the lunar month. The origin of this long fast seems shrouded in mystery, as it is said to have been observed by the fire worshipers long before before the the time of Mahomet Ali, who thought the command to all true believers to fast for eleven months in the year was too much to require of mortal flesh. Through the angel Gabriel he therefore besought the Great Spirit to reduce the time one-half. Finding this still a heavy trial, he again interceded and got the time fixed at one lunar month, where it still remains. During this awful month nothing in the way of food passes the true Mohammedan's mouth between dawn and sunset. In the morning, as soon as a white thread can be distinguished from a black one, the fast begins.—St. Louis Republic.

Block island fishermen are having poor luck with mackerel, and several boats have given up trying to catch the fish. Thus far the total catch is about half what it was at the same time last year.

Of all his decorations, the late Emperor Frederick most prized the medal which was given him for saving a man from drowning many years ago.

Mosquitoes in Paris.

Mosquitoes are, I venture to say, for the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, a plague of many parts of Paris. The dampness of the spring is said to be the reason why they nightly buzz, bite and leave faces and hands covered with hard, red blotches. But I believe the true cause is the wholesale destruction of Seine fish when the ice floes in that river were being dynamited last winter.

I never suffered so much in warm weather in any part of the south of France from mosquitoes as I have done this week. If one sits by a lamp near an open window along many of the boulevards a swarm of them assails one. The mosquito bednet not being used in Paris, one lies down at night unprotected, and is liable to rise in the morning with a disfigured face in a state of painful itchiness.—Paris Cor. London News.

Home Is Where the Heart Is.

A small family, consisting of man, wife and baby, is living in a big dry goods box in an open field just off Mountain street, near the division line between Worcester and Holden. The woman is twenty-one years of age and her babe seven weeks. She says about a year and a half ago she married Joseph Pitts, a farm laborer, at Greendale. The baby was born in a boarding house, and she and Pitts have been living, together with the infant, in the dry goods box for two or three weeks. Pitts hires the land, and the woman says he intends to put up a better shelter. She has a brick fireplace outside the box, where she does cooking. Joseph Pitts, the husband, is a cripple and walks with two canes. The marshal says there is no call for police interference. The woman is satisfied with her lot, and the baby seems healthy.—Worcester Spy.

Proving an Old Proverb.

Ancæus, king of the Leleges in Samos (an island in the Grecian archipelago), planted a vineyard; and so heavily did he oppress his slaves that one of them, it is said, prophesied to him that he would never live to taste the wine thereof. When the wine was made he sent for his slave and said, "What do you think of your prophecy now?" The slave made answer, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The words were scarcely uttered when Ancæus was informed that a wild boar had broken into his vineyard and was laying it waste. Ancæus, setting down the cup untasted, hastened to attack and drive out the boar, but he was killed in the encounter.—Detroit Free Press.

A Well Known Garment.

Landlady—Oh, Mr. Spendem, a small thief came in and stole your overcoat.

Mr. Spendem (gayly)—No matter, no matter; I'll soon get it back. He'll doubtless attempt to pawn it and every pawnbroker in town knows my overcoat.—Good News.

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☞ Clear lumber, Second class lumber, slabs and edgings for sale cheap. Inquire for our prices.

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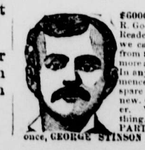
Snug little FORTUNES have been made at work for us, by Anna Tage, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time, big money for workers. Either unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 PORTLAND, MAINE.



$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages, in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
☞Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.☜
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M.D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
☞ NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED. ☜
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel
Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday	January 24th
"	February 21st
"	March 21st
"	April 18th
"	May 23rd
"	June 20th
"	July 18th
"	August 15th
"	September 12th
"	October 17th
"	November 14th
"	December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.

Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
☞ All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

ANNUAL MEETING.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

The Regular Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Inyo Marble Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California, on Thursday, the Tenth day of September, 1891, at the hour of One o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

Transfer books will close on Monday, September 7th, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, G. W. Luce, Secretary, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vorchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, in Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGANACIA ABECHUCO.
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL
TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer with out cost of repairs than any other machine, Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.

WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt an furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,

Address,
P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal.
P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.

Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence,

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 1.01¼
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach on Sunday as follows: Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m., and Independence 7:30 p. m.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will lecture on Tuesday evening next at the M. E. Church at Independence at 8 o'clock. Subject, "London."

On Wednesday evening he will preach at Keeler in the dining room of Mr. John Barnes at 7:30 o'clock.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

WEDNESDAY, August 26, 1891.

P. Reddy vs. W. F. Matlack—Filed original summons.

Estate of E. Mallory, deceased—Filed order discontinuing family allowance.

THURSDAY, August 27, 1891.

Estate of E Mallory, deceased—Entered order discontinuing family allowance.

DIED.

KEOUGH—At Bishop, August 27th, Mrs. P. P. Keough.

HANNAH—At Independence, August 21st, Hon. John A. Hannah, aged 72 years.

Hot! Hotter!! Hottest!!!

☞ Try a sack of "Rhine's XX Family Flour."

G. Sanger of Alvord was in town last Tuesday.

New grain is being delivered in town every day.

The thermometer registered 102° in the shade on Tuesday.

Ben. Lasky and P. Labarge were up from Lone Pine early in the week.

John W. Lacey returned last Monday from a trip through Tulare county.

Attention is invited to the advertisement for sale of house and lot in town of Darwin.

C. Mulholland arrived from Los Angeles on Thursday and will go north on to-morrow's train.

John Clarke and W. L. Zimmerman came down from Bishop to attend the funeral of Judge Hannah.

M. W. Trask is visiting Independence. He has been rusticating on Kern River for a few weeks past.

Mrs. P. H. Mack will start for San Francisco to-morrow morning and expects to visit in the city about a month.

The price of tickets from Independence to Bishop and return during Fair week will be $2.00. This is very liberal.

The news was received yesterday that E. P. Lovejoy died at Wabuska on Wednesday night. No particulars have been learned.

Miss Anna Ryan returns to Oakland to-morrow after a month's visit with her sister, Mrs. I. H. Mulholland, at Independence.

The second crop of alfalfa is being cut on the several ranches in the neighborhood and the crop is fully up to the average.

John Kelly came in from Darwin early in the week and spent a few days in town. He started below on yesterday morning's train.

Mrs. Parris came in from Darwin yesterday. She was accompanied by her little daughter who expects to remain here and attend school.

Louis Munzinger of Bishop spent several days in town this week. Likewise the genial Harry Louden. They are both jolly good fellows.

The proprietors of the Blackrock Sawmill have hard work to supply their orders for lumber. They are constantly at work to fill the demand.

Wonder if the Fair Directors could be induced to give a three-year-old trotting purse? There would be at least three entries from Independence.

Mrs. Jennie Smith of Stockton is visiting with her brother, A. N. Bell, at Camp Independence. She is accompanied by her daughter, Miss Nellie Smith.

If there is there is any better fruit country on God's footstool than Owens Valley we would like to know where it is located—and then we'll bet that it isn't.

Last night the sad news was wired from Bishop of the death of Mrs. P. P. Keough. She was a most estimable lady, kind and charitable, and respected by all. The funeral took place at 10 o'clock to-day.

James Hillyer has been granted an invalid pension by the bureau and the action taken is certainly a most righteous one. The old man was crippled in his country's service and he is certainly deserving of support in his old age.

A. B. Hall arrived from Tehachipa on yesterday's train. He is agent for the Mojave and Keeler stage line and he is here on business connected with improving the facilities of travel over the route. He expects to return Monday.

The last Kern county *Californian* says: "Soon after Constable Powers was killed an Indian was arrested who was thought to have been connected with the murder, brought here [Bakersfield] and lodged in jail. An investigation of his case resulted in no evidence being found against him and he was finally liberated. He returned to his old haunts and a man from Kernville brings the news that a few days ago he was found dead near the scene of the murder."

Obituary.

Last Friday night at about half-past ten o'clock Hon. John A. Hannah, ex-Superior Judge of Inyo county, died at his residence at Independence. He had been ailing for years past with a disease of the kidneys, which finally resulted in his death. Judge Hannah was born in Kentucky seventy-two years ago. When a young man he removed to Missouri with his people. Since arriving at the age of manhood he has all his life been connected more or less with public affairs and has filled positions of honor and trust. On the 25th of November, 1839, he was commissioned by Governor L. W. Boggs of Missouri as Captain of First Company, Second Battallion, Twenty-second Regiment, Third Division. On December 22d, 1843, he was commissioned by Governor Thomas Reynolds of Missouri as Lieutenant-Colonel of Twenty-second Regiment, Second Brigade, Third Division During his first appointment he performed good service in the Seminole war, which was brought to a close in 1840, after having lasted seven years. On August 14th, 1847, he was commissioned by President James K. Polk as Second Lieutenant Company C., Santa Fé Battallion, Mounted Volunteers. He served over a year in the Mexican War and was honorably discharged October 17th, 1848. He drew a pension as a Mexican War Veteran at the time of his death. He came to Inyo county in the early 60's and was elected Justice of the Peace at Cerro Gordo during the flush times of 1868-69. He was elected County Judge of Inyo county and served, with re-elections, from 1871 until 1879. He was admitted to practice in the District Court on July 8th, 1879, by Hon. Theron Reed, District Judge. He was commissioned by Governor William Irwin of California as Superior Judge of Inyo county on November 1st, 1879. He was re-elected to the same position in the Fall of 1884 and was commissioned by Governor Stoneman on the 8th of December of that year, and served until his term expired on the first Monday in January, 1891. He thus served as Judge of Inyo county for the long term of twenty years. He was married in early life, but his wife died childless before he came to Inyo county and he never re-married. He leaves considerable property to be distributed among his heirs. The funeral ceremonies were conducted by the Masonic Fraternity, of which he was a member, and the remains interred in the Masonic and Odd Fellows cemetery on Sunday last. The familiar figure of the "Old Judge" is greatly missed on our streets.

It is learned that deceased left a will directing that all his property be sold and the proceeds divided among the heirs. Mr. W. L. Hunter is appointed executor.

A Notable Visitor.

State Senator Thomas Flint of Hollister arrived at Independence last Friday and was entertained by the N. S. G. W., of which order he is Grand Vice-President. A banquet was given at the Norman House and a number of citizens invited to meet the Senator. A social dance was given at Mairs' Hall which was well attended and a jolly time assured, but the news of the death of Judge Hannah being received about 11 o'clock the party adjourned in respect to his memory. Mr. Flint, accompanied by Messrs. Bert. Rhine and Dave Holland, went into the high Sierras west of town on Saturday and remained until Monday. They caught a number of fine trout and had a most enjoyable time. On Tuesday Messrs. Flint and Rhine visited the Parlor at Bishop. A banquet was given by the N. D. G. W. at Mrs. Clark's Hotel. The arrangements were in perfect taste and the affair a most pleasureable one. A social dance was given Spencer's Hall and a good time was had till the "wee sma' hours." Mr. Flint enjoyed himself so thoroughly while here that he will visit the Valley again next year and spend several weeks in the mountains about Mt. Whitney. He is evidently a young man of much intelligence and is certainly an agreeable gentleman to meet.

A New Departure.

Nathan Rhine is having his own brand of flour made up into what will be known as "Rhine's XX Family Flour." He will select all wheat so made up and will, by reducing the percentage of flour per ton of wheat, insure a better and cleaner grade of flour. Every housewife should give this brand of flour a fair trial, and Mr. Rhine wishes it distinctly understood that he will refund the money in all instances where this flour fails to give satisfaction.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to offer our heartfelt thanks to the many friends who so kindly rendered their assistance to us in the sickness and death of our friend, Hon. John A. Hannah. MR. & MRS. BROWN.

A Quick Cure For Rheumatism.

In many cases persons subject to rheumatism, have got prompt relief from pain by applying Chamberlain's Pain-Balm. The relief it affords is alone worth many times its cost, which is but 50 cents, and its continued application effects a complete cure. For sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to MRS. REDDY, Darwin, Cal.

Fifth Annual Ball,

18th DISTRICT

Agricultural Association,

—Will be given at—

Spencer's Hall

—On—

Friday Eve., Oct. 2d,

☞ Under the auspices of the Fair Directors.

Well Merited Praise.

In almost every neighborhood there is some one or more persons whose lives have been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, or who have been cured of chronic diarrhœa by it. Such persons take special pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise that follows the introduction and use makes it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

A Suggestion.

If you are troubled with rheumatism or a lame back, allow us to suggest that you try the following simple remedy. Take a piece of flannel the size of the two hands, saturate it with Chamberlain's Pain-Balm and bind it over the seat of pain. It will produce a pleasant warmth and relieve you of all pain. Many severe cases have been cured in this way. The Pain-Balm can be obtained from A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent.

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS.
O. I. MAIRS.

BLACKSMITHING,

Horseshoeing, General Iron

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP

Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing ..... $2.00 for Cash

For particulars, call and see W. F. MATLACK.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for

Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:

Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

INDEPENDENCE MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef, Mutton, Pork, Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons. j19-tf

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

MISCELLANEOUS.

FIFTH

Annual Fair,

18th

Agricultural District

1891,

ALPINE, MONO & INYO

—WILL BE HELD AT—

-BISHOP-

Inyo County.

SEPT. 29 & 30, OCT. 1 & 2.

$2,000 in Premiums. $800 in Purses.

For particulars see pamphlet and Premium List.

Board of Directors.

F. ROBINSON, B. RHINE, ROBT. LOVE, JOHN S. GORMAN, T. F. A. CONNELLY, C. A. WALTER, F. McIVER, W. S. ENOS.

E. ROBINSON, President. HENRY RHINE, Treasurer.

C. W. CRAIG, Secretary.

THOMAS & HILL,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL,

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $75 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,

HAWTHORNE, NEV.,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS.

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed Flooring.

sept 11-tf

PALACE SALOON

LONE PINE, CAL.

—THE FINEST—

WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

—o—

☞ This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.

j12-tf

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—**FREE.**

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. **GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,** Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

☞ Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and pric before purchasing elsewhere. F. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891. n476tf

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines, Liquors, & Cigars.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK

BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO., Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for outdoor parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜

☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE SEWARD HOUSE.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,

Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements o our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,

dependence, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & CONSOLIDATED R. R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m.
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.	2:50 p. m.
Hawthorne	5:50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs.....	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m.
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10:00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville.....	8:2 a. m	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m	1:55 a. m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord.....	2:45 p. m.	10:00 a. m
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar. 6:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Monday, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

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Fashionable Clothing, Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc.

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CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries & canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
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WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,

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New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

☞ Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

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LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

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Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

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☞ The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 tf

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Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

—o—

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

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Address orders and packages to

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An imitation of Nature—that's the result you want to reach. With Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, you have it. They cleanse and renovate the whole system *naturally*. That means that they do it thoroughly, but mildly. They're the smallest in size, but the most effective—sugar-coated, easiest to take. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and gently laxative, or an active cathartic, according to size of dose. As a Liver Pill, they've been imitated, but never equaled.

Some men live to eat and some eat to live, or, in other words, some live for grub and others grub for a living.

EVERYONE SPEAKS WELL OF IT.

Rochester, N. Y., March 18, '86.

For many years I have been troubled with severe pains in the back of my head and neck, the pain being so sevese at times that I was nearly insane, and my friends feared that I would be. Lumps as large as a hickory-nut, wou'd swell up on my forehead and neck. I tried many different kinds of medicines and physicians, but none seemed to reach my case, until I commenced the use of Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, and before I had used it four days, the pain left my neck and shoulders and went to my hips and limbs. I continued taking the remedy, and the disease seemed to work downward but there was but little pain. I am still using the remedy, and I feel confident it will entirely cure me; for I am so much better and stronger than I have been for years. I cheerfully recommend it to all.

Very respectfully yours,
MRS. PHOEBE WHEATON.
110 Mt. Hope Avenue.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism and Catarrh.

Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Pardee Medicine Co.

GENTLEMEN:—About one year ago I chilled my blood and was under the Doctor's care for about six months when I had a counsel of eight *physicians* and was given up to die. Soon after, a lady friend came to see me and told me about *your great Remedy*. She said she had been cured by it after having the rheumatism *seven years*, and that her rheumatism was first brought on by a cold. At this time I was suffering severe pain all through my body and near my heart. The doctors called it only "frozen blood." Through the persuasion of my friend I procured a bottle. I found one relief. Seeing this I procured more and was entirely cured by its use; and what was my surprise and pleasure at finding that I was not only cured of my rheumatism, but the catarrh, which had been troubling me for years, and had become very offensive, had entirely left me.

Wishing your remedy every success, and thanking you very much for my double cure, I remain,

Truly yours,
MRS. LUCY BRONSON.

A LETTER
From the Mother of Miss Jessie Bonesteele.

Rochester, N. Y., April 22, 1886.

GENTLEMEN:—It is with pleasure I add my testimonial to the many well-known cures which your most excellent remedy has effected. For more than two years I was a great sufferer with rheumatism, being scarcely free from pain during the time. I found no relief until I procured Dr. Pardee's remedy, and it cured me completely. It is now two years since I discontinued its use and I have had no symptoms of the disease since. I know from my own and from the experience of many others also, that it will cure any case of rheumatism or neuralgia.

I am, very truly yours,
NESTEELE,
Lockport, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—I think the medicine prepared by the Pardee Medicine Company is in fact the best rheumatic medicine now on the market; its equal is not known. My boy only six years old was confined to his bed with rheumatism; I got a bottle of the medicine and in a few days he was out of bed and playing around the house. I can cheerfully recommend this medicine to all rheumatic sufferers.

J. K. PERRY, Shoe Dealer.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Pardee's Remedy and take no other. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles, $5.

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

USE St Jacobs Oil
The Great REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES
SPRAINS & STRAINS
BURNS SCALDS
STIFFNESS
STIFF NECK, SORENESS
ALSO SORE THROAT
WOUNDS, CUTS, SWELLINGS
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

S. F. N. U. No. 475. New Series No. 30.

THE SPLENDID SPUR.

Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "Q."

"Oh, Jack—I do not know! Shame on me to forget them!"

I ran towards the stable. Already the roof was ablaze, and the straw yard beyond, a very furnace. Rushing in I found the two horses cowering in their stalls, bathed in sweat, and squealing. But 'twas all fright. So I fetched Molly's saddle and spoke to her, and set it across her back, and the sweet thing was quiet in a moment, turning her head to rub my sleeve gently with her muzzle, and followed me out like a lamb. The bay gave more trouble, but I soothed him in the same manner, and, patting his neck, led him, too, into safety.

I had fastened the horses by the gate and was ready to join in the work when a shout was raised:

"Billy! Where's Billy Pottery? Has any seen the skipper?"

"Sure," I called, "you don't say he was never alarmed!"

"Black Sampson was in his room—where's Black Sampson?"

"Here I be!" cried a voice. "To be sure I woke the skipper before any o' ye."

"Then where's he hid? Did any see him come out?"

"Now, that we have not!" answered one or two.

I stood by the house door shouting these questions to the men inside, when a hand was laid on my arm, and there in the shadow waited Billy himself, with a mighty curious twinkle in his eye. He put a finger up and signed that I should follow.

We passed round the outbuildings where, three hours before, Matt. Soames and I had hid together. I was minded to stop and pull on my boots, that were hid here; but (and this was afterwards the saving of me) on second thought let them lie, and followed Billy, who now led me out the postern gate.

Without speech we stepped across the turf, he a pace or two ahead. A night breeze was blowing here, delicious after the heat of the fire. We were walking quickly towards the east side of the headland, and soon the blaze behind flung our shadows right to the cliff's edge, for which Billy made straight, as if to fling himself over.

But when, at the very verge, he pulled up, I became enlightened. At our feet was an iron bar driven into the soil, and to it a stout rope knotted, that ran over a block and disappeared down the cliff. I knelt, and, pulling at it softly, looked up. It came easy in the hand.

Billy, with the glare in his face, nodded, and, bending to my ear, for once achieved a whisper.

"Saw one stealing hither—an' followed. A man wi' a limp foot—went over the side like a cat."

I must have appeared to doubt this good fortune, for he added:

"Be a truth speakin' man i' the main, Jack—lay over 'pon my belly, and spied a ledge—fifty feet down or less—reckon there be a way thence to the foot. Dear, now! what a rampin', tearin' sweat is this!"

For, as fast as I could tug, I was hauling up the rope. Nearly sixty feet came up before I reached the end—a thick twisted knot. I rove a long noose, pulled it over my head and shoulders, and made Billy understand he was to lower me.

"Sit i' the noose, lad, an' hold round the knot. For sign to hoist again, tug the rope hard. I can hold."

He paid it out carefully while I stepped to the edge. With the noose around my loins I thrust myself gently over, and in a trice hung swaying.

On three sides the sky compassed me—wild and red, save where to eastward the dawn was paling; on the fourth the dark rocky face seemed gliding upward as Billy lowered. Far below I heard the wash of the sea, and could just spy the white spume of it glimmering. It stole some of the heart out of me, and I took my eyes off it.

Some feet below the top, the cliff fetched a slant inward, so that I dangled a full three feet out from the face. As a boy I had adventured something of this sort on the north sides of Gable and the Pillar, and once (after a nest of eaglets) on the Mickledore cliffs; but then 'twas daylight. Now, though I saw the ledge under me, about a third of the way down, it looked, in the darkness, to be so extremely narrow that 'tis probable I should have called out to Billy to draw me up but for the certainty that he would never hear so, instead, I held very tight and wished it over.

Down I swayed (Billy letting out the rope very steady), and at last swung myself inward to the ledge, gained a footing and took a glance round before slipping off the rope.

I stood on a shelf of sandy rock that wound round the cliff some way to my left and then, as I thought, broke sharply away. 'Twas mainly about a yard in width, but in places no more than two feet. In the growing light I noted the face of the headland ribbed with several of these ledges, of varying length, but all hollowed away underneath (as I suppose by the sea in former ages), so that the cliff's summit overhung the base by a great way, and peering over I saw the waves creeping right beneath me.

Now all this while I had not let Master Tingcomb out of my mind. So I slipped off the rope and left it dangle, while I crept forward to explore, keeping well against the rock and planting my feet with great caution.

I believe I was twenty minutes taking as many steps, when at the point where the ledge broke off I saw the ends of an iron ladder sticking up, and close beside it a great hole in the rock, which till now the curve of the cliff had hid. The latter no doubt stood on a second shelf below.

I was pausing to consider this, when a bright ray streamed across the sea towards me, and the red rim of the sun rose out of the waters, outfacing the glow on the headland, and rending the film of smoke that hung like a curtain about the horizon. 'Twas as if by alchemy that the red ripples melted to gold; and I stood watching with a child's delight.

I heard the sound of a footstep, and faced round.

Before me, not six paces off, stood Hannibal Tingcomb.

He was issuing from the hole with a sack on his shoulder, and sneaking to descend the steps, when he threw a glance behind—and saw me!

Neither spoke. With a face gray as ashes he turned very slowly, until in the unnatural light we looked straight into each other's eyes. His never blinked, but stared—stared horribly, while the veins swelled black on his forehead and his lips worked, attempting speech. No words came—only a long drawn sob, deep down in his throat.

And then, letting slip the sack, he flung his arms up, ran a pace or two towards me, and tumbled on his face in a fit. His left shoulder hung over the verge; his legs slipped. In a trice he was hanging by his arms, his old distorted face turned up, and a froth about his lips. I made a step to save him, and then jumped back, flattening myself against the rock.

The ledge was breaking.

I saw a seam gape at my feet. I saw it widen and spread to right and left. I heard a ripping, rending noise—a rush of stones and earth; and, clawing the air, with a wild screech, Master Tingcomb pitched backward, head over heels, into space.

Then followed silence; then a horrible splash as he struck the water, far below; then again a slipping and trickling, as more of the ledge broke away—at first a pebble or two sliding—a dribble of earth—next, a crash and a cloud of dust. A last stone ran loose and dropped. Then fell a silence so deep I could catch the roar of the flames on the hill behind.

Standing there, my arms thrown back and fingers spread against the rock, I saw a wave run out, widen, and lose itself on the face of the sea. Under my feet but eight inches of the cornice remained. My toes stuck forward over the gulf.

A score of startled gulls with their cries called me to myself. I opened my eyes, that had shut in sheer giddiness. Close on my left the ledge was broke back to the very base, cutting me off by twelve feet from that part where the ladder still rested. No man could jump it, standing. To the right there was no gap; but in one place only was the footing over ten inches wide, and at the end my rope hung over the sea, a good yard away from the edge.

I shut my eyes and shouted.

There was no answer. In the dead stillness I could hear the rafters falling in the House of Gleys, and the shouts of the men at work. The Godsend lay around the point, out of sight. And Billy, deaf as a stone, sat, no doubt, by his rope, placidly waiting my signal.

I screamed again and again. The rock flung my voice seaward. Across the summit, vaulted above, there drifted a puff of brown smoke. No one heard.

A while of weakness followed. My brain reeled; my fingers dug into the rock behind till they bled. I bent forward—forward over the heaving mist, through which the sea crawled like a snake. It beckoned me down, that crawling water.

I stiffened my knees, and the faintness passed. I must not look down again. It flashed on me that Delia had called me weak, and I hardened my heart to fight it out. I would face round to the cliff and work towards the rope.

All the way I kept shouting, and so, for half an hour, inch by inch, shuffled forward until I stood under the rope. Then I had to turn again.

The rock, though still overarching, here pressed out less than before, so that, working round on the ball of my foot, I managed pretty easily. But how to get the rope? As I said, it hung a good yard beyond the ledge, the noose dangling some two feet below it. With my finger tips against the cliff, I leaned out and clutched at it. I missed it by a foot. "Shall I jump?" thought I, "or bide here till help comes?"

'Twas a giddy, awful leap. But the black horror was at my heels now. In a minute more 'twould have me, and then my fall was certain. I called up Delia's face as she had taunted me. I bent my knees, and, leaving my hold of the rock, sprang forward—out, over the sea.

I saw it twinkle, fathoms below. My right hand touched—grasped the rope; then my left, as I swung far out upon it. I slipped an inch—three inches—then held, swaying wildly. My foot was in the noose. I heard a shout above, and, as I dropped to a sitting posture, the rope began to rise.

"Quick! Oh, Billy, pull quick!"

He could not hear, yet tugged like a Trojan.

"Now, here's a time to keep a man sittin'!" he shouted, as he caught my hand and pulled me full length on the turf. Why, lad—hast seen a ghost?"

There was no answer. The black horror had overtaken me at last.

They carried me to a shed in the great court of Gleys, and set me on straw; and there, till far into the afternoon, I lay betwixt swooning and trembling, while Delia bathed my head in water from the sea, for no other was to be had. And about 4 in the afternoon the horror left me, so that I sat up and told my story pretty steadily.

"What of the house?" I asked, when the tale was done, and a company sent to search the east cliff from the beach.

"All perished!" said Delia, and then, smiling, "I am houseless as ever, Jack."

"And have the same good friends."

"That's true. But listen—for while you have lain here, Billy and I have put our heads together. He is bound for Brest, he says, and has agreed to take me and such poor chattels as are saved to Brittany, where I know my mother's kin will have a welcome for me, until these troubles be passed. Already the half of my goods is aboard the Godsend, and a letter writ to Sir Bevill, begging him to appoint an honest man as my steward. What think you of the plan?"

"It seems a good plan," I answered slowly, "the England that now is, is no place for a woman. When do you sail?"

"As soon as you are recovered, Jack."

"Then that's now." I got on my feet and drew on my boots (that Matt. Soames had found in the laurel bushes and brought). My knees trembled a bit, but nothing to matter.

"Art looking downcast, Jack."

Said I, "How else should I look, that am to lose thee in an hour or more?"

She made no reply to this, but turned away to give an order to the sailors.

The last of Delia's furniture was hardly aboard, when we heard great shouts of joy and saw the men returning that had gone to search the cliff. They bore between them three large oak coffers, which, being broke, we came on an immense deal of old plate and jewels, besides over £300 in coined money. There were two more left behind, they said, besides several small bags of gold. The path up the cliff was hard to climb, and would have been impossible but for the iron ladder they found ready fixed for Master Tingcomb's descent. In the hole (that could not be seen from the beach, the shelf hiding it) was tackle for lowering the chest; and below a boat moored, and now left high and dry by the tide. Doubtless, the arch rascal had waited for his comrades to return, whom Matt. Soames and I had scared out of all stomach to do so. His body was nowhere found. The sea had washed it off; but the sack they recovered, and found to hold the choicest of Delia's heir looms. Within an hour the remaining coffers and the money bags were safe in the vessel's hold.

The sun was setting as Delia and I stood on the beach beside the boat that was to take her from me. Aboard the Godsend I could hear the anchor lifting, and the men singing, as, holding Molly's bridle, I held out my hand to the dear maid who with me had shared so many a peril.

"Is there any more to come?" she asked.

"No," said I, and God knows my heart was heavy; "nothing to come but 'Farewell!'"

She laid her small hand in my big palm, and, glancing up, said very pretty and demure:

"And shall I leave my best? Wilt not come, too, dear Jack?"

"Delia!" I stammered. "What is this? I thought you loved me not."

"And so did I, Jack; and, thinking so, I found I loved thee better than ever. Fie on thee, now! May not a maid change her mind without being forced to such unseemly, brazen words?" And she heaved a mock sigh.

But as I stood and held that little hand, I seemed across the very mist of happiness to read a sentence written, and spoke it, perforce and slow, as with another man's mouth.

"Delia, you only have I loved, and will love! Blithe would I be to live with you, and to serve you would blithely die. In sorrow, then, call for me, or in trust abide me. But go with you now I may not."

She lifted her eyes, and looking full into mine, repeated slowly the verse we had read at our first meeting:

"In a wife's lap, as in a grave,
Man's airy notions mix with earth.

Thou hast found it, sweetheart—thou hast found the Splendid Spur!"

She broke off, and clapped her hands together very merrily; and then, as a tear started:

"But thou'lt come for me ere long, Jack! Else I am sure to blame some other woman. Stay"——

She drew off her ring, and slipped it on my little finger.

"There's my token! Now give me one to weep and be glad over."

Having no trinkets I gave my glove, and she kissed it twice and put it in her bosom.

"I have no need of this ring," said I, "for look!" and I drew forth the lock I had cut from her dear head that morning among the alders by Kennet side, and worn ever since over my heart. "Wilt marry no man till I come?"

"Now, that's too hard a promise," said she, laughing and shaking her curls.

"Too hard!"

"Why, of course. Listen, sweetheart—a true woman will not change her mind; but, oh! she dearly loves to be able to! So, bating this, here's my hand upon it—now, fie, Jack! and before all these mariners!—well, then, if thou must"——

I watched her standing in the stern and waving till she was under the Godsend's side, then turned and mounting Molly rode inland to the wars.

THE END.

Suits Against New York.

Chief Bonner said the other day that claims aggregating at least $2,000,000 were pending against this city for alleged violations by the fire department of patent rights. "Syndicates have been formed to push these claims," said the chief, "and there are two big suits in the courts now. One is for an alleged infringement of a patent on the heater stove used on our fire engines and the other suit relates to the Nibbs relief valve. The city authorities have been legally advised that none of these claims can hold against the city."—New York Times.

Almost to the Bourne.

Jones Brown is rich and stingy. An acquaintance of his met Brown's son the other day and said:

"Your father seems to have lost a good deal of money lately. The last time I saw him he was complaining and saying he must economize."

Economize? Did he say where he was going to begin?"

"Yes; on his table, he said."

"Then he must be going to take away the table cloth," was the filial declaration.—New York Ledger.

It Was a Cold Night.

Mrs. Kohldphiet—What on earth are you doing, Clarence?

Mr. Kohldphiet—Only securing my half interest in bedclothes against possible confiscation this evening.—Puck.

TALE OF A BALLOONER.

One Man Who Charged Him $2.25 for Dropping Onto His Farm.

"I used to make balloon ascensions in connection with Warner's circus," said an old and retired aeronaut the other day, "and one day I went up from Pekin, Ills. The balloon was new and light and I got a much longer ride than what I expected. I finally descended in a farmhouse yard about ten miles away, my anchor having caught in a cherry tree. The farmer was an old fellow, about 60 years of age, and he sat reading on his doorstep as I came down. He removed his glasses, put them in their case, put the case in his pocket and then came forward and carelessly observed:

"'That a balloon?'

"'Yes. Help me pull it down.'

"'Are you a balloonert'

"'Yes. Pull hard.'

"We got the air ship down and I wanted him to take me to town in his wagon. He had none, and I had hired a rig of a neighbor, and was about to depart when the old fellow stepped forward with:

"'I have a little bill here, sir.'

"'Bill! What for?'

"'Damage to cherry tree, 2 shillin's; skeering my poultry, 50 cents; skeering my old woman, the same; services of myself, $1. Total, $2.25, which is mighty cheap considerin' the times.'

"'But I won't pay it,' I protested.

"'Oh, you won't? Well, I'm a justice of the peace and I'll issue a warrant. My naybur is constable and he kin serve it. The old woman is out of her fit by this time and she'll be witness, and I sort o' reckon I'll fine you about $25 for disturbin' of the peace and contempt of this court!'

"And I was made to realize that the best way out of it was to come down with the amount of his bill, and luckily I had it, with a quarter to spare."—Chicago Herald.

Mistakes of Near Sighted Men.

Lawyer Ashley, of New York, was telling Judge Day a story of Daudet, the novelist, who is extremely near sighted. The story ran thus: Daudet visited some place in which were kept many animals. He sauntered slowly about peering into their cages until he came to a secluded spot where a furry object, not in a cage, attracted his attention. "Ah!" said the distinguished Frenchman, "this must be a tame bear." And, taking some cake from his pocket he flung it with a "There, old fellow," straight into the face of a Russian nobleman who, enveloped in his sables, had stopped to look at the bears near by. Imagine his anger and surprise. Daudet apologizes, etc., etc., etc.

The judge listened intently, but after the lawyer had finished he said gravely:

"I can tell you something far ahead of that in the way of mistakes caused by nearsightedness.

"A friend of mine who lives in the suburbs came from the city one summer evening just at twilight. He had broken his glasses and was almost feeling his way along, when he became conscious of somebody walking directly in front of him. It seemed to be a short woman in a bright gown, wearing a wrap about her shoulders, one end of which trailed down behind her. She walked so heavily that my friend began to think that, though short, she must be exceedingly stout. A few steps more and the wrap touched the ground and dragged in the mud. This was more than his gallantry could stand, so stooping forward he said: 'Allow me, madam, to replace your mantle,' at the same time gently raising a red cow's tail and placing it across her back."—Detroit Free Press.

Better Left Unsaid.

A young man from Omaha who made his debut in Washington society one evening last week was chatting with a charming lady, when the theatre became the topic of conversation. He did not know much about the theatre, so he cautiously maintained as much brilliant silence as the circumstances permitted.

"Did you know that I once appeared upon the stage in opera?" the lady asked.

"N-n-no." He was not quite sure but it was uncomplimentary to the lady to say he had never heard of it, but truth was mighty and did prevail.

"Yes," said she cheerily; "I once played Katisha—in an amateur company, of course."

The young man felt relieved. It could not be expected that he had heard of that half way across a continent.

"I should think you would play Katisha capitally," said he.

There was silence for a spell.

"Of course," said she, "I did not make up for it as they usually do; I wouldn't"——

"Of course not," he interrupted confidentially and gallantly, "you didn't have to."

After he had left the house he asked a friend what sort of a part Katisha is, and what he learned explained lots of strange things to him.—Washington Post.

Suiting a Customer.

Bristle—I want to look at some dress shirts.

Clerk—Yes, sir. You're a stranger in town, are you not?

Bristle (proudly)—Yes, sir, I am. My home, sir, is in Chicago.

Clerk—Ah, yes. What kind of flannel do you prefer?—Clothier and Furnisher.

Women and Men.

Society is composed, principally, of women and ladies. They call upon each other and bore each other fearfully, yet each would feel mortally injured if the other did not call.

The natural prey of man is woman, and of woman, man; but man has less leisure to pursue his natural instincts.

The appreciation by which a woman is held by the male sex gives a good index, on the inverse ratio method, of the estimation in which she is held by her own.

Nor, though husband and wife are one and indivisible, does it follow that the admirers of the one will be equally attached to the other? Politically speaking, England and Ireland stand to each other in a very similar relationship.

Intellect in woman is appreciated by man only in so far as it qualifies her to appreciate it in him.—Murray's Magazine.

Where Nobody Starves.

Within a hundred miles of the east coast of Australia no native in an uncripled condition has ever died from lack of digestible food—a rather comprehensive term in a country where fern roots are boiled like potatoes, and snails and grasshoppers are considered tidbits. Strange to say, the martyrs of that horrid diet get old, as a proof that freedom from care is, after all, the main condition of longevity. A similar phenomenon may be observed in the villages of Central Russia, where mental stagnation prevails in its ugliest forms, but where charity and parish poor laws protect every native from the risk of actual starvation. — Professor Oswald in Good Words.

Two Famous Men Converse.

A young woman was favored with a chance to hear two famous poets converse. She was walking in Cambridge, and saw Longfellow and Lowell strolling a little way ahead. Her quick step soon brought her near them. She thought to herself, "Now I will get the freshest utterances of two great men." Just before she overtook them she saw a pretty child coming along, and about to meet them. "What are little girls made of?" said one poet to the other. "Sugar and spice and all that's nice, and that's what little girls are made of."—Christian Union.

Canned Fruits in Pompeii.

A curious story is told of the origin of canned fruits. Years ago, when the excavations were beginning at Pompeii, some jars of preserved figs were found in the pantry of one of the buried houses. On being opened the fruit was found to be fresh and good, thus showing that centuries ago the art of preserving fruit was practiced and that we are indebted to the ancients for many a delicious dish. —New York World.

The biggest natural beehive in the world is that in Kentucky known as the "Mammoth Beehive." It is in reality a huge cave, the main compartment of which is 150 feet high, and whose floor covers ten acres in extent. The beehive is of solid rock, the roof of which has been entirely honeycombed by bees.

CHANGES OF CLIMATE

Kill more people than is generally known. Particularly is this the case in instances where the constitution is delicate, and among our immigrant population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail at certain seasons of the year. The best preparative for a change of climate, or of diet and water which that change necessitates, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, a variable temperature, damp, and the debilitating effects of tropical heat, but is also the leading remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, bodily troubles specially apt to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and tourists. Whether used as a safeguard by sea voyagers, travelers by land, miners or of agriculturists in newly populated districts, this fine specific has elicited the most favorable testimony.

It makes no mortal difference
How new your joke may be,
You'll find some Aleck smart who heard
It back in '63.

EXPERIENCE OF AN EX-CHAMPION.

Athletes and men who take ordinary outdoor exercise such as walking, running, bicycle riding, jumping, swimming, tennis, etc., are often the subjects of acute troubles. The experience of an ex-champion walker will be of interest to all who are afflicted. Read the following letter:

"No. 324 East 19th St., NEW YORK, Apr 12, 1886.

Numerous statements relative to the merits of different plasters having been brought to my attention, I take this opportunity to state that I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for over 20 years and prefer them to any other kind. I would furthermore state that I was very sick with catarrh of the kidneys, and attributed my recovery entirely to ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

HARRY BROOKS."

Kind Lady—If you pile up this wood properly I will give you some more work to do. Weary Raggies—Den I throw up de fust job, mum.

For relieving Throat Troubles and Coughs, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have a world-wide reputation. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.

Nurse Girl—Why don't ye put that brat to sleep an' have a good time while yer in th' park? Ex-Nurse Girl—It's me own.

DEAFNESS CAN'T BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

A Dismal Wail—"With me, life has been a continuous failure."—Delaware Peach Crop.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 808 Market street, San Francisco.

Fussy Old Gentleman—here's a fly on your nose, mum. Irascible Old Lady—Well, he ain't yours, is he?

The Electric Alarm Clock will ring until you get up and stop it. People who over-sleep should have one. For particulars address Imperial Jewelry Co., 26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Old Gold and Silver Bought; send your old Gold and Silver by mail to the old and reliable house of A. Coleman, 41 Third street, San Francisco; I will send by return mail the cash, according to assay; if the amount is not satisfactory will return gold.

DOLLARS SAVED, DOLLARS MADE.

Our reporter called on California Wagon and Carriage Co., 36½ Fremont Street, San Francisco, and found them shipping vehicles to all parts of the country, at the extraordinary and unprecedented low prices as follows:

Road Carts, $13.98; Body Carts, $19.89; Runabout Wagons, $39.98, $50.98 $57.98 and $58.98; Open Buggies, $48.98 to $72.98; Top Buggies, $60.98, $69.98, $73.98 and $77.98; Spring Wagons at $42.98, $47.98, $63.98 and $82.98; Phaetons, $93.98; surries, $126.98; Carriages, $124.98; Harness, $6.98, $9.98, $12.98 and $76.98.

The Company guarantees these goods superior in every respect to goods now and heretofore sold at double their price. They are sold without any middle profit added to price and they have no expensive traveling men whose salary and expenses are added to prices. The figures quoted are their retail prices which are actually lower than wholesale rates. They buy for cash and sell for spot cash. One wanting a buggy can certainly be suited by this Company as they have upward of ninety samples set up for inspection. It will pay you to write for catalogue.

Perhaps it is because history repeats itself that some of it gets so very dry.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted .....

Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no rust, no smell

Try Germea for Breakfast.

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A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

No other baking powder does such work.

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Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

"August Flower"

What is It For? This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, balder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER FOR?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Pimples, Blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

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Don't cheat yourself out of a good smoke by taking a poor imitation for the genuine Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

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Fishing Tackle, Etc. Great Variety. Low Prices. Old Guns taken in trade. Send for Catalogue. GEO. W. SHREVE, 525 Kearny St., San Francisco.

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VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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YOUNG MEN! Cures all unnatural discharges of men, no matter how long standing. Prevents stricture, it being an internal remedy. Cures when everything else has failed. Price, $3.00. Circular on application. Sold by Druggists or sent on receipt of price by The A. Schoenheit Medicine Co., San Jose, Cal.

BIG G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mfd only by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Trade Mark. This is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. A. J. STONER, M.D., DECATUR, ILL. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00.

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Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.
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What force cannot do, ingenuity can. Weak women can
PERFORM MIRACLES
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SAPOLIO
Try it in your next house-cleaning and see.

A STRUGGLE WITH DIRT

Goes on in civilized society from the cradle to the grave. Dirt is degradation—and degradation is destruction. Women, especially, are judged by their habits of household cleanliness, and no stronger condemnation can be expressed than "she keeps a dirty house and a filthy kitchen." But the struggle with dirt is often unequal. The woman's weakness or the worthlessness of the soaps she uses make it impossible to overcome the demon of dirt. By the use of SAPOLIO she wins easily.

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1891.

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A TRAINING HOTEL.

The Development of Trusty "Kitchen Help."

CLEAN LODGINGS AND WHOLESOME BOARD

For Guests of Limited Means and Good Moral Character.

The cry for clean lodgings, wholesome board, moderate and reasonable prices goes up on every hand. Thousands of clerks, both male and female, in our stores and offices, thrown upon their own resources, find themselves in a large city without a home. Students, apprentices, young men just starting either in their professions or in business must live as well as people better off. How infinitely better for many a young man and young woman if they could marry when but a few years older relatively than their parents when they married—providing the aforesaid young man can support himself and family. Commercial drummers, tourists and others, commonly known as "transients," an army ever on the increase, are continually seeking clean and respectable places whereon to lay their heads and whereat to be filled, with the reasonable assurance of having enough money left after paying their hotel bills in the morning with which to get out of town.

A practical solution of these much mooted questions—the condition of the "city slave girl" and of the "hired girl," and the betterment thereof—to a limited extent at least, would seem to lie in a proper recognition and a skillful combination of these two great public demands: (1) The demand, on the one hand, for experienced and trustworthy help; (2) the demand, on the other hand, for clean lodgings, wholesome food, moderate prices.

Now as to the "modus operandi." Secure a suitable location, probably near one of the large railroad stations in the city. Erect there a plain, fireproof, commodious hotel, with the modern improvements, capable of comfortably accommodating 1,000 guests, both as "transients" and as "regulars." Furnish an ordinary 50 cent meal or bed for 25 cents, or board and lodging at $1 per day or $5 per week. Such hotel would necessarily be furnished very plainly throughout. Perhaps no carpets would deck the oiled hard pine floors. But, notwithstanding, everything could be kept scrupulously clean; the food could be wholesome, well cooked, and plenty of it, even if the delicacies of the season were wanting. And under proper management such institution could be made to pay for itself in time. Prices would be so reasonable, the service so excellent, that people would naturally flock to such places of refuge without the expense of advertising. In other words, it would advertise itself. The two chief conditions for admission into such hotel home would be good moral character and weekly payment in advance.

To run such a hotel properly would probably require no more servants than are today required to minister to the wants of an equal number of guests in any ordinary hotel. Although the domestics would be novices, still the hotel would make little pretensions at anything but cleanliness. Everything would be constructed to save work wherever possible. Such hotel to accommodate 1,000 guests would require probably anywhere from 150 to 200 domestics all the time. These servants would be under experienced instructors, the best that money could command. For instance, dinner would be prepared by a class of fifty, if necessary, each at her own range, arranged in semi circles, with the chief cook in the center, much as instruction in chemistry and other sciences in our colleges is now imparted. There would be regular courses of instruction in cuisine, in laundering, etc. The primary object would be to give each graduate adequate knowledge of how to go into any well regulated kitchen or laundry and take entire charge thereof.

The immediate consideration for such service would be none other than board, lodging, necessary clothes, aforesaid instruction, and the promise that so soon as competent the institution would do all in its power to find its graduates acceptable situations in respectable families or other hotels at remunerative wages. The surplus in the receipts of this hotel—for instance, 1,000 regular boarders at $5 per week or $260,000 yearly—left after paying all running expenses, salaries of the various necessary instructors and assistants, besides possibly 4 per cent. interest on the original investment, would form a fund from which prizes would be given those girls who had completed a systematic course of training, possibly averaging $50 to $75 cash per year for each graduate during preparation. This would be better than paying them weekly wages, however small, for the incentive to complete the course, not only for the knowledge but for the pecuniary reward awaiting the faithful, would be so strong as to practically prevent their working a few weeks, getting a respectable outfit of clothing, and then quitting. Then, again, receiving upon completing the course (instead of weekly) whatever pecuniary inducement such institution might be able to extend them would prevent their fooling away upon trifles their earnings, thus quietly reducing to a minimum their inordinate desire to "run," which discipline they would find when in service in private families not to be their least recommendation. All their necessary wants would be supplied and they would have no occasion for pocket money.

After a year's faithful service in such institution a sergeant could command from one-third to two-thirds more wages than before, and after two years such service she would receive double, or, in exceptional cases, triple her present wages, besides being forever insured a good home in some well to do and respectable family. Should she afterward conclude to marry—for with such a woman it would no longer be a question whether or not a man could be found to ask her—her husband would find her to be a veritable treasure.—E. H. Sanford in Chicago Times.

Philosophy of the Plantation.

Mr. Levi Fisher sold a couple of bales of last year cotton to the Bensons this week. Some one told him he could have got more for it if he had sold it last year. "Yes," was the reply; "but if I had sold it then I wouldn't have the money now." Something in that.—Hartwell Sun.

Taking the Lead.

Southern women are said to have taken the lead of their sex in money making in New York. The head of the richest firm of dressmakers is a southern woman, and women of southern birth come to the front in other directions.—Chicago Herald.

The Effects of Novel Reading.

The mischief of voracious novel reading is really much more like the mischief of dram drinking than appears at first sight. It tends to make all other literary nourishment intolerable, just as dram drinking tends to make all true food intolerable, and to supersede food by drink. The voracious novel reader of today, as we have said, rejects Scott, because Scott's novels contain so much good food that it is not mere story telling. The genuine novel reader detests what he calls tame stories, stories in which the interest is not exaggerated and piled up ten times as high as the interests of ordinary life. He wants always to be feeling a thrill of excitement running through his nerves, always to be living in imagination through the concentrated essence of the perils of a hundred adventurous lives, instead of toiling calmly through the ordinary hopes and fears of one.

No state of mind can be more unwholesome, because none is more calculated to divert the energies from the sort of quiet tasks to which they should be habitually applied, and to keep them stretched on the tenter hooks of expectation, waiting for a sort of strain which is never likely to occur, and if it did occur, would certainly not find a man's energies any the better prepared for it for having been worn out previously with a long series of imaginary excitements. The habit of dram drinking, it is said, leads to fatty degeneration of the heart, i. e., excessive fattening round the heart, and weak action of the heart in consequence. So, too, the habit of exciting novel reading leads to fatty degeneration of the literary mind, i. e., to an unhealthy and spasmodic action of the imagination, and a general weakening of the power of entering thoroughly into the solid interests of real life. So far as we know, the only effective cure for this habit of literary dram drinking—a cure not always forthcoming—is a moral shock of some kind which exposes the hollowness of all these unreal interests, and makes them appear as artificial and melodramatic as they actually are. That, however, is a cure which is an extremely painful one, almost cruel in its disillusionizing power.—London Spectator.

The Care of Domestic Animals.

The family cat is regarded with far greater respect in England than America. Every householder in New York, when he packs off for the summer, leaves the cat to live in the streets. The consequence is that during the hot weather the cats of the Empire city cry aloud and shout; they wail in anguish to the earless moon in moans "most musicall, most melancholie." They make night hideous for callous hearted man, who ignores their affection and rejects their companionship. Among cranks, commend me to the animal loving crank. He is a bit weak headed at times, but softness of heart is quite compatible with strongness of mind. Whether the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was cranky or not as a connoisseur in husbandry she shows admirable judgment in the care of animals. And her care for them when they cease from age or malady to be serviceable beasts of burden entitles her to public homage. At Holly Lodge, her beautiful suburban home at Highgate, she keeps her worn out horses, donkeys, cattle, dogs, cats and other pets in well tended pastures and stables until they die. And she visits them with the regularity of a doctor, sparing nothing that can give them comfort. Others here and there do the same.

I have seen pedigree cattle with famous names and records living in luxury to a grand old age, and I have also seen poor folks' broken down horses and pets kept in country quarters at an expense they could but ill afford. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast." What of New Yorkers and their cats? If they sneer at the bare idea of imitating the example of those who have established a home for cats in London, let them do something better. For a very small fee the Londoner who locks up house to go a-holiday making can have his cat properly cared for until the family return. This is common humanity and common sense. If the wealthy New York houseowner cannot afford to keep his cat all the year round, he should have it killed rather than cruelly subject it to the horrors of New York street life.—New York Cor. Globe-Democrat.

People of New Brunswick.

They are a splendid people here. There is a certain dignity about every one of them far more striking than with any English in England. And what is better, they are truly kind hearted and polite. I used to know, a quarter of a century ago, some of those grand old Hudson Bay company's factors; and fine fellows they were—brave, cultured, chivalrous, gentle and good, but with a roaring sort of way with them that suggested the entrancing Manitoban Indian summer with a lurking, howling blizzard element beneath. These are like them. Climate has had to do with it; true culture of brain and brawn, more. They are near enough to the states to be emulative; far enough from England to abhor incivility.

They—and all New Brunswick folk—are less pretentious than we; more tolerant than others of their nationality. In all that makes sociologic distinction, these people are immeasurably better than Englishmen, and infinitely less the time servers and snobs than some Americans. I should say they had got further away from the England we profess to condemn than many of us whose cheeks should flame for our cockney apings; that they were, in moderation, level headedness, clean culture, and in the freedom from feverish ambitions and vanities, far in advance of most of our communities; that they possessed the best of Old World equipoise and conservatism, and of New World virility; and that if by any good fortune of diplomacy or war their country should become our country, we would secure a fine bit of possession and as admirable a class of people as are now within our farthest boundaries.—Edgar L. Wakeman's Letter.

A Non-Transferable Railroad Ticket.

A young railroad man of Atlanta has come to the front with an invention in the way of a ticket that will bring him fame and an enviable bank account. It is simply this: The purchaser of an ironclad ticket is not to be required to write his name or make any formal declaration as to his intention in regard to the ticket. Nothing of the kind. The agent who sells the low rate round trip points his little camera at you while he gives you your change. It records the image of the purchaser in an instant. The agent pulls out the slide, rubs his chemical sponge over the sensitized paper and—there you are. In the upper left hand corner of the ticket he pastes that picture, puts it in under a stamp that embosses the edges, and unless you can find somebody that looks enough like you to risk the chance of a return on your image the ticket will carry the original purchaser and nobody else.—Atlanta Constitution.

FOOD AND DRINK.

A Physician Gives Some Advice to the Public.

WATER DURING THE HEATED TERM.

Concerning "Appetizers."—Berries.—Soup.—Cold Meals.

While undeniably a mixed diet is the best for man, there is a mistaken notion, which prevails to a great extent, that meat should largely enter into the same. As a consequence, much more is eaten than is needed or can properly be disposed of in the system. Never eat meat oftener than once a day, and very sparingly in summer. Men of sedentary habits might with safety for several days at a time during that season live on vegetables, fruits, milk, breadstuffs and foods of like cearacter, which are easy of digestion. For those who have good reason to believe that their "kidneys are weak," a diet largely made up of meat is ill advised. Those organs are intimately concerned in its disposal in the system, and hence are overtasked if it is taken in too great a quantity.

Some drink too freely of water, especially during the heated term. There is, however, a class largely made up of women who do not at any time drink sufficiently of that eminent essential to health. As a rule they suffer from constipation. Every one ought to drink about two quarts of water daily to meet the needs of the system. "Water is fattening" is an expression of some truth. Very fleshy people are proverbially thirsty, and when they attempt a reduction in weight, to lessen as much as possible the quantity of fluids habitually taken is one of the recognized rules of treatment. But a rigid adherence to it is dangerous for many, if not all. Unless advised by a physician to do differently, they should drink all they crave, within reason, excepting during the hour before and the hour after meals. With the food only the smallest quantity of fluids possible is allowable.

ICE WATER IN MODERATION.

Much has been written for and against ice water. It is not only agreeable and refreshing, but harmless when used in moderation. In certain forms of dyspepsia characterized by flatulence—bloating, as it is popularly called—very cold water acts as an agreeable tonic, and quickens gastric and intestinal activity in many cases if taken when the stomach is comparatively empty. If taken on a full stomach it, as a rule, intensifies the trouble. Over indulgence is always harmful, and it is especially so at meal times.

For a robust person in hot weather to reduce one-half the quantity of food he is habituated to eating would be a most salutary custom, for he would then not only suffer infinitely less from the heat, but be stronger and more active, both mentally and physically. Those especially who are wedded to their "appetizers" would do well to forego them at least until cooler weather comes, and leave nature, uninfluenced by the seductive cocktail, to direct the quantity of food necessary for the body's support.

That berries are healthy food can in truth be said, and yet some kinds should be denied people who have certain forms of digestive disturbance. Blackberries, for instance, which contain small seeds, to some extent irritate the intestinal canal. It is in that way that they are useful in constipation; they stimulate and quicken activity of the bowels. But if the stomach and bowels are what is generally termed weak, then in such a case they are likely to do harm. Very young children should, of course, be denied them.

The average farmer knows as little of dietetics as an infant. He dilates on his wholesome food, which largely consists of substances which require for digestion the stomach of an ostrich. Plain living is all right, but that does not mean that a man should make a meal essentially on one course, varied only by a piece of pie or something of the sort. The greater the variety the better, as long as a proper selection of the food is made.

Soup is, by people generally, considered indispensable at dinner. It stimulates the stomach and makes that organ ready for the work before it. For that purpose clear soup may properly be indulged in by nearly all; there are, however, comparatively few who do not find soup thickened by stock meat, vegetables, etc., a tax upon digestion if "hearty" foods are eaten after it. It "sours on the stomach," and hence should be forbidden dyspeptics, for whom only clear soup is allowable.

TROUBLE WITH FATTY FOODS.

The digestive organs find an admixture of several fatty foods difficult to dispose of. The man who has fried fish, bacon, steak, eggs and dry toast for breakfast is made uncomfortable, and feels dull and heavy for several hours afterward unless he eats very sparingly. With the butter, which is, of course, an essential, there are in such a meal as generally prepared five different kinds of fat. And they are still more indigestible when taken hot.

In this country there is a most decided prejudice against cold meals. Of course some foods should be served warm, but none hot. Americans are scarcely satisfied with tea or coffee unless it is near the boiling point; potatoes, also, must be steaming hot. Dyspepsia is the natural consequence. The English in this respect are a delightful contrast. People who are forced to be early in the morning at their labors would be much better did they eat cold meats for breakfast, and how much such a custom would lessen the burden of their poor, overworked wives.

The question what shall we eat may be best answered by simply quoting the fact that man is an omnivorous animal. Why and how much we shall eat can be set forth tolerably well by saying that it is impossible for an engine to make steam without coal or water and that no competent engineer would make his machine carry 100 pounds of steam when fifty pounds would do the work in hand. An important duty of those who work with engines is to see that the fire is freed from clinker and ash. So waste must be regularly eliminated from the human system. The skin, the kidneys and the bowels are the main channels for the escape of this, and when these sieves fail to act, the state of affairs in the body is very parallel to what would occur should a fireman fail to clean the grate, and presently the fire will cease to burn. — Boston Globe.

Inquiring Boy (looking up from a book)—What does "paying the piper" mean?

Worried Father (absently)—Tell him to call next week.

"I said 'the piper,' pa."

"Well, if it's a plumber, he needn't call for a month."—Good News.

A Drummer Squelched.

It was in the old days, when traveling by stage coach was more common than it is at present, that the then archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, voyaging to a nearby parish, took place in a diligence with a number of gentlemen of different social stations. Among the group was a young drummer for a business house who, like his successors of a later era, was ever on the lookout for a good story in his own mind and practical joke. The clerical standing of the archbishop did not exempt him even from attempts at banter or witticism, but with the consideration he thought due to the company present he passed the youngster's efforts over with merely an indulgent smile. Waxing bolder by this apparent immunity, the young traveler at last went beyond all bounds of proper respect.

"Can you tell me, your grace," he asked spiritedly, "the difference between the archbishop and an ass?"

The reverend gentleman, with his customary courtly manner and without the least appearance of offense or resentment, replied that he could not.

"Because," replied this clown in his own little circus, "the one bears a cross on his breast and the other on his back."

The sally, such as it was, was met by the most frigid silence by all the passengers save the archbishop, who smilingly inquired:

"Now, in my turn, I'd like you to tell us the difference between a commercial traveler and an ass?"

As though it were a mystery as deep as the Sphinx the young wit pondered for some time and then gave it up.

"I don't see it," he confessed.

"Neither do I," replied the archbishop; "there isn't any."

The smart drummer got off at the next changing of horses.—Washington Star.

The Conversational Circle.

The circle must not be too large. I say nothing of public banquets of strangers. They are a contradiction in terms. Big dinner parties of ill assorted guests also are failures from a conversationist point of view. A fireside, or a table, round if possible, and, say, four or half a dozen guests, are sufficient. More will break up into separate knots, and fewer mean a tete-a-tete. "I had," says Thoreau, "at Walden three chairs in my house, one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society." The hermit Thoreau in his hut at Walden was wiser than the man who looks for society in a crush.

An unhappy husband, living in Portland place, whose wife inflicted huge parties upon him, was standing in a very forlorn condition leaning against the chimney piece. A gentleman came up to him and said: "Sir, as neither of us is acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home." Social crowds must not expect the great men amongst them to talk well. She must have been a most unreasonable person who was disappointed with Napoleon because, when a lot of ladies were presented to him, he only remarked to each of them how hot it was.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Poison by Absorption.

The slow absorption of many poisons changes in some more or less modified form the complexion, but arsenic and ammonia show their effect about as quickly as any. The popular belief that arsenic clears the complexion has led many silly women to kill themselves with it in small, continued doses.

It produces a waxy, ivorylike appearance of the skin during a certain stage of the poisoning, but its terrible after effects have become too well known to make it of common use as a cosmetic.

The effects of ammonia upon the complexion are directly opposite from that of arsenic. The first symptoms of ammonia poisoning which appears among those who work in ammonia factories is a discoloration of the skin of the nose and forehead. This gradually extends over the face, until the complexion has a stained, blotched and unsightly appearance. With people who take ammonia into their systems in smaller doses, as with their water and food, these striking symptoms do not appear so soon. The only effect of the poison that is visible for a time is a general unwholesomeness and sallowness of the complexion.—St. Paul Globe.

The Notices Are All Right.

Visitors to the clerk's office of the superior court who have occasion to use the writing table that stretches across the room have been startled recently by large placards tacked about two feet apart informing whom it may concern that "these inkstands must not be taken away." Since "these inkstands" are about the size of the average hat, and are kept filled with ink, the warning seems quite as gratuitous as it would be to placard notices to people not to walk off with a red hot stove.

A lawyer who took offense at these notices got one of the office veterans in a corner the other day and asked him if he did not think such a notice was carrying a joke perilously far. The veteran shook his head, and in saddened tones thus answered:

"In the mistakes of the past we should seek our guidance for the future."—New York Times.

Somewhat Trying, Nevertheless.

Do not suppose that a young woman is necessarily in an unamiable frame of mind when you meet her bearing a muddy overshoe in hand. The relief that she experienced when she gave up trying to keep the thing on more than balanced her vexation at spoiling a glove and boot; but oh! the things that women think and don't say when at every step a misfit overshoe drops down at the heel would make a volume for the government to suppress.—Boston Commonwealth.

The Service Is Civil.

Bunting—In Japan the servants invariably treat their employers with deferential consideration.

Larkin—Japan has a civil service law, I suppose.—Munsey's Weekly.

ICE CREAM AND CANDY.

Fallacies Concerning Their Adulterations.

THE USE OF TERRA ALBA AND GLUCOSE.

The Tyrotoxicon Theory.—Ptomaines in Canned Meat.

Many people are naturally inclined to believe the worst, to imagine that they are being poisoned by the water they drink and the food they eat. If they can find statements which seem to bear out their theories, they are only too anxious to flaunt them in the faces of their more reasonable friends with a triumphant "I told you so." The time is coming, however, when all this will be changed—thanks to the public schools, where the pupils receive a certain amount of instruction in the natural sciences. They will be better fitted to judge of scientific facts when they go out into life.

During the summ r months persons are frequently reported as poisoned by eating ice cream. The statement is still often wrongly made in such cases that the trouble was caused by leaving the cream over night in the freezer, and that it had absorbed some of the zinc or tin of which the freezer was made. That is a plausible explanation, and one which, as a rule, satisfies the popular mind. Of course, everybody understands that the metallic salts are poisonous, and, knowing this, it is only necessary to show that it is possible for them to be present, to convince the average person that they are the actual cause of poisoning. To create the violent symptoms of acute metallic poisoning it would be necessary to take into the stomach quite a large quantity of the harmful agent, enough to cause in most cases an unpleasant taste in the mouth, so much so as to render any article of food unpalatable. The quantity of poisonous material which could be dissolved from a freezer by ice cream is very small, and where suspected cream has been analyzed only traces have been found,

When the fact that metallic poison was not the cause of these cases had been repeatedly demonstrated, it was, of course, necessary to look for another probable explanation. It had been noticed that in the majority of the cases of the poisoning by ice cream the flavoring used was vanilla. That substance was then suspected. Accurate and minute investigation by scientific men showed the fallacy of the theory, however, for over two-thirds of all the ice cream made was flavored with vanilla, or tonka, a cheaper substitute, and hence the prevalence of the substance in the suspected samples was simply a coincidence. Within a few years it has been demonstrated that, whenever specimens of cream alleged to have caused poisoning have been obtained and examined by competent observers, they have shown the presence of a poisonous substance called tyrotoxicon, which has been extracted from the cream, and when given to animals caused precisely similar symptoms to those in the persons made ill. The isolation of this substance really settled the question, for, by assuming it to be the cause of poisoning, every objection raised in the case of the metallic or vanilla theories could be answered. The same violent symptoms have often been observed after eating cream cakes and lemon pies, both of which, as generally made by bakers, contain a paste made of corn starch. As is well known, the cheaper kinds of ice cream—with which the greater number of cases of poisoning occur—are also largely made of that material. This fact is in itself a strong argument in favor of the tyrotoxicon theory. Tyrotoxicon is the product of an organism which can be cultivated artificially, and a medium such as corn starch jelly would be more favorable to its growth than simple frozen cream.

A few words in regard to the symptoms of this kind of poisoning will not be out of place, although they have been, some time since, given in these columns. Soon after eating anything which contains this substance a harsh metallic taste is noticed, and violent pains in the stomach, vomiting with much effort, and coldness of the limbs and body follow. When these symptoms are observed an emetic of mustard water should at once be given and a physician summoned. Matter vomited should be saved and shown to him, as it will greatly aid him in arriving at the probable cause of the trouble. Similar cases of poisoning arise after eating cheese; that sometimes contains tyrotoxicon, and it was in cheese the poison was first discovered.

The discussion of ice cream naturally calls up the subject of candy, and here, too, the general public is at fault. No popular writer on adulteration would consider that he had done his duty unless he had devoted a large part of his discussion to candy. Quite a harrowing picture can be drawn of the tons of terra alba and glucose used, while the list of poisonous chemicals to be found practically exhausts chemical nomenclature. But the facts are far different from this overdrawn picture. Beyond the use of glucose for sugar, which is, perhaps, allowable, since it is certainly not more deleterious, and the use of terra alba, which cannot be defended on any grounds, the candy of the present is freer from adulteration than almost any common article of food. Beyond a doubt there are occasionally to be found cases of poisoning caused by injurious coloring materials, but in the vast majority of cases the real cause is from eating too large a quantity of the candy. It is natural to attempt to excuse one's neglect, and when the blame for allowing a child to eat too much can be plausibly placed on the coloring material, that is the first thing to be done, and is a natural consequence of the popular fallacy that the majority of confectioners use such harmful ingredients. There is, however, one kind of cheap candy which should never be indulged in. Many grocers and confectioners have for sale gum drops at from ten to twelve cents per pound. These are made from a kind of gelatine which is little better than glue. They are, of course, nearly insoluble, and scarcely dissolve in the mouth. Children almost invariably swallow them without chewing, and, as a consequence, serious trouble is invited.

The poisonous agent in unsound canned meats, generally a substance similar to tyrotoxicon, is called a ptomaine. Very rarely it happens that the poisonous meat is from a diseased animal, in which case the symptoms are not so violent at first, but the effect is more lasting, and very often death ensues. Meat decomposes very quickly, and, fortunately, unwholesome changes are easily recognized.—Boston Herald.

Old Friend (to old maid)—Didn't I understand you to say you were 28 years old?

Old Maid (indignantly)—No, sir; you did not. I never said it.

Old Friend—Never!

Old Maid—No, sir; never?

Old Friend (persistently disagreeable)—Think a moment. Don't you remember one morning, just fifteen years ago, you told it to me in a moment of confidence?—Washington Critic.

A Dust Destructor.

A correspondent asks, What is the "dust destructor?" The dust destructor is a group of furnaces set in an inclosed space containing the requisite yards and buildings used for consuming the rubbish which is swept off the London streets, which amounts to many thousands of tons in a year. The furnace house is approached by an incline driveway leading to a covered place above the furnaces. In this place the scavengers' carts shoot their rubbish, which by simple apparatus is dropped into the furnaces, where it is speedily converted into "clinker." This clinker is then removed and broken up. Some of it is ground, some reground, and some ground a third time.

In the ward are seen piles of broken and ground clinker, some of course lumps, some resembling gravel, some looking like the finest sand. For all this material there is a use. Some of it goes to form the foundation of roads; some, mixed with tar, is made into a durable pavement; some makes admirable sand for mortar and cement, and some is made into imitation stone for sidewalks. In the Battersea district of London the parish wagon houses, stables, blacksmith shops, etc., have been constructed entirely of this imitation stone made from the refuse of domestic dust bins and the streets.

If any of the residents of the parish want any of the broken or ground clinker for any purpose they are permitted to take as much of it as they can carry away in barrows or carts. Nothing goes to waste. The process of cremation is cheap, and this method of disposing of the refuse of a crowded district has had a wholesome effect from a sanitary point of view. In Battersea the death rate has gone down from eighteen to eleven.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Rugby Boys' Busy Day.

I give the everyday routine at Rugby just as my young "Lower Middle" friend rattled it off to me: "Well, the 6:15 morning bell wakes us, but we don't want to get up. Then another bell rings at 6:50 for five minutes. We've got to get in our places in chapel in that time to be 'called over,' and if we are too lazy to make it, it means a 'licking,' that's all. After service we march in order to our different 'form' rooms and say lessons till 8:15. Then we have fifteen minutes to buy any little luxuries, like penny loaves—the house bread's pretty dry—and then comes breakfast. From 9:15 to 1:15, lessons; and dinner's at 1:30.

"We get a rest spell from dinner until 3, and then lessons go on again until 6, except Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Them's half holidays. Every boy has got to join the games then, unless he's got good excuse. Sometimes we get off by shamming a sore foot and many other ways well known to us boys. But whatever we're doing at 6 o'clock, games, sauntering or study, everything's dropped, and we give a grand rush for 'tea.' After tea in winter, and after 7:15 in summer, comes 'locking up.' Nobody likes that. Then we have to pitch in 'on preparation'—that's getting our lessons for the next forenoon—until 9 o'clock, when they give us a very light supper that don't make anybody dream. Then it's go to bed, and no fooling, or it means another 'licking,' sure as fees and marshals, that's all!"—E. L. Wakeman in Wilmington News.

The Sargossa Sea.

The Sargossa sea is a region in the Atlantic, about midway between southern Europe and America, extending from 21 to 23 degs. north latitude and between 29 and 45 degs. west longitude. It derived its name from a Portuguese word signifying a grape, and was so called because the seaweeds characteristic of the region bear on their branches small air cells, which in shape are not unlike the grape clusters. The weeds themselves are among the most peculiar of vegetable productions, since they have no roots, nor any signs of fructification, and are propagated by division. They float in the water, sometimes in dense masses extending for miles.

This portion of the Atlantic is a great eddy, little affected by the currents which surround it on every side, and the stillness of the water, it is supposed, has contributed to the development of the weeds in the vast quantities in which they are found. The floating masses were noticed by Columbus and his men, to whom they were a source of uneasiness, as the sailors supposed they indicated shallow water. Detached masses of the weed are often seen in the Gulf stream, and the long, yellow lines of floating weed are a sure indication of its close proximity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Expensive Laugh.

A railroad man who knows Senator Brice intimately told this story of him: Mr. Brice for some time wanted certain matters arranged at Sandusky, but his desires were prevented by two of the younger Vanderbilts, and he finally went to them. They laughed at him, and Brice became quite angry. "Young men," said he sternly, "you must not laugh at me; I won't permit it. Your father laughed at me once and it cost him nearly $9,000,000, and I know he had a great deal more sense than you have."

President Brice in a month's time got what he asked for at Sandusky.—Indianapolis News.

Bad Temper.

Many people consider that "bad temper" is entirely voluntary on the part of the person who displays it. As a matter of fact, it is often to a very great extent involuntary, and no one is more angry at it than the bad tempered person himself. Of course every one, whether he is born with a bad temper or has acquired one from habit, or has been visited with one as the result of disease or injury, should at least try to control it. But his friends should also bear in mind that bad temper may be, and often is, an affliction to be sympathized with, not an offense to be punished.—New York Ledger.

A SURPRISED FENCER.

The Lesson Taught a Young American Swordsman—Disarmed.

A young bank clerk in Albany is wiser than he was a year ago. In the bank where he was a clerk a new man was given a somewhat inferior position. The newcomer was a small, slight framed Frenchman, whose English was decidedly lame, but who so seldom spoke that it made little difference. The senior clerk had a decided penchant for fencing, and compared with most fellows of his age and position was unquestionably a good swordsman. In addition to this he was a most insufferable braggart, and his military accomplishment was his one topic of thought and conversation. He had about him a very patronizing air, which he proceeded to inflict upon the inoffensive Frenchman, and his familiar slaps on the back evidently displeased the stranger. Finally a particularly emphatic thump between the little Frenchman's shoulders produced as response a stinging slap in the face, which left the red mark of a small hand sharply prominent against the otherwise deathly pale face of the young American.

Speechless with rage, the young man found his desk, and shortly afterward, through a friend, challenged the Frenchman to mortal combat. The latter apologized, in fact did all in his power to undo the mischief of his hasty blow, in vain. "Nothing but blood can wipe out that insult," the young man said haughtily. The details were arranged, the Frenchman, as the challenged party, choosing rapiers. Greatly to the surprise of the hot blooded young challenger, the cashier of the bank, who knew the Frenchman well, acted as the latter's second. The day came and the hour. The principals stepped to position, saluted, and the blue blades crossed with that smooth, gliding sound which is music to the ear of the true swordsman. The Frenchman, whose familiarity with his weapon was evident at the start, confined himself at first entirely to defense, turning his opponent's point with a grace of movement and absence of fear or nervousness which were poetry in action. The young man grew bolder, his thrusts began to have an air of ferocity which seemed to anger the Frenchman a trifle, and turning aside his opponent's thrust he made a quick lunge, and the young American barely parried.

Another quick thrust and a turn of the wrist were too much for him; there was a sharp snap and the top button of his coat flew across the room. Angry at this evident trifling, the button's owner made a spiteful lunge, which was quickly parried and the next button was snapped away. One after another the shining buttons on his natty blue braided jacket were cut off by the Frenchman's ready point. Decidedly "rattled" at his opponent's skill and the irrepressible smiles of the seconds and surgeon, the young clerk now, with greater rapidity and less caution, made fierce lunges, any one of which would have driven the sharp rapier through the body of the cool Frenchman, while the little man, quietly parrying, with the sharp point of his weapon stripped the front of the young man's jacket to ribbons.

The contest had lasted some twenty minutes when suddenly the Frenchman caught the swiftly advancing point of his opponent, turned it aside, slipped his own sword quickly down along the other's blade, turning it with a quick wrist motion so that it partly wound around it, and with a sharp wrenching motion tore the weapon away and sent it flying across the floor. Then he saluted, threw his weapon down and left the room. It subsequently transpired that the foreigner was—and is—a member of a once noble French family, a captain in the French army, and his teachers have been some of the best swordsmen in France. The young American has not challenged any miscellaneous foreigners since, and is less inclined to talk of his experience or skill.—Albany Journal.

New York's Night Workers.

The number of night workers in New York would make quite a formidable army. It is calculated that 60,000 people begin their labors after dark and their numbers are being constantly increased. The hotels and restaurants employ the greatest number, about 10,000 people being necessary to supply the city's night wants in that direction. The bakers come next on the list, and that the sleeping portion of the city may have its hot rolls and fresh bread for the coming day 7,000 people are laboring. The saloon keepers and their assistants number the same as the bakers. The butchers are 3,000 strong and the gardeners and marketmen are equally numerous.

The steamboatmen and sailors, the liverymen and hack drivers, and the milkmen are 7,000 in number. The surface cars need 2,000 men and the elevated roads 1,500. There are 2,000 engineers and firmen, 1,000 district messenger boys, 1,000 printers, and 1,000 men in the fire department. The different telegraph offices employ 700 men, and the journalists, postoffice clerks and custom house inspectors number each about 400. There are 1,700 men in the police department, and just one-half of these patrol the streets every night. Then there are private watchmen, laborers, fruit venders, etc., and the number is estimated at 10,000. Only for these night workers the life and wellbeing of the city would be sadly incomplete.—New York Cor. Richmond Times.

A Philadelphia dude carries a cane 250 years old that has been in almost every country of the globe.

Calf love is called calf love because man is such a stupid animal as to remember it all the days of his life.

The accumulated savings of the working people of Massachusetts would pay one-third of the national debt.

The oldest reigning sovereign in Europe is the king of Denmark, who is one year the senior of Queen Victoria.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4 1891

The latest dispatches from Chile are to the effect that the the long-drawn-out contest between Balmaceda and the Congression party is over and the far more difficult task of reconstruction begun.

It is not surprising to learn that a bar has formed across the Colorado river below the point where the flood escapes into the desert region. The formation of a bar is the usual result in such cases. But this does not necessarily oblige the river to leave its old bed. In most rivers the bottom of the channel is much below the level of the country adjacent to the banks, and with the subsidence of the flood the stream ceases to flow out through the crevasse, and the current then gradually cuts away the bar that had formed in consequence of the previous diversion of the water. This is likely to be the case of the Colorado.

The gang that wrecked the Keystone bank and defrauded the State of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia are being sent into seclusion for longer or shorter terms. Bardsley, the rascally City Treasurer, is serving a fifteen years sentence in the penitentiary. Charles Lawrence, late assistant cashier, has been given eight years for falsifying the books of the Keystone bank. Francis W. Kennedy, President of the Spring Garden bank, who was mixed up in the Keystone matter, will hear his fate next month. Strange to say, however, the man who made money out of the dirty business is as free as the wind that blows. That man is John Wanamaker.

The following is an extract from a speech made by ex-Senator Ingalls: "If the government owned the railroads, some people would ride in the coaches, some in freight cars, some in private cars, and some would tramp the ties as they do now. If an even distribution of property was made next January 1st, each person would have $875.30. Before July 1st the same conditions would exist as at present. Some people would be on the bench, some would be in Congress and some in the penitentiary. Some would ride on horseback, some in buggies, some would go afoot, and some would sit on the fence corners waiting, and over and above all would be heard the voice of the leather-tongued orator, who earns his bread by the perspiration of his jaw, clamoring for a new distribution of property."

Governor Boies, of Iowa, in the opening speech of the campaign, declared that prohibition had wrought more harm in that State, and worked greater injury to individuals, than could have been accomplished by the loosest system of saloon license. He said that there were four thousand houses dealing out liquor under the federal license; and that the law against liquor dealing was grossly and persistently evaded. The amount of drunkenness by jug was becoming a crying evil in the State, and one that was particularly ruinous to families. He believed that strict regulation and high license would accomplish the best results of which the liquor traffic is susceptible. There is food for thought in these declarations.

At the meeting of the National Bar Association Mr. William B. Hornblower, of New York, took the ground that it was high time that Congress should take steps toward putting an end to the farce of recognizing the Indian tribes as independent nations, with power to levy war, conclude peace and make treaties with the United States government. It will be remembered that a young officer was murdered by an Indian chief near Pine Ridge agency just at the close of the recent ghost-dance hostilities. The Indian was handed over to the civil authorities and was dismissed by the court on the ground that the Indians were at war with the government at the time of this murder, and the officer was engaged in it as a belligerent and lost his life. It is ridiculous for a government like ours to continue a legal fiction that no longer has the semblance of common sense to justify it. The Indians are recognized as wards of the nation and treated as such; how can the charges of a government be considered as its equals in their tribal capacity? When the Indians were strong and capable of levying destructive war against the whites and retarding the march of civilization, there was some reason for treating them as independent nations. There is none now.

AMERICA'S BEAU BRUMMEL.

Reminiscences of Colonel Richard Hickman, a Famous Character.

Washington's most famous character, if selected by popular vote, would be decided to be Colonel Hickman, known the country over as Beau Hickman, the Prince of Bummers.

Colonel Hickman was born in Virginia, presumably, as he came from that state to this city, arriving here in the year 1834, about twenty-two years old. From this date for about three years may be included the beau's joyful period of existence, when the world was seen only through rose colored glasses, and life was but a merry game of love and lasses, amours and petty "affaires." He swung the old globe about as quickly as possible, and was as gay and merry a high roller as the city has ever seen.

In a short while his name was as well known in Washington as that of Beau Brummel in London. He moved in exclusive circles, had all the polish and graces and spent his patrimony with a lavish hand. At the races he was a valued tipster and knew more about horses and their merits than a paddock full of jockeys. He was a frequenter, too, of the theaters, and was as much at home behind as before the scenes.

For the short three years of affluence and high flying indulged in by the beau he was compelled to repay more than thirty years of what would have been to any other a most humiliating and wretched existence. From the society reveler he was reduced to a state of pitiable penury. He never learned the state of his finances until he had none, and then, it being too late to retrieve his squandered fortunes, it became necessary for him to adapt himself to his altered fortunes in the most expedient manner. There was but one course left open to him, to become a dependent upon charity. To his high strung and sensitive nature this was an achievement so difficult of execution that he at one time even admitted that the sums he extorted by his bumming methods could be characterized as offerings of charity.

His fall from his high estate was not as sudden as his financial wreckage. He did not cease his swell existence when he found that all his resources had become exhausted, but kept on spending the money that he had not as recklessly as he had spent the money that he had formerly possessed. Where he had before liberally bestowed gold and greenbacks he now distributed notes and "I. O. U.'s," trusting to the recalcitrant Dame Fortune to visit him again at some time in the hopeladen future. He at this time patronized the most exclusive hotels, kept up his social connections and was as great a beau as ever. His reputation as such was the only thing that prevented his creditors from swarming in upon him.

Beau Hickman's few years of prosperity left but faint impress on the public mind. It is as the prince of bummers that he is best remembered. For years the principal hotels knew him but to fear him, afterward they looked upon him as a sideshow feature to be pointed out to visitors to the national capital as the famous Beau Hickman. Every new visitor was legitimate prey and liable to assessment. Beau's home seemed to be in the lobbies of the hotels. He was often seen at the capitol and other public hostelries.

Here was always an opportunity to pick out his man, and as this meant often meals and bed to him he naturally devoted a considerable portion of his time to selecting his victims. The assessments mulcted were seldom more than a quarter or a half dollar, and these extorted with such a good grace that the victims felt truly it was more blessed to give than to receive. He also had a regular list of patrons, mainly congressmen, on whom he levied assessments at regular periods.—Indianapolis Journal.

Self Possession Is a Strong Trait.

There is nothing like self possession in all emergencies. Not long ago a clever woman was dining at a handsome board in an interior city. She had never, as it happened, seen lime juice offered in the course of a meal. When the bottle was handed around, some salad had just been served to her, and without giving the matter any thought she assumed the liquid to be a sauce piquante for the salad and dashed a few drops on her lettuce hearts.

In an instant she became aware, by that sort of intuition which is in the air at such times, that she had done something wrong, and when she saw her neighbor adding some of the contents of the bottle to his glass of water, she divined at once what her blunder had been.

The meal progressed and she finished her salad with apparent relish. Her hostess pressed more upon her, and she accepted a second serving. Then, with a little air of not having everything quite to her liking, she looked up and down the table and signaled the waitress: "The lime juice, please," she said nonchalantly, as if salad without lime juice were an uneatable dish. This bit of adroitness at once set her in a niche among the company as an epicure of occult and unquestioned knowledge.—Her Points of View in New York Times.

Pretty Stingy.

The Augusta Journal tells of a deaf man there who is too stingy to buy an ear trumpet or much of anything else and is notorious for his niggardly traits. The other day he went into a meat room and wanted to know how much he could purchase a certain soup bone for. The proprietor is a generous fellow and replied, "Oh, I'll give you this." Then the old man with his hand on his ear exclaimed, "Can't you take a little off from that?" Poor old fellow, he hadn't heard, and the dealer taking pity on him said, "Yes, call it ten cents."

London as It Was.

Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" makes the statement that the old name of the city of London was written Lynden or Llyndiu, meaning "the city on the lake." An old tradition gives us to understand that London was founded by Brute, a descendant of Æneas, and called New Troy, or Troynovant, until the time of Lud, who surrounded the town with walls and named it Caer-Lud, or Lud's town. This latter is probably the correct version of the story, if for no other reason because it is an easy matter to detect a similarity between the expression Lud's town and London. It is claimed by some writers that there was a city on the same spot 1,107 years B. C., and it is known that the Romans founded a city there called Londinium A. D. 61.—St. Louis Republic.

Strange Spirit Manifestations.

One of the best authenticated instances of ghostly visitation is connected with Dr. Kerner's so-called Seeress of Provost. Dr. Kerner for many years conducted an asylum for the insane at Weinsburg, in Southern Germany. There came to him for treatment a Mrs. Hauffe, a lady in delicate health, of great nervous irritability, and with a mind which was, to say the least, not too well balanced. Wherever this afflicted woman went, and Dr. Justinus Kerner is authority, she was pursued by a variety of strange noises. Chinaware and glassware, tables and chairs were mysteriously moved in the presence of witnesses. A medicine vial rose slowly into the air and had to be brought back by one of the bystanders.

On several occasions an easy chair was lifted up to the ceiling by unseen power and then returned slowly to the floor. On one occasion the great skeptic, Dr. Strausz, was one of her visitors, and during his stay Mrs. Hauffe fell asleep on her sofa when there immediately arose long, fearful groanings close by the doctor's side and in the vicinity of his amiable but remarkable hostess. The strange suffering woman was the only one who knew the cause of these phenomena. She ascribed them all to a dark spirit who appeared to her as a black column of smoke with a hideous head, whose unseen approach oppressed even the bystanders.

Dr. Kerner relates countless mysterious phenomena which occurred in this patient's bedroom. He beheld Mrs. Hauffe's shoes pulled off by invisible hands while she was lying almost inanimate in a trance on her bed. She revealed secrets which, upon writing to utterly unknown persons at a great distance, Dr. Kerner proved to be correctly stated.—Philadelphia Press.

Helping the Maids.

During the War of the Revolution, while the American and British armies were contending in Pennsylvania, General Washington was in the neighborhood of Marietta, Lancaster county. General Lee, with two or three aides-de-camp, rode in advance, and stopping at a wayside inn, informed the landlord that General Washington and his staff officers would quarter at his house for the night.

This news, of course, caused great confusion among the inmates of the establishment. They wanted to do honor to the beloved commander, and bustled about to have all things in readiness upon his arrival.

"Here, you," said the genius who presided in the kitchen to General Lee, ignorant of his rank in the army, "just go out to that woodpile and split an armful for me. I must hurry up this fire, or I cannot get a good supper for General Washington."

The officer, enjoying the joke, obediently took up the ax, and soon the chips were flying in all directions. He was busily working away when Washington and his staff rode up to the tavern.

"Why, General Lee," said the commander-in-chief, "what in the world are you doing?"

"Oh," replied Lee, lifting his head, "I am helping the maids in the kitchen. General Washington and his officers are coming here for supper to-night."

Both generals burst into a hearty laugh, in which their companions joined; and even the landlady, who had set the general at work, enjoyed the joke after she had recovered somewhat from her mortification.—Youth's Companion.

The Bridegroom Had a Dog License.

People who have lived in cities where marriage licenses are required often have great difficulty in understanding the system in vogue here. They cannot realize that the services of a minister or alderman are all that is necessary when the parties have reached the proper age. A German whose knowledge of the English language is limited wished to get married not long ago, and being under the impression that a license was necessary he started out to secure one. He wandered around the postoffice and the various municipal and county buildings for an hour or two, unable to find the place where licenses were to be had.

Finally he managed to explain to a policeman that he wanted a license, although he was unable to make it clear what kind of a one he was after. The officer directed him to the place where dog licenses are issued, and the happy suitor paid his fee and received the precious paper.

That evening the German and his blushing affianced went to the house of a minister to have the Gordian knot tied. When the bridegroom proudly handed over his dog license the worthy pastor could hardly perform the ceremony for suppressed laughter. The couple, however, were none the less firmly married because the paper allowed the husband to keep a dog instead of to wed a wife.—New York Tribune.

Prepare to Surrender Your Neckties.

The young man of the period must not be surprised if, when he is off on his vacation and sitting on the hotel piazza with his best summer girl, she should suddenly inform him that the necktie he has on is "very pretty and quite the thing for my rug. Just give it to me when you are done with it, please." Of course he meekly hands it over without so much as asking why, but the reason is soon given and the astonished man finds that she is saying the same thing to all the other fellows. She must need quite a collection.

But what this girl does with them is this: She cuts them into strips about an inch wide and sews them together, forming long strips of varied colors. This is pleasant work for a summer afternoon and the maiden makes a pretty picture seated with a large box overflowing with daintily colored silks, and while she chatters away and easily sews them together her attendant cavalier winds the long strips into good sized balls. Not a very different picture from that her grandmother made while being assisted to wind a skein of worsted. At the end of the season there will be several large balls and then these are sent to be woven into a soft pretty rug that will grace the hardwood floor of our maiden's room.—New York Sun.

A Comparison.

Jack—I have come to believe that there's a good deal of similarity between a car porter and Cupid's arrows.

Nellie—Gracious! How do you make that out?

Jack—Well, neither is effective unless tipped with gold or silver.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

TACT IS THE THING.

How a New York Boy Got a Position When Times Were Different from Today.

Tact is one of the first qualifications of a business man, and the following little incident in the history of one of the most successful merchants shows a development of this trait early in his business career.

Coming to New York from the country, without friends and with very little money, he found his way to "lower Wall street," and walking into the store of W. & Co., passed back into the counting room and waited modestly and patiently till he should divert the attention of Mr. W——, who was at the moment busily engaged with some friend. At last the frank, open face of the boy attracted his notice, and he addressed him with:

"What can I do for you, sonny?"

"I want a place, sir."

"Well, what can you do?"

The boy answered eagerly:

"Most anything, sir."

Mr. W——, partly for a joke and partly to rid himself of the almost too confident boy, said:

"Ah, ah! Well, just go out and borrow me a couple of thousand dollars."

The lad placed his hat on his head, walked out of the store, then passed slowly down Front street till he came to another large store in the same line of business, our friends of the past, Messrs. S. C. & C., then, with a bold but honest look, he walked up to the head of the house and said:

"Mr. W——, of W. & Co., sent me down to borrow $2,000."

"He did, my son? How is business up at your place?"

The boy, having seen the appearance of large shipments, answered quickly:

"Very good, sir."

"Two thousand dollars did you say? Will that be enough?"

"Well, $2,000 is all he told me, but if you have plenty I think he would like it if you sent him $3,000."

"Just give this boy a check for $3,000 for W. & Co.," remarked Mr. S—— to his cashier.

The boy took the check and with it returned to Mr. W——, walking back into the office with an air of successful pride, and said:

"Here it is, sir."

Mr. W——, taking one look at the check and then at the boy, said:

"Young man, come in here; you are just the one I have been looking for."

And giving him a desk he set him to work.—New York Recorder.

Odd Epitaphs.

While strolling in the fields near a small hamlet not thirty miles from Rochester I came across an antiquated graveyard overgrown with ivy and mosses, the stones of which bore dates between 1736 and 1820. I scraped the mold from a few of the stones and brought to light these inscriptions. This one is modest:

My boddy to the grave I give,
My soul to God I hope is fled;
When this my children
You do see, remember me.

This, on a child's grave, is not without pathos:

This lovely bud so young and fare,
Call hence by erly doome,
Just caught to show how sweet a flower in
Paradise would bloom.

This one also preserves the phonetic method:

Youth like a morning flour,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

Notice the unexpected word division in these:

To worlds of sperits I am gone,
And left my friends behind to mourn.
My body lies here in the dust,
My soul is stationed with the blest.

Hark, my gay friends, to you my voice has been,
Refrain from folly and forsake your sin;
Still from the dead I fain would send my cries,
Trust in the Saviour, don't His grace despise.

This one is as good as any I have seen:

A thousand ways cut short our days,
None are exempt from death,
A honeybee by stinging me,
Did stop my mortal breath.

—Rochester Union.

A Whiphoisting Drum.

A novel machine called a whiphoisting drum has been invented in Rhode Island for unloading lumber and other freight from vessels, and is found to be a great improvement on ordinary methods in the saving of time and labor. The machine has three drums which operate two derricks and a central line which runs to the hold of the vessel; the power is furnished by an electric motor of ten horse power, the capacity of the motor being 500 volts and making 1,600 revolutions to the minute.

A belt connects the motor with the shaft which operates the drums, the power being transferred to the drums by what is called a paper friction; each drum is operated by a lever, and can be stopped in an instant. The motor is a self oiling machine, a drop of oil falling on the bearings every thirty seconds. When the lumber is drawn from the vessel, a large hook from the wharf derrick is attached, and the sticks are transferred in the most ready manner to any part of the yard.—New York Sun.

Queer Provisions.

The will of the Earl of Pembroke, of the English civil war notoriety, does not portray a mind exactly in the state it should be when he proceeds to say: "As regards my other horses, I bequeath them to my Lord Fairfax, that when Cromwell and his council take away his commission he may still have some horses to command. Above all, put not my body beneath the church porch, for I am, after all, a man of birth, and would not that I should be interred there where Colonel Pride was born."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A new system of protection for gunners in exposed places on men-of-war in action is to be adopted by the navy department—a wire webbing made of intertwining spirals remarkably flexible and strong. It resembles somewhat the old fashioned chain armor of the Crusaders' time, and curtains of this material will be used to protect gunners behind shields from fragments of exploding shells.

The Chillian war has had a very serious effect on the English hatmakers who supply the majority of Chillians. The latter have been so busy fighting that they have had no time to attend to their sombreros.

A fly-wheel weighing over twenty tons, and twenty feet in diameter, with a 42-inch face, is a casting of no mean measurement. Such a one was recently cast in Massachusetts.

Appreciate a Courtesy.

In a recent issue the Japan Gazette says: "We desire to express on behalf of all British residents our recognition of the kindly courtesy displayed by the United States man-of-war in harbor in firing a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of her majesty the queen's birthday when there was no English man-of war here to do so."

Franklyn W. Lee, author of "A Shred of Lace," is a well known newspaper man of St. Paul, and a descendant of Chancellor Kent. Although but twenty-seven years old he has edited two papers, written a novel and published a volume of verse, both of which have enjoyed wide popularity. He will bring out another story in September.

The average number of men employed by the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific company last year was 11,372 against 11,431 in the preceding year, while the average monthly pay roll was $595,286, as compared with $570,014 in the year before—the monthly wages showing an increase from an average of $49.86 to $52.33.

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.

Real Estate Agents,

Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

INDEPENDENCE

SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.

WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r.

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,

Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

BIG PINE HOTEL.

BIG PINE · CAL.

New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates

Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in act, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.

Special attention given to the wants of every guest.

Thos Williams,
Proprietor.

J. W. Murphy.

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

LUMBER
FOR SALE

Houle & Shoemaker,
LESSEES OF
BLACKROCK SAWMILL.

Clear lumber, Second class lumber, slabs and edgings for sale cheap. Inquire for our prices.

HOULE & SHOEMAKER.

Song little FORTUNES have been made at work for us by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Benn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time, big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.
Obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.

MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful attention given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Two span first-class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.

Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.

All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.

FRED BURKHARDT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo, Inyo county, Cal.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of August, 1891, an assessment (No. 14) of Ten (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of October 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 23rd day of October, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.

D E No. 513.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL., Sept. 31, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis A. Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 513, for the E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of section No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M D M, before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G Sanger, W. Sanger, A. P. Smith and M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.

C. W. CRAIG Register.

ANNUAL MEETING.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

The Regular Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Inyo Marble Company will be held at the office of the Company, No 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco California, on Thursday, the Tenth day of September, 1891, at the hour of One o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

Transfer books will close on Monday, September 7th, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m.

G. W. LUCE Secretary.

Office, G. W. Luce, Secretary, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, Cal

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGANACIA ABECHUCO.

Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated Jul, 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $25 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.

Prices Reasonable.

nov-30-tf A. J. DAVIS, Independence.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98.
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05⅛
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

WEDNESDAY, September 2, 1891.

Estate of Wm. A. Bolinger, deceased—Filed petition of Bertrand Rhine for special letters of administration.

Frank Silva vs. Southern Development Company of Nevada—Filed stipulation of Defendants waiving right to appeal from order dismissing case.

DIED.

LUBKEN—At Lone Pine, September 3rd Charles Lubken, son of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Lubken aged 13½ years.

T. C. Boland of Keeler was in town last Saturday.

S. P. McKnight C. E. was in town yesterday.

Milt. Clark of Bishop was in town yesterday.

If dog fights are a sign of life Independence is booming.

The genus drummer has been plentiful in town during the past week.

Miss Alice Rose returned home from Hawthorne on Wednesday's train.

Mrs. A. R. Conklin and Miss M. S. Conklin will visit Independence next month.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McKenzie were in from Darwin early in the week.

The regular annual meeting of the Inyo Marble Company will be held at San Francisco next Thursday.

Al Staudinger has been appointed postmaster at "Inyo" as the marble quarry is now known.

Mrs. J. J. Gunn and little daughter returned on last Friday's train from a visit to San Francisco.

A number of Independence people went to Lone Pine to-day to attend the funeral of the late E. P. Lovejoy.

For sale cheap, or will exchange for hay and grain, a fine new A-grade jumpseat buggy. At this office.

C. W. Craig of the local Land Office went to Dayton last week to attend the funeral of the late E. P. Lovejoy.

John R. Kittrill has removed from Modesto to Reno where he will resume the law practice of Mr. Hayden.

The town of Winnemucca, Nevada was nearly destroyed by fire last Sunday. The losses amount to about $250,000.

Meetings of the Lone Pine Canal Company and the Stevens Ditch company were held at Independence last Saturday.

On Monday of this week Allerton lowered his record to 2:11. This puts him within a half second of Nelson's top notch.

John Fichman came up from Keeler yesterday to attend the meeting of the Odd Fellows Lodge. He returned on to-day's train.

A. W. Eibeshutz has carpenters at work erecting a commodious ware-house near his store building. The structure will be completed about the end of next week.

Direct, the black California stallion, has lowered his record to 2:09¼. This is the fastest mile paced or trotted by any horse bred in this State. Sunol comes next with 2:10¼ at three years.

W. M. Richards, late railroad agent at Citrus, has been transferred to Keeler. Mr. and Mrs. Richards will be welcome additions to Keeler society. Mr. Shearer of Keeler is now in charge at Citrus.

Very heavy crops of grain, particularly barley, are being harvested in this vicinity. On Mr. Vagt's place at Camp Independence the yield was nearly two tons to the acre. George Lewis also had a very heavy yield.

J. G. Bone, a druggist at Dunmore, Pa., says he has never sold a medicine that gave such universal satisfaction as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and that the large demand for it has been a great surprise to him. It is sold here by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

The Keeler and Mojave stage line, under the new management, will be greatly improved. The trip will be made each way in about twenty-three hours. More and better stock will be used, new stations provided and changes of horses made more frequently. A fine new thorough-brace coach is used and every convenience for passengers that can be obtained will be provided.

Rev. H. J. Winsor delivered a most interesting lecture at the M. E. Church at Independence last Tuesday evening, his subject being "London." He was listened to attentively and his discourse was a revelation to his hearers, imparting as it did information that could not have been obtained except from one who had visited the scenes described daily and observed closely what he saw. Mr. Winsor expects to start for San Francisco to-morrow, to be gone about two weeks.

Yesterday the sad news was brought to Independence of the death of Charley Lubken at Lone Pine. He went to the mountains last Monday but was too ill to remain and returned to Lone Pine on Wednesday. Dr. I. J. Woodin was sent for but the little fellow was stricken with death and his fate could not be averted. He had all his life been afflicted with heart trouble and his death resulted in consequence. The funeral takes place at one o'clock to-day. The heartfelt sympathy of the community is with the bereaved parents.

The Pine Nut Boom.

CARSON, Nevada, August 26th.—Fifteen sacks of gold-bearing ore were brought in from Zirn's mine at Pine Nut to-day guarded by armed messengers. The sacks averaged $1,000. A gentleman from San Francisco, representing an Italian Mining Syndicate, offered Schultz, (Zirn's partner), $200,000, to be deposited in 60 days, for the mine, which was refused. Oliver Roberts, Charles Colburn and A. D. Barney have incorporated the Mountain View, the Valley View and the Mascot under one head, with a capital stock of $1,000,000. Another party has arrived from Red Bluff to inspect the hill back of Carson.

The *Enterprise* says: "Wm. Zirn opened his mine in Pine Nut for inspection last Saturday. E. S. Daugherty of Carson says the mine is all that Zirn claimed for it. Zirn was offered $1,000 for permission to work the mine twenty-four hours. In four hours Zirn took out $1,500. Daugherty with a pick dislodged chunks of gold and decomposed quartz. Since the inspection of Zirn's mine the price of ground in the vicinity has advanced. Zirn now has three men in his employ and on Thursday last during the limited time of one hour and thirty minutes they succeeded in taking out ore valued at $1,000. Joe Raycraft, who inspected Zirn's claim, says that the deposit is a wonderful discovery, and he is sanguine that from one to ten thousand dollars daily can be obtained from the claim. It is estimated that the twelve sacks of ore brought in to Carson last week from the Zirn & Schultz Pine Nut mine will yield $3,000."

General R. P. Keating, Captain P. J. Dunne and T. W. O'Conner Esq. of Virginia City have been visiting in the Valley during the week. They arrived at bishop last Monday and spent a couple of days examining land locations they have there. They came to Independence on Wednesday's train, occupied Thursday on business in the Land Office, and to day visited various ranches in this vicinity. They expect to return home to-morrow. The gentlemen speak enthusiastically of the future of Inyo county; they say that the climate, water and productions of the soil cannot be surpassed in any country.

J. H. Bulpitt, Bishop's enterprising merchant, still continues his freight shipments from Mojave. This one team alone saves to the Valley upwards of $5,000 a year and provides a market for a considerable quantity of hay and grain.

There strayed from Lone Pine Station last Monday evening a three-year-old iron-gray gelding branded and vented SM and a mare and colt. Any person knowing their whereabouts please communicate with this office or with Mr. Halliday, Lone Pine

---

St. Patrick's Pills are carefully prepared from the best material and according to the most approved formula, and are the most perfect cathartic and liver pill that can be produced. We sell them

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

"We know from experience in the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy that it will prevent croup," says Messrs. Gadberry & Worley, Percy, Iowa. They also add that the Remedy has given great satisfaction in that vicinity, and that they believe it to be the best in the market for throat and lung diseases. For sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

There is no doubt but that many persons suffer for years with ailments that could easily be cured by the use of some simple remedy. The following incident is an illustration of this fact: My wife was troubled with a pain in her side the greater part of the time for three years, until cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It has, I think permanently cured her. We have also used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy whenever needed and believe it to be the best in the world. P. M. Boston, Pennville, Sullivan Co., Missouri. For sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

Inyo
Stage Company.
REGULAR LINE
—FROM—
Mojave To Keeler.
FINE COACH.
FAST STOCK.
The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful
Redrock Canyon
And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.

Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.

Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m

A. B. HALL,
Agent.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Hugenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to MRS. REDDY, Darwin, Cal.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent.

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS.
O. I. MAIRS.

Fifth Annual Ball,
18th DISTRICT
Agricultural Association,
—Will be given at—
Spencer's Hall
—On—
Friday Eve., Oct. 2d,
☞ Under the auspices of the Fair Directors.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see W. F. MATLACK.

A. W. Eibeshutz
Independence, Cal.
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,
J. C. ROEPER, Prop.
Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including
Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.
A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

FIFTH
Annual Fair,
18th
Agricultural District
1891,
ALPINE, MONO & INYO
—WILL BE HELD AT—
-BISHOP-
Inyo County.
SEPT. 29 & 30,
OCT. 1 & 2.
$2,000 in Premiums.
$800 in Purses.
For particulars see pamphlet and Premium List.

Board of Directors.
F. ROBINSON, B. RHINE, ROBT. LOVE, JOHN S. GORMAN, T. F. A. CONNELLY, C. A. WALTER, F. McIVER, W. S. ENOS.
E. ROBINSON, President. HENRY RHINE, Treasurer.
C. W. CRAIG, Secretary.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL,
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed Flooring.
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PALACE SALOON
LONE PINE, CAL.
—THE FINEST—
WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS
—o—
☞ This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.
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A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street New York

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
☞ Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891. E. CHENOT.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.
☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.
THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.
—o—
The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.
PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Address orders and packages to
HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.
Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO., Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE SEWARD HOUSE.
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully
Equal to the Best
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
Independence, Cal. A. N. BELL,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p. m.	5:50 p. m.
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2 05 p. m.	2 50 p. m.
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs.....	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m.
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10 00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville.....	8 25 a. m.	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.	1:25 a. m.
Bishop Creek	2:00 p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord.....	2 45 p. m.	10:00 a. m
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (36 miles); Bodie (33 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downieville Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (6 miles), Silver Mountain, Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOL
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.
CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, Cal.
New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
☞ Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel
BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS
All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS
☞ The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE
Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-19 tf

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the *golden* discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you—tired, run-down, exhausted, nerve-wasted men and women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs—it's chance is with every one, it's season always, because it aims to purify the fountain of life—the blood—upon which all such diseases depend.

The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The makers of it have enough confidence in it to sell it *on trial.*

That is—you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it's claimed to do, you can get your money back, *every cent of it.*

That's what its makers call *taking the risk of their words.*

Tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, are what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are. The best Liver Pills ever invented; active, yet mild in operation; cure sick and bilious headaches. One a dose.

Austria will further strengthen her navy.

The Duke of Portland pays out $8,000 a year in newspaper and periodical subscription.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism and Catarrh.

Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Pardee Medicine Co.

GENTLEMEN:—About one year ago I chilled my blood and was under the Doctor's care for about six months when I had a counsel of eight *physicians* and was given up to die. Soon after, a lady friend came to see me and told me about *your great Remedy.* She said she had been cured by it after having the rheumatism *seven years*, and that her rheumatism was first brought on by a cold. At this time I was suffering severe pain all through my body and near my heart. The doctors called it only "frozen blood." Through the persuasion of my friend I procured a bottle. I found one relief. Seeing this I procured more and was entirely cured by its use; and what was my surprise and pleasure at finding that I was not only cured of my rheumatism, but the catarrh, which had been troubling me for years, and had become very offensive, had entirely left me.

Wishing your remedy every success, and thanking you very much for my double cure, I remain,

Truly yours,
MRS. LUCY BRONSON.

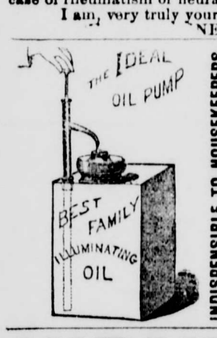
A LETTER

From the Mother of Miss Jessie Bonesteele.

Rochester, N. Y., April 22, 1886.

GENTLEMEN:—It is with pleasure I add my testimonial to the many well-known cures which your most excellent remedy has effected. For more than two years I was a great sufferer with rheumatism, being scarcely free from pain during the time. I found no relief until I procured Dr. Pardee's remedy, and it cured me completely. It is now two years since I discontinued its use and I have had no symptoms of the disease since. I know from my own and from the experience of many others also, that it will cure any case of rheumatism or neuralgia.

I am, very truly yours,
BONESTEELE.



INDISPENSIBLE TO HOUSEKEEPERS. Ask Your Dealer for it. Write for Circular. AMERICAN OIL CO. Agts. 11 to 15 Main St. San Francisco, California.

KIDNEY

Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel, and Diabetes, are cured by

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.

HUNT'S REMEDY

cures Bright's Disease, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side.

HUNT'S REMEDY

cures Intemperance, Nervous Diseases, General Debility, Female Weakness, and Excesses.

HUNT'S REMEDY

cures Biliousness, Headache, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles.

HUNT'S REMEDY

ACTS AT ONCE on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action, and CURES when all other medicines fail. Hundreds have been saved who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

Sent for pamphlet to

HUNT'S REMEDY CO.,
Providence, R. I.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

STEINWAY, Gabler and Pease Pianos

Meaning the BEST PIANO MADE, and the favorite cheaper Pianos; all Musical Instruments; Bands Supplied; large stock of Sheet Music. STEINWAY HALL, 206 & 208 Post Street, MATTHIAS GRAY CO. Call and see our new rooms and new stock.

S.F.N.U. No. 476. New Series No. 31

LOVE'S SEASONS.

The wall flowers to the frolic wind
Do dance their golden aiglets,
And elf maids steal the hawthorn beads
To wear for fairy amulets.
The spring is here, the spring is here—
The love time of the year, my dear!

All heavy hang the apple boughs,
Weighed down by balls of yellow gold;
The poppy buds, so fiery bright,
Messeems would burn the hearts they hold.
The summer's here, the summer's here—
The kiss time of the year, my dear!

The birds are winging for the south,
The elf maids haste them to their bowers,
And dandelion bells do float
Like silver ghosts of golden flowers.
The autumn's here, the autumn's here—
The wife time of the year, my dear!

Now are the heavens not more gray
Than are the eyes of her I love;
More dainty white than her sweet breast
The snow lies not the earth above.
The winter's here, the winter's here—
But love time lasts the year, my dear!

—Amelie Rives in Harper's Magazine.

MY MOUNTAIN OF GOLD.

While I was in Europe, nearly twenty years ago, teaching the world that there was something else than grizzly bears and centipedes in California, and inducing English travelers to make the circuit of the globe by way of our lines instead of going to and from Australia direct—I say while engaged in this no light task, and with what success let the land testify, some enterprising newspapers discovered that the secret of my life on Mount Shasta among the savages was not for the lofty purposes of writing poetry from nature, but for the purpose of robbery and plunder.

And I did not deny it. So far from that I took the facts, as furnished me by the newspapers of the time, and wrote out a full and elaborate confession. But I stopped short of the secret source of my wealth; the vast wealth which paved my way to the first steps of the thrones of Europe. And now again these same enterprising historians of my deeds are pushing their inquiries as to the source of my present great fourtune. For how indeed can a man build a castle and be the lord of so many acres in the suburbs of a great city without a mountain of gold, or at least canyons of buried treasure, at his back? Besides that another delegation of old miners and mountaineers, who got all their facts from the same source, have come down from their snowy heights to gaze on the secrets of "The Lost Cabin," "The Buried Treasure," "The Mountain of Gold."

Well, I am growing old; and remembering the time and money that has been spent in searching for the lost treasure of Capt. Kidd and his companions, I have resolved at last to take up the narrative where I left off in my book, and give The Golden Era the story of the discovery of my mountain of gold and every incident connected therewith up to the last moment I beheld it. And in return for this secret I only ask that you who undertake the perusal of this narrative will read it to the end. For all the point, all the purpose, all the real secret and solid truth and moral of the matter lies in the last paragraph, if not in the last line. In fact I feel quite certain that if we could only get at the true deathbed confessions of some of our greatest men—as the world estimates greatness to-day—we would find something not very widely different from this I have here set down.

But I know you are eager to hear of the gold, and I proceed at once. In my narrative heretofore published, after the escape from the old adobe prison, I record the fact that we rode and rode night and day and day and night, and were now near to the borders of the river in the dear old mountains. The Indian girl had brought the best men of her tribe, also her father and her three brothers, to aid in the escape and flight. Be patient. I pass hurriedly on over the bloody event that left me entirely alone. I must, I see, come at once to the mountain of gold.

We met the soldiers who had been set to watch for us at the steep and wooded crossing of a deep, wide river. We did not attempt to turn back on our weary and half dead horses; but, dashing to one side, we leaped, desperate and reckless, down the precipitous bank and struck out bravely for the steep basaltic precipice that frowned to the very clouds on the other side.

And oh, the rain of deadly lead that followed and that fell from the soldiers as they stood on the high bluff above and fired down upon our heads.

Weary, so weary! Slow, so slow! The deep and the dark and the cold blue waters from the eternal mountain of waters before us were so cheerless and so chill! The rain of lead from above, the steep and inaccessible bluff before, the deep, dark waters below, were a tomb to many now. A shot would strike a horse in the spine, the back of the head, anywhere, and he would then drift silently down, the hot blood bursting from the nostrils and reddening the blue waters far around. A shot would strike an Indian in the back, on the head. He would slip from the saddle silently, and down, down and away; the great boughs of the mighty pines and firs and cedar and tamarack leaning darkly over. And down, down, down, one after another, under that rain of deadly lead, till only I and the Indian girl, as if we had been too small for death to find there in the dark, deep waters—we alone survived as we neared the steep and snow crowned bluff before us.

Another, a last farewell, shot from the soldiers on the bank behind us, and I climbed out on the reedy, grassy, desolate and lonely bank alone!

How I wanted to die! To die and float away in the great watery tomb with those who had silently died for me. I arose at last and went to the water, and there saw two little hands clinging to the grass roots, two brown bare arms reaching up from out the water, too weak to climb up, too weak to cling longer, just letting go, the warm blood making the waters red around her!

I caught her up and with all my strength bore her back and up against the steep bluff that was warm with sunshine gone away!

I implored her to speak. But she could only look at me, her lips quivering, her little brown hands clutching, her life blood trickling down on the grasses. Be patient; I come to the gold scene soon!

At length the curious moon came out from the lofty tree tops on the other side, and looked down at this child of the woods in pitying wonder. And then the stars, larger than tiger lilies, they too came down to see.

For the girl was dead. I laid her down on the dry reeds, pine cones and drift wood, and stood there alone, so alone!

And my desolate life widened and widened there, widened away till it touched and took in the shores of death, and I was even then as an old man. Patience; I come to the gold soon!

But where now? What next? We had drifted down, down, after having been forced to take to the river, far below the crossing and here I stood face front to a steep and stupendous precipice, where no human feet had ever trod.

Only a little spot of sand and stone, with its drift of washed and whitened wood, the pine cones, the kelp, the weeds, the thousand curious bits of bark and leaf and cast away from this river when full and raging. But oddly enough crickets were here. And they came out to sing; came clad in black, crept up close on the rocks and on the edge of rocks around her, as if singing on some hearthstone. And they knew they were safe, these little crickets clad in black. Her little brown hands had never harmed anything. And now! They were still and cold now. Patience; I pass on soon to the gold!

The moon slowly sinking. The moon was going away. She was going to leave me alone with my dead. The very stars seemed restless and uncertain, and kept wheeling about and around the crown and summit of eternal snow before me. I caught up two flints from the rocky little sandbar, and eagerly, desparately struck a fire. It was a friendly sight. The flames leaped up in my face, as a dog leaps up to lick your face with his red tongue when you have been long absent.

Oh, the kindly, friendly, familiar fire! It was as if I had known it a thousand years—this friendly fire leaping in my face. The red man's fire and the white man's fire, the northerner's fire and the southerner's fire, are the same. Patience; the gold soon!

And now the fire spread and ran to the dead. It reached out its arms to her where she lay pallid and alone on the white and rounded drift wood.

I understood. I heaped up the white and light and abundant wood. The fire took her in its pure embrace; and she mounted on stairs of fire to the stars.

The sudden and impethous flame that had leaped far up against the mighty granite wall before me had shown a narrow, almost precipitous path leading crosswise up the perilous pass to the world above.

And when I had laid a circle of white stones about the ashes of my dead I went up to this narrow little path and examined it closely. It was smooth to the touch. I was thrilled with delight. May be it was smooth from the touch of human feet. At least it was a path of some wild animal; some sort of life was surely in the habit of passing from this awful depth and narrow spot to the light and life above; and surely I could climb where either bear or mountain lion could climb.

The moon was getting far around. But I felt that if I could climb up for a few hundred feet I could then get her light full on the steep rocks before me, and then know whether or not to proceed. One thing certain: I could not remain where I was. Bear with me; we now come to the gold.

Tightening my belt, tying my moccasin strings so that my feet might be certain as the feet of the wild beasts of the forest about me, I sprang desperately up the ledge.

One hundred feet! 200 feet! And then my breath began to fail a little, and, hanging on to the rocks in the narrow little pass, I began to look out and above and over the great, deep waters below.

Not a sound; not even a single object in sight below. Death had come and death had taken my friends and fled. The fire had come and gone. The fire had come out of the rocks below and taken my life, my love, the beautiful Indian girl, and gone away. How alone I was now! Listen! We come to the gold now! But the moon was with me, lingered with me a little still. I had overtaken her in her flight. And the stars were close about me now. I was companioned with worlds I shall see hereafter. I was set apart, as it seemed to me, and belonged to space. Patience; one moment more, then the gold!

The narrow path had not been quite perpendicular. It ran up the river, as it were, but steep, so steep! Another struggle forward; but now my narrow little path, which I could see by the moonlight, was made in the track of an old and decayed quartz vein. It was smooth as oil to the touch, this precipitous, overhanging path of mine; and I wondered what beast could find pleasure or profit in passing up or down this frightful route.

I began to think of returning. Then I shuddered at the thought. It was so dark, so desolate, so deadly there. Then I felt of the smooth rock under my feet, and I knew that there was less peril in going ahead than in attempting to descend. Death was before me, behind me. I tightened my belt again with my left hand as I held on hard with my right to a jutting crag on the edge of my steep, smooth path, and then again, with clenched teeth and set lips, I struggled up and on.

The path wound out and still further over the dark abyss below. But the moon was there, close about me, closer than before; and the stars! I shall never have them so close about me again on earth.

But the path was so narrow now! So steep and so very narrow that my body could hardly be drawn between the smooth hard rocks.

And at the last this steep and narrow groove began to grow shallow! What if it should come entirely to the surface? What if it should end entirely here?

I had now made at least 300 feet. At an angle of 45 degs. you can calculate with precision how far above the dark waters I was hanging.

I did not dare look below. I did not dare dream of turning back now. I hardly dared breathe. On! on! on! Slowly, steadily, up! up! up! My fingers were benumbed. My feet also had almost failed me!

At last! suddenly my outstretched hand struck a level spot, and I drew myself up and into a little resting place. And with such thankfulness as few can ever know!

The moon was full in my back now, and looking straight into the rounded narrow little level resting place before me. There was a pool of water here in the heart of this niche in the awful overhanging precipice. And around this little pool of water, with all the order of nature undisturbed, there was growing a little garden of yellow flowers. As if this fissure of the earth was some angel's own perfect little garden.

I gathered these flowers. They were only a few, and, oh, so frail! Then reaching my right hand out and over the dark waters below I threw them with all my might down and away toward where a heap of ashes lay. Be patient; the gold now!

The moon was going behind the steep wall very suddenly now. Soon it would be dark. Would wild beasts come down the pathway then? It was not wide enough for two of us to meet anywhere except at this one narrow little resting place where these flowers were. Would they come?

Suddenly I began to wonder why those frail little flowers had grown in such untroubled perfection. How could these flowers grow there under the passing feet of the wild beasts?

I looked up. The path was nearly precipitous now; and it literally hung above the waters.

To my horror I now saw trickling down the deepest trench and groove of the cleft in the overhanging rock a feeble stream of water!

Ah, then I knew why the flowers had not been broken. No foot mark had ever been made on this smooth rock by either man or beast!

No living thing had ever passed this way before. This seam of old and decaying quartz had been fashioned out by the rains of heaven and the melting snows. Where did this little water course come from? Would it end suddenly and leave me hanging on the face of the precipice and in mid air?

I grew desperate at the thought of it. I sprang up and on, determined to know the worst. It was hard work getting on and up; but I was refreshed by my rest. I was also made desperate by my surroundings.

I had known from the first that this old decayed seam of quartz was a gold bearing vein; but there was nothing new or of special interest in that; for I had galloped my horse many a time over mountains of gold, and never had once cared to get down and pick it up.

Gold was abundant here all up and down this precipitous vein. I could see it in seams wherever I turned my eyes. I could feel it with hands as I climbed. It has a softer touch than stone, and seems smooth and oily.

At last, when almost ready to abandon all hope, when almost ready to let go my hold and fall to the dark deep waters under me, I found another little resting place. I had not gone far this last effort. Yet I was entirely exhausted. And how far to the summit now?

I was in utter despair. The place where I rested was almost precipitous, and I could not rest long here. Besides being so very steep, it was very slippery from the smooth oily gold, made more smooth and oily by the little rivulet that trickled down under my feet.

I should certainly slip and fall if I remained. But could I go on? I attempted it, and a few feet further on I found my way literally barred with bars of gold that crossed the groove! The quarts had decayed and fallen away, and the waters had washed and rounded and smoothed these bars of gold while they deepened the narrow little vein where the decayed rock had been. These dreadful prison bars of gold had only been washed smooth and beautiful and bright to shut me from the upper world forever. These bars and cords of gold were stretched across like the golden cords and strings of some mighty mountain harp of gold.

And now I knew that I must fall. Nor did I dispair even now of life. In fact I remember perfectly well how precise and how careful I was in my calculations. I estimated the distance, the depth of the cold dark waters below, where I should strike in my fall, how deep I would sink, how soon I should rise, how far I should have to swim, and all the terrible details. We think very fast at such times.

I had laid hold of the two strongest and longest bars of gold which blocked my progress. I felt certain that they could not be very firmly fixed in the narrow vein of rotten quartz. I shook at them as I had shaken at my prison bars when in a terrible prison. I felt them surely begin to yield! Cool, calm and deliberate, I decided not to attempt to leap, but to hold on fast to the bars of gold which I felt were gradually giving way. My feet were slipping from under me. This would throw my whole weight on the bars of gold. They were surely, certainly, fast giving way. When they no longer held me I should drop; down, down, down!

I had decided to hold my hands straight and hard and fast and firmly above my head, as I was holding them at that moment.

This would keep my body stiff and straight in the descent. I should pierce the water below like an arrow.

When once deep and far down in the waters I should let go the gold, dart up like a cork to the surface and be saved. I did not have long to wait. I did not have to wait ten seconds. The bars of gold gave way! I could not save myself! Down! down! down! The stars looked me in the face, full and tranquil, as I fell!

I struck the water straight as a shot. I felt the cool, sweet waves in my face. I heard the waters crash above my head as I went down, down, down, with my gold.

I retained my senses. I am perfectly certain of that. I did all things just as I had decided to do.

Nay, I did all things as I had intended to do, except just one thing. And that was my fatal mistake. I did not like to let go of my gold. I would not, I could not let go of my gold. And so I was drowned.—Joaquin Miller in The Golden Era.

What a Sportsman Says.

I once peeped in upon the meeting of a society for the protection of wild birds, or something of the sort, and noted that nearly every man present wore beaver or otter or fox fur ornaments, and every woman had on a sealskin. Poor little soft furred animals, why are they so cruelly treated? I suppose there is a difference of a radical sort between fur and feathers. Up in the far north they beat seals to death with clubs and dressy women everywhere are glad of it; down in Florida they shoot herons with guns, and the bird cranks wail about it from the depths of their luxurious furs. Oh, humanity, thou art a delicious fraud! If sealskin were ugly it would not be fashionable; if plumes were not beautiful herons would not be killed.

Ah, do you know my beautiful young lady, how many murdered silk worms your resplendant gown represents? Poor little creatures, they had to be killed in order to get their cocoons! Let's get up a society for the protection of silk worms. Don't you feel rather mean when you reflect that each time you twang your guitar or scrape your violin you are torturing the bowels of a crucified insect? What cruelty for the mere luxury of music! Take that transparent comb out of your hair this minute; it's made of a shell torn from the back of a murdered tortoise! By the way, there is a heron plume in your hat. Your gloves once covered the delicate flesh of a kid; your shoes, too, once bleated and kicked up and played in the sunshine of France, as lively a goat as the one that ran away from good M. Seguin in Daudet's charming story. Let those who reside in transparent houses refrain from peeping through other people's windows. There's no telling where the peeping business is going to end.—Maurice Thompson in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Gazing at the Stars.

In some remarkable mathematical observations by M. Hermite concerning the number of stars, he shows that the total number visible to the naked eye of an observer of average visual power does not exceed 6,000, and of these the southern hemisphere contains somewhat the larger number. In order to see this number of stars the night must be moonless, the sky cloudless and the atmosphere pure, and here the power of the unaided eye stops; an opera glass will bring out 20,000, while a small telescope will bring out at least 150,000, and the most powerful telescopes yet constructed will show more than 100,000,000. M. Hermite concludes from his various observations that the light emitted by all the stars upon the whole surface of the globe is equal to one-tenth of the light of the full moon.—Chicago Herald.

Various Uses for Sawdust.

The uses for sawdust are steadily multiplying, and it is in ever increasing demand. It is used very extensively in packing goods for shipment. For stabling purposes it is used quite largely, being cheaper and cleaner than straw. Many thousands of cords are used yearly in the manufacture of terra cotta. It also enters largely into the construction of apartment houses, for filling walls and floors to deaden sound. These are but a few of the uses for which sawdust is in demand. Shingle excelsior, when made of cedar, is an excellent moth exterminator, and is much used in packing. Planer shavings are used for all kinds of packing, and also for bedding in stables, stock cars and stockyards.—Bangor (Me.) Industrial Journal.

Railways in South America.

The average reader will be hardly prepared to learn that in the Argentine Republic railways are multiplying so rapidly that it is proposed to introduce legislation against "paralleling." Competing and unnecessary railways are being projected in large numbers, and the country is fairly wild over railways. The republic has already a very creditable system, but needs some additional lines and some extensions. But the projects are coming up in astonishing numbers, far beyond the needs of the country, their promoters being stimulated by the concessions and guarantees which the government has been making.—Public Opinion.

A Duel with Tricycles.

Two young Germans in Berlin fought a duel with tricycles. Starting at 300 yards apart, they charged full tilt against each other, with slight injury to themselves and serious hurts to their machines. Their honor was satisfied.—New York Sun.

The Bible in Shorthand.

In the library of Dr. Williams, in London, is a copy of the Bible in shorthand. It is exquisitely written, and is said to have belonged to an apprentice of the time of James II, who feared that the Bible was about to be prohibited, and so wrote this copy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Moon Frozen.

Mr. S. E. Peal, of Sibsagar, Asam, supposes the moon to be entirely covered with snow, with frozen and ice covered seas, and thus accounts for the chief features of the lunar landscape, including the absence of water.—Arkansaw Traveler.

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There must be much obliquity
About that silent soul of thine.

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The parent of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathizes. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and you restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act, and invariably injure the tone of the stomach. The Bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that all important organ, and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise given to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.

We all know people with whom we should never quarrel in the world if they would keep 5,000 miles away.

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St. Jacobs Oil CURES RHEUMATISM.

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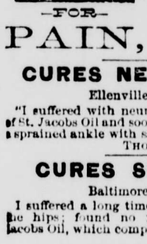

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PAIN,

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Ellenville, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1890.

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I suffered a long time with sciatic pains in the hips; found no relief till I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured me.
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ALSO CURES
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Asthma. "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try this valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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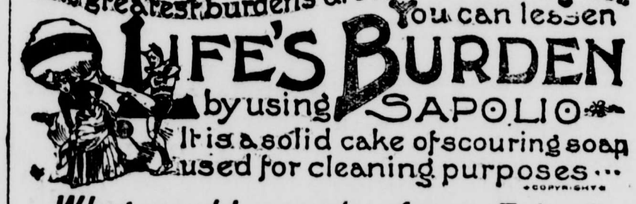

What would you give for a Friend who would take half your hard work off your shoulders and do it without a murmur? What would you give to find an assistant in your housework that would keep your floors and walls clean, and your kitchen bright, and yet never grow ugly over the matter of hard work? Sapolio is just such a friend and can be bought at all grocers.

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1891.

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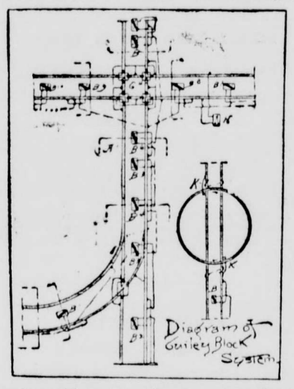
An invention which will tend to prevent railway collisions, by giving a timely alarm to an engineer on a moving locomotive when approaching a standing or moving locomotive on the same track, and which will give notice of an occupied grade crossing, an open switch, an open drawbridge, or a car projecting from a side track over the main track, and which will afford a signal effective in daylight or darkness, on a straight or curved track, or in a tunnel, is one which would cover most of the causes of disaster on railways,



and would prove a boon to travelers, and a paying investment for railways if generally adopted.

Such an invention has been made by Dr. A. H. R. Guiley, and has been patented in this and most other countries in the world.

According to this invention, which is illustrated in the annexed engraving, one of the rails is made a continuous conductor by connecting the rails electrically at the joints, and the other rail is divided into sections or blocks, and provided with electrical connections which overlap from one block to another. Between the rails at suitable intervals, preferably at opposite ends of the blocks, are placed electric contact pieces, each formed of two plates insulated from each other and provided with vertical ribs arranged diagonally. These ribs lie in the path of an arm or "feeler" carried by the locomotive, and upon the locomotive is placed a battery and alarm mechanism.

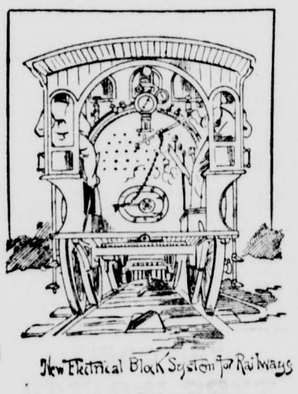
The arrangement of the circuits is such that when a train is passing in one direction, the feeder strikes a set of contacts controlling the circuit arranged for trains passing in that direction. When the train passes in the opposite direction, the feeder strikes the opposite contact plate, securing opposite results. The feeder, which extends downwardly from the pilot of the locomotive, is capable of swinging laterally, and is protected so that it is not injured by the shock due to striking the contact plates, or other objects lying on the track.

In the cab of the locomotive is arranged an electrical alarm which is set off by the contact of the feeler with one of the plates, and continues to ring until the engineer readjusts it for another alarm. The inventor has devised an attachment to the feeler by means of which steam is taken through pipes and through the contact end of the feeler for thawing snow and ice that may accumulate upon the feeler or upon the contact plates.

This improved system applied to a railway furnishes a complete grade crossing protection, and a very efficient block signal, while at the same time, under certain conditions, it may be used as a train signal by which one train may signal to another.

In the annexed diagram, the contacts, B, B', etc., and the electrical connections, as arranged upon the main track, A', and branch track, and on opposite sides of the crossing, as shown in the diagram, protect the grade crossing, G4, and the switch, I.

The switch, H, is provided for the use of track master and others for sig-



naling a train in case of necessity. The detached view shows the application of the invention to a draw bridge, J, the contact springs, K, in this case serving to make or break the connections as the bridge is closed or opened.

Mr. E. B. Cornell, 922 North Nineteenth street, Philadelphia, Pa., has the business management of this invention.

Electricity in the Printing Office.

No discovery has yet been made and no contrivance has been introduced that will absolutely dissipate or nullify the disturbing effects of electricity in paper, either latent or generated by the revolutions of the press. Many employers have paid out considerable money to electrical experts and others who claimed to have discovered or to be in possession of infallible remedies for this trouble; but not one of them has squarely fulfilled the terms of his contract. We have studied the effect of wires connected with batteries and of wires connected with gas or other pipes leading to the grounds; the latter on the principle of the lightning rod. While these do to a certain extent help to modify the action of electricity or the generation of it, they fall far short of doing it effectively and completely, and for that reason do not justify the outlay of much money upon them. Again, many printeries throughout the country are beyond the reach of those who could help them with the appliances described; are at an expense which, as we have just said, the modicum of benefit that would be derived would not justify. It is for this reason that we recommend to all who have trouble with electricity in paper the adoption of the simple and inexpensive but surprisingly effective remedy we now present.

In nearly every printery a bottle of glycerine is kept for one purpose or another. Take this bottle and a clean rag or other cloth, wet the cloth with water and wring it out well until it is only damp, then pour a little glycerine upon the damp cloth, and wipe the surface of the tympan sheet with it, only on the part of the sheet where the impression is, as it is there that reaction is affected---at the point of pressure. Do not put on too much glycerine, as it will wrinkle the sheet too much. Simply go over it as you would in oiling the sheet to prevent offset, but do not saturate it. If you find that one application or wiping will not stop the trouble, go over the impression parts again in the same manner. Some kinds of stock are more susceptible than others, and call for an additional application.

This is the simplest and cheapest of all the remedies, and as good as any hitherto known.

How Tin Plates are Made.

Following is a summary of the Morewood process of tinning plates now in use at the works of the United States Iron and Tin Plate Company, Limited, at Demmler Station, Pa.:

The plates are rolled in the ordinary manner into black sheets, eight of these sheets being rolled at one time, and after being sheared to size are placed in the "clack pickle" bath of sulphuric acid, where all oxidation is removed. They are placed in an annealing furnace for thirty-six hours and are next passed through the cold rolls, receiving a smoothly polished surface, after which they are annealed again and put into the "white pickle," where they are thoroughly cleansed from any oxidation and are ready for the tinning process. The mode of putting on the coating of tin is a very simple one, and is begun by submerging the plates in a bath of palm oil until all the water disappears, the oil forming a flux for the tin, the first coat of which is received in the tin pot, the plates next being dipped into the "wash pot," and when taken out the tin is spread over the surface with a brush by hand. The final act in the tin coating process is in passing the plates through rolls running in palm oil, whereby the tin is evenly distributed and a smooth surface is obtained. There are 5 feet of these rolls used, 3 running on top of 2, and the plates make two passes through them, first being let down through the first and second of the upper set, and by a cradle arrangement are returned the second and third. This completes the tinning operation proper, and the polish is obtained by rapid movements of the plates through bran and middlings, respectively, and then polishing with sheepskin. The result obtained at the Demmler works is a very excellent article of bright tin plate.—Iron Indus. Gazette.

The Phosphorescence of Diamonds.

In the New York Sun, Mr. G. F. Kunz, the well-known expert in gems, has recently called attention to a property of the diamond which may serve as a means of distinguishing it from other substances. Referring to the paper of Robert Boyle "On a Remarkable Diamond that Shines in the Dark," published in the Transactions of the Royal Society in 1663, Mr. Kunz remarks that this paper has been indirectly alluded to by a number of authors, but never read. Among a quantity of facts Boyle mentions one diamond that phosphoresced simply by the heat of the hand, absorbed light by being held near a candle, and emitted light by being rubbed. He stated that many diamonds emitted light by being rubbed in the dark. The experiments made by Mr. Kunz show conclusively not only that Boyle's statement that some diamonds phosphoresce in the dark after exposure to the sunlight or an arc of electric light is true, but also that all diamonds emit light by rubbing them on wood, cloth or metal, a property which will probably prove of great value in distinguishing between the diamond and other hard stones, as well as paste, none of which exhibit this phenomenon, and will be welcomed by the general public who do not possess the experience of the dealer in diamonds. The property is evidently not electric, or it would not be visible on being rubbed on metal.

Resin Oil in Mineral Lubricants.

Ten to 15 grms. of the lubricant containing resin oil, but no fatty oils, is gently heated on the water bath in a small flask with 5 vols. alcohol at 96 p. c., shaken up and let cool down to the temperature of the room. The alcohol is then placed in a small Erlenmeyer flask about 7 cm. in height; the mineral oil which remained in the first flask is rinsed round (not shaken) with a few c. c. of 90 per cent alcohol, the solution poured into the second flask and heated upon a water bath which is slightly simmering, inclosing it within a beaker with the bottom cut off, to avoid too rapid condensation on the sides of the vessel. The heat is continued until the residue in the flask is free from bubbles. It is weighed when cold, and the residue is covered with ten parts by weight of alcohol at 96 per cent. If the residue consists entirely of resin oil, this quantity of alcohol will suffice for its solution. The alcoholic solution is treated as above, and the residue contains small quantities of mineral oils.—L. Storch, Chemiker Zeitung.

From Jest to Earnest.

Primus—"The theater caught fire in the midst of the topical song."

Secundus—"Did the comedian retain his presence of mind?"

Primus—"Yes; he told the audience there was a fire under the stage, but they need not be alarmed as the manager was a Universalist."

SOME ENGLISH JUSTICE.

The Scoring of North and Cummings.

CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE'S ARTICLE.

Sensational Cases Preferred.—A Queer Verdict.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, is a character, and Colonel North, the so-called "nitrate king," is a character. This is G. W. Smalley's opinion expressed in the New York Tribune. Each has his own sphere, he says. If

Lord Coleridge went into the city, as the phrase is in London, to measure himself against the great operator who has convulsed two continents, it is hardly probable that he would get the best of it. So when Colonel North tries a fall with the lord chief justice in the law courts it is not the great operator who comes away with the honors of war. Each is best on his own ground. Colonel North, of course, had no idea of entering upon any such contest. His is the position of many men before him. He thought he had been robbed by his architect, Mr. Cutter, and refused to pay him the balance he claimed. The architect sued him, and that is why Col. North happened to find himself in the awful presence of the lord chief justice.

What first apprised the public that the lord chief justice was going for Col. North was a line on the placards of the London afternoon papers: "Col. North sharply rebuked from the bench." Everybody bought the papers and read how the lord chief justice had told the witness—the redoubtable colonel himself being then under cross-examination—that he must behave himself to the court as if he were the poorest subject of the queen; that he had no business to make such an answer and that they could not be overborne in that manner. Unluckily, what Colonel North had said or done was not told; it had been inaudible and invisible to the reporter. People imagined it must be something awful—perhaps that he had sworn at the court or threatened to heave half a brick at the bench, or perhaps the New Testament on which he had been sworn was the missile. But now the colonel writes a letter to say that, in answer to a question whether his architect had not received £3,000 or £4,000 commission before he (the colonel) had sailed for Chile, he said: "I do not know the amount, but I do know he took care to obtain all he could on account of commission during my absence." This it was which brought down upon his head the thunders of a judicial Jove.

When he came to sum up Lord Coleridge argued the plaintiff's case with his well-known ingenuity and ability. The question being whether Col. North ever

authorized any expenditure beyond at first £40,000, which the plaintiff admitted naming as the probable cost of the house, and then £65,000, Lord Coleridge told the jury he had, at any rate, got value for his money. If then a man wishes to spend £40,000 and his architect runs it up to over £100,000 it seems a sufficient answer that the house is a good one at that price.

The tone to Col. North is one of severity throughout. He is lectured, rebuked, even sneered at. The jury were invited to consider the "lordly tone" in which he had given his evidence. They were told that he was an overbearing person, accustomed to have his own way, with the obvious suggestion that such a person ought to pay roundly for it.

The lord chief justice of England may elect to try, in certain circumstances, any cause which for any reason attracts him, and he elected to try the Cumming cause. Whether he exercised this prerogative in the action against Colonel North is not known. Very likely it came before him in the regular course of business. But this eminent judge is commonly believed to like to try what are called sensational cases and the North case was a sensational one and remarkable for more reasons than one. The picture it presents of Colonel North himself is remarkable—a man who gives an order for a palace like an oriental prince, without a word in writing about the price, and who "gives fits" to anybody about him whose conduct does not suit him. No wonder such a case with such a defendant had an attraction for such a judicial lover of the picturesque as Lord Coleridge.

The jury in the North case followed his lordship's lead and promptly returned a verdict for the architect—that "respectable man of thirty years' standing"—for the full amount claimed, with interest; and the judge "absolutely and entirely" refused to stay execution in order that the millionaire might appeal.

15,000 MILES OF RAILROAD.

Analysis of the Work and the Money Required for Building It.

The railways laid out 15,000 miles of new road for 1887, and as near as the best laid plans of man can go it was completed. If not done inside January and January it was still matter of unfinished business left over, and when the work laid out is closed up it will be found that it was a round 15,000 miles of new lines for which the builders set out at the beginning of 1887. As this is becoming complete, and the competition created by it appears, the necessity for adjusting rates and business relations, and the care of the bonds, and some interstate questions are presented, the managers have set down to digest the new responsibility they have created. To do this is likely to occupy six months at least, and the question comes up, what is to be the outcome?

In bonds and pledges and bonuses this 15,000 miles of new road represents a round sum of $450,000,000, which has been placed in new relations to the business world. A large part of this has been taken out of the control of Wall street, and leaves that most bare of the material for speculation and re-speculation. The greater part of this has been absorbed and cannot go back to Wall street again, except in dividends and products and in the sale of new bonds to European investors. But the expenditure of $450,000,000 in new roads is but a small part of the work, and only a part of the expense. The "ballasting up" and "rounding out" of the skeleton of the creation is an equally important work. There must be locomotives and rolling stock, and repair shops, and the straightening of curves, and reducing of grades, and building of switches and sidings, and depots and storehouses to an extent almost equaling the first expenditure of labor and money.

When this is done, and every car shop and machine shop in the country has been taxed to the utmost, and the new employes at work, and the new freight arrangements made, then comes that other question of a set battle with each other for business. In this is the governing phase of all new railway building. If by the construction of a feeder or the extension of a parallel the war of rates created destroys the profits upon the old line, then the "profit and loss" is a serious consideration.—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

A Tiny Winged Messenger.

"One afternoon in the summer of 1881," said Doctor Melnikoff to me, in the course of a conversation about his fortress life, "I was lying on the bed in my casemate, wondering how I should get through the rest of the day, when there flew into the cell through the open port hole in the door a large blue bottle fly. In the stillness and loneliness of one of those casemates any trifle is enough to attract a man's attention, and the occasional visit of a fly is an important event in one's life. I listened with pleasure to the buzz of his wings, and followed him with my eyes as he flew back and forth across the cell until I suddenly noticed that there was something unnatural in the appearance of his body. He seemed to have something attached to him. I arose from the bed in order to get nearer to him, and soon satisfied myself that there was a bit of paper fastened to his body. How to catch him and secure that paper without attracting the attention of the guard in the corridor I hardly knew, as he was flying most of the time in the upper part of the cell beyond my reach.

"For ten or fifteen minutes I watched him without being able to think of any way to capture him; but at last he came down nearer to the floor, and as he passed me I succeeded in catching him in the hollow of my hands without injuring him. Attached to his body by a fine human hair I found a small folded scrap of thin cigarette paper, upon which a man's name had been written with the burned end of a match. It was not the name of any one whom I knew; but as it was evident that some strictly guarded prisoner hoped by this means to let his friends in the bastion know either that he had been arrested or that he was still alive, I fastened the paper again to the fly as well as I could and put him out into the corridor through the port hole."—George Kennan in The Century.

Amusements of the Eskimo.

In the matter of amusements the Eskimo are not badly off. They have a form of cup and ball, the ball being a block of ivory pierced with holes at different angles, into one of which the players strive to insert an ivory peg as the block falls, the position of the hole determining the value of the stroke. Another game closely resembles dominoes, and contains pieces running as high as "double thirties," but the sequences are not regularly carried out, the breaks in them seeming to be without system.

When they can borrow or purchase a pack of cards they will play euchre and high low jack with considerable skill; and they also enjoy draughts, having learned these games from the whalers. They have a game exactly like solitaire, with the exception that ivory pegs take the place of glass balls. The special amusement of the women is a species of "cat's cradle," which has been brought to such perfection that they develop from twenty to thirty different figures in it. Indeed, they are extremely clever in performing tricks with string, winding and twisting a piece in and out among their fingers, and then disentangling it by a single pull on one end.—American Magazine.

A Valuable Fifty Cent Piece.

Within a few weeks a man who handles large amounts of silver, and who is something of an expert on rare coins, found in his currency a half dollar piece of 1853 without arrows. The oldest dealer in the west declares that he has heard of but one other piece like it, and thinks the value of this piece is between $500 and $1,000. He thinks that the omission of the arrows from the die was discovered after a mere handful of coins had been struck off. The die was then broken and the few coins sent into circulation. Save for the two above mentioned all have disappeared, just as most of the famous silver dollar issue of 1804 has. Most of this latter issue was sent into Florida to pay for supplies during the Seminole war. It is supposed that some of the coins are still there in the hands of negroes or old settlers, who have hoarded them for years, ignorant of their rarity. The last dollar of 1804 which was offered for sale brought $750 at auction.—Chicago News.

Vaccination and Anti-Vaccination.

Statistics are against the few persons who insist that vaccination is useless and unnecessary. A compulsory vaccination law had entirely driven out smallpox from Zurich, so that not a case occurred in 1882. The law was repealed in 1883, and in every 1,000 deaths that year two were caused by smallpox; in 1884 there were three; in 1885, 17, and in the first quarter of 1886, 85. In England the deaths from this disease in 1838-1842 were 57.2 per 100,000 living; but in the five years 1880-1884 the death rate was only 6.5 per 100,000. Vaccination has not only vastly reduced the number of victims directly, but seems to have had an indirect influence in rendering the offspring of vaccinated parents less liable to the disease.—Arkansaw Traveler.

LEGENDS OF INSECTS.

Popular Superstition About the Busy Bee.

GNATS, ANTS, LADY BIRDS AND CRICKETS

A Hindoo Tradition.—Stolen Bees in Holland.—Divination.

No members of the animal kingdom are regarded by most persons with greater aversion than certain insects and reptiles. The folk lore of these branches of that kingdom is therefore a very extensive one. It frequently assigns to the minutest members of the insect tribe considerable power for good or evil, and popular tradition even anticipated scientific discovery in the matter of insect intelligence.

Popular superstition has concerned itself much about that busy little insect, the bee. A Welsh tradition says bees came from paradise, leaving the garden when man fell, but with God's blessing, so that wax is necessary in the celebration of the mass. The ancients generally maintained that there was a close connection between bees and the soul. Porphyry speaks of "those souls which the ancients called bees."

There is a Hindoo superstition that the Rakshas or demons keep their souls in the bodies of bees. Many persons accord unusual intelligence to bees. They are said in parts of England and France to revere the consecrated wafer. They are also said to sing a Christmas hymn, beginning at midnight. They are said never to thrive in a quarrelsome family, nor will they stay with you if you quarrel about them or in their presence. It is a custom in many parts of England and the continent to announce to the bees a death in the family, especially that of the master. It is said in many parts of England and Germany that if a swarm of bees settle on the dead branch of a live tree a death will occur in the family within a year. Stolen bees are said in Holland never to thrive. In some places in England it is thought unlucky to sell them. They are given away for another gift.

Flies are sometimes regarded as furnishing prognostications of the weather, and even of other events. Wilsford, an old naturalist, who writes much of popular import, says: "If they are busier or blinder than ordinary, sporting in the sun or showing themselves in warm places, it may be taken as a sign of hail, cold showers of rain or wet weather."

Fleas are not too small to enter into popular lore. An abundance of them indicates rain, here and in England. Their eager biting also prognosticates wet weather. These tormenting insects are not without their benefits, according to the English fishermen, for they consider that an abundance of them indicates good hauls of fish.

Gnats are regarded by many as accurate weather indicators. Fair weather is said to be coming when they fly about in clouds in the sun's beams; heat follows unusual friskiness, and rain is indicated by their seeking the shade and biting fiercely. An abundance of these insects in the spring foretells a warm autumn.

Since the days of Solomon the ant has enjoyed quite a reputation as a worker. Mohammedans recognize its industry, and accord it a place among the ten animals that alone enter Paradise. Without mentioning his authority, Emerson says, in "Nature," that they never sleep. Ants' eggs were of old an antidote for love. It is said that they close their holes in the ground on the approach of a storm. If they are unusually frisky wet weather is at hand. The migration of ants from low ground is said to indicate heavy rains, and stormy weather is imminent when they travel in lines, fair weather coming when they scatter abroad.

Superstition has been very busy with that common household insect, the cricket. Its lively and cheerful chirp has caused it to be generally viewed with favor. It is usually regarded as a good omen in England and Scotland. In Hull it is unlucky to kill them, and in Lancashire, it is said, they cut holes in the worsted stockings of those members of a family that kill them. In Shakespeare's time this notion that the presence of the cricket was a good omen, indicating cheerfulness and plenty, was a prevalent one.

The little insect commonly known as the lady bird or lady bug has been the object of many superstitious observances. Its name indicates its sacred character, it being everywhere the Virgin's bird, the lady cow, the lady fly, the lady's little beast, Mary's bird, God's calf, etc. Young girls, on finding one, try to divine their lovers by it. The flight of the insect indicates the direction in which the lover is to be sought. German peasants also try to divine from its flight how they will fare in the next world. If, on being appealed to, it flies upward, they will go to heaven; if downward, to hell, or if horizontally, then purgatory awaits the questioner.

The insect known as "granddaddy long legs" is thought in this country to possess some mysterious knowledge. Children, on seeing it, ask it, "Granddaddy long legs, where's my cow?" believing that it will indicate the proper direction by raising one of its legs.

Spider superstitions are also abundant. They should not be killed. Spaniards, in the Sixteenth century, believed that spiders indicated gold, where they were found in abundance. In Germany, it is said to indicate good luck to have a spider spring his web downwards toward you, but bad luck when he rises toward you. There are said to be no spiders in Ireland, nor will spiders spin their web in an Irish oak, nor on a cedar roof.—F. S. Bassett in Globe-Democrat.

Philadelphia's Bald Heads.

A Philadelphia barber makes the statement that there are fewer bald heads among the people of wealth and fashion in Philadelphia than among the same class of any other American city.—New York Evening World.

Likes to Be Accurate.

Slithers always likes to be strictly accurate. Upon a recent occasion he was asked the age of his baby, and immediately replied, "Six weeks and thirteen days, thank you."—Harper's Bazar.

Decrease of Indians.

A recent official publication estimates the average annual decrease of the Indians at nearly 2,000. Their present total number in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is about 245,000.

The stern of a departing ferryboat is more polite than that of other boats. It always returns a bow.—Syracuse Christian Advocate.

A broken eye glass may well be called a woful spectacle.

Ancestry of the Elephant.

The origin of the great proboscidian race in general, and of the mammoth and elephant group in particular, like the early history of Jeames de la Pluche, is "wrop in obscurity." All we can say about them with any confidence is that they form a comparatively late order of mammals, whose earliest recognizable representative in geological time is the monstrous deinotherium, an aquatic animal with a long trunk and with two immense curved tusks, projecting downward paradoxically from his lower instead of his upper jaw. The deinotherium makes his first appearance upon this or any other stage in the miocene period; but as he couldn't, of course, have appeared there (like Aphrodite and Topsy) without any parents, and as he was then already a fairly specialized and highly developed animal, we must take it for granted that his earlier ancestry, though ancient and respectable in its own time, had long passed away, leaving not a wrack behind, so far as yet known, in the matter of tangible geological vouchers.

These unknown ancestors, in all probability, gave birth during their earlier and more plastic stage—for species, like individuals, are most readily molded in their green youth—to three main family branches. The senior branch produced the deinotherium, a vast brute, who, finding the world too full to hold him, about the close of the tertiary period, demised suddenly without issue, leaving the honors of the family in subsequent ages to the junior members. The second branch produced the mastodons—huge creatures of elephantic outline and majestic tread, most of them with tusks both in the upper and lower jaws, though the under pair were always the smallest. The third branch produced the true elephants, including both our modern Indian and African species, as well as the mammoth himself, and many other extinct congeners. All the elephants proper have but one solitary pair of tusks, and that pair is quite correctly located in the upper jaw instead of the under one. Thus is evolution justified of all her children. The true elephants made their first appearance, so far as known, in the Pliocene period, that is to say, the epoch immediately preceding the Great Ice age in Europe and America. They blossomed out at once, with all the usual impetuosity of youth, into an alarming number of distinct species.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Chair Bearers of China.

One of the most amusing adventures I ever had with chair bearers was the following: I hired two men to carry me in a "mountain chair" to a district city about eighteen miles off. Our route lay over some very rough granite hills to a tiny village, where I was to meet some Christian brethren for an hour or two. Reaching this place about 10 o'clock in the morning, my friends, who wished to do me honor, extended their favors to my hired men, and unfortunately brought out the sanshoo, a strong liquor generally reserved for feasts and special occasions. Of this I was quite unaware when I left the village. We had not gone far before one of the men showed signs of a collapse. Two or three times he fell on his knees, but always declared there was nothing the matter with him. Another mile, and both had succumbed. We were now upon a ridge of hills, and before us was a wide, sandy plain, stretching along for several miles, with nothing to break the line of view.

Pausing here until one of the men had partially recovered, I made him take the chair upon his back and follow me; and the other I stuck up against a rock to fend for himself. My companion's endeavor to carry that chair properly would have made the most sober temperance lecturer lose his gravity. By the time we reached an eating house on the farther side of the plain we saw No. 2 on the far horizon, doing his utmost to make up for lost time, and an hour sufficed to bring him up moderately sober. When we arrived at the city I paid them their stipulated fare, contenting myself with adding a little teetotal discourse; but they amazed me by asking for more. "What!" I said, "you dare to ask an extra fee after compelling me to walk for miles and delaying me for several hours!" "But think, sir," one of them said, with a broad grin, "think what a trouble we have had to get you along!"—Cor. Boston Bulletin.

An Artist's Adventure.

The following adventure is told by Mulready, the artist: One bright moonlight night, in my student days, I was walking in a street on the outskirts of London, little better than a country lane, when a man came out of the shadow thrown by a large tree, and producing a pistol, addressed me in the usual robber fashion with:

"Your watch and money, please!"

"I am a poor artist," said I. "See, these are my drawings. I have no watch; I have never been able to buy one."

"Your money, then, and be quick!"

All this time I was watching the fellow's face; it was very white, and I think he was more frightened than I was. I gave him all the silver I had about me; he said "Good night" civilly enough, and started off towards London.

I made the best of my way home, and before I went to bed I drew the man's face very carefully. The next morning I went to Bow street with my drawing, hoping it might be recognized by the officers there, but no! The face, they said, was new to them.

"If you will leave the likeness here, sir," said the chief detective, "we may, perhaps, come across the person it represents." That very soon happened; a fortnight had scarcely passed before I was called on to identify the man who had robbed me. He had been arrested for murder and was easily convicted.—Youth's Companion.

Protection from Lead Poisoning.

Much of the ill effects of the white lead manufacture may be avoided by due care on the part of the men. The chief precautions are strict attention to personal cleanliness so that none of the dust of the white lead may remain on the skin. No food or drink should ever be partaken of or be allowed to remain in any of the work rooms, and "sulphuric acid lemonade"—that is, sweetened water with a few drops of pure sulphuric acid to the glass, enough to communicate a pleasant tartness without setting the teeth on edge—should be used as the ordinary drink. It is not pleasant having to admit that in some cases where white lead manufacturers have provided protective appliances, such as hot baths, a room where such of the men as live at a distance may take their meals away from the poisonous substance—all such precautions are neglected, if not positively refused.—London Scientific News.

A Philadelphia man of 80 and a woman of 75 were recently married again after fifty years of divorce. This is the season for the reunion of veterans.

A PLUCKY MULE.

Running the Gauntlet of a Cannonade.

HAULING A LOAD OF AMMUNITION.

A Critical Moment.—The Last Shot.—Safe at Last.

Sometimes the mule is called upon for special service, requiring qualities for which he does not generally receive credit. The lines were tightening about Charleston when Admiral Dahlgren's fleet began operations in the harbor, and rendered it practicable for the troops on shore to advance with some hope of being able to hold points previously untenable. During the night a detachment of the Tenth corps dislodged a picket post on the eastern end of Morris island, and when daylight came had thrown up quite a formidable beginning for a field work. But the place was within easy range of Fort Sumter and Battery Wagner, and every Confederate gun that could be brought to bear began to drop shell into the little earthwork. It was thought that an attempt was about to be made to carry the place by assault, and, while there were men enough to hold it, they were a little short of ammunition. The only practicable road was a mile and a half of hard, smooth sand beach, commanded from end to end by the Confederate batteries.

But there was a combination in the Federal camp that was equal to the emergency; namely, a fleet mule and a plucky driver. The mule is mentioned first, only because he has long since kicked his last kick, but the driver, if he still survives, will acknowledge that without the mule he could not have done what he did. It may be assumed that the mule had a good feed of oats before he was called upon to run the gauntlet, and possibly the driver, too, may then have felt justified in fortifying the inner man. Be that as it may, just before noon a few boxes of ammunition were thrown into the lightest available wagon, and, after looking the harness over carefully, the driver took his seat in the shelter of the sand hills. The mule stood with his extensive ears raking aft and a wicked gleam in his eye, as if the oats were beginning to rise into his brain.

"Good-by, boys! G'up, mule!" and the equipage started down through the dry sand to the hard level of the beach. Mule shook his head and executed a demi-volt when he felt the damp sand under his feet, but driver soothed him with endearing words. It had not not yet dawned upon the Confederates that the expedition was intended for the relief of the garrison. But presently the gleam of intelligence was indicated with a rush in the shape of a shell from the southeast angle of Sumter. It struck the water fairly in line, ricocheted, and burst over in the marsh; but it was the signal for action. Up went the whip, and the mule gathered his mighty hind legs under him. For a moment it was uncertain whether he was going to kick or run, but a few remarks from the driver convinced him that there was demand for forward movement, so he "lit out for all he was worth." At least thirty guns commanded that stretch of beach, and they pounded away as fast as they could be fired. Now and then a shell would burst rather too near the mule's ears for comfort, and he would sheer violently and try to make for home. But the gallant driver plied the lash, and held him to his work.

At length a ten inch shell tore up the beach and exploded so near that the mule was entirely demoralized; but not so his driver. Leaping down from his seat he caught the mule by the head, backed him rapidly round once or twice, and was off again on the keen jump before the gunners could get his range as a fixed object. On he went, and at last dashed into the redoubt; but there was no shelter in it for the mule. His ears waved conspicuously above the low lying parapet.

The ammunition boxes were tumbled out unceremoniously, and the mule's nose pointed for home! With the lightened load and the prospects of unlimited fodder, he beat the previous record. But the Confederate artillerists were on their metal now. They had failed to stop the supplies, but their hearts burned for revenge. Their shots now came more from the rear, and bets were freely offered with no takers, on what the result would be should the mule have a fair chance to kick a ten inch shell, as it were, "on the fly." The crescendo scream of shell chasing him up the beach, lent wings to his heels, and he fairly flew toward the sheltering sand hills. There were only a few rods more to be covered, when some careful gunner made a close calculation as to the lengthening range, and pulled his lanyard almost in the nick of time. The huge mass of iron struck the beach, as it seemed to the anxious spectators, exactly behind the wagon, and the next instant nothing was to be seen there but a cloud of white smoke and brown sand. In an instant, however, this floated away, and the mule was seen vigorously reducing to kindling wood what was left of the quartermaster's wagon.

And the driver, where is he? Well, he was apparently knocked over by the explosion, but he got on his feet in a moment, and, having cut the traces, was on the mule's back in another, waving his hat in response to the cheers that rolled across the water from Yankee blue jackets, from Confederate garrisons, and from the dark blue masses that crowned the distant sand dunes.

It is a pity that the driver's name has not been preserved, for his daring act certainly deserves recognition and reward. Perhaps he received both, but the writer has been unable to find mention of the fact.—Adrian Rexford in American Magazine.

Barber (desirous to please)—How would you like your hair cut, sir?

Customer (innocently) — First rate! That's what I came in here for.—The Idea

A pretty woman said the other night she didn't in the least mind being old, but it was the getting there that distressed her.

When little Alice first saw a muddy river, she exclaimed, "Oh, how sunburned the river is!"

A New York street merchant's sign reads "Lemenaid."

Savings and Loan Society

HAS REMOVED

From 619 Clay Street to

N.W. cor. Sutter and Montgomery Streets

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Oldest Incorporated Savings Bank in the State.

Guaranteed Capital and Reserve Fund, - $1,100,000

Loans made at lowest rates on approved collaterals and on City and Country Real Estate.

TERM AND ORDINARY DEPOSITS RECEIVED

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11 ..... 1891.

There is a prospect of a big delegation of labor members in the next Parliament. Gladstone intimates that the Liberals will stand in with them in their demands regarding local government and land holding reforms. A junction of these forces would effect great changes in English life.

The McKinley bill increased the tariff on oat meal 100 per cent. The oat meal manufacturers of the United States have organized a trust, advanced prices fifty per cent, and reduced wages forty per cent. This does not help the farmer who raises the oats but it cinches the consumer and the workman. It is a characteristic McKinley blessing.

The American hog is at last on top. The German government has finally notified the authorities at Washington that the restrictions on the importation of pork from this country have been removed. This result is supposed to be owing to the zealous efforts of United States Minister Phelps, but it is due, in fact to the clamorous demand if the German people for cheap and wholesome food.

Imports of gold from Europe now exceed the amount exported. It is the first indication of the turning of the financial tide, which will not reach its highest point for months. European banks are hoarding their gold to pay for the cargoes of American wheat sent to feed the millions there who are less fortunate than their American cousins. This gold will be distributed to every section of the Union and should cause prosperity to visit the farming regions. And prosperity for the farmer means prosperity for the miner, mechanics, day laborers, tradesmen and everybody. Great is the wheat of the Americans in this year of grace, 1891.

The Republicans of Ohio are now claiming that the low price of wool is due to a wicked combine of the manufacturers of woolen goods to use the imported fleece. It has been an unfortunate coincidence that wool becomes lower in price every time the tariff is raised, and one would have to come to the conclusion a conspiracy is always formed at such a time. The facts are that every time the tariff is raised the manufacture of woolen goods is decreased, for the want of free raw material. The Mission woolen mills of San Francisco is an example in point. Those mills turned out the finest blankets in the world, and they wese closed down because they could not get the Australian wool free of duty as English manufacturers do. Eight hundred workers in these mills were turned adrift when the Mission mills were closed, and the price of wool was reduced at that time, now three years ago.

Keystone State Democrats seem to be full of fight and faith, and why not? If there is a region in the United States that has been bled, and bled again, by Republican spoliators, it is certainly Pennsylvania. Bardsley's defalcations are perhaps the most striking evidence of Republican malversation and peculation that we have had of late years, but this monumental infamy was simply an outgrowth of the system patented by Quay, Mackey and Rutan, and invented by Simon Cameron, of happy fame. The Pennsylvania Democrats are on solid ground. The movement which elected Pattison has received a prodigious momentum through the tremendous Republican defalcations in Philadelphia. Why should not the Democrats, who won last year through a general revolt against "bossism," win again, aided, as they will be, by these revelations of official crime. Still another feature of the Repulican situation is the identification of the Republican party nationally with these grave crimes. Bank Examiner Drew was obliged to resign. He was selected as a scapegoat by the administration of Mr. Harrison. But Comptroller of the Currency Lacy, and Nettleton, the assistant secretary of the treasury, still remain in office. These officials and Mr Postmaster-General Wanamaker, were clearly concerned in propping up the rotten Keystone bank with which Bardsley was connected. Such concentric rings of fraud, embracing the Republican party in all its ramifications from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, and from the City of Brotherly Love to the City of Magnificent Distances, certainly call for rebuke from the voters, irrespective of party. This is another way of saying that probably even Pennsylvania will be wrested from the Republican thrall this fall.

STORY OF A RUSSIAN.

IF IT IS TRUE HE HAS HAD HIS FULL SHARE OF ADVENTURE.

He Is But Thirty-eight Years Old and Has Escaped from the Mines of Siberia. How He Made His Way to America. His Fall from a Balloon and Escape.

Recently there came to Boston a man whose history was probably never equaled by anybody, and probably will never be. The man was Ivan Orloff, a Russian, who was born in St. Petersburg about thirty-eight years ago. One of the most important things in the history of his wonderful career is the fact that he is one of a few who have escaped from the coal mines of Siberia.

Orloff arrived in this city from New York. One of the hottest days of the year he was overcome by the heat at the north end. Some passersby who noticed his condition came to his aid and gave him some whisky, while another stole from him a new electric battery, which he had bought recently.

On regaining consciousness he inquired his way to the nearest police station, and was directed to station 1. Upon his arrival there he asked Captain Cain if he could not lie down and rest for a while. The good natured officer of course said yes, and the man, soon after sitting down in the guardroom, began to doze. The captain, noticing his condition, sent for Dr. Elliott.

The stranger was then taken to the surgery room and examined by the doctor and his assistant, Dr. Dunn, who applied the usual restoratives. The doctors told him to keep quiet and that he would soon be all right, but he appeared to be so nervous that he excited the suspicions of not only the doctors, but the police. In his pockets Captain Cain found a lot of instruments. Upon being questioned he informed the people in the room that they were musical instruments.

"Can you play?" asked Captain Cain.

"Well, a little," was Orloff's reply.

ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA'S MINES.

He was then invited to go to the parlor of the house, where he was shown the piano. The first piece he played was a selection from Mendelssohn, and never before, and probably never again, was such music heard inside the walls of the station. After he had played numerous fine selections the officers and doctors became greatly interested in him, and began questioning him. As a result he told a story, which was as follows:

He was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, and was a student in a medical college in that place. One day the rooms of the students were raided and a lot of inflammatory documents and seditious papers were found in his room. However, he would not admit that they belonged to him. He was arrested and sentenced to Siberia, where he was put at work in the coal mines, from which he managed to escape.

Assuming the role of an Englishman, this he being able to do as he speaks English very fluently as well as the other languages, he was easily enabled to work his way through the country without being detected, as he was penniless. After a good deal of traveling and suffering he managed to reach western China. Arriving there he was arrested on the charge of stealing food.

"The residents of this portion of China are exceedingly barbarous, and without trial I was sentenced to have my head chopped off. However, luck was again with me, and by some hook or crook an English official heard of my predicament. After a great deal of hard work he managed to secure my release.

"I started across China again, all the time being afraid I would be arrested and sent back to the awful mines. However, I finally managed to get a job aboard a vessel and shipped to America, landing at San Francisco.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

"During the Franco-Prussian war I was in the French army commanded by McMahon, but I was directly under Marshal Bazaine."

He then branched from his own history and told of the surrender of Metz to the Germans and the escape of Bazaine to England.

Continuing his story, he said:

"During the war, while the Germans were besieging the city, two companions and myself were sent up in a captive balloon (one which had a long rope tied to the ground) to ascertain the number of the opposing army. When in midair the balloon was struck by a shell, causing the airship to explode.

"My companions and myself fell to the ground, my companions being instantly killed, while I was knocked senseless and the bones of my arms, feet and hands being broken in several places. My skull was also fractured.

"I was in the hospital at Metz for over a year. After leaving Metz I traveled considerably and was in Alexandria at the time of the siege by the British early in the eighties."

Here the man, who must bear a charmed life, showed the doctors and the police his body, which, to say the least, was a "sight." His arms, hands, legs and feet plainly showed that they had been broken. Upon examining his skull the physicians found inserted in his head a piece of platinum of silver, where his scalp was missing.

Orloff told more about his life, which is full of exciting incidents. Owing to the injuries with which this wonderful man has met his system is naturally a very nervous one. A hot atmosphere always affects him and he is easily overcome. His normal temperature is 98.2. —Boston Record.

Water in the Bible.

The question of water goes back much further than we stop to think. For example, we are told in the book of Joshua that when Caleb's daughter Achsah was given to General Othneil in consideration of his capture of the city of Debir, and the matter of her dowry was being discussed, she said to her father: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water." She understood that the tract sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia was mountainous, swept by hot winds and deficient in rain supply. So she wanted besides a piece of land well watered and fertile, that it might be profitably cultivated. Caleb was so well pleased with the victory won for him by Othneil that he could deny the bride nothing. "And he gave her," the record adds, "the upper springs and the nether springs"—more than she had asked, as fathers are apt to do with daughters whom they rear and love, only to lose when the inevitable bridegroom comes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Male and Female Babies.

"What is the use of rearing daughters?" asked an intelligent Chinaman not long ago of an inquiring Englishman. "When young they are only an expense, and when grown they marry and go away. Whereas, a son"——

What a world of difference there is between that sentiment and this of "A Cradle Song," a recent poem by the young poet, W. B. Yeats, where the mother addressed her baby thus:

I kiss you and kiss you, my arms round my own:
Ah! how I shall miss you, my dear, when you're grown!

To us, in these later times, and with all the sentiments of Christian civilization fostered in us, it is almost incomprehensible that any grown human being could have the heart to extinguish the first struggling life of babies; most of all does it seem incomprehensible that the mother, whose nature is went to well up and flow out at the first helpless cry of her infant, and the father, whose instinct is to hover over and protect and "fend for" both mother and child in their weakness, could ever surrender, or with their own hands destroy, the creature whom they have brought into the world. But, strong as are the natural instincts, stronger still is many a religious fanaticism, stronger is a national or tribal tradition.

And when we consider that it has taken ages of Christian culture and feeling to bring us to our present height of imaginative sympathy with all forms of life, till now we are agreed that no more beautiful, sacred or divine sight is to be seen under the sun than that of a mother with a child in her arms, then we can understand that, while it is an outrage, a sin and a crime to destroy a child among the taught of Christendom, it is but a hideous barbarism among the uninstructed of heathendom.—Strand Magazine.

Reading the Human Face.

Every one knows that men's passions, propensities and peculiarities as well as their callings are reflected in their faces, but it is only the few who have made the study of physiognomy an especial pursuit who are gifted with the power of reading those faces. Judges who have served long terms on the bench, lawyers in large practice and doctors of eminence possess the power of interpreting physiognomies more largely than other people, but any one can acquire the rudiments of the art by dint of hard study.

It is as impossible to disguise a face (without putting on a mask) as it is to disguise one's handwriting. When the expert comes the disguise is torn off and the face tells the true story of the spirit inside the body. One only needs to visit the penitentiary to realize how undeniably vice writes its sign manual upon the features. It is not the drunkard only whose red nose, flabby cheeks and watery eyes betray him; it is the sensualist whose vice is read in his lips, the knave whose propensity is revealed by the shape of his mouth, and the man of violence who has been betrayed by his eyes.

An experienced detective or a trained jailer seldom asks the crime of which a prisoner is guilty; he can tell it on the criminal's face. In short, all the advantages which Fowler told us we were going to derive from the study of phrenology we may possibly gain from the older and more mysterious science of face reading.—St. Louis Republic.

Spurgeon Says Hats Off.

Mr. Spurgeon has always been perfectly appalling in his readiness to deal with insolence in the house of God. The finest case on record is, perhaps, one in which three young fellows came in and settled themselves conspicuously in the gallery with their hats on. In vain the officials requested them to uncover.

Of course Mr. Spurgeon's eye was soon upon them, and leading his discourse around to the respect which all Christians are bound to show for the feelings of others, "My friends," he said, "the other day I went into a Jewish synagogue, and I naturally uncovered my head; but on looking around I perceived that all the rest wore their hats, and so, not wishing to offend against what I supposed to be their reverent practice, though contrary to my own, I conformed to Jewish use and put on my hat. I will now ask those those three young Jews up in the gallery to show the same deference to our Christian practice in the house of God as I was prepared to show them when I visited their synagogue, and take off their hats."

He would indeed be a pedant and a prig who could refuse a sympathetic smile of approval, even in the sanctuary, to a rebuke so genial, so witty and so just!—Contemporary Review.

Valuable Coverings.

Talk about a ninety dollar gown as a wonder on graduation day in the city! What will you think when you are told that a lady up in Oxford county protects her house plants while out of doors from frosts with a $300 coat? Early in the month, during the frosty nights, a woman residing in a beautiful village in Oxford county took her husband's old coats to cover up her plants. Several days later he inquired for his coat, and when told the purpose for which it had been used and that probably it was left in the flower garden, said he guessed it had better be brought in, as there was a $300 roll of bills in the inside pocket, which he had carried there for some time.—Lewiston Journal.

Cold Though Burned.

Calvin Meek, a colored man, who was stealing a ride in the first coach of the passenger train, was found over the engine of that train. When the freight engine mowed its way under the coach Meek was thrown up and came down upon the steam drum, to which he was pinned by a mass of wreckage, which was removed after the greatest difficulty. While his injuries were being dressed Meek implored those around him to do something for the intense cold that he felt from his burns, and he begged them not to let him freeze. He asked for a blanket, and kept calling out that he was freezing to death.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Stage Subject.

A good stage subject occurs in a recent volume of memoirs. Two men fight with small swords in a drawing room, while somebody plays a piano to drown the clash of swords. Make this some one a lady, make her keenly interested in the duel, and we think you have a fairly attractive stage scene—especially if the lady brains the winner with a music stool. Or she can comfort the conquerer with her blandishments. —Saturday Review.

HIS FIRST ASSIGNMENT.

Initiation of a Fresh Young Man From College Into Reportorial Work.

Horace Greeley once said, "Of all horned cattle deliver me from the college graduate who wants to break into journalism." The commencement season had hardly opened, but the advance guard of the graduate crop walked into the city editor's room the other day, exhibited his college diploma, said that he had "written several pieces for the county paper," and asked for a chance to show what he could do. Like all writers of his class he did not want a salary so much as he wanted an opportunity to jump right into the middle of journalism. The annual vacation season had left the city force short handed, and the editor decided to try the new man.

"Go down to the Illinois Central depot right away," he said, "and see what there is in a case of mayhem there. I know nothing about this except that some one telephoned me a few minutes ago that there was a case of mayhem at the depot. Go down there and see what you can find. Ask the railroad and depot employes about the case, and if you strike a lead follow it up and investigate the matter thoroughly."

Two hours later the would be journalist reported at the office with a very long face.

"Well, what was there in that case," asked the editor.

"I do not know, sir," replied the new reporter.

"Don't know! Why don't you know? Didn't I give you instructions to look into it?"

"Yes, sir, but I couldn't find it."

"Did you canvass the subject thoroughly? What did you do?"

"I went down to the Illinois Central depot and told the freight agent that I was looking for a case of mayhem. He asked me the name of the consignee. I told him I didn't know it. He asked me where the case was from and wanted to know if it was shipped alone. I couldn't tell that, of course, so we went over the whole stock of shipping bills, but we didn't find the slightest trace of it.

"I don't believe there is any such case at the Illinois Central depot, but I didn't look for it anywhere else. I found that it would be useless for me to stay there longer, however, because the agent assured me that unless I had an order from the consignee he would not permit me to look into it, even if we succeeded in finding it. What shall I do next?"

After a moment's reflection the editor slowly replied: "Well, as there is no vacancy just now in our janitorial department, perhaps you had better step into the composing room and ask the foreman to let you clip the bangs off the hair spaces in the cases. If you escape, come back and I'll let you answer the telephone until it is time for you to draw your salary tonight." — Chicago Mail.

Relative Strength of Men and Women.

By means of a specially devised instrument a French scientist has carried out some experiments for determining how the average strength of the two sexes compares. The palm of the hand is placed on the instrument, and then the greatest downward pressure which the individual can give is exercised upon it, and the force thus produced is recorded by the usual clockwork device. Fifty robust men, and the same number of healthy women, both belonging to the middle class of society, with ages varying from twenty-five to forty-five years, were tested in this way by the Paris scientist.

The strongest man of the company was able to produce with his right hand a pressure equivalent to eighty-five kilograms (a kilogram is rather more than two pounds) and the weakest to forty kilograms, the average being fifty-six kilograms. One curious result was arrived at: The short men were all very nearly as strong as the tall men, the average difference between equal groups of two sizes being only three kilograms. The force of the strongest women of the fifty who were selected amounted to only forty-four kilograms, and that of the weakest to sixteen kilograms, while the average was thirty-three kilograms.—Herald of Health.

An Industrious Turkey.

Henry Curtright, of this township, has the best paying turkey hen in this county. Early in the spring she began laying, and after she had laid the usual number of eggs went to sitting. She was broken from sitting and soon laid another sitting, and this time was permitted to sit and hatched out a brood of young turkeys. During the entire time she was sitting she laid an egg regularly every other day, and since she has been out with her young she has still laid every other day. This information was given us by Mr. Curtright, and he is a truthful man.—Paris (Mo.) Appeal.

For Sale!

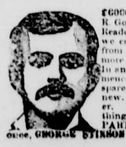
ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

Snug little FORTUNES have been made at work for us by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Rom, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Either sex, young or old. Profits unknown among workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Footprints free. H. Hallett & Co.



$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages, in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner

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THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

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Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
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New House,
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Special attention given to the wants of every guest.

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BLACKSMITHING
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Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

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☞ Clear lumber, Second class lumber, slabs and edgings for sale cheap. Inquire for our prices.

HUILE & SHOEMAKER.

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Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

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Horseshoeing .....$2.00 for Cash

For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

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JOHN S. GORMAN,

Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,

COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
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P. W. FORBES,

District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
☞ Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty. ☜
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—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—

The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.

All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

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INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,

C. MULHOLLAND.

Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,

Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)

Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

☞ NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED. ☜

Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the east possible pain inflicted. Address

WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" .....March 21st
" .....April 18th
" .....May 23rd
" .....June 20th
" .....July 18th
" .....August 15th
" .....September 12th
" .....October 17th
" .....November 14th
" .....December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
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Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.

Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
☞ All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.

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NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF

D. E. No. 571.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL. September 9, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Maggie S. Conklin, of Independence, Inyo Co., California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim, No. 571, for the N W ¼ of S W ¼ Sec. 14, Tp. 11 S., R. 34 E., M. D. M., before the Register and Receiver at Independence, Calif., on Thursday, the 22d day of October, 1891.

She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Joseph Seeley, Michael McSweeney, James Hines and Norman E. Conklin, all of Independence, Inyo County, Calif.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo, Inyo county, Cal.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of August, 1891, an assessment (No. 14) of Ten (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of October 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 23rd day of October, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF.

D E No. 513.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL. Sept. 3d, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis A. Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 513, for the E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of section No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M D M, before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G. Sanger, W. Sanger, A. P. Smith and M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

ANNUAL MEETING.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

The Regular Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Inyo Marble Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California, on Thursday, the Tenth day of September, 1891, at the hour of One o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

Transfer books will close on Monday, September 7th, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, G. W. Luce, Secretary, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGANACIA ABECHUCO.
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine, Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
95 and 97 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98.
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m.

Rev. J. G. Smith will preach at Lone Pine on Sunday evening, September 13th, at 7:30 o'clock.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

TUESDAY, September 8, 1891.

Estate of W. A. Bolinger, deceased—Filed petition of B. Rhine for letters of administration.

Manuel Diaz was in town on Wednesday.

Wm. McDonald of Bishop was in town this week.

W. K. Miller was up from Lone Pine last Monday.

Under-Sheriff Dave Holland went to Bishop yesterday.

Regular meeting of the Masonic Lodge to-morrow night.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Anton of Keeler visited Independence yesterday.

Mrs. E. A. Reddy went south on Wednesday's train to join her husband at Darwin.

Twenty-five cloudless days in the month of August is a good record for fair weather.

John Dumphy visited Independence early in the week on his way to Cerro Gordo.

Miss Matilda Meysan of Lone Pine will teach the primary department of the Big Pine school.

J. J. Gunn intends to return to his mine near Modock some time this month to continue operations.

R. J. Laws passed over the line of the C. & C. to Keeler on Wednesday, returning north next day.

Frank Fitzgerald and wife returned to Lone Pine Wednesday after a visit to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

M. Montano of Lone Pine has taken a contract to pack ore from the Independence mine at Darwin.

Superintendent McDonald of the Defiance mine who left for San Francisco last Saturday is expected home to-day.

G. P. Rixford, President of the Inyo Marble Company, went down to the quarry last Monday and spent a couple of days inspecting the property. He returned to San Francisco on Thursday.

The Newtown Mining Co. of Cerro Gordo has been doing extensive "dead work" for some time but will soon be taking out large quantities of ore. A cross-cut has been run from the main shaft to the ore body.

J. J. Gunn and J. C. Irwin made a trip to the White Hills this week to inspect a group of mines there. They visited the Hirsch mine on the way and Mr. Gunn says there is a fine body of ore in sight.

We have received a copy of the new "Directory of the Grape Growers, Wine Makers and Distillers of California" issued by the State Board of Viticultural Commissioners. It contains complete statistics that are of much value to all engaged in the vine industry.

Last Sunday Mr. Lo Jr. chartered a coach and took the dusky maiden of his affection for a spin to Georges Creek. By some "devilish cantrip's sleight" the rig became an utter wreck and the gay Lothario is calculating how many moons of hard labor will settle the damages.

J. N. Evans of Reno, accompanied by his family and a number of friends, arrived at Independence last Saturday. They had spent two months camping along the Eastern slope of the Sierras. Nine of the party, including Mr. Evans and the ladies, took the North-bound train on Tuesday and returned home. The remainder of the party will go back with the wagons.

J. G. Bone, a druggist at Dunmore, Pa., says he has never sold a medicine that gave such universal satisfaction as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and that the large demand for it has been a great surprise to him. It is sold here by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

There was an unusually heavy crop of barley harvested in this section this year. E. Robinson received 292 sacks, or two tons per acre, off eight acres. J. Vagt threshed about two tons to the acre and George Lewis the same. In fact there is more barley than there is market for it. As low as a cent and a quarter has been offered but this price the farmers refuse to take as grain at that price will not pay for raising it.

The *Golden West* for August contains the following item: "Grand Vice-President Thos. Flint, Jr., has returned from a visiting trip in Inyo county. He visited Mt. Whitney Parlor, No. 136, on August 21st, and Inyo Parlor, No. 141, August 26th. He reports the order in a very flourishing condition in that county and is more than pleased with the reception accorded him. He intended to visit the Donner Parlor at Truckee upon the 29th but could not get the hall for a meeting on that date."

The *Index* says: "Complaint reach here that horsemen in and about Bishop are kicking in regard to the track there. This seems unnecessary, as the Eastern Slope Association agreed to place and keep the track in firest-class condition and will certainly do so." This may be very true, but the "kicking" goes on just the same. J. W. Clark informs us that R. W. Scott will discontinue training his stallion Gibraltar Jr. because the track is so rough that it is not safe to drive a track sulky upon it. For the sum of $500 the track should be put in such condition that a driver would not risk breaking his neck. And then why should all just complaint against mismanagement be stigmatized as "kicking?

Meteorological Summary.

Following is the report of the Weather Bureau Station at Keeler for the month of August, 1891.

Mean barometer.....29.822
Highest barometer.....29.971
Lowest barometer.....29.613
Mean temperature.....81.8
Highest temperature, 23rd.....101.
Lowest temperature, 7th.....60.
Greatest daily range temp'ture, 9th, 32.
Least daily range temperature, 16th, 16.
Prevailing direction of wind, South.
Total movemement of wind, 3734 miles.
Extreme velocity of wind, direction and date, 36 miles S. on 10th.
Total precipitation, 0.02 inches.
Number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell, 1.
Number of cloudless days.....25
Partly cloudy days.....3
Cloudy days.....3

H. E. WILKINSON,
Weather Bureau, Observer.

¡Quien Sabe?

The *Index* says that $625 has been subscribed by the citizens of Bishop for race purses. This is a very liberal offer and the Bishop people show commendable enterprise. How does it happen, however, that only $525 is offered to compete for? What is to become of the other $100, together with the gate receipts and the funds obtained from the sale of privileges? We do not wish to ask impertinent questions, but information upon any subject relating to the coming fair is difficult to obtain. By the way, where are those printed premium lists and speed programmes? We have a vague impression that it was intended to distribute them through the district, but as yet we have not yet had the pleasure of seeing one.

The coyote hunters are in luck, for the State Board of Examiners have passed upon the claims that accrued under the law and have pronounced them valid and payable. The decision was agreed to unanimously on the ground that so many parties had invested in the scalps on their faith in the constitutionality of the law. This faith was superinduced by the fact that the Governor signed the bill. Secretary of State Waite did not believe the bill was valid, but it is understood that he joined in the decision for the reason stated. Coyote claims to the large amount of $50,000 are now due.

World's Records Beaten.

INDEPENDENCE, Iowa, Sept. 4.—Two of the world's records were broken to-day. Allerton trotted a mile in 2:10 flat, crowning himself king of stallions, and enhancing his value $50,000. Direct covered a mile in 2:06, breaking the records for both trotters and pacers. Allerton made the first quarter in 32¼; the half in 1:05½; three-quarters in 1:38 and the mile in 2:10. Direct made his first quarter in 32; the half in 1:04; three-quarters in 1:35½ and mile in 2:06.

George Lewis came in on the train yesterday morning from a trip to Darwin. He visited a number of mines there and makes a most favorable report of mining matters in that section. The Defiance mine is showing up very well. He reports the Independence mine to be full of ore and a considerable quantity on the dump ready for shipment. This property is bonded by P. Reddy from J. Wilson. The mine belonging to the estate of Pellegrine has a fine body of ore in sight.

Card of Thanks.

LONE PINE, September 7th.

ED. INDEPENDENT:—We desire, through the columns of your paper, to express our deep sense of gratitude for the kindly feeling that was shown us on the death of our little Charlie. MR. & MRS. LUBKEN.

A force of men is engaged repairing the road leading from Keeler to Cerro Gordo, which was badly washed out during a recent storm.

"We know from experience in the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy that it will prevent croup," says Messrs. Gadberry & Worley, Percy, Iowa. They also add that the Remedy has given great satisfaction in that vicinity, and that they believe it to be the best in the market for throat and lung diseases. For sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

Inyo
Stage Company.
REGULAR LINE
—FROM—
Mojave To Keeler.
FINE COACH FAST STOCK.
The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful
Redrock Canyon
And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.
Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.
Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m
A. B. HALL, Agent.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence,

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

There is little doubt but that many persons suffer for years with ailments that could easily be cured by the use of some simple remedy. The following incident is an illustration of this fact: My wife was troubled with a pain in her side the greater part of the time for three years, until cured by Chamberlain,s Pain Balm. It has, I think permanently cured her. We have also used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy whenever needed and believe it to be the best in the world. P. M. Boston, Pennville, Sullivan Co., Missouri. For sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

St. Patrick's Pills are carefully prepared from the best material and according to the most approved formula, and are the most perfect cathartic and liver pill that can be produced. We sell them

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!
House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to MRS. REDDY, Darwin, Cal.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent.

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS.
O. I. MAIRS.

Fifth Annual Ball,
18th DISTRICT
Agricultural Association,
—Will be given at—
Spencer's Hall
—On—
Friday Eve., Oct. 2d,
☞ Under the auspices of the Fair Directors.

A. W. Eibeshutz
Independence, Cal.
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

INDEPENDENCE MEAT MARKET,
J. C. ROEPER, Prop.
Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including
Beef, Mutton, Pork, Sausage.
A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

FIFTH
Annual Fair,
18th
Agricultural District
1891,
ALPINE, MONO & INYO
—WILL BE HELD AT—
-BISHOP-
Inyo County.
SEPT. 29 & 30,
OCT. 1 & 2.
$2,000 in Premiums.
$800 in Purses.
For particulars see pamphlet and Premium List.
Board of Directors.
F. ROBINSON, B. RHINE, ROBT. LOVE, JOHN S. GORMAN, T. F. A. CONNELLY, C. A. WALTER, F. McIVER, W. S. ENOS.
E. ROBINSON, President. HENRY RHINE, Treasurer.
C. W. CRAIG, Secretary.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed Flooring.
sept 11-tf

PALACE SALOON
LONE PINE, CAL.
—THE FINEST—
WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS
—o—
☞ This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.
j12-tf

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—**FREE.**
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. **GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,** Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDIS
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
☞ Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and pric before purchasing elsewhere.
F. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.
☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.
THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines, Liquors, & Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.
—o—
The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.
PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Address orders and packages to
HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

BIG 10P ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.
Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO., Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
O ☒ ART U.
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.
Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies
PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully
Equal to the Best
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
dependence, Cal. A. N. BELL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & CALIFORNIA R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16.

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p m	6.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p m	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9 55 a. m.
Sodа Springs	8:05 p m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10:00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3.	No. 4.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a m	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a m.	1:25 a.m.
Bishop Creek	2:00 p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord	2 45 p. m.	10:00 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar 6:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Mountain, Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOLS
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.
CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
☞ Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel
BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS
All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS
☞ The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!
Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 tf

Copyright, 1890.

Which will you have, sickness, suffering and despair, or health, strength, and spirit? You can take your choice. All chronic diseases and derangements peculiar to women are permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores the female functions to healthy action. It removes the obstructions and suppressions which cause trouble and misery. For periodical pains, internal inflammation, ulceration and kindred ailments, it is a positive remedy. The system is invigorated, the blood enriched, digestion improved, melancholy and nervousness dispelled. It's a legitimate medicine, the only *one* that's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in the cure of all "female complaints."

"I never use tobacco. No!
"I've never touched it yet!"
And then he took a match and lit
His nasty cigarette.

Sworn Statement from a Well-known Individual.

Lockport, N. Y.

A short time ago I was afflicted with rheumatism so badly that I could not move. My hands and limbs were all swollen. One leg was so badly swollen that I burst the skin. The Sheriff of our County advised me to try Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, and bought me a bottle. After taking the remedy one day I felt relieved and in less than two weeks I was able to go to work and have not felt rheumatism since. Three bott'es cured me, and I recommend it to all who are suffering from rheumatism.

CHAS. ROBILLARD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of June, 1883.

M. J. TORELL, Notary Public.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Pardee's Remedy and take no other. Price, $1 per bottle; six bottles, $5.

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

A Texas View of It.—"Can lying be justified?" asks the *Courier-Journal*. Justified! Why, down this way, if it is on the right side, it can be sanctified.—*Waco Day.*

"IN THE SWIM"

For sportsmen, tourists and others who spend their time in the open air, Mastiff cut plug smoking tobacco is absolutely the best. Packed in patent canvas pouches which retain the moisture and flavor. More solid comfort in one package of Mastiff than you can get out of a dozen others.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co. Richmond Virginia.

DOLLARS SAVED, DOLLARS MADE.

THIS CART—Price $13.98.

Our representative called on California Wagon & Carriage Co., 36½ Fremont St., San Francisco Cal. and found them retailing Vehicles at less than wholesale prices, and without any middle profit added to price. Below are phenomenal quotations on a small portion of their goods. It will undoubtedly pay to write them for goods or catalogue. Road Carts, $13.98 to $17.98; Body Carts, $19.98 to $22.98; Runabout Wagons, $39.98 to $68.98; Open Buggies, $48.98 to $72.98; Spring Wagons, $42.98 to $87.98; Surries, $126.98 to $148.98; Carriages, $124.98 to $191.98; Phaetons, $93.98 to $98.98, Harness $6.98 to $17.98.

CREOSOZONE THE GREATEST Flea & Chicken Lice Killer. Ask your dealer for it, or send for Free Circular to Petaluma Incubator Co., Petaluma, Cal.

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positiv ly Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 10c. in stamps or pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

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Meaning the BEST PIANO MADE, and the favorite cheaper Pianos; all Musical Instruments; Bands Supplied; large stock of Sheet Music. STEINWAY HALL, 206 & 208 Post Street, MATTHIAS GRAY. Call and see our new rooms and new stock.

Old Gold and Silver Bought; send your old Gold and Silver by mail to the old and reliable house of A. Coleman, 41 Third street, San Francisco; I will send by return mail the cash, according to assay; if the amount is not satisfactory will return gold.

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THE CONFEDERATE PRESS.

Printing Southern Papers in War Times.

SCARCITY OF PAPER MAKING MATERIALS.

Straits of Publishers of Books and Sheet Music.

Side by side with the reports of battles and the records of peace commissions, congresses and legislatures, the blurred columns of the Confederate press were wont to teem with domestic recipes for cheap dishes, directions for raising and utilizing various vegetable products, instructions for making much of little in matters pertaining to every phase of household life. Hard by a list of dead and wounded would stand a recipe for tanning dog skins for gloves; while the paragraphs just succeeding the closing column of the description of a naval engagement off Hampton roads were directions for the use of boneset as a substitute for quinine.

The journals of that day were printed usually upon the poorest paper, made of straw and cotton rags, and so brittle that the slightest touch mutilated it. The ink, like the paper, was of the cheapest and commonest, and left its impression, not only on the face of the sheet, but on the hands no less than on the mind of the reader. Few fonts of new type found their way into the Confederacy during the war, and at the end of four years the facilities for printing had come to a low ebb. It was no uncommon thing for publishers to issue half sheets in lieu of a complete paper, with scarcely an apology to subscribers for the curtailment of their literary and news rations. It was generally understood that this happened only through stern necessity, and not from any disposition on the part of the newspaper men to give less than an equivalent for the subscription price.

Sometimes the journal which on yesterday appeared in all the glory of a six column page was today cut down to a four column half sheet, or publication was suspended with the announcement that the stock of materials had been exhausted, and that as soon as the office could be replenished publication would be resumed. Eagerly as the rough sheets were looked for and closely as they were read, a diminution of matter in them, or a failure to appear, caused only passing comment or dissatisfaction. Men's minds were so filled with the thousand things that each day brought forth about them, there were so many rumors in the air, and news flew so rapidly even without newspaper aid, as to cause them not too greatly to miss that which today has come to be one of the veriest necessities of American life—a daily journal full of all the doings of all the world.

Sometimes even the coarse straw paper failed the publishing fraternity when an edition was absolutely imperative, yet in such emergency the inventive talent never deserted them. It was considered a wonderful journalistic feat on the part of its publishers for The Vicksburg Citizen, during the siege of that city, to make its appearance, when all other resources had failed, upon wall paper.

Publishers of books and sheet music occupied a scarcely less helpless condition than the newspaper people. Their sole grounds of superiority consisted in the fact that the demands upon them were not so urgent. The girl who sang to her soldier lover the popular songs of that time, "Lorena," "When This Cruel War is Over," "The Standard Bearer," or "Harp of the South," which were all duly advertised at the retail price of $1 per sheet; the trade supplied, however, at half off, with an additional discount where 100 of one piece are ordered, "did not experience that immediate and insistent need of the song and its music which men and women alike felt for the newspaper that would tell them where the last battle had been fought, which army had been victorious, who had been promoted and who had fallen. The fateful column might contain evil or good report of some dear one, and its coming was full of interest and apprehension. Yet the sheet music, printed like the newspapers, in the roughest style, upon the commonest paper, with now and then a caricatured lithographic likeness of some Confederate general on the title page, continued to be sold and sung, even though its price ran from $1 to $2 per sheet.

War songs and war music were the order of the day, and the soldiers in the camps and the small boys in ragged jackets shouted with an equal zest:

The despot's heel is on thy shore!

or

Farewell forever to the star spangled banner!

from diminutive paper covered books of martial ballads. The little song books cost anywhere from two and a half to five Confederate dollars, and their contents, with a few notable exceptions, were as mediocre as the paper on which they were printed. The sentiment was there, nevertheless, and this was cared for by the singers more than the music or the lyrical or literary excellence of the songs.

The missionary and religious publishing houses never ceased their praiseworthy labor of printing tracts and pamphlets for distribution among the soldiers, but publications of a more ambitious or secular standard were very few. Now and then some adventurous firm in Richmond or Charleston or New Orleans would issue a badly printed edition of a new novel, reproduced from a copy smuggled in "through the lines" or brought by the blockade runners from Nassau. Still, even "John Halifax, Gentleman," and "Les Miserables," which first appeared in the south in this way and this dress, lost much of their attractiveness in their Confederate garb of inferior ink, bad type and worse paper.—A. C. Gordon in The Century.

Fishing for Husbands.

Recently there was a gathering of young married couples in Louisville, and the conversation turned on the manner in which the wives had secured their husbands. One had paved the way to the altar by making a face at the fated one because she thought he had stared at her impudently. He admired her mettle, and sought an introduction. Another made the acquaintance of the man who is now her husband by accidentally sousing him with a pan of dishwater, which she tossed out of the kitchen window into an alley just in time to catch him as he was passing. The one that was, however, voted to be the most novel was the experience of a young man connected with the municipal government. The latter was in the habit of passing, on his way home, the residence of the young lady who is now his better half, and one evening, out of a spirit of mischief, she "accidentally on purpose" turned the hose on him. He faced about, blushed violently, and stammered a "thank you" in response to her roguish smile, and from that moment he knew he was fated.—Chicago Herald.

"This, ladies an' gents," vociferated a menagerie orator in a small town in Kentucky, "is the great Arabian dromedary, with two humps upon his back instead of one, but the extra hump will cost you nothing. He is the Arab's beast of burden. He fetches an' carries, while the Arab sits idly in the sand and (impressively) he can go eight days without water!"

"Only eight days!" was the general exclamation, and then the crowd moved on in search of something interesting.—Phil H. Welch.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

Rural Employments Not Odious in Themselves—City Vocations.

There is a frequently recurring complaint from the farm, reached through the agricultural press, of the reluctance of boys to remain in farming pursuits; indeed, sometimes even to enter on such a life. What is the cause of this restless and unwilling spirit? Are country employments odious in themselves? Is it a task more dreary or more dangerous to break a fiery colt than it is to face the winter as brakemen on a freight train? Is it more perilous to attend a shorthorn bull than it is to be a policeman and club burglars? Is it worse to do chores as a small boy on his father's farm than it is to work for $4 a week and pay traveling expenses to reach the office, where the boy is the scapegoat who is always wrong, and at whose door the shortcomings of every other employe lie? Is it harder lines to plow behind your own team, to drive your own mowing machine, or do a good part of your own carting, than it would be to work in a factory at any one of the various industries carried on throughout our land?

While we are compelled to acknowledge that farming has its unsatisfactory points, none can disprove that much discontent is broadcast everywhere. The advantages offered by agriculture to its followers are freedom, not from duties, but from personal inconveniences. It is the farmer's own fault if his house lacks comfort; the artisan must work in his employer's shop or factory—the larger the establishment the less the individual. How many typesetters have injured sight? How many brakemen are maimed and killed? How long is the dark list of mechanics worn out before they have reached maturity from the hardships incident to the duties of their callings?

So take a look at a higher social grade as contrasted with what country avocations offer. It is appalling to note the young lives wrecked in cities; youths who strain every nerve and use every means to attain a profession, who just reach the threshold and then succumb, worn out in mind and crushed in body. Of the vast multitudes who year after year leave their country homes to seek fortune in cities, how many succeed? The percentage is very small, even of those who find a moderate amount of success. Some lack ability, others endurance, and many do not possess sufficient strength.—American Agriculturist.

Memory of a Railroad Conductor.

An illustration of how the memory may be cultivated in retaining a long list of numbers, one has only to observe the freight conductors, and very often remarkable examples of retentive memories will be found. I have been on the road as a freight conductor for fourteen years, and in that time my memory has had a careful training in the particular line of retaining numbers on the cars. I start out on a run and know the numbers of all the cars with which the train is made up, and while some cars will be left at stations along the road, and other cars will be taken up, yet at the end of my run if an officer asks me whether I have a car number so-and-so, I can invariably tell him without referring to my book.

Now, when it is remembered that the train may be made up of forty cars, and that the numbers run all the way from the hundreds to the twenty-five and thirty thousands, and that a dozen cars may be taken off and another dozen taken on along the run, my statement undoubtedly seems incredible to those not familiarly acquainted with this particular department of railroading. But it is a fact, nevertheless, and I have known quite a number of freight conductors who have memories of equal retentiveness. Noting the numbers on the cars daily for years, a conductor becomes so familiar with the work that his memory holds these large numbers with but little difficulty. The style and peculiar finish of the cars from different roads are also learned, and a conductor at a glance can tell the road to which a car belongs as far as he can see it.—Globe-Democrat.

Unlucky Horseshoes.

We had a rum customer in our jail recently, remarked the sheriff of an adjoining county in Kansas. I was away when he arrived at the jail, but a day or two later, when I was making the rounds, I saw him in his cell.

"Hello!" I said. "What are you in here for?"

"Are you the sheriff?" he replied.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Well," he returned, "the community in which you live and in which I was so unfortunate as to sojourn is the most intolerant I ever heard of."

"How so?" I asked. "Have you anything to do with the liquor traffic?"

"No," he replied, "but they arrested me for superstition, and here I am in jail. The idea of arresting a man for superstition. This is a free country. Hasn't a man a right to be superstitious?"

"Why, I guess so," I replied. "What was your superstition?"

"Well, sir," said the prisoner, "my mother always told me to pick up a horseshoe whenever I found one, for good luck. I picked up four in this town; they were found in my possession, and I was arrested, tried, convicted and jailed."

"I guess you're lying," said I, and with that I went out of the jail, and met the prosecuting attorney. I asked him about the case and he said:

"Those four horseshoes had a horse fastened to them. That fellow is the most notorious horsethief in the state."—Kansas City Journal.

One of Mr. Conkling's Hobbies.

Bathing was one of Mr. Conkling's hobbies. The operators at the Hoffman house and the Lafayette place baths like to tell how they have rubbed down his manly form. One of the Hoffman house bath attendants said in the hot room there the other morning that the Senator preferred the Russian mode, and that he had taken at one period two and three baths a week. After he moved into the Hoffman house annex he had the bath room connected with his suite fitted up especially for him. A large porcelain tub was made and put in, and the Senator used it every morning. He used salt in profusion, and often bathed with the water at a very low temperature. It was about the only form of indoor exercise that Mr. Conkling took of late years. Once he used the gloves and Indian clubs a great deal. He didn't hesitate about exposure, and often went out for long drives of twenty and twenty-five miles. It made no difference how severe the weather was, he felt that he could brave it and he did.—New York Sun.

Cholera Germs in the Bay.

It is extremely unpleasant to know that Dr. J. J. Kinyoun, of the Marine Hospital service, has proved that the Asiatic cholera spirilla thrives and reproduces ad libitum in the water of New York bay. Hence the discharges of cholera patients, when they reach the tide or sea water, do not lose their dangerous character. On the contrary, the germs will reproduce and be left on the flats at low tide, where they will have the sun's heat and plenty of filth to revel in. In the present struggle for existence between microbes and human beings, the former seem to have a good many advantages.—Philadelphia Times.

Tramps Never Bald Headed.

"I never saw," said an officer who has done duty for a long time, "a bald headed tramp. Whether they stop tramping when their hair falls out, or whether those who tramp never lose their hair, I can't say, but tramps are never bald headed."—Grand Rapids Eagle.

Indian Corn in Russia.

It is reported that the culture of maize or Indian corn is rapidly increasing in Russia. It is now used for fattening hogs, and the prospect is that large quantities of it will soon be exported to countries in western Europe.

WOMEN WHO SMUGGLE.

Tricks Resorted to by Them to Avoid Discovery.

CURIOUS PLACES OF CONCEALMENT.

Considered an Act of no Special Harm. —Bribes.

It takes twenty very zealous and careful women of keen perception, great force of character and considerable nerve to keep Uncle Sam from fairly being cheated out of his eyes by other women. Smuggling is the way the latter do it, and do it well. Women like to smuggle, it would seem. They have an elastic conscience in the matter that really seems to tempt them to what is, of course, swindling the government, but to themselves an act of no special harm and of little consequence. Of course there is the genuine woman smuggler who knows just what she is doing, just what trouble she is liable to get into and what the result will be. It is business with her, and she considers it an ordinary business risk. But she is caught just as certainly as the other little woman is, who doesn't think it any special harm just to save a little by tucking away a few pairs of gloves which only make her leg a bit plumper, if they don't slip down and give her a queer shaped ankle, or filling her corset with some rare and dainty lace, that if purchased here would cost a pocketful of money on account of the duty.

Women are far more wary than men in smuggling, and their devices for bringing in goods of a dutiable nature are many. It is usually the case that the inspectress can tell by the face and contour of the person. As a general rule, the woman who has goods hid away will look the searcher of her luggage calmly in the face, seldom turning away, and if the searcher politely informs her that she thinks that she has dutiable goods on her person, she will, of course, be greatly insulted and invite a careful examination. She gets it—and a little trouble in the bargain. The self assurance that a woman smuggler has is of such great quantity that it will lead her to do the most absurd and foolhardy deeds, whereas, if she had less, perhaps she would not rely so much upon its carrying her through, and would, therefore, be more careful. The bustle is a godsend to the woman who wants to smuggle. They are made large and roomy, are of iron framework, and in them may be safely carried yards of the most valuable goods.

The most absurd thing for a woman to do who has goods hid about her person is to wear a heavy ulster when it is too warm for one. She will have to refuse to remove it when graciously asked if it is not a bit warm, and such refusal of course results in a necessary investigation on the part of the inspectress. The manners of the woman smuggler are always very charming, and therefore it is in such a kindly way that they inform the tired inspectress that she is really tired and needs a little rest, therefore need not examine their trunks, as they will tell the inspectress what is in them and save her so much extra trouble. But she doesn't look at it in that light, and does inspect the trunks, much to the regret of the owner. These smugglers possess a quiet and careless air, but the inspectress can always tell them by the way they attempt to sit down. Their bodies then have a stiffness that is hardly in keeping with the manner in which they carry the head and arms, and of course they are immediately suspected of having goods concealed somewhere about their skirts. There are many curious places of concealment, and it can hardly be improbable that many thousand dollars' worth of dutiable goods are brought through by smart tricks. For instance, diamonds and other precious jewels have been brought over fastened in the front and in the plumes of the bonnet. They are generally wrapped in black cotton and securely fastened in such a manner that it would be necessary to take the hat apart to find them. The heel of the shoe is another queer but secure place where jewels have been carried. The heel is false, having a hollow place in the center, where, packed in cotton, the gems rest safely.

Sometimes a woman is found with lace wrapped around her form. Yard after yard of it is thus securely carried until the eye of the inspectress looks with suspicion upon the peculiar shape of the wearer and she examines her. In the bustles have been found toilet bags filled with all sorts of odds and ends, such as silks, gloves, hat frames, yards or rather hundreds of yards of ribbon, stockings and everything dear to the eye of the female. To a lean woman the curvatures in their corsets offer a snug resting place for quite a number of dutiable goods that can be carried safer there than almost anywhere else. One woman was found with lace curtains pinned under her dress, taking the place of her usual underskirts. Silk has been found worn in the same manner, and ribbon has been wound around the legs and body until yard upon yard was concealed. When a discovery is made the woman smuggler of course attempts a bribe, but the amount is absurd, always very much smaller than a man would for a minute think of offering. A woman will offer the inspectress $1 and consider it a big amount. Ten dollars would break them all up. A man's bribe is hardly ever less than $10, and frequently as high as $50. The women inspectors will accept no such favors, however. When a woman is suspected the inspectress informs the suspect of the necessity of undergoing inspection, and she is requested to go to her stateroom. Then she is ordered to remove her outer garments, then the bustle, and, if the inspectress considers it necessary to go further, she removes the remainder of her clothing.

It is said that a good deal of solid information regarding smugglers is furnished by many dressmakers. During the season these dressmakers send their forewomen abroad to purchase goods. They keep their eyes open, know all the women who go abroad to buy goods in the hope of evading duty on them, and send the information straight to New York. Another source of information is the stewards and stewardesses on the big steamship lines. They receive a percentage on all goods seized, and they will most remorselessly disclose the names of passengers who are smugglers. They almost always know.—New York Star.

Limits to His Ambition.

Bobby was ill. "Mamma," he asked wearily one day, "will I get well again?"

"Yes, darling," replied the mother; "you will soon be well again and grow up to be a big man."

Silence of one minute. "Mamma," he asked earnestly, "will I be a big man like Uncle Dick?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Then I guess," he continued thoughtfully, "I'd rather die."—Binghamton Republican.

All Got Their Share.

"Sin, my dear pupils," said Deacon Barnes to his Sunday school class, "is the legacy of Adam."

And the bright boy in the class remarked that that was probably the first case on record where a will was not broken.

"Yes," said the deacon, "but it should be remembered that there was enough to go round. I don't remember hearing of anybody who didn't receive his share of the inheritance."—Boston Transcript.

The Critic's True Function.

Your individual self perfection is the most laudable thing in the world to strive for, but as the nucleus of a gospel it is insipid. Frequent the busy haunts of men who occupy themselves with kindred pursuits—not literally, of necessity, but sympathetically and in imagination. It is in union that there is strength. Remark tendencies, try to sum them up, to point out their significance and direction. Few men can be Ruskins—et encore!

And do not imagine that you can permanently attach and benefit your kind by the mere force of correct, gentle and chaste diction on the one hand, or of setting an example of repose and serenity on the other, because nowadays warfare of any kind—even literary criticism—is accustomed to weapons of more robustness and reality, and in this sphere preaching by specific precept is far more efficient than preaching by general example. And the most important of all things is to be in harmony with one's time and environment. Be sure, O critic! there is something magical in this, however it may transcend consciousness. See, for instance, how much finer is Mr. Woodberry's essay on Browning—a piece of real criticism—than are his lucubrations about "the ideal life."—Scribner's.

ATHLETES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

J. E. Sullivan, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, President of the Pastime Athletic Club, and Athletic Editor of *The Sporting Times*, writes:

"For years I have been actively connected with athletic sports. During my active participation in field sports I always found it to my advantage to use ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS while in training, as they quickly remove soreness and stiffness; and when attacked with any kind of pains, the result of slight colds, I always used ALLCOCK'S with beneficial results. I have noticed that most athletes of the present day use nothing else but ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS."

To earn a vacation, for years at his desk
And his books day by day had he toiled like a Turk;
He got it at last, but he got it too late,
For he died of an aching to get back to work.

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effective relief is found in the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes. 25 cts.

There would be a better prospect of the farmers beating the old parties if they were not too busy "threshing" their wheat.

The Electric Alarm Clock will ring until you get up and stop it. People who over-sleep should have one. For particulars address Imperial Jewelry Co., 26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco.

St. Jacobs Oil

A SURE CURE A PROMPT CURE

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism
Sciatica
Back Aches
all Aches
Neuralgia

IT HAS NO EQUAL. IT IS THE BEST.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken "sick, and suffered as no one but a "dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time "I was a great sufferer. Every "thing I ate distressed me so that I "had to throw it up. Then in a "few moments that horrid distress "would come on and I would have "to eat and suffer "again. I took a "little of your medicine, and felt much "better, and after "taking a little more "August Flower my "Dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I "have never had the first sign of it. "I can eat anything without the "least fear of distress. I wish all "that are afflicted with that terrible "disease or the troubles caused by "it would try August Flower, as I "am satisfied there is no medicine "equal to it."

For that Horrid Stomach Feeling.

DON'T.

Don't cheat yourself out of a good smoke by taking a poor imitation for the genuine Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

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Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 a box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

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LUCAS COUNTY,

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

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FOR MEN ONLY!

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REAL ECONOMY.

It is worse than nonsense to buy a cheap article with which to damage more valuable property. Scouring soap is at best only a trifling expense, but with a poor and cheap article it is likely to do considerable damage to fine marble or other property.

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

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SEEN IN THE CITY PARKS.

They are the Parlors of the Poor.

SOME OF POVERTY'S SAD PICTURES.

What a Millionaire Saw While Taking a Stroll.

WARM WEATHER, park strolls, and nocturnal sparking go hand in hand. Take a walk out to the park any nice evening and note what is to be seen. Here is a pair of lovers strolling 'neath the outstretched arms of the green maples, which form an impenetrable archway, defying the soft, mellow light of fair Luna. They are happy, so happy. Telling their tales of love for each other, they slowly wander on as if hypnotized by the magnetic influences of Cupid. They are dreaming of the day that has been named already, when their filial affection will have its consummation.

Look over at that seat, near a cluster of branches. Another couple sits there. They, too, are dreaming of happier days to come. The young man is Billy Dillon, one of the brightest young men at the foundry. He gets $1.50 a day, but in a year or so will be getting $3.00 a day. Then he will tell the girl by his side that he will get a license the next day. Who is she, did anybody ask? That is Nanette, the sweet-faced girl who came from Canada a year ago. She is working in the kitchen of Mr. Cotton, the local millionaire. Her folks were poor, so she left home that she might earn some money for their support. She secured a place at Mr. Cotton's the day following her arrival in the city. A few days later Mr. Cotton sent down to the foundry for a man to do some repairing and Billy Dillon was sent. That is how it all happened, and who will grudge this

young couple the seclusion afforded by their remote place of courtship? Not I, at any rate for I quickly move on, but only to see another and still another couple.

Over there are a pair engaged in a quarrel. It is only an affair of love, however, and is quickly drowned in the river of affection.

I pass on down the pathway and into the moonlight. Then I wonder if these happy lovers realize the obstacles that this world throws in their pathway. Do they know that they are merely slaves after all? No, they cannot see this. The light of pure love in its brilliancy shuts out the darkness that is gradually thickening over the producers of wealth. The producers of happiness, too, but, alas; happiness—not for them. I look into their lives, then into mine. Had I to work in a foundry ten hours a day like Billy Dillon, I would not be the rich man that I am to-day. No, I never worked a day in my life, neither am I burglar—not in a technical sense at any rate. Society will not look upon me as a burglar. I have merely accumulated my millions by sitting idly by and planning to get the lion's share of that which thousands like Billy Dillon produce. I allow them enough to feed their stomachs—if they are not too extravagant—and they can buy clothes too. I keep the balance.

And you are not a burglar? a voice asks. It seems to come from heaven. My flesh begins to burn with a foreign fire. Am I a burglar? The very idea. But no, I cannot drive it out of my mind. I imagine I see a masked ruffian enter my house through a window. He is desperate. I send a bullet crashing through his brain. An inquest is held and he turns out to be Jimmy Donnelly whom I knew when a boy. His father used to work for my father and Jimmy might have been a good boy and a good man. But they didn't have enough to send him to school, so he got running with the gang and now he's dead; I've killed him. Am I a burglar? God pity me.

The park policeman rudely awakens me from the dream which seemed so real. I am so glad that I didn't kill Jimmy Donnelly who attempted to forcibly take back all the money I have stolen from him. I am going to write the Board of Pardons to let him out on parole that I may show him the way to be an honest man.

I turn again to the park. The poor are still telling their tales of love in their parlor. The sons and daughters of the poor have no parlors but the park. They are cooped up in tenements and over stores where it is hot and dirty and without fresh air. They have no yards where hammocks swing, and no archways of green branches. Their houses are only to eat and sleep in. They must do the rest under heaven's blue canopy.

To the park they saunter at eventide. Soon every seat is occupied. Each man's arm is about the waist of the girl he is with and his head is resting on her shoulder. At every few steps you take an arm is seen to tighten, and then a sound as if the chirp of a bird—only not that—is heard.

The park policeman is not like other policemen. The aroma of simplicity that pervades in the park has taken possession. He is the friend of lovers. He wouldn't disturb the occupants of one of those benches for the world. If he is not rich he is contented that he is not a tyrant. Often at eventide he too is seen to sit down on one of these rustic benches, a woman by his side. Are they too thinking of the future? No, not they; but of the past, the long ago, when, on the Emerald shores of Erin, down by the

rippling river which winds through Phoenix Park, they too whispered words of love. Katheryn is not as pretty as she once was. No, not by far. She wears a careworn expression. Then she asks her husband if he has had any word from them boy—the boy whom the policeman's salary would not suffice to send to school. A few days before, in another State, the loved boy was convicted of a crime and sentenced to five years. And now the tract societies are trying to convert him, and, in their own way of doing good, say to each other, "What bad parents he must have had."

I have often read in the papers gossipy and foolish articles about scenes in the park, and perhaps that is why I went there. But I must confess I saw nothing to lift the burden that is ever weighing down. ANON.

THE "SOLITARY MAN".

The Secluded Life of the Sovereign of One-Third of the Human Race.

Here is a picture of the "Son of Heaven," the "Solitary Man," known to the outside barbarians as the Emperor of China, as he appeared years ago when a little child. The Emperor is never seen by barbarian eyes although it is said that he has a very persistent and intelligent interest concerning the ways of foreigners. He lives in the Kin Ching or Prohibited City, which is situated right in the center of the Tartar City of Pekin. This inner city is sacred ground and it is death for any foreigner to set foot on it. A newspaper man a few years ago tried to penetrate to the sacred precincts and nearly lost his life. The attendants are above bribes, faithful in all things to their duty. Very little, in fact nothing is known of the Emperor's personality. He is enveloped in mystery and hedged about with divinity. He eats alone and only of eight sacred dishes. Divine honors are paid him by his family and courtiers. When they enter his presence they fall prostrate, strike their head repeatedly upon the floor and crawl to the foot of the throne on their bellies. This ceremony is called Ko-Taou. No man may ever touch him or see him without permission and the permission is only given to his most intimate associates in his family and government. The Emperor's aunt, who acted as regent during his minority, is a woman of great force of character and did not yield her authority willingly. As it is she gives the Emperor a great deal of trouble. She

PRINCE CHUM AND HIS TWO SONS.

[The child on the Prince's left is the present Emperor of China at the age of 3.]

forced the Emperor into a disagreeable marriage with a Chinese blue-stocking and to console himself he has since fully stocked his seraglio. Legally he may have seven of these plural wives, but in fact he has as many as he wants.

AN AMPHIBIAN BOY.

His Hands and Feet Are Webbed. But His Tongue is Tied.

Jackson, Miss., is to the fore in way of curiosities with a web-footed and handed boy, who spends the greater part of his life in the water. He is the son of a negro day laborer, John Peterson by name, employed on Cant & Battle's plantation. The boy is now nearly 15 years old and is considered half-witted, as he has not been known to speak intelligently for years, though expressing his few wants well enough by the means of signs. He is undersized, though unusually strong and agile. He lives entirely on fish, which he catches in some unknown way, employing neither line nor net.

The membrane between his toes and fingers is exactly like that of a duck's, only much broader, but with the exception of this peculiarity and some property of the skin which prevents its wrinkling by long immersion in the water, he exhibits no physical deformity, and enjoys the best of health. He haunts a small turn in the Pearl, where, sheltered by the rushes and flags, he will lie for hours completely submerged, save for the extreme tip of his nose and his eyes. His movement in the water is a sort of paddling rather than swimming, but exceedingly rapid. Summer and winter appear to be all the same to him, as he has been known to disport himself in the river for hours when ice was thick. His mother declares that she knows of no cause for the boy's singular nature.

THE ETERNAL CITY.

The Growing Disrespect for the Sabbath.

THE PRIESTHOOD AND THE MILITARY.

The Effect of Modern Ideas in Ancient Rome.

Rome is unquestionably the high school of art, but in its everyday aspect it is a disappointment. The city has lost its individuality. Government employes pave the streets on Sunday, and men saw wood in public on the same day. Everything is done left handed, literally or figuratively. Cabmen run their vehicles at a furious rate with a stumpy horse and withering curses, always managing to keep to the left; the knobs of doors turn in that direction, and men who cut timber for fire purposes put their left foot on one rim of a wood saw with the blade in a perpendicular position, and run the stick over the teeth.

Business is ablast on Sundays. Boys begin early in the morning to scream their disinterestedness in the wealth of this world by announcing the low prices they ask for big onions they carry with them on a long string; greasy looking men, with fish on platters, cry out the excellence of their stock, while others, with huge bunches of celery balanced on their head, desecrate the festival with their noise and grimaces. The shopkeepers pull down their shutters and hang on the outside wall specimen articles. The butcher will in this way display sides of meat and the shoemaker ropes of boots. A tailor, tape measure in hand, is at his door ready to execute an order for a suit of clothes. The sight of thousands, prayer book in hand, en route to the churches, has no effect on those who violate the day. Once a rarity indeed, now to be seen frequently on Sundays, intoxicated men go along the streets staggering or singing aloud from hired carriages. Others, with their backs to walls, where sunshine will keep them aglow, lounge for hours, relieving the time by quaffs from their long necked bottles, held on a finger by a loop of braided straw.

MODERN NOTIONS.

A vast change toward modern notions has arrived. A street railway skirts the Coliseum, and omnibuses chase one another into the famous precincts of the city. The site of a grand palace, reared in 1886, is now a beer garden, with the beverage at three cents a glass, and the walls of the building altered to suit the purposes of the business conducted therein. Public life has lost much of the traditional picturesqueness and romantic appearance. To be sure, the brown hooded, long bearded Benedictine monks, the barefooted Capuchins, with their hair cut into a topknot, the white robed priests of the Red Cross, the Christian brothers, in their black gowns and immaculate collars, clergy in knee breeches, black stockings and silver buckled shoes, and students in flowing robes and wide brimmed, low crowned felt hats, are met at every turn; but they are dwarfed in number and novelty by the uniforms of the military, for Rome is policed by 15,000 troops, in all the glory of infantry, engineer, riflemen, cavalry, field artillery, grenadier and gendarmes dress. They line the streets and fill the houses. To their uses, as well as those of the civil authorities, the oldest of buildings are being appropriated. Eligible locations for private or governmental uses are selected, without regard to the antiquity of the surroundings, and structures of the living era erected. Here and there on street corners strapping young fellows in blue jackets, breeches of the same color, red vests and blue stockings, with their feet in huge hobnailed shoes or sandals, and swathed at the ankles, loiter in the company of graybeards, in rags hidden beneath a cloak that reaches to the ground, who pose with artistic effect on an umbrella of blue stuff.

American and English are such numerous visitors that the influence of their customs, manners and habits is crowding the typical resident out of existence. They have now their doctors, their dentists, patent medicines and tailors, and one sees the announcement in all quarters that English is spoken. The peasant who comes to town with his team of three horses, resplendent in flaming trappings, plumes and tinkling bells, and driven tandem to his cart, has to pull to one side to allow stylish broughams, coupes and family carriages, with prancing animals and clean shaven coachmen and footmen with the asparagus bunch looking tuft on one side of their shining high hats, to pass.

THE ROMAN COWBOY.

In this day the Roman cowboy is looked upon curiously enough by even those who speak his own tongue when he comes to the city for the holidays. A veritable "bull pusher" he is indeed, with his short stick and its iron point in hand to goad the cattle. The sombrero of his North American contemporary differs only in color from his black felt hat, while the accouterments of leather leggings and spurs are alike.

Deserted, save with occasional exceptions, is the public square around whose massive steps Neapolitan girls of rare beauty and bright hued dress were wont to congregate to hire their charms for the artist's guidance in his work. A few are still left, and a striking comparison they make with their sisters in bonnets, sealskin sacques, velvet jackets and silk dresses. No bustle or padding serves to fill out their highly colored dresses, nor bangs to set off the classic arrangement of their hair, parted in the center and falling in even proportions on each side of the head. Tapering from shoulders to the hips, their waists are symbols of healthful ease and good twenty-four inches in circumference. No corsets mar the outlines of the graceful figures. Their swan-like necks are bare almost to the shoulder blade. Theirs are the "eyes black as sloes and hair the color of the raven's wing." In one particular only do they resemble the Roman girls in modern dress; they love high heels on their shapely low cut shoes, and oftentimes have them four inches in length. Women in Rome have a passion in this direction, for thereby the foot is arched, its size curtailed to the eye and the instep gracefully turned.

The glory of Rome has well nigh departed; the tag end of its once every day self is alone determinedly preserved in its bad cigars and leathery bread made without yeast. The former burn as if composed of brown paper wrapper and pine shavings for fillings. For the latter, the sarcasm of Hawthorne that the most lasting monument of the memory of the bakers of Rome would be a pile of their own loaves is as applicable now as it was in his day.—Rome Cor. Baltimore Sun.

In Mr. Gladstone's Study.

Mr. Gladstone's study at Hawarden castle holds 15,000 volumes, which are ranged on shelves jutting out into the room. There is not a book that Mr. Gladstone cannot lay his hand upon the moment he wants it. There are three writing desks in this room, one of which is for the exclusive use of Mrs. Gladstone. The ex-premier breakfasts at 7 and dines at 8, breaking his fast by a light luncheon at 2 o'clock.—Harper's Bazar.

VIVACIOUS AND WINNING.

Jennie Satterlee the Charming Comedienne of Canada.

The accompanying portrait is a fair likeness of Jennie Satterlee, vivacious actress inimitable impersonator of bravado comedy roles in American plays. She has been on the stage for

the past three years and came from an aristocratic family of Toronto, Canada. She is soon to star in a play said to be already written.

An Athlete's Misfortunes.

Pete Skillman, the New York amateur runner, who has been on the Pacific coast for several years, has been playing in very hard luck of late. He recently had occasion to take trip "up country," during which time he fell into the hands of the Philistines, who relieved him of his watch and other articles of jewelry, besides making away with some of the trophies which bore witness to his fleetness of foot. Upon returning to 'Frisco, he found that during his absence members of the fraternity of burglars had invaded the apartments of a friend with whom he had left a number of his medals, the same being carried off bodily. So, if unfortunate Peter desires to have anything in the way of trophies to show in support of his claim to athletic ability, he will have to hustle on the path again.

Handy With the Clubs.

Homer W. Crawford was born in Columbiana county, Ohio, June 16, 1868, of Scotch-Irish parents. Public attention was first attracted toward him by some remarkably long tours he made on a bicycle, developing the fact that his powers of endurance were beyond the ordinary limit. He contested in a ten mile race at Salem, Ohio, Oct. 19, 1889, for a purse of $50, his competitor being W. B. Faucett, who, mounted on an ordinary, won in thirty-seven minutes. Crawford was handicapped by riding a safety. In the fall of the same year he turned his attention to Indian club swinging, and on April 3, 1890, in G. A. R. Hall, at New Lisbon, he broke the world's record by swinging for six hours and thirty-one minutes clubs weighing eight pounds and ten pounds each. On March 12, 1891, he regained the premier position (which had been wrested from him by Brown of Maine). On this occasion he eclipsed all former performances in this line by swinging ten pound clubs continuously for seven hours. He stands 5 feet 8 inches in height, and in condition weighs 149 pounds. He has local fame as a dumb-bell lifter and takes a deep interest in

athletic games and sports. At the close of the great feat referred to, he appeared fresh and strong, and was apparently able to have prolonged the performance for a considerable period had there existed any necessity for so doing.

Sporting Notes.

Cincinnati has released Rhines.

Lefty Marr is wanted by the Cincinnati association team.

It will be three weeks before Bug Holliday will be able to play ball.

Cincinnati, of the American association, has released "Yank" Robinson.

John J. O'Brien, second baseman of the Portland, Oregon, club, has been signed by Brooklyn. He will succeed Collins.

Joseph A. Locke wishes to swim any one-legged or one-armed man in the United States for $200 a side, barring none.

E. G. Norris, of Athens, Ohio, who stands 6 feet 4 inches in his stocking feet and is said to have wonderful speed and fine command of the ball, will be given a trial in the box by Cleveland.

Marty Bergen is the champion jockey of America and the public favorite. In all parts of the country, every time Bergen rides, his mounts are backed, because the jockey always tries to win. Starter Caldwell has for over a year, it is alleged, persecuted Bergen by suspending him on alleged charges, and the jockey could get no satisfaction. After the board of control was appointed it was supposed that Bergen would receive fair play, but he did not. On June 24 he was suspended for the balance of the Coney Island Jockey club meeting.

FREAKS OF SMUGGLING.

Articles Sent by Mail From the Other Side.

HOW AN EXPENSIVE BOOK WAS RUINED.

Women Find it Difficult to Resist the Temptation to Smuggle.

Women are especially susceptible to the enticements of smuggling. It has been said that no woman can resist the temptation to make an effort to carry goods subject to duty past a custom house officer, and it is a statement made by certain officials in the customs service that if every passenger on board incoming ocean steamers were thoroughly and completely searched as he might be, it is probable that not one out of fifty would be found to have resisted the allurements of just a trifling bit of smuggling to add romance to the home coming. Oftentimes such carrying in of dutiable goods is merely inadvertence, lack of knowledge or oversight.

Presents bought for the "dear ones at home" have been overlooked when an estimate was made of the dutiable goods and were only recalled to memory when found by the customs officer. Many a name high in society and well known in religious, financial or professional circles has been upon the books of the special treasury agent's office, but it is a fact worthy of note, and which reflects much credit upon the department, that such matters are kept as secret as any portion of the work.

"There is no necessity," said a man who had made smuggling the study of his life, and who is employed by the custom house, "for dragging these legal and governmental skeletons-in-the-closet into the light of day. Oftentimes it is a sad fact that they have occurred, and for our own satisfaction (for we are, withal, at times, men of some sensibilities) we prefer to let them drop and remain unmentioned. Then, again, there may be certain arguments used of a more or less persuasive value which would naturally induce the inspector to give as little publicity as possible to the details of the case.

"I do not mean by this to imply that the practice of bribery is in vogue to any extent. This fact may not be due to original lack of sin, but it is true, nevertheless, although honesty is enforced to a certain degree by the remembrance of the previous good record of the special treasury agent's department."

Perhaps the most novel and popular form of amusement for the smuggler nowadays is to use Uncle Sam's post bags for his exciting trade. A number of books have lately been entered at the postoffice, sent from foreign countries, which were not altogether intended for reading purposes. Several months ago there was received at the New York postoffice a handsomely bound volume of Italian poetry. The book was printed on a high grade of paper and bore the date "Padua, 1733." Its title was "Le Tregedie Di Giovanni Delfino." It was probably supposed that the postoffice authorities would "pass" the book on looking at its title on its examination. Unfortunately in this, as in all cases where books are in the mail, the volume was opened and carefully examined.

A section of the center of 200 leaves was cut out, through the book, and in the cavity thus formed was placed a green table spread, with cotton embroidery, upon which an extreme valuation of three dollars could barely be placed. Buyers of antique books who have examined the volume, which is now in the customs seizure room, say that had it not been mutilated it would have readily been worth $100. It was addressed to Judge William Allen, of Southampton, Mass., but Judge Allen has never read it.

Lately this volume has been followed by a volume of the "Report of the British National Fisheries Exposition," which was not all a report, for quite a collection of jewelry was placed in a neatly scooped out orifice in the center of its leaves. Extremes met when a Latin dictionary was put in use as a carton for transporting a pipe, and the "Odd Fellows' Quarterly Magazine" did duty as a packing case for two razors. A novel called "The Great Tontine" held two diminutive and very prettily decorated Chinese vases, but the height of incongruities was reached when the "Sermons of Bishop Rrookfield, of London," drifted into the New York postoffice artfully surrounding several sets of false teeth.

It is not generally known that no merchandise other than books can be shipped through the mails from foreign countries. Cigars, cutlery and chinaware, jewelry and fabrics of cotton and silk are often started on their long journey, with notations accompanying them stating that they are samples or gifts, but these casual remarks never save the goods. They find their way to the United States custom house seizure room, and there remain until the yearly auction.

Steerage passengers of the kind who seek the services of philanthropical people on landing are no freer from the taint of smuggling than their more aristocratic brethren above deck. One of the customs inspectors saw an Italian of mean dress and poor appearance who wore on the little finger of his left hand a diamond ring which glittered in the rays of the sun shining over Miss Liberty's left shoulder as the vessel was coming up the bay. He thought the occurrence unusual and investigated. Two thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was taken from the immigrant's person. He had fallen a victim to his own vanity. He was unable to resist the delights of making a display before his fellow passengers.—New York World.

"One word more," said a speaker, "and I am done." And the reporters found when that word was written down that it contained 1,500 syllables. The famous word of Aristophanes was outdone. The same fellow is the speaker who often says, "A single remark," and then talks for fifteen minutes.

A Horse's Deliberate Revenge.

"I will just tell you a story," said Mr. Foster L. Backus, "about the memory and reasoning power possessed by a horse on my father's farm. This horse was in the habit of making journeys about the neighborhood in charge of a certain groom, who was coarse, ignorant, low and cruel. The horse had been brought up on our farm and was very good tempered and gentle, but the groom's roughness and foudness for laying on the whip confused him so much that he was not prompt in obeying orders sometimes. Then the groom beat and bullied him. The horse never showed the slightest sign of resentment till one day the groom approached him in the pasture field. The horse was free for the first time in the presence of his enemy and he charged the groom. A short halter was around his neck, and the groom seized this and hung on. The horse tried to strike him with his forefeet; tried to bite and kick him. The man dodged and shouted for aid.

"The fight was desperate and very exciting. The horse fairly roared with rage. The groom was nearly fagged out, and in another five minutes would have been knocked down and trampled to death, when my father came on the scene. He seized the halter and told the groom to run. As soon as he was gone the horse subsided and was as docile as ever. Now, I am satisfied that the horse deliberately planned to kill that groom at the first favorable opportunity. See how carefully he chose the time and place of the assault. A lonely pasture field where he had his enemy all to himself. He had never shown the faintest sign of viciousness before. The groom kept away from him after that, and the horse never afterward was known to exhibit rage. If he had killed the groom it would have been murder in the first degree, for the element of deliberation was there. Yes, sir; horses have reason, and they have memory also."—Brooklyn Eagle.

American Medical Students Abroad.

In regard to the medical education of American physicians compared with those of Europe, I have been struck forcibly by the fact that our students seem to be more practical and better able to grasp and develop ideas than those of European countries. Especially in the operative courses, in Vienna, I have noticed that the American students performed their work more neatly and thoroughly and with greater dispatch than the comparatively slow going Continental members of the class, and that while those from this country had possibly had but a three years' course of study before graduation, yet they were more than the equals of the German students of six years' standing. I think this difference is due to the more practical and thorough methods of teaching in vogue in this country, and I believe it to be but a question of time when, instead of us going to Europe, the continental physicians will be anxious to avail themselves of the facilities offered in the United States.

The present superiority of foreign over American medical institutions lies in the fact that all their expenses are sustained by the government, but if there was a tendency on the part of the wealthy to endow our schools, whatever doubt there may be as to comparative merit would soon be set at rest. Regarding surgery, one of Von Bergmann's assistants, a man known throughout the world by his connection with the case of the crown prince, has told me, in the course of conversation, that he considered the American surgeon ahead of the world in ingenuity, practical ability and in operative technique.—Dr. A. V. L. Brokaw in Globe-Democrat.

A Romantic Little Story.

A curious instance, which we think has never before been published, of the admiration which an ardent and imaginative reader may feel for his favorite author, is illustrated in the case of a young man residing in Florida, who had long been an enthusiastic admirer of "Kathleen Mavourneen." On learning that the author was alive and in poverty he visited Baltimore, and found in the appearance and conversation of the old professor all that his fancy had pictured. As he was possessed of some means, and had no ties or living relatives—having lost father and brothers in the rebellion—he remained some time in Baltimore, and finally prevailed upon Professor Crouch to adopt him as his son. By an act of the legislature of Maryland his name was changed to that of Crouch, and the pecuniary assistance which he has since rendered has done much to brighten the declining years of the old composer. The action of this young man forms the latest incident in the strangely romantic history of the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen."—Charles F. Adams in Detroit Free Press.

Skill of Irish Boat Women.

The women of these coasts and islands are as skillful as the men in handling the oar and rudder. They know every sunken rock and dangerous current of the intricate channels between the great island of Aran and the mainland, and take the boats in and out in all weathers. For many years a Grace Darling of this western coast, the daughter of a pilot who lived on Eights Island, went out in storm and darkness with her old father, never trusting him alone, as she knew his weakness for the whisky. This brave girl never flinched from facing the wildest gales, fearing that disaster might befall her father, and the vessels it was his business to guide to a safe anchorage, if she were not at the helm. Many a ship's crew beating about between Aran and Owey owed its preservation to Nellie Boyle. Two sisters have taken the post boat into Aran for many years past, their father, John Nancy, being now old and infirm.—Woman's World.

Uses for Oxygenized Water.

A German authority recommends hydrogen peroxide for a variety of domestic purposes. Being inodorous and non-poisonous, it is a desirable substitute for chloride of lime and oxalic acid for bleaching and removing stains of every description. It whitens yellowed fabrics and articles of bone or ivory. It is the best application for cleansing and binding wounds and sores; and has a most beneficial effect in diphtheria, croup, whooping cough, etc. Bleeding is stopped by its use. A weak solution will remove disagreeable tastes and smells from the mouth, or purify the atmosphere of a sick room when sprayed into it. Pots, pans and wooden vessels may be freed from foul odors by peroxide of hydrogen, and it will sweeten and preserve butter and keep fresh meat for a long time.—Arkansaw Traveler.

When Turning the Leaves.

It is stated upon medical authority that readers should refrain from damping their fingers in turning over the leaves of library books, as this is a sure way to attract any stray bacilli that may be lurking around.—Chicago Herald.

AFTER 12 O'CLOCK.

Grewsomeness of the Voices of the Night.

SCENES IN THE STREETS OF A GREAT CITY

The First Faint Indications of the Early Morning.

Night in a great city is an impressive and awesome time, filled with strange and, to the uninitiated, unintelligible sounds, strange sights and strange deeds. There is a peculiar, indescribable sense of something mysterious in the air; the atmosphere rests in folds upon the city, and is heavy and almost palpable to the touch; the sounds are acoustic etchings, the sharp outlines blurred and dimmed, but the meaning and expression impressively clear, distinct and mellow. Values and perspectives are either entirely lost or grotesquely distorted. Soft airs, unnatural and gruesomely cool, steal in their currents round the corners, with a suggestion of damp vaults or still, black waters in their breath.

BAYING THE MOON.

It is still. The silence is heavy and oppressive, yet seems unnatural. All sorts of grotesque thoughts obtrude themselves in disconnected and senseless confusion. A quick footfall startles the ear and echoes sharply back from the tall brick walls. You watch intently till a form is vaguely outlined in the black shadow of the opposite wall, and feel intensely disappointed because the eye fails to make it out distinctly, and the imagination immediately busies itself in framing all kinds of suppositions regarding him, which are suddenly broken off by the sharp barking of a dog. The barking continues. The animal is baying the moon because—because he is a dog and has to. But why did Providence implant such an absurd, useless and totally irrelevant necessity in a dog's economy? This question begins to assume an overwhelming and vital importance, when it is driven from the mind by a sharp rattle far off up the street. What is that? The vehicle approaches, a curiosity is keenly alert. It approaches rapidly, and passes with a din that irritates every nerve in the body. It is only a light carriage, containing a tired man, who is hastening home to bed. Gradually the sounds die away, but a moment later the silence is again desecrated by heavy voices in maudlin dispute. A party of roisterers are leaving a saloon. They stop on the corner and engage in a long, aimless and heated discussion over the most trivial subject, but finally break up, with shouts and protestations of mutual regard, and the last car rolls slowly up the street with two or three passengers whose slumbers are rudely broken by their noisy entrance. A cool breeze steals up from the river, and a light, scarcely visible opaline mist floats over the streets like a vail. Strange, half articulate sounds issue from the bosom of the night that mysteriously whisper of wierd deeds, yet leave the story half untold and stir the imagination to wild flights.

Far down the river the deep, full notes of a steamer's whistle rise in mellow cadence that rolls slowly along the sodden air. Up a neighboring street an owl car bell faintly jingles, and a moment later the clocks in neighboring church towers deliberately strike the wee, sma' hour. Again there is the sound of hurrying wheels far down the street, and soon the faint strokes of a gong are heard. Ah! a fire. The sound increases, and then swells louder with a sudden burst and there is a flash of light and a long train of bright sparks trail out a moment on the air, and the engine has passed. There is no second sound and the noise dies away. It is growing very late and the silence becomes deeper. The moon rides high and her polished beams play strange tricks with familiar objects.

BLIND, CHILDISH TERROR.

Suddenly a startling impression—it is nothing more—one of those strange, impalpable, noiseless voices of the night—chills the blood. A cool breeze springs up, and dies away again. Ah! what was that? There is a shudder in the air, and the silence is intense. What is it? Every nerve is strained to highest tension. The breath is stopped. Objects before distinct and unimpressive take on weird and threatening shape. What is that strange, ill-defined shape to the right? Surely it was not there before. See! It moved! No—yes—ah, then it moved! It is approaching—no, it recedes. Again that awful impression of something. A grizzly phantom seems clutching at one's back. The flesh creeps. A scream rises to the lips, but dies unuttered. There is a wild desire to flee, but the body is chained to the spot. The eye glances warily around, but not a muscle moves. On would give years to turn suddenly around and confront the nameless specter standing there, but could not do it, were a life at stake. Reason is summoned to the rescue, but for a time it cannot combat the blind, childish terror that has seized the soul; but the effort is a healthy one and the struggle to exert the faculties and control the mind abstract the thoughts from the exciting cause, and gradually the causeless fright gives way to nervousness and surrounding objects assume their normal shapes.

A policeman turns the corner and paces past with measured tread, and he is gladly hailed. The presence of the law's minion brings instant assurance and calmness, and, with a long breath, one enters into a weather wise conversation and accompanies the officer on his beat. In a little while a faint, gray line makes visible the eastern horizon. A butcher's cart rattles down the street with the sleepy driver catching naps between crossings. The breeze freshens. Another wagon follows the first. Then the first down town car appears. A red eyed man comes to the door of a saloon and gives the policeman a tired salutation. Confused and jumbled sounds fill the air. Vehicles of all kinds are becoming more numerous, and several hacks leave their stand for an early trip to the depots. A window on the opposite side of the street is thrown up with a bang, and a man with a frowsy head leans out and looks up at the sky and down the street. A dog barks excitedly, and a tugboat emits a deep throated howl. The light increases, and it is morning.—St. Louis Republic.

About seventy-five women and girls are busily employed in the cannery at Eugene, Oregon, this season.

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18 .....1891.

The Marquis of Lorne gives it as his opinion that the Argentine Republic is "destined sooner or later to become European by means of a protectorate." His idea is that it should become a German colony at once. There is one great, big objection to that project It has bothered European potentates before, and can be very much alive if goaded a trifle. It is known as the Monroe Doctrine. Europe can keep her hands off. If there is to be any protectorate the United States will have something to say.

"It is a noticeable fact," says the San Bernardino Times-Index, "that the railroad assessment in this county has fallen off $60,000 from last year." This noticeable fact is noticeable in other counties than San Bernardino. While increasing the assessments of private property in several of the counties, the State Board has been very tender toward the railroads. If lawyers decide that fraud is the only ground upon which the State Board assessment can be resisted, the fact referred to by our San Bernardino contemporary may figure in the city's case. Some limit must be placed on the power of officials to rob the public.

The Los Angeles Express says that the nomination of Governor Hill for president would suit the Republicans very well. It would evidently suit the Democracy equally as well, as is shown by the fact that he has occupied the gubernatorial chair of the Empire state seven years. This is a longer period, with two exceptions, than the office has ever been held by any other man. The real Republican sentiment is "anybody but Hill." New York and Indiana are the keystones of the struggle should the Republican party regain its hold on the states which have heretofore been Republican in presidential years, and with New York and Indiana will go New Jersey, Connecticut, probably New Hampshire, the solid south and possibly even Rhode Island since the poor man has been enfranchised in that state.

An order was published in Berlin on Thursday of last week to the effect that the prohibition of the importation of swine, pork and sausages of American origin shall no longer be enforced when such live animals or hog products are furnished with official certificates stating that they have been examined in accordance with American regulations and found free from qualities dangerous to health. The Chancellor has sent instructions to the proper officials that the order be given immediate effect.

At last, then, the American hog has triumphed over the prejudices which have excluded him so long from Germany. He is to be admitted upon the same terms as the porcine representative of the most favored nation, and when once he gets his snout and fore feet over the German border he may be trusted to hold his own. There has been a long and gallant struggle made in his behalf, but hereafter he may be relied upon, we think, to protect his own interests.

Most of the objections urged against American food products of this nature were based on false pretenses. In order to aid her own home product Germany set up the claim that American pork in its various forms was injurious to health; that it was diseased, or, at least, not perfectly sound, and that it was incompetently or insufficiently inspected in the United States. Instead of putting on a high tariff this other plan was resorted to in order to make the prohibition of imports absolute. This, however, was met by an invitation to Germany to test the thoroughness of American inspection, and the invitation could not be refused consistently. The consequence was that this particular objection went by the board, there being no facts to support it.

It is impossible at this time to even estimate the amount of trade which the removal of the prohibition will create. We can say with certainty that it will be very large, but that is all. The people of Germany are great consumers of pork in all forms, and the country cannot produce enough to supply the demand. We have an abundance for export, and we may be assured that it will take but a very short time to build up a flourishing trade in this American product and one which will be extremely profitable to the producer.

Sacramento papers complain of the prevalence of a sort of "human epizooty" in the great interior valley. The epidemic is described as a mild form of catarrh, affecting chiefly persons of sedentary occupations.

THE GATE OF SLEEP.

Lying between the dusk and dawn of night,
Upon the borders of the sea of sleep,
Lo, oft there cometh in the fading light
The break of surges in the eternal deep.

The soul of me swims out across the space
That yawns between the pulse of life and death;
The senses fall; the spirit seeks its place
With those that dwell beyond the gates of breath.

A touch, a start; the passing power is broken;
The soul is moveless midway in its flight;
The body claims it, and there is no token
Brought out from that haven of the night.

If I could hold the light that on me grows
When o'er the brink of sleep my spirit speeds,
Then could I voice the mystery that flows
'Twixt life and death, 'tween truth and human creeds.

But lo! upon the sacred door of sleep
There is a graven law of import high:
"He who would sound the secrets of this deep
Must lay him down in solitude to die."
—W. J. Henderson in New York Times.

A Bull Fight with Fun in It.

In ordinary accounts of bull fights you hear of the sickening sight of disemboweled horses and bleeding men and butchered bulls. This went on with ever changing fun, shouts and laughter, but no one was either hurt or got the cocardes. Whoever thinks it is merely a joke to go down into one of these enormous arenas and snatch the tiny rosette from between the horns of a beast who has been trained all his life to keep him from getting it, will find that he has a large piece of work cut out for him. For fun a Provencal bull fight beats a pantomime.

For danger and expertness it is far ahead of anything I ever saw. As it goes on every Sunday in the summer time all over Provence, Frenchmen regard it as too common an affair to be worth description. Foreigners, never going there at the proper season—the summer and autumn—never or scarcely ever see it. And even down in La Camargue, on the banks of the Rhone, in little towns, all of which save Aigues-Mortes are unknown, the courses, like baseball matches, are held every fete day. They are the sport of the people, and have much more character in the small towns.—Joseph Pennell in Century.

How Expensive Tea Is Selected.

Mr. F. K. Andrews writes to the London Times: "It may be interesting to some of your readers to know how the tea sold at almost fabulous prices is selected. Every chest of very fine Ceylon tea contains a great quantity of "flowery Pekoe," i. e., small golden tipped, undeveloped leaves. A tea of this description is usually sold at about four shillings a pound. A handful of such tea is spread on a piece of satin about 24 inches by 6 inches, the satin is then lightly folded and the tea lightly shaken to and fro half a dozen times, which process causes the fluffy tips to become entangled in the silk; the heavier black leaves are then shaken out. The flowery Pekoe thus obtained still has mixed with it some of the coarser leaves, so the process is repeated again and again until the product is quite golden and flossy. About half a pound may thus be obtained out of every chest of choice Ceylon tea.

Newspaper Enterprise Unappreciated.

You may talk about the necessity of newspaper enterprise, but what good comes of trying to originate something grateful and pleasing to the public when such a protest as the following meets the effort of a well known journal to print a more convenient sheet as well as a handsomer one? "Please use those large sheets again," writes a subscriber, "because they were so handy to do up bundles in. Mother and I quite miss them when we go to put away our winter cloaks and other clothing. Of course, I know they were a little harder to read, because they had to be turned, but just think how handy they were when it came to doing up bundles."—Macon Telegraph.

When Women Did the Grinding.

While women were milling they usually relieved the monotony of their work by singing songs of a lively and cheerful character. Ordinarily they prepared as much meal in the morning as would be required for the day. On this account Hebrew members associated the noise of the morning mill with prosperity and happiness. If, on the contrary, this work was performed in the evening, they imagined there was the sound of adversity and sadness in the notes of the song.—Detroit Free Press.

The causes of headache are many. Some grave headaches are due to cerebral disease—meningitis, tumor, abscess, softening of the brain. In these cases there will be other symptoms pointing to the cause. Other causes are overfulness of the blood vessels, caused by the condition of the heart; a plethoric condition of the body; mental excitements. Such cases are marked by a flushed face, glittering eyes, a beating in the ears and giddiness on stooping.

It is imagination, rather than reason, that distinguishes man from brute; and no person who is devoid of imagination can know extremes of happiness or misery. Happiness greatly depends on the faculty for forgetting.

No age is so old fashioned as childhood. That childhood was happy may be one of the illusions which is fostered, if not engendered, by lapse of time. Of the happiness of second childhood there can be no question.

Humboldt calculated the mean level of North America to be 748 feet above the sea, and he found that in 4,500,000 years the whole of North America might be worn down to the sea level.

The young czarewitch of Russia has been a most industrious student, and is now one of the best informed men of his age in Eastern Europe. He is especially well versed in the higher sciences.

Dynamite for Foundation Work.

A correspondent of Indian Engineering says he recently witnessed a very interesting mode of obtaining a foundation for a new building. A hole was bored in the ground (which was previously damp) from ten to twelve feet deep and an inch and a half wide, and a string of cartridges was lowered into it. The subsequent explosion not only produced a cavity a yard in diameter, but also drove the water out of the surrounding earth by means of the expansive action of the gases. The water did not return to its former place for fully an hour, so that an opportunity was afforded to fill up the cavity with quickly settling concrete, and a rapid rate of working was thus attained.

Babies of the Japanese.

It is an odd thing that by no people on earth are children—both girls and boys—treated with more affection and indulgence than by the island neighbors of the Chinese—the Japanese, namely; and no children have a greater abundance of toys and amusements. It must, however, be said that the fondness and patience of Japanese parents are reciprocated by the love and obedience of their children. Both father and mother are equally devoted to their offspring. The mother commonly carries her baby slung in front of her, and when she is tired the father cheerfully accepts the burden; but fathers and mothers and elder sisters and brothers may often be seen in the gay, sunny streets of Tokio or Yokohama giving pick-a-backs to delighted, crowing babies.

The Japanese baby, moreover, is not only indulged, he is also treated with the greatest care and intelligence. He is judiciously fed; he is regularly bathed either at home or in the public bathhouses, and his skin is stimulated and his health hardened by his being frequently plunged in a cold stream or even in the snow. A Japanese baby would appear to us a very droll creature. If you would know how he looks you have only to examine a well made Japanese doll. He has his head shaved, with the exception of four tufts of hair—one in front, one behind and one over either ear. He wears bright and gaudy clothes (or did wear; for children, like their parents, sad to say, are gradually being being arrayed in European fashion), and his loose jacket has very long and very wide sleeves. Very poor children go barefoot; others wear stockings and clogs, the stockings having a separate pocket for the big toe.—Strand Magazine.

Remarkable Ghostly Actions.

One of the most remarkable modern instances of supposed ghostly disturbance occurred in the home of Rev. Dr. Phelps, of Stratford, Conn. Upon returning from church one day he found that all the doors of his house, which he had carefully locked on his departure, were wide open and the contents of the rooms on the first floor in the wildest confusion. Nothing had been stolen. In a room in the upper story, however, eight forms were found, each one with an open Bible held close to its face. On examination these were found to be bundles of clothes, cunningly and very skillfully arranged to represent living beings. Everything was cleared away and the room locked, but within five minutes the same scene was repeated, although the clothing had been carefully put away.

For seven months the house was disturbed by extraordinary phenomena. The most unearthly noises were heard day and night. Furniture and kitchen utensils were mysteriously moved. Glassware and window panes were broken by unseen hands before the startled inmates, and once the eleven-year-old son of the doctor was lifted bodily and carried some distance. The most diligent research discovered nothing, and not until he applied to some spiritualists in Boston did the disturbance cease.

How a Diamond Cuts Glass.

It has been ascertained by a series of experiments that a diamond does not cut out the glass, file fashion, but forces the particles apart, so that a continuous crack is formed along the line of the intended cut. The crack once begun, very small force is necessary to carry it through the glass, and thus the piece is easily broken off. The superficial crack or cut need not be deep, a depth, according to fine measurements, of a 200th part of one inch is quite sufficient to accomplish the purpose, so that the application of much force in using the diamond only wears out the gem without doing the work any better.

Numerous stones, such as quartz and other minerals, when ground into proper form, will cut glass like a diamond, but are not so valuable for that purpose, lacking the requisite hardness and soon losing the sharp edge necessary to make the operation a success.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Men Who "Toe In."

Here is a fortunate man who can walk half a mile on Broadway on a busy day and escape being trodden on by some one behind him. It is a curious fact that nearly all of the men who—unconsciously of course—step on women's dresses and wipe their feet on other men's trousers are victims of the unfortunate habit of "toeing in."

"Show me a man who toes in and I will show you a man who is eternally stepping on somebody's heels," said a Wall street philosopher the other day. "There are a great many men who toe in down town, and as I am obliged to be on the street a good part of the day I have to suffer from them. Why, some days it becomes necessary for me to invoke the aid of a bootblack three or four times in order to keep the bottoms of my trousers clean and to renew the polish on the heels of my shoes."—New York Times.

Looking Out for the Horses.

A wise cavalry officer keeps a sharp eye upon the horses of his command, as the success of the next engagement may depend upon their good condition. A sergeant was out of patience with an awkward recruit. "Never approach the horses from behind without speaking!" he exclaimed; "if you do, they'll kick you in that thick head of yours and the end of it will be that we shall have nothing but lame horses in the squadron."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Had a Trade.

Housekeeper—An ablebodied man like you ought to have a trade.

Tramp—I have, mum. I break in new boots for a livin'. Has yer husband any on hand?—Good News.

The amount of coloring matter in a pound of coal is enormous. It will yield enough magenta to color 500 yards of flannel, vermilion for 2,560 yards, aurine for 120 yards and alizarine for 255 yards of Turkey red cloth.

He Was a Specialist.

Miss Mabel (to young M. D.)—And what particular branch of the profession do you practice chiefly, Dr. Shinyseam?

Dr. Shinyseam (a little sadly)—At present, Miss Mabel, I am making a specialty of vaccination cases.—New York Times.

A Liverpool (England) man was recently sentenced to five years' penal servitude for obtaining a shilling under the pretext that it was to be used for a charitable purpose.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Annual Fair,
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Agricultural District
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ALPINE, MONO
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$2,000 in Premiums.
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Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
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BLACKSMITHING
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Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

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For particulars, call and see
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All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

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OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the best possible pain inflicted. Address
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Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
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Timepieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
☞ All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
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NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS gainst the undersigned will presen the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.
FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF
D. E. No. 571.
LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL., September 9, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that Maggie S. Conklin, of Independence, Inyo Co., California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim, No. 571, for the N W ¼ of S W ¼ Sec. 14, Tp. 11 S., R. 34 E., M. D. M., before the Register and Receiver at Independence, Calif., on Thursday, the 22d day of October, 1891.
She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Joseph Seeley, Michael McSweeney, James Hines and Norman E. Conklin, all of Independence, Inyo County, Calif.
C. W. CRAIG, Register.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
INYO MARBLE COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo, Inyo county, Cal.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of August, 1891, an assessment (No. 14) of Ten (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of October 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 23rd day of October, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
G. W. LUCE, Secretary.
Office, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.
D E No. 513.
LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL., Sept. 30, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that Dennis A. Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 513, for the E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of section No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M D M, before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G. Sangar, W. Sanger, A. P. Smith and M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.
C. W. CRAIG, Register.

ANNUAL MEETING.
INYO MARBLE COMPANY.
The Regular Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Inyo Marble Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California, on Thursday, the Tenth day of September, 1891, at the hour of One o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.
Transfer books will close on Monday, September 7th, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m.
G. W. LUCE, Secretary.
Office, G. W. Luce, Secretary, No. 132 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.
Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.
YGANACIA ABECHUCO,
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.
Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.
Dated July 24th, 1891.
WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.
Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.
The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.
Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.
[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.
$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.
It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine, Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.
Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.
For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
89 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98.
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20.40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will hold "Harvest Festival Services" on Sunday as follows: Lone Pine at 11 a. m.; Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m., and Independence at 7:30p. m.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m.

MARRIED.

HANNAGAN—PARISH—Near Lone Pine, Sept. 16, 1891, by Rev. J. G. Smith, William Hannagan and Elsie May Parish.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

FRIDAY, Sept. 11, 1891.

People vs. S. P. Smith—Filed stipulation as to time for arraignment.

TUESDAY, September 15, 1891.

People vs. Smith—Filed citation.

WEDNESDAY, September 16, 1891.

Filed notice of sale of real estate of B. F. Theban, deceased. Filed order of continuance. Order entered.

Filed order of continuance in the estate of John Mullane. Order entered.

Filed order of continuance in the estate of C. D. Begole. Order entered.

THURSDAY, September 17, 1891.

Filed deposition of Martin Mee in the case of P. Reddy vs. W. F. Matlack et als.

FRIDAY, September 18, 1891.

Filed demand for entry of default P. Reddy vs. Wm. F. Matlack et als.

See the notice published by R. C. Spear this week.

G. Sanger was down from Alvord on Tuesday.

Martin Mee came up from Lone Pine on Wednesday.

Independence was well represented at Lone Pine on the 16th.

Willows are fashionable ornaments for masculine hats of Independence and vicinity just now.

A. D. Gilbert has returned from the otherside with another party of intending settlers.

The weather has been cold and raw for the past week. It savors somewhat of the Eastern equinoctial.

The Independence Silver Cornet Band has been practicing constantly and make really good music.

L. McLean, of San Mateo, was in town yesterday. He is largely interested in Eastside Canal property.

Louise I. Woodin, M. D., went to Pasadena last week with her son Irving, who will remain there and attend school.

It is said that a well known and deservedly popular young man of Big Pine will "add" to his happiness next Wednesday.

W. F. Matlack has been at Bishop during the week on business connected with the estate of Benjamin F. Theban, deceased.

All parties having in their possession books belonging to the Independence school library are notified to return them at once.

The first snow of the season fell in the high Sierras on Tuesday. The higher peaks received quite a coating of the icy cold mantle.

The Fair Directors will meet at Independence to-morrow. Bids for the various privileges will be inspected and race entries closed.

After next Tuesday reserved seats to "Rebecca's Triumph," can be obtained from J. E. Dunlap, Bishop, at 25 cents each. Admission 50 cents.

The prospects of the corn crop are very slender. The spring was cold and backward and the frost has come too soon to give the grain a chance to mature.

For anything in the harness or saddle line send to J. E. Dunlap, Bishop. He keeps a fine stock of goods on hand, including supplies needed by parties training horses.

There is no J. P., Judge, or any committing magistrate in town now. As a consequence the suppliers of liquor to Indian are getting bolder. But look out for breakers.

Mr. Vagt has placed the race track a his place in good condition and offers excellent accommodations to parties who are training horses. The best of timothy hay and good, clean oats at the track.

It is expected that a large colony of people will be located on Eastside lands before spring. It is reported that fifteen thousand acres of land have been sold to parties who have this end in view.

Last Tuesday testimony was taken before Notary Public Stewart at Lone Pine in the suit of P. Reddy, plaintiff, vs. Joseph and Herman Waterman and the Eddy estate, defendants. P. H. Mack appeared for the plaintiff and Mr. Forbes for the defendants.

The Bakersfield *Californian* of last week says: "Mrs. H. L. Borgwardt Jr., with her daughter Gertie, Mrs. D. A. Leonard, Ed. Smith and Gussie Walters left for Inyo Tuesday, making the trip overland via South Fork and the Mojave desert." The parties named arrived here last Saturday.

The school at Independence opened last Monday with Mr. Oman, of Stockton, in charge. The gentleman has created a very favorable impression and we predict a most successful term. Mr. Oman is also a practical printer and we cordially extend him the hand of fellowship.

Prospects Good for a Lively Camp.

It is highly probable that a rich mining property will be developed at Pine Mountain. S. P. Roberts has been located in that country for many years past and had located quite a number of claims. He is a poor man and unable to develop the property himself, but his faith that the mines would ultimately be developed was great and he pluckily hung on. Some time ago Andrew Fyfe inspected the country and the result was that he has bought Roberts' interest in the group with the exception of one mine, which the latter reserved. A good wagon road has been completed up Black Canyon and a small mill erected at the mines. Dick Whittaker, who came in from there last Sunday, says the stamps will commence dropping to-morrow, D. J. Hessian is interested with Mr. Fyfe and has a team engaged in freighting. A carload of ore was shipped during the week. Some two years ago, at the invitation of Mr. Roberts, the editor of this paper visited the Pine Mountain country and predicted that some day a good paying camp would be located there.

Grand Fair Ball

The Fifth Annual Fair at Bishop will close with the usual Grand Ball, Friday Eve., Oct. 2, at Spencer's Hall. The Ball will be under the direction of the Directors of the Eighteenth District Association and no pains or expense will be spared to make it the event of the season. The music will be a feature; five pieces in all, and each player a soloist on his instrument. The floor and dance will be in the hands of competent managers assisted by a corps of young gentlemen from the District. Premiums will be given for dancers, which will add a new and interesting feature, and all residents of the district may compete for them. Judges will be selected from the spectators and an impartial decision rendered. Altogether the Fifth Annual Ball is to be made one Par Excellence and all who attend will be assured of a good time.

Labor Rewarded

A good illustration of what may be accomplished by a little labor can be seen at the 8-mile ranch. The lessees, McSweeney & McNash, seeded about five acres to potatoes and will dig about forty tons; from an acre and a quarter of land seeded with onions at least fifteen tons will be gathered. An abundance of corn, cabbage, tomatoes and other garden truck was also raised. Last spring ten acres were planted in locust and walnut trees which have made a rapid growth, fully 90 per cent. of all planted being healthy and strong. The work was done in order to cultivate a timber culture location according to law and a profitable crop is obtained from what might have been considered as "dead work."

Poleta Parlor, N. D. G. W., will present the drama, "Rebecca's Triumph," at Spencer's Hall, Bishop, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, September 29th and 30th, 1891. The young ladies who have the affair in charge have hitherto conducted similar entertainments in a most successful manner and that this will present even greater attractions than former plays there can be no doubt. Elsewhere will be found a complete cast of characters, including Mr. Blank, whose name is ———.

The Mexican National holiday was fittingly observed at Lone Pine on Wednesday, the 16th. There were fewer sports during the day than in former years. A free ball was given in the evening, which was largely attended. There was an entire absence of disorder of any kind and the many people present seemed bent on having a jolly good time, and succeeded thoroughly. Independence was well represented.

It is reported that Frank Inman and Miss Louisa Lee, of Nevada, were married at Bishop last Sunday. Frank certainly looked too happy for an ordinary occasion when we saw him that day, but did not suspect that he had joined the list of Benedicts. Miss Lee visited at Camp Independence for several months this Spring and has many friends here who wish her every happiness.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, the divorced wife of Senator James G. Fair, died last Sunday, aged forty-six years. She was a most estimable lady and not a word of reproach was ever uttered against her regarding the enforced separation from her blackguard husband. In justice to Fair be it said that he treated her generously as regards money matters, he having settled upon her property to the extent of $5,000,000.

J. G. Bone, a druggist at Dunmore, Pa., says he has never sold a medicine that gave such universal satisfaction as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and that the large demand for it has been a great surprise to him. It is sold here by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

Inyo
Stage Company.
REGULAR LINE
—FROM—
Mojave To Keeler.
FINE COACH
FAST STOCK.
The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful
Redrock Canyon
And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.
Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.
Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m
A. B. HALL, Agent.

Notice.

All persons indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle before Oct. 17, 1891, as I intend to place all uncollected bills in the hands of my attorneys for collection on that day.

R. C. SPEAR.

Dated, Lone Pine, Sept. 17, 1891.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

There is little doubt but that many persons suffer for years with ailments that could easily be cured by the use of some simple remedy. The following incident is an illustration of this fact: My wife was troubled with a pain in her side the greater part of the time for three years, until cured by Chamberlain,s Pain Balm. It has, I think permanently cured her. We have also used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy whenever needed and believe it to be the best in the world. P. M. Boston, Pennville, Sullivan Co., Missouri. For sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

"We know from experience in the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy that it will prevent croup," says Messrs. Gadberry & Worley, Percy, Iowa. They also add that the Remedy has given great satisfaction in that vicinity, and that they believe it to be the best in the market for throat and lung diseases. For sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

St. Patrick's Pills are carefully prepared from the best material and according to the most approved formula, and are the most perfect cathartic and liver pill that can be produced. We sell them A. K. EUGLEY Big Pine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to MRS. REDDY, Darwin, Cal.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. S. Enos and O. I. Mairs is dissolved by mutual consent.

Witness our hands June 15th, 1891.

W. S. ENOS.
O. I. MAIRS.

A. W. Eibeshutz
Independence, Cal.
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,
J. C. ROEPER, Prop.
Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including
Beef, Mutton, Pork, Sausage.
A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons. j19-tf

Snug little FORTUNES have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 PORTLAND, MAINE.

"REBECCA'S TRIUMPH,"
A Drama in 3 Acts,
Written expressly for the "L. A. C. Cooking Club of Chicago.
Will be presented at
SPENCER'S HALL, BISHOP,
September 29th and 30th, 1891,
—Under the management of—
POLETA PARLOR, NO. 51, N-D-G-W.
DRAMMATIS PERSONNÆ:

Mrs. Rokeman	C. V. Stoutenborough	Mrs. Delaine	Jennie Shirley
Rebecca	Angie Brockman	Clarissa Codman	Jessie S. Parsons
Dora Gaines	Margie Shaw	Sadie Morrell	Lulu McLaren
Jennie Woodman	Nettie Ford	Mellie Dunbar	Agnes Ford
Emma Stevens	Carrie McGee	Grace Greenwood	Ritta Drake
Maria Gray	Frankie Shaw	Alice Leeds	Annie Vanfleet
Gussie Green	Kate Morehouse	Katie O'Connor	Louisa Clarke
Gyp	Jennie Euloe	Meg	Helen Squire

Theophilus Montague

Tickets, 50 cents. Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra. Children, 25 cents.

"The Affair of the Season!!"
Fifth Annual Ball,
18th DISTRICT
Agricultural Association,
—Will be given at—
Spencer's Hall
—On—
Friday Eve., Oct. 2d,
Under the auspices of the Fair Directors.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.
THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1864. n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.
First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.
THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines, Liquors, & Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.
The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of **San Francisco**. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.
PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Address orders and packages to
HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

BIG HORN ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.
Harness of all kinds, from the light st to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO., Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for outdoor parties.
Customers supplied on all points
Of the C. & C. Railroad.
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OP ARD U
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies
PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully
Equal to the Best
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
A. N. BELL,
dependence, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & C. R. R.
TAKING EFFECT
Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrive—
Mound House	11:30 p m	5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2 05 p m.	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9 55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No 3.	No. 4.
	Leave—	Arrive—
Belleville	8 2 a. m	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a m	1:35 a m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord	2 45 p. m	10:00 a. m
Independence	4 20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar 6:55 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Mountain, Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

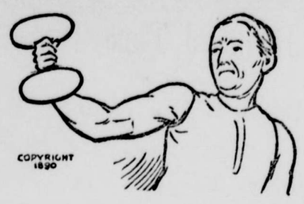
H. M. YERINGTON, General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D. A. BENDER, General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOLF
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.
CANDIES, PEANUTS, WALNUTS, TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, -
New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
I Lake View Hotel
BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS
All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES, LIQUORS, & CGARS
The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE
Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td



Pretty strong reasons for trying Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. In the first place, it cures your catarrh—no matter how bad your case, or of how long standing. It doesn't simply palliate—it *cures*. If you believe it, so much the better. There's nothing more to be said. You get it for 50 cents, from all druggists.

But perhaps you won't believe it. Then there's another reason for trying it. Show that you can't be cured, and you'll get $500. It's a plain business offer. The makers of Dr. Sage's Remedy will pay you that amount if they can't cure you. They know that they can—you think that they can't. If they're wrong, you get the cash. If you're wrong, you're rid of catarrh.

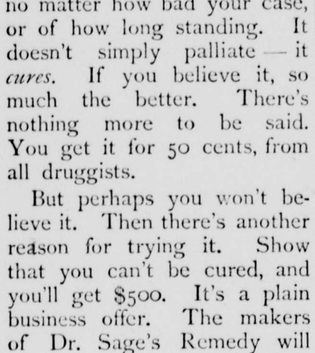
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GENTS:—For the past winter I have been very badly afflicted with rheumatism. About six weeks ago was confined to my bed, and whenever I was able to get around was obliged to use cruches. All the time I had the best medical attendance.

After one week's use of Dr. Pardee's Remedy, I was able to walk with a cane. I continued its use and can now move around without assistance of any kind, and am better in health than I have been for years. It has effected a permanent cure and I take pleasure in recommending it. C. R. FINNEGAN,

Supt. Fire Alarm Telegraph, City Building, Front Street.

Send for pamphlet to Pardee Medicine Co.



A pure Virginia plug cut smoking tobacco that does not bite the tongue, and is free from any foreign mixture. More solid comfort in one package of Mastiff than you can get out of a dozen others. Packed in canvas pouches.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

R. H. McDonald, PRESIDENT. R. H. McDonald, Jr. VICE-PRESIDENT. K. Y. McDonald, CASHIER.

Established 1863.

PACIFIC BANK

Capital Stock $1,000,000.00.
Surplus $ 800,000.00.
Undivided Profits, 23,000.00
Total, 1,823,000.00
Average Resources, 4,541,000.00
Yearly Volume of Business, 235,000,000.00

(D) R. H. McDONALD, Prest.
San Francisco, Cala., July 1, 1891.

Deposits Received from $1 Upwards.

Money Saved is Money Earned. Deposit in a good Savings Bank.

PEOPLE'S HOME SAVINGS BANK

805 Market St., cor. 4th St. IN FLOOD BUILDING
San Francisco, Cal.

Pacific Bank, Treasurer.

Capital Stock, - $1,000,000

Paid up in Cash $333,333.33
Subject to Call 666,666.67

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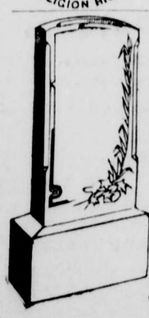

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FOUR AMERICAN SONGS.

The Sources of Inspiration of the Writers.

ONE OF THEM AVERTED A WAR.

Strange Fact About the Music of "America."

The four great lyrics of our country are "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Hail Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America."

The first named was written by Timothy Dwight, ancestor of Timothy Dwight, the present president of Yale college. He wrote other patriotic anthems, but "Columbia" is the only one by which he became famous. Dwight was a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of Yale.

He studied law, intending to adopt it as a profession, but there being a dearth of chaplains in the Revolutionary army he became one in Parson's brigade of the Connecticut line and served some time there. It was during this service that he composed the immortal song "Columbia," which at once attracted general attention, and from the first became famous.

It was composed without much thought, the times being full of patriotic feelings, which inspired the poet, and he is said to have expected no more than passing fame for his production. It was caught up, however, by the patriots, and soon became known throughout the struggling colonies. After the war Dwight went back to the pursuits interrupted by his entering the army, and eventually became president of Yale college, a position which he held until his death in 1817.

The author of "Columbia" was a voluminous writer, turning out many extended poems and books, but all seem to have been forgotten but the great lyric which he gave to his country during the struggle for freedom. It will ever remain his monument.

A SONG THAT TOLD.

The words and music of "Hail Columbia" were composed under the American flag. Its author, Joseph Hopkinson, was a native of Philadelphia and the son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Like the composer of "Columbia," he was the author of many other things in prose and verse, but nothing has come down to our day with any fame but his national song.

"Hail Columbia" was written in the summer of 1798, when we were having complications with France which threatened to end in war. Hopkinson had an actor friend named Fox, who was to have a benefit at a theater, and it was for him that the song was composed.

The music which accompanied the song, and to which it is sung today, was originally the "President's March," which was written ten years before, on the occasion of Washington's visit to New York, by a German orchestra leader named Fyles. "Hail Columbia" sprang into sudden popularity, and it is said to have averted the threatened war, as it incited national pride and roused the whole country.

Joseph Hopkinson lived until 1842, filling various important offices and loved by all for the great song he had given to his nation. He helped to revise the constitution of Pennsylvania, was a warm friend of Joseph Bonaparte's during the ex-king's sojourn in this country, and at the time of his death was holding the office of United States judge for the eastern district of his native state.

INSPIRED BY BATTLE SMOKE.

Of the many national song writers none have enjoyed more enduring fame than the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." It is perhaps the greatest and most popular of all our songs and lyrics. It was composed amid the roar of cannon and the bursting of bombs, and seems to have sprung without effort from the mind of its author.

Francis Scott Key, the author, was a prisoner in the hands of the British when the song was composed. He had gone down the bay at Baltimore, then being attacked by the British fleet, for the purpose of securing the release of a friend who was held by the enemy. He carried a message from President Madison asking for the prisoner's release. The British commander agreed to the request, but told Key that he must be detained during the attack. Key and his friends were therefore held back, and it was while they watched the terrific bombardment of Fort McHenry, now and then losing sight of the flag that waved over its ramparts, that he wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." This took place in 1814.

When he was released Key took his poem back to the city, where it was speedily printed to the music of an old English song, "Anacreon in Heaven," and in a short time was being sung all over the country.

Dr. Smith's beautiful ode "America" was also adapted to an English air, that of "God Save the Queen." Strange to relate, this same melody answers for the national song of the German empire, Great Britain and Ireland, Bavaria, Switzerland, Brunswick, Hanover, Norway, Prussia, Saxony, and does service in the United States as "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

"America" has no stirring history surrounding its composition. It was composed in 1832, and was first sung at a children's celebration at the Park Street church, Boston, on the Fourth of July the same year. Samuel Francis Smith, its author, is still living. He is a native of Massachusetts, where he was born in 1808. His famous missionary hymn, "The Morning Light Is Breaking," was written at the same time and place as "America." Dr. Smith has filled many important stations in the church, and has written voluminously, his contributions embracing nearly every branch of good literature.—New York Telegram.

Revenge.

Horne (to his friend at the concert who is applauding enthusiastically)—For goodness sake don't, man; that was abominable! You'll bring that cruel music butcher out again!"

O'Bowie (with increasing enthusiasm)—Good! Can't you see he's half fainting with exhaustion? I want some revenge, my boy.—Exchange.

It should be remembered that the deeper the well the larger the area from which the rain water finds its way into it. No discharges or other secretions from the room of a sick person should be thrown on the ground or buried in it within at least 100 feet of the well.

SAM'S PHILOSOPHY.

He and Kate Married Because They Found Themselves so Old and Poor.

Half a dozen men were discussing the problem of marriage in the cafe of the Southern society one evening.

"These young New Yorkers make me very weary," said a Kentucky colonel. "I mean these young fellows who, though in receipt of good incomes, spend all their money in tomfoolery, and then say they can't afford to marry."

"I agree with you, colonel," said a Maryland gentleman from Princess Anne county. "If a man wants to marry he never reckons the cost. I am reminded of a story of our two old house servants. They had both been in our family for years. When the emancipation proclamation was signed we told them that they were free. We sympathized with the north during the war, you know.

"We could scarcely drive them away with a club, however. They had been born and reared on the place. Sam had lost his wife. He was eighty years of age. Old Kate was our 'mammy.' She was sixty or seventy. Her husband was killed duck shooting a dozen years before the war. It was a great blow to the old people when we told them they would have to go. They did not want to leave us and hustle for themselves, but we could ill afford to keep them at that time. It was particularly hard for the old 'mammy.' She thought we children all belonged to her.

"Finally we compromised the matter and let old Kate have the use of one of the cabins and work on the place. Sam went to live in a little shanty in the town a mile or two away. Kate did washing and Sam did washing too, whenever he could get a job—whitewashing I mean.

"We were astonished one day at hearing that these old creatures, each with one foot in the grave, had married. My father sent me to Sam to learn if the report was true. I found him whitewashing the wooden fence around his shanty.

"Sam," I said, "what in the world have you and old Kate been up to, marrying at your age? What did you do it for?"

"'Why, Massa Will,' he replied, 'yo' see it war this way. Ole Kate an' I were a talkin' an' I say to ole Kate, "Kate, we po' fool niggers. I's done live 'bout's long's I ker to."

"'An Kate,' she say, "I dunno 'bout dat, Sam, but guess yo' is tellin' de truff."

"'So Kate, she say as how she's ole too, an' can't grow much ol'er, an' how she po' an' can't be no poo'er. An' so we 'clude to get married, kase we can't be no ol'er, no' poo'er when we's married, den when Kate is juss Kate an' Sam's juss Sam.'

"And so those two old darkies were married," said the Princess Anne man, "because they were old and could not live much longer, and because they were poor and could not be any poorer, whether they were single or married."—New York Herald.

You Don't Tire of Them.

There are people of whom one never tires, no matter how often one sees them nor how intimate the associations may be. There is about them that air of perpetual charm and variety that makes them delightful companions. They are sure to be good tempered. There is never any fear of finding them in a pet, nor a prey to some ill humor wholly unreasonable and unexplainable.

They are pleased when you are pleased and interested in what you have to say. They are so sympathetic that your ills and troubles become their own, and your friends become so dear to them that not for the world would they do anything to rob you of them. Sometimes with these bright, sweet natures you find the added charm of originality, and when you come across such a one treasure it and preserve it as one of the pearls of your life, for seldom indeed are talent, originality and good nature found combined in one mortal frame. A nature that is so richly endowed is threefold talented. It has the talent of magnetism, the talent of keeping good natured and the priceless talent of originality, which, as Rudyard Kipling says, is not the discovery of anything new, but is rather a new way of looking at old things. And that makes it all the more delightful.—New York World.

The First Woman.

By the way, speaking of Eve, why is not her name, in its English and Bible form, bestowed upon more little girls? Eva is common enough; it is simply the Latin form of the name. No doubt parents often bestow it in this form without thinking that they are naming a daughter for the naughty mother of all mankind, whose "mortal taste" for green fruit brought death into the world and all our woe. But this is an age of rehabilitation, and Eve has been pretty thoroughly rehabilitated in character herself. A great many really good women are not so sure but they would have done just the same as she did under the same circumstances. But whether or not Eve has been vindicated or needs vindication she had a very pretty name. Bestowed upon girl or woman, and without any final a—just plain Eve—no name could be more charming.—Boston Transcript.

Burglars' Weapons.

Over 100 tools and processes, which are marvels of ingenuity and scientific knowledge, have been invented by safe burglars. A recent burglar's outfit captured by the police consisted of a little giant knob breaker, a diamond drill and a high explosive of the nature of dynamite, but put up in the form of a powder. It would open the strongest bank safe in a half hour, and without noise enough to disturb people in the next house, while the entire outfit could be carried in the pockets of an ordinary coat.—Rochester Democrat.

It is said if a looking glass be held before roaches they will be so frightened as to leave the premises. In England hedgehogs are kept in kitchens to destroy cockroaches. These curious little beasts are nocturnal in their habits, and are amazingly fond of such prey.

A secret chemical powder introduced abroad when sprinkled over the top of the coal in a newly made fire cements the upper part of the fuel together and causes the coal to burn at the bottom and throw the heat into the room, instead of allowing a large part of it to go up the chimney.—New York Journal.

Indiana contains only a dozen men who can properly be ranked as millionaires. And there are probably not more than two men in the state who are worth $2,000,000 apiece.

A PET AND A NUISANCE.

The Antics of a Mischievious Monkey.

AN EXHIBITION OF TIGHTROPE WALKING.

He Picks Putty out of a Skylight and Steals Pennies and Milk.

For two years now Jocko has been having things pretty much his own way in a back yard in East Fourth street. But at last he has run up against a snag. Doubtless if Jocko had been content with his own back yard and had not gone about prowling for new back yards to conquer, his name today would not be on the blotter of the health board's big book. At the weekly meeting of the board it will be decided whether he may keep up his nomadic proclivities unmolested or whether in the future he is to be chained to a ring in the area steps.

Jocko is the pet monkey of Josef Hoffmann, who does a brisk business in the basement at 37 East Fourth street. A sea captain, who had come home from a voyage to South America for cocoanuts, brought back Jocko with him, and gave the animal to Mr. Hoffmann. If Jocko had stuck his long, sharp claws into Mr. Hoffman's heart he couldn't have secured a deeper hold on that portion of the latter's anatomy than he did on the first day of his installment in the basement in East Fourth street.

Every twenty-four hours which have passed since then have only soldered more firmly the ties between the monkey and his master. So fond, indeed, has his owner become of the curious little animal that he has never had the heart to correct him in any way. The result was the usual one. Jocko was spoiled.

JOCKO AND THE CLOTHESLINE.

So one day, as Jocko was sitting ruminating in the back yard, with a leg swung about the trellis and his tail wound around the grape vine, he spied Mrs. Kaufman, of the third floor, back hanging her washing out to dry.

Mrs. Kaufman closed the window, leaving her linen, which she had got up at 6 o'clock to wash, hanging in the sun. Jocko waited a whole minute after he heard the sash bang. Then, with a cat-like movement, he gained the top of the high back fence, scampered up the fire escape of an adjoining building, made a well calculated leap of three feet and landed on the nearest point of vantage of the taut ropes of Mrs. Kaufman's clothesline.

Like a tightrope walker, Jocko tripped along the line. He put up one paw to his whisker, just as the real performer does when he smirks and throws the inimitable kiss to the audience. Then Jocko began his aerial feats in earnest.

When Mrs. Kaufman went to haul in her lines that evening she stood as one amazed. Her stockings strewed the ground below like the fallen leaves of Vallambrosa. Her tablecloths and sheets, where they were not torn in places, were tracked in a pattern in which the chief figure was the imprint of a muddy paw. Some of her linen was actually missing. Mrs. Kaufman had to get up early the next morning again, pull out her thread and needle, and, after mending for almost an hour, do her whole wash over.

But Jocko never ran amuck among Mrs. Kaufman's wash any more. He had experienced a new sensation, and having once satisfied himself with that he began to cast about for fresh fields and pastures new. Of course, if he wanted to make use of Mrs. Kaufman's or any other person's convenient lines, Jocko never hesitated to use them as a public thoroughfare. But as a diversion, clotheslines had lost their seductive charms for the monkey.

THE HATTER PROTESTS.

So while looking about another morning for something "new and strange" he clambered up on to the roof of the extension built out from a hat store on the Bowery. The skylight was open and Jocko began dropping odd bits which he picked up off the roof down into the room below. His Simian Majesty was scared away.

Then Jocko's instinctive feeling of dislike for the Hyman family asserted itself. The next day and the next Jocko quietly perched himself on the rim of the skylight over the extension of the hatter and began picking away the putty about the panes. But Jocko had not progressed far in his operations before he was found out. Then Mr. Hyman's patience gave out, for he saw his living apartments threatened with a leak. He was not as complacent as his neighbor, Mrs. Kaufman, who satisfied her grievance by shouting out vengeance from her back windows upon the monkey. The latter went right down to the board of health and lodged a complaint against Mr. Hoffmann's pet.

One of Jocko's tricks is to go out early in the morning and steal the pennies which are placed in milk pitchers, and another is to gather up letters which the postman leaves under the basement gates near the monkey's home. Whether he views the Italian at the corner with instinctive hatred or as a natural friend it is impossible to say, but sure it is that when Jocko wants a peanut or a fig he makes no scruple of bagging one from the stand. Another one of Jocko's cunning ways is to stick his snout into any inviting bottle of milk or dish of pudding that is set out of a back window to cool, and then make his escape with his stomach full of the delicacy.

Pending the result of the inquiry Mr. Hoffmann is a little anxious for fear the health board may compel him to imprison his dear Jocko. But Jocko runs about as usual with no fear for consequences at all. One shake of his right paw against his left whisker "fixed" the sanitary inspector. And if that was not sufficient Jocko knows enough to question the right of the health board to interfere in his case at all.—New York World.

Echo Answers, "Where?"

"Mother, don't the angels wear any clothes?"

"No, darling."

"Then where do they put their pocky-hankies?"—London Judy.

The royal standard of Persia, it is said, is an apron. Stout old Gao, the Persian blacksmith, raised a revolt that proved successful, and his leathern apron covered with jewels is still borne at the van of Persian armies.

The best talking parrot is the gray bird with scarlet tail that comes from the Congo. A few of these have a scarlet breast as well as tail, and are known as king birds. They are very rare.

A Somewhat Mortifying Omission.

One of the pleasures of extreme youth is to walk in pride in rubber boots. The haughty yet indifferent air with which the rubber booted small boy will swash through a quarter of a mile of gutter must be seen to be appreciated. As the Listener was making his way past one of the city schools the other day, he saw before him two midgets of girls wearing rubber boots beyond their years. These little girls were walking through the puddles in their way with the evident pride of conquering heroines.

"Why, Mary Jane," said the larger, "if you didn't forget that puddle at the crossing!"

"So I did," said Mary Jane, mortified, "I dont know what's coming over me," and turning about she retraced her steps and twice paraded through the forgotten puddle before rejoining her companion.—Boston Transcript.

A Music Teacher's Education.

I heard, the other evening at a musicale, a naive remark about one of the performances, which seemed so characteristic of Boston it deserves to be repeated. A young woman, whose musical education has been somewhat limited, but of unbounded belief in her own capability, was discussing a very brilliant artist who had just been playing a group of Chopin's familiar masterpieces. "Oh, yes, he plays well enough," she said in answer to an enthusiastic comment, "but I don't care to have lessons from him. It wouldn't pay." "And why not?" asked an astonished listener. "There is only one other man here who is such a master of his art." "Yes, I know," was the reply, "but you see, as I want to teach, I shall take a few lessons of Mr. Long, and that will get me as many pupils as I shall need?"—Boston Herald.

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OTHER REMEDIES FAILED,

and St. Jacobs Oil cured promptly and permanently." For the same reason

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Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market." ①

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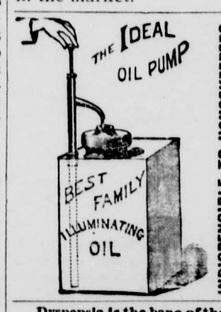

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Always at work, and yet 'twas never done.
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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1891.

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CAMEO CUTTING.

A Process Generally Little Understood.

THE METHODS OF THE "COLORER."

The Round Chalcedonous Pebble of Brazil.—The Engraver.

Cameos are of two kinds—those cut in stone, or in pietra dura, and those cut on mollusc shells. The latter are found chiefly on the African and Brazilian coast. They show, as a rule, two layers—a pale coffee color, or deep red and white. They are classified in the trade as the Bull's Mouth, the Black Helmet, and the Queen's Conch. The first has a red or sardonyx inner coat, the second a blackish ground and the third a pink ground. The first are found mostly at Madagascar and Ceylon, and the second at Jamaica, Nassau and New Providence. They are formed of three distinct layers of calcareous matter, and their peculiar structure, while it affords the greatest protection to the animal, serves also to give the cutter a secure foundation for his work.

Designs upon shell cameos, which are very much softer than stone cameos, may be effected by the process necessary in the treatment of the latter. Or, when the shell yields readily, the cutter does not resort to the engine, but, having drawn an outline upon the prepared ground, cuts away from it as the wood engraver does, with tools carefully made for this particular industry. They are files and gravers. The tool most used is flat on side and round on the other, and serves therefore either as a gouge or chisel. Of Sicilian origin, the manufacture of shell cameos was carried from Italy to Paris; and more than one-half the output of the lapidaries goes to England and is thence sent to the United States. The shell cameo is, of course, inferior, both in durability and artistic quality, to the stone cameos, which enable the engraver to give considerable relief and remarkable fidelity to any design which may be placed upon them.

The prize stones are those which show four or five distinct layers of different colors. Thus, for a heroic head, the face would be in the lightest color, the helmet dark, the crest a shade lighter, and the ground gray. Artists like to cut a Medusa on stones having a red layer, so as to use that shade on the snakes. The stones now in favor are those showing layers of black and white of equal breadth. Before a process of coloring was found—or refound, rather, for it is now known to have been in use and lost in antiquity—German agates of two shades of gray were much in demand, and many beautiful designs were engraved upon them. Very few cameos seen in jewelers' cases confess to the careless observer that their beautiful colors and high polish are due more to chemistry than to nature. The coloring process is very curious.

The round chalcedonous pebble is the original stone cameo. In Brazil it is found in river beds. At Oberstein it is found under the rocks that are the great ribs of the high formation, and it lies freely also in the ground like flint stones in chalk. From the mills of Oberstein and Idar the lapidaries of the world are supplied. When the pebble is first tested the trier breaks off a small bit and moistens the fragment with his tongue. He watches keenly the rapidity with which the moisture is absorbed and whether the absorption is in bands, and in one band more rapidly than in another. Thus he conjectures its capacity to receive color. The pebble may be nothing but what we call agate; but chemistry is going to make it onyx or sardonyx. By its sensitiveness to moisture he rates its commercial value, and then it goes not to the engraver but to the slitting mill, where its roughness is ground off, and it is cut so as to bring the white stratum or layer uppermost. Then it is ground with emery and polished with water and rotten stone on a pewter lap.

It goes next to the colorer. He immerses it in honey and water, and for several weeks it is kept in its bath at a temperature just below boiling. When done it is transferred to another tub, and covered with sulphuric acid heated to 350 or 400 degs. After ten hours it is finished. It goes next into clean water and is dried in an oven. After polishing it lies in oil, which removes the appearance of flaws and adds to the brilliancy of the polish. Bran removes the oil. The secrets of the coloring have never been fully understood, and the operation of the various influences is uncertain. It is taken for granted that the honey invades the pores and is carbonized by the sulphuric acid. The deposition of the carbon increases the color of each band which the honey has permeated. If the color of the stone is uniform throughout it is natural; if it has been chemically heightened or produced by sulphuric acid, which makes the black ground, or nitric acid, which produces the carnelian ground, the color will be found on examination superficial and uneven. Only experts can detect pure chalcedony from colored agates.

If a portrait is to be engraved upon the stone, many artists prefer first to make the model in wax and prove it in plaster, as the engraver of old tested the design he intended to put in enamel upon gold. The model being accepted, and the stone selected of the size and strata desired, it is placed upon a cork and leather handle, which holds it so firmly that it will not be displaced in the slightest degree by the action of the engine. Then the artist's task actually begins. The slightest error of eye, the least infirmity of hand, and the failure is complete. The engraver and etcher apply a sharp instrument to the ground, upon which they operate. The cameo engraver applies the ground to a sharp instrument, which does the cutting, and which, in Amsterdam, in the diamond factories, is run by steam power.

The engine is a miniature lathe head. It stands on a solid table before the engraver, and it is confronted by rows of small iron tools, some of which look like little wheels on the ends of iron stems; and most of them like dentists' tools of half the common length. A microscope would be necessary to discover that the smallest of them ends in a disc; for some of the discs are less than the one hundredth part of an inch in diameter. These little wheels are the cutters on the cameo ground. They receive a touch of oil and diamond dust just before the operation commences; and the diamond dust cuts while the oil polishes. The artist must change them frequently, according to the depth of the incision, the nature of the grain, and the direction of the line. His training must, therefore, be slow and accurate, his eye true, and his sense of form developed into microscopic exactness. Many sculptors prefer the training for cameo portraiture as an invaluable part of their education. St. Gaudens was a cameo cutter.—Chicago Tribune.

An American "Les Miserables."

It is not a prodigious prophecy to say that the revolution, the war of 1812, the civil war, the slave question and the numerous phases of life in the United States of a quarter of a century ago, will invite the serious attention of a novelist, and an American "Les Miserables" will be written.—The Epoch.

CALIFORNIA'S GREAT MOUNTAIN.

Going Up to the Top of the Shasta and Then Down Again.

Now that we were within a few miles of Shasta, it did not look so wholly white. Its snows were plowed by many a rocky ridge, not perceptible at a greater distance. It did not, however, lose its supernatural appearance thereby, but rather gained an effect more startling by the sharp contrast of lava rock and sweeps of snow. Shasta was named by Russian travelers, the proper derivation of the word being Tcheste, meaning chaste, pure. It is the culminating peak of the coast and Sierra ranges, and has an altitude of 14,444 feet. Its glaciers extend for more than two miles down its slopes. We sat for an hour on the hotel porch trying to familiarize ourselves with this strange mountain, but its unearthly aspect did not change for us.

"It is terrible to be up there!" said Hal, with almost a shudder. "One is in no danger of forgetting the experience. As I was following that lava ridge this side of the Devil's Thumb, I saw far off on the snow a black object about the size of my finger, wriggling and staggering about, falling flat occasionally and then resuming its fantastic gyrations. I observed it carefully, and discovered that the object was forked, and then it flashed through me that it was a man climbing the glacier. When our party reached the cleft peak that forms the summit we were met by a perfect avalanche of clouds that tossed and tumbled about, giving a ghostly indistinctness to everything. We appeared to be in a world of unrealities, peopled by shadowy creatures that lengthened and contracted, and flung about their vast, white wings above the sickening fumes that steamed up from the hissing, spurting hot springs at our feet. A momentary parting of the clouds showed the sky blue as indigo, closing down in awful nearness. Through a revolving glare the blood red sun swung in the frightful purple of the heavens. Fronting these unaccustomed elements a solemn dignity possessed the soul and gave a conscious feeling of infinitude. The loss of all familiar landmarks lent an indescribable terror to the scene. This dead volcano's throat is choked with snow. On its icy rim one of the ladies slipped and fell headlong over the fearful chasm. The guide caught her by one of her feet. Her escape from a horrible death was almost miraculous. We were nearly frozen with the cold, and yet our mouths were parched and hot as in a desert. Our hearts throbbed painfully, and we drew our breath in gasps.

"Before we commenced the descent a fierce blast tore the mists asunder, revealing the grandest picture we shall ever behold on earth. From the majestic temple we could see hundreds of miles of kaleidoscopic landscape. Mountains, rivers and valleys, with spurs of rocky ridges cutting through tawny farm fields far away; green meadows starred with lakes, and billowy ranges running toward the sea, while fifty miles of dense pine forests spanned the McCloud and Pitt to touch the snowy heads of the Sierras. And Oregon's rich prairies, linked to ours by a chain of silver surfaced lakes; to the south, beyond the mighty Lassen Buttes, we catch a glimpse of dusky plains, with isles of clustering peaks. Three times I have seen all this, and yet I feel an irresistible desire to go again. In spite of the labor and exhaustion attending the ascent, the vision from the top is worth a greater sacrifice."

We slowly descended the mountain, gazing silently toward Mount Shasta until the intervening silver firs shut off our view. The train was two hours late that night, and as I turned from bidding Hal good-by we saw a radiant mantle fall on Shasta's head from the departing sun. "And the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on the top of the mount!" he quoted solemnly, and within its reflected light we parted hands.—Overland Monthly.

The Rainfall of the West.

The one thing needful to develop the agricultural and pastoral possibilities of this region—in a word, the key to its destinies—is an adequate rainfall; and this suggests a topic regarding which has arisen nearly all of the controversies connected with the success of the new west. Experts who knew absolutely nothing whatever about the actual facts in the case have written many a weighty article to prove that we do not have, never have had, and never can have any rainfall worth mentioning. On the other hand, the people out here, who know from their actual experience that we do have a liberal and bona fide rainfall in every portion of our immense desert, are not content with stating the facts, or making affidavits to them, but rack their brains to find ingenious reasons for the beneficence of Providence. One asserts that every yard of steel rail laid in the desert will draw from the heavens a gallon of water per annum; another claims that there has always been a good rainfall here, and points in evidence to the numberless canyons and creek beds twisting and turning in every direction, but all ultimately converging to the rivers which empty into the Missouri. A third contends that rain follows the upturning of the sod, and that every acre of land plowed makes a draft on the clouds for a definite quantity of water.

It is certain that the buffalo grass sod which has covered these plains for centuries has become as impervious to water as a cowboy's slicker. Hence the rain never penetrates it, but rushes off the "divides" in a fury to reach the rivers. Any one who has seen it rain on the plains can understand something of the deluge which covers the entire prairie to the depth of twelve to twenty-four inches during the summer showers. It is easy to comprehend then how the numerous canyons in Kansas and Nebraska are cut by the eagerness of the flood to roll eastward. But when the prairie sod has once been plowed the soil absorbs water like a sponge. After a day's heavy rain there is no mud visible in a plowed field; the moisture soaks downward to great depths, and the soil retains it through weeks of dry weather afterward, sustaining its crops without additional rain for a wonderful length of time. It is at least reasonable to suppose that under this changed condition of large portions of the soil, which now absorbs rain instead of shedding it like a rubber coat, the climate retains its atmospheric moisture better, and the rainfall becomes more regular, less falling at a time, but falling oftener. This change may account, too, for the heavy dews which of late years have been remarked in this country—a thing absolutely unknown ten years ago. The upturned soil parting with but a little of its moisture every day, it returns to it at night, well nigh as refreshing as a shower.—Frank H. Spearman in Harper's Magazine.

The Use of Saccharine.

The use of saccharine as a substitute for sugar is not considered safe from a medical point of view. Dr. Worms, in a communication to the French academy of medicine, states that of several patients who made use of saccharine by his advice, all but one were compelled to give it up on account of the occurrence of dyspeptic symptoms, nausea, loss of appetite, etc. It is usually not until after the substance has been taken from ten to fifteen days that it manifests its evil influence. It then appears to accumulate in the system.—Scientific American.

SOME STAGE MECHANISM.

A Peep Behind a Modern Theater's Curtain.

HOW BIG STAGE FIRES ARE PRODUCED.

Flashes of Lightning.—A Shower of Rain.—Using Fireworks.

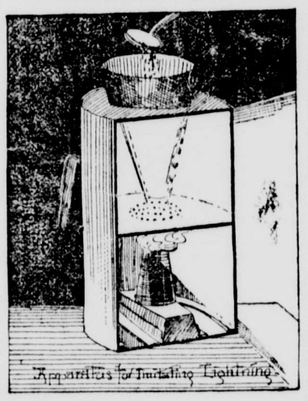
STAGE MOUNTING has become one of the most complex and refined of arts. The spectator, in fact, is no longer satisfied, as of old, with a vain illusion that his imagination is called upon to complete, but he requires a semblance of reality capable of giving him the sensation of the genuine thing, and, naturally, all hands, the impresarii, machinists, scene painters, etc., put their wits to work (in most cases with success) to gratify his taste. Each new spectacular piece reveals to us some novel innovation, and, in truth, it is an occupation not without interest or utility to study the modifications and improvements that have been made in time in the same scenic effect.

Let us take, for example, the representation of fires, in the theater. Formerly, as in Mignon, or in the Prophet, some flames of lycopodium and some red Bengal lights sufficed to satisfy everybody. Great improvements have been made since, and in recent years the skillful stage mounters of the opera-house have twice shown us (first in Sigurd, and but a few days afterwards in the Magian, Mr. Massent's new opera) conflagrations that have been improved to such a degree as to be capable of vying with real fires, as far as effect is concerned. In this regard, the setting of the Magian is particularly remarkable. We are at the last act of the drama. The temple of Djahi is in ruins. The Turanians have burned it. Alone stands intact the triumphant statue of the goddess, before whom, like smoke of incense, rise puffs of bluish vapor from the rubbish. The Magian Zarastra contemplates the pile of debris with horror, and near him stands Anahita, the queen of Turan. Meanwhile, the priestess of the temple, Varedah, mortally wounded and lying prone upon the earth, revives and, seeing Zarastra triumphant near her rival, invokes the Djahi in a burst of fury. The latter obeys her voice. The fire, which is still smoldering under the ashes, breaks out again. At first, the smoke becomes more intense, and its spirals, on rising in the air, become tinged with red. Then the flames soon reappear along the cornices that are still in place, the statue gives way, the fire extends by degrees, and the stage is soon nothing but an immense glowing brazier, in which sparks are crackling, flames are flickering and smoke is curling.

Now what is the secret of this wonderful stage mounting? It will be recalled that in Sigurd the effect obtained is produced by jets of steam to which a rose color is given by means of Bengal lights. The steam under pressure enters through large conduits running under the stage and escapes through small tubes soldered to the supply pipes and traversing the stage floor. The maneuver is executed by operating a cock. The inconvenience of the process lies in the loud strident noise made by the steam escaping into the air.

In the Magian, where the orchestra music at the moment of the fire is relatively soft and low, this circumstance would have been most annoying. It therefore became necessary to find a means of producing the steam in abundance, while at the same time preventing noise being made by its escape. The difficulty was happily surmounted as follows:

The steam generated by a boiler is



Apparatus for Imitating Lightning.

here again led by pipes as in Sigurd; but instead of its being allowed to escape through a thousand narrow orifices, it is made to pass into special apparatus—large boxes in the shape of an isosceles triangle connected in pairs at the two extremities of the same supply-pipe. These boxes, which are fixed by the apex opposite the base of the triangle, have, at their point of attachment, considerable thickness, which gradually diminishes in measure as the wide part of the apparatus is approached. At the base of the triangle the thickness is greatly reduced, so that the steam, which is distributed throughout the whole extent of the box, escapes without any noise, and throughout its width, through a narrow orifice between the two faces of the apparatus. In the interior of the boxes there are pieces of felt, the principal object of which is to absorb the drops of water carried along mechanically. (Fig. 1).

The advantage of this peculiar arrangement, which at the opera-house, was installed entirely by Mr. David, is that it permits of the disengagement of steam everywhere where it is necessary. These boxes, in fact, are easily manipulated by two men, and hooks fixed to their surface permit of attaching them at will, and in an instant, along a strip of light or elsewhere, above the stage or on a level with it. After a simple coupling pipe has been connected with the steam conduit, the apparatus begins to operate.

In the Magian, twenty-nine of these double boxes are employed. Seventeen are distributed over the stage at different points and nearly up to the height of the soffit curtains. The twelve others are beneath the stage and the orifice whence the steam escapes and traverses the flooring.

This system of conflagration, the effects of which are heightened by Bengal lights, lycopodium flames, variously colored jets of electric light, and small pieces of fireworks designed to stimulate the leaping of the sparks produced by the sinking of the statue, is not absolutely new. It has, in fact, already been employed at Dresden, and in the Theater de la Monnaie, at Brussels, in the mounting of Valkyrie. At Paris, for example, it has been notably improved by Mr. David. At Dresden, in fact, the boxes were of wood and al-

Apparatus for Imitating the Smoke.

lowed of the spreading of the steam, which soon filled all the parts beneath the stage. They are now made of galvanized iron, and leakages are impossible.

This new method of producing the illusion of a fire is not the only innovation made at the opera-house apropos of the Magian, says a Paris writer. The method of imitating thunder has also been improved. In the third or mountain act, we see a terrible storm, the lightning flashes of which are as vivid and blinding as those observed in nature. They are produced in a very simple way, and are due to the sudden combustion, upon a highly heated grille, of a mixture of three parts of magnesium in powder and one part of chlorate of potash (Fig. 2). It is a similar process that is employed by photographers for taking instantaneous pictures at night. Combined with the flames of lycopodium, these magnesian flashes produce surprising effects of realism and far exceed anything that can be obtained in this direction with the electric spark.

The Weather Bureau.

The signal service corps of the army was relieved, on July 1, according to the provisions of an act of Congress, of the duty of furnishing the public with the daily weather reports, and this work was turned over to the Department of Agriculture. Gen. Greeley is succeeded as chief of the Bureau by Prof. Mark W. Harrington, professor of astronomy in the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, and editor of the American Meteorological Journal. He is about 43 years old, and is regarded as an accomplished student of meteorology and climate problems. He has had considerable correspondence with the department about climatic matters in relation to agriculture, having prepared a bulletin on the subject, which is about to be published by the forestry division of the department. The intention of Congress in making the change was that the work of the weather bureau might be extended beyond its present scope in every way where such enlargement could possibly be of benefit to our agricultural interests. Secretary Rusk says the work of the meteorological service of the United States government must go far beyond the mere forecasting of the weather, and be so extended as to include a thorough systematic investigation into the climatic conditions of the various sections of the country, in order that a full knowledge of them and of their effects upon plant growth should be available for the farmers.

Government Note Paper.

Anybody who wishes can go into the big Crane & Co's factory at Dalton, Mass., and see the workmen place the blue silk on the machine that makes paper for all the United States notes. The silk comes in spools, and is made by Belding, of Northampton. It is sold in Bangor. There is no more secret about it than there is about the water flowing over the dam above the toll bridge. The real secret is in the composition of the paper. The silk thread idea is secured by patent, to be sure, but the making of the paper, the compound of the ingredients, is safe in the head of J. Murray Crane, who received the art from his father, who made bonds for Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, away back in war times. The pure linen pulp is in a big room, looking for all the world like any linen pulp. Then comes J. Murray Crane with a gripsack. He and the "grip" enter the room together, and it is presumed that he locks the door, for the door is locked on the inside, and the "grip" does not seem able to do it. They are closeted a half an hour. When they come out the pulp goes to the paper machine, and Mr. Crane and the grip go home. But the pulp is changed by that visit, and nobody has been able to penetrate the Crane secret. The company gets about fifty times as much for that paper as for other linen paper made in the same mill.

A Power Hack Saw.

A powerful little machine for sawing steel and other metal bars is manufactured by the Millers Falls company, of New York city, and is adapted to be run by a belt. One saw blade used in this machine will do much more work than one used by hand, as the speed and pressure are regulated and uniform. We have seen a steel bar five inches in diameter that was cut quite clean by this machine. It may be used for cutting railroad rails. The machine runs at the rate of forty strokes a minute, and does its work without attention.

THROUGH THE FLUME.

Ancient History Helped out the Miners.

THE EXAMPLE SET BY CYRUS THE GREAT.

Tons of Silver Ore However, Instead of a City, at Stake.

There were gathered in the lobby of the Windsor hotel a number of engineers and mining superintendents. As is frequently the case, there was a good deal of talk of shop. Among the number present were men who had been working, at one time or another, in nearly every prominent silver camp in the United States. The climax, however, was reached when one of the mining men showed how a knowledge of ancient history once came into play and paid a man exceedingly well.

"Of course," he said, "you have all heard of the Pelican and the Dives mines at Georgetown, and know that there has been very rich ore taken from these claims. There was a dispute between the owners of the claims. The Dives used to keep its ore and have it all sampled Sunday. The idea was that no civil process could be served Sunday, and by getting the ore down and sampled that day there was no chance for their opponents to do anything. Of course, after the ore was sampled, no one could swear to its identity when removed from the sampler, and so it was safe the rest of the week.

"The Dives people aimed to ship down about 100 tons each Sunday, this amount of ore being valued at about $50,000. Mr. Schneider, the banker, who was afterward shot, was the owner of the Pelican and was anxious to get even with the Dives people in any way possible.

"One day he told one of the miners around Georgetown that he could have all the ore that he could get from the Dives people, and that he would purchase the same at full value at the Pelican mill.

"The bargain certainly gave no one a legal title to the ore thus to be obtained, and as to the moral aspects of the question I suppose that didn't bother any one of them. The law certainly would have looked upon ore taken from the Dives people under this arrangement as stolen ore.

"The miner with whom the arrangement had been made had for some time had some low grade ore in sacks in one of the bins of the Foster sampler, a mill about half a mile above the sampler where the ore of the Dives people was sampled. One evening, after he had made arrangements with a couple of friends, he went to Mr. Foster, after the latter had locked up his sampler, and asked him for the key of the mill, as he wanted to get the sacks holding the low grade ore stacked in the mill. Mr. Foster, of course, had no objection and handed over the key.

"During the night there came along a wagon loaded with ore picked out at the Dives mine by one who knew the grade of the ore. It was dropped on the hill and the two men packed the ore in the Foster sampler. The ore was put in the sacks which formerly held the low grade galena ore. It was impossible to take away the ore that night, so it was left, with the hope that Mr. Foster would not notice anything out of the way. But when the next night it was noticed by the two conspirators that a brand new lock was placed on the door of the mill, and that all the windows had been firmly fastened down, they needed no one to tell them that Mr. Foster wanted an explanation of how worthless galena ore had suddenly become ore running 500 ounces in silver.

"The two conspirators sneaked around the mill, hunting for an unguarded place, but every point was locked, no door opened, no window was unshut. To break in meant burglary, and burglary means Canyon City for a term, if discovered. So what to do became the question.

"Here came in the advantage of reading. Says the one to the other, 'Have you ever read any ancient history?' 'No,' was the reply, 'and what good would it be here?' 'Well, if you had, you would know how to solve the problem of entering this mill without breaking it. Cyrus entered Babylon by turning the river that flowed beneath the walls of the city and entered by the way thus opened. We must do the same with the water running through the flume entering the mill, and thus enter without breaking through the wall or through the roof.'

"It wasn't much of a job to turn the water of the flume at the headgate, and in a few minutes the flume was dry. Here was a good pathway leading into the mill, and nothing needed to be broken or in any way injured.

"It wasn't very long before our two conspirators were in the mill and were moving the sacks with the rich ore, about which Mr. Foster was so particular and anxious to learn something.

"The time at command did not allow of carrying the ore entirely away. Not only that, but it was not safe to handle just that class of ore immediately, for, at the least, it meant a cutting of a good deal of the profit of the job. Here again the flume and its supply of water came in handy. The sacks with the ore were dropped over the tail flume, and as soon as the water was turned on there was a veil of water hiding all that wealth hidden behind it.

"When the conspirators had moved all the ore they returned by the way they had come, again turned on the water, and then nothing on the outside showed that the mill no longer held the ore it once did. When the doors were opened in the morning everything was found as usual, except that the ore, to guard which all the paddocks and nails and screws had been brought into requisition, was gone.

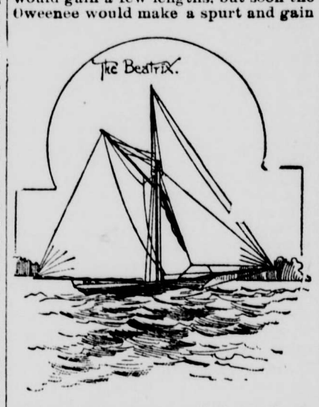
"In due time the ore was removed from beneath its curtain of water, brought to the Pelican sampler and sold. It ran 476 ounces in silver to every ton, and as there was a little more than five tons, it can be readily calculated that good pay was received for the sleep lost at night."—Denver News.

A FLEET FORTY-SIXER.

The Beatrice's Brilliant Achievements at Marblehead, Mass.

The forty-six footer Beatrice has jumped into sudden notoriety as a result of her recent achievements and splendid victory at Marblehead bay. The race with the Oweenee was the finest exhibition of sailing seen on the course for many a day.

It was a royal battle all day. Capt. Barr clung like a bull-dog to the Beatrice, and never weakened an instant. Do what he would Capt. Crocker could only maintain his lead on the windward work. At one time the Beatrice would gain a few lengths, but soon the Oweenee would make a spurt and gain



it back. The closeness of the sailing is shown by the fact that there were but 11 seconds of difference in the sailing of the two cracks in the long beat from Nahant to Minot's. On the last reach in from Nahant to the finish the wind freshened, and the Beatrice plainly showed her superiority, as she carried her sail splendidly and dropped the keel boat steadily. The Beatrice won the race finally by the small margin of 2m. 42s. It was a case where the start was almost worth the race, and if the Oweenee had got off in the lead it might have resulted in a dead heat.

A BEAUTIFUL CUP.

It Will Prove a Stimulus to Atlantic Yachtsmen.

The yacht which wins the Manhattan Athletic club cup will carry off the handsomest prize of the year. Few know probably that there is a club within a club in the palatial club-house of the Manhattan Athletic Club, says a New York correspondent, but such is the case none the less. Early this last spring, just after the club had taken possession of its new home, and when things M. A. C.-ward generally were booming, the idea of merging the yachting department into a club was suggested, and eventually carried out. The result is the Cherry Diamond Yacht club, with an encouraging membership and a good sized fleet. To J. C. Summers more than any other one man in the club is due the credit of the yachting activity, and finally the offering of this beautiful cup recently finished. He is commodore of the fleet, and aside from having suggested this cup, has practically made the club itself a possibility. The conditions for this gold challenge cup, valued at $500, and the first gold cup ever offered for a yacht-

race in this country, are that there shall be three races each season between the yachts of the 46-foot class, the cup becoming the property of the one winning three times—not necessarily in the same year, of course.

TO YACHTSMEN.

An Important Decision by the Treasury Department.

American yachtsmen will be interested in a test case which was begun in the United States District court in New York the other day. United States District Attorney Edward Mitchell has filed a libel suit against the schooner yacht Miranda, owned by H. B. Hill of New York, for $43.35 "light money." It is the first time such a suit has ever been instituted against a pleasure yacht built abroad and owned by an American, and is the outcome of the trouble over the Vanderbilt yacht Conqueror. Should the suit prove successful it is quite certain that American owners of foreign-built yachts will hasten to get rid of their costly purchases, for even the richest among them would find the payment of light money too great a burden to be long borne. One gratifying result, however, would be that our yachtsmen would buy their boats from American builders, instead of making their purchases abroad. The complaint sets forth that the Miranda was built at Wivenhoe, England, and is 84.69 tons. She was transferred by Albert John Pritchard, of South Kensington, on Aug. 34, 1886, to Mr. Hill, and the sale was recorded by Thomas J. Dunn, Deputy Collector of Customs, of this city. The suit is brought under Section 4,225 of the revised statutes of the United States.

The Wheel.

Aug. 20, 21—New York State Division, L. A. W., meet, Rochester.

Aug. 29—Montreal (Can.) Bicycle club annual meet and races.

Sept. 8, 9—Annual tournament at Hartfort, Conn.

Sept. 10, 11—Springfield Bicycle club tournament, Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass.

MEXICAN PASTIMES.

The National Amusement of Bull Fighting.

CIRCUS AND MARIONETTE PERFORMANCES

Trifling Pleasures and Flirtations of an Evening Promenade.

If the English do, indeed, "take their pleasures sadly," then the Mexicans must have somewhat of a relationship with the former named nation, for these last, notwithstanding the vast amount of vivacious description expended upon their impulsive, passionate nature and fiery impetuosity of behavior, maintain their native reserve and melancholy in their diversions as consistently as if it were an actual sin, or worse yet, a breach of educacion (that is, good form, good breeding) to display enthusiasm over any matter whatsoever.

The simplest form of social gathering is that variously known, according to the section, as retreta, or serenata, a sort of open air reunion, or promenade concert, on the main plaza usually, at which the people gather "to hear the lily white bandsmen play." Every Mexican city, town, village or hamlet, above the limits of a rancho—indeed, often the haciendas, even—has at least one plaza or open square for public use. The larger towns and cities have a dozen or twenty. These plazas range from the bare, dusty and unadorned open space in the village, through various grades of setteed and tree planted perimeter to the great zocalo or plaza de armas of the capital city, with its smoothly rolled walks, its grass and flower plots, its great trees, its smart iron benches, its fountains and columns, which were surmounted by statues before they were annexed by an æsthetic minded chief magistrate (according to the gossips), its electric lights and the pretentious pavilion for the musicians who play there thrice a week.

Likewise, in the minor cities, on from one to two nights weekly, usually Sundays and Thursdays, sweet music is discoursed by the really good bands, one of which is pretty sure to be stationed in every garrison town, at least. To this levee al fresco flock the ninas and the lagartijos—the damsels and the dandies—mesdemoiselles nestling coyly beneath the wing of mother or some other relative.

Most towns in Mexico have an alamoda, or species of boulevard; and here, also, once or twice a week—in the national capital daily—there is music and a parade more formal and more dressy than that on the plaza, and people promenade and drive during the appointed hours.

The lowest in importance of Mexico's amusements proper are the titeres—a marionette performance—and in many towns this is the only public diversion. To those centers of population which seem to offer sufficient inducements comes the circus—the great American circus—on its yearly tour through the provinces during the off season in Mexico city. The larger towns are visited with more or less frequency by theatre companies, according to the distance from the metropolis and facilities for transportation, the accommodations offered by the local theatre building, the wealth of the community and the propensity of the citizens for pleasure. Most of the larger towns, particularly the capitals, have well arranged theatres, fairly well patronized, though first class troupes are rarely seen outside the national capital and a few of the larger cities near by, such as Puebla, Vera Cruz, etc.

Even balls, or tertulias (dancing parties), would seem tame, "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable" to the youth of the United States prone to seek sequestered nooks in conservatories and coigns of vantage on staircases, wherein to exchange speeches more or less confidential and sentimental. Such a procedure would be social ruin to a Mexican girl. The unwritten law demands that the women at a ball be ranged severely together on one side of the room, the men on the other. The music begins for a dance, the men "make a break" for their partners. The piece over, the ladies are restored to their chaperones.

While bull fights may really be called the great national amusement in Mexico, it must not be supposed that public opinion on this subject is undivided. The champions of bull fighting are very enthusiastic, but its opponents are numerous and vehement enough to delight the hearts of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty people. Occasionally a corrida de toros is organized by amateurs for purposes of beneficence, and then the press loads the unhappy projectors with censure and satire. While many high caste Mexicans undoubtedly delight in this sport, a very large number regard it with abhorrence, and the Mexican ladies almost always express against it disapproval, fear and horror.

The pelea de gallos, or cock fight, is a much more brutal and sickening show than a bull fight. It is a most vicious sport, too, in the way of gambling, enormous sums being staked on the issue of these combats. The greatest attention is paid to the breeding, rearing and care of the game cocks, and animals of noted record are conveyed between distant towns of the republic to engage in these contests.

Lectures, concerts, etc., are rare, and poorly patronized in Mexico. Parlor games are little followed on the plateau, but more common in the "warm lands," where, indeed, life in every respect assumes a brighter, gayer aspect under tropical influences. Ladies ride little, though equestrian exercise is creeping in to some extent, chiefly through the influence of foreigners. Mexican men, of course, almost all ride surpassingly well. Drives in Mexico are a formal and stupid matter, consisting of monotonous turns on the Alameda boulevard. Picnics, lawn parties, tennis, croquet and many other amusements dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart, are almost unknown in Mexico, due to the aforesaid social restrictions, which also sorely hamper the line of evening calls, etc. Rinking and baseball begin to be known in sections affected by American contact, but it will be long ere the youth of Mexico enjoys an adequate share of amusement.—Y. H. Addis in San Francisco Chronicle.

The biggest raft ever made consists of 3,500,000 feet of timber and it has just been towed from New Brunswick to New York.

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25 ..... 1891.

There is much talk in San Francisco of resisting the recent raise in the assessment roll by the people of that city and county. As the state board is expressly endowed with this power, which is recently exercised, by the Constitution of California, it is difficult to see just how this can be done.

A frightful state of affairs exists in the famine stricken provinces of Russia. It is reported that men commit crimes in order to get imprisoned and thus escape starvation, and that in the desperation of hunger people attack soldiers who are guarding the transport of grain and other food. Some relief is attempted by the authorities but the government seems to be doing little or nothing to relieve the distress. The Czar is paternal chiefly in respect to exacting military service and the most unquestioning obedience from his subjects. But when they cry for bread he gives them a stone.

The Chileans have not made the mistake of repudiating the paper money issued by Balmaceda. Of course much of it was uttered to help suppress the Congressional party, but now that the latter is on top it must bear in mind the fact that the Balmaceda Government, although obnoxious to them, was the regularly established Government of Chile, and as such the integrity of its promises must be maintained. Any other course would give a great shock to confidence, for the outside world would naturally argue that if the Congressionalists could so easily repudiate the obligations of their predecessors some one might come after them who might refuse to redeem their promises.

From present indications politics is the rock on which the Farmers' Alliance ship will go to pieces. Instead of confining themselves to one or two great issues the Alliance appears to have undertaken a universal crusade against everybody and everything, its objective point being the securing of federal offices, from the President of United States down. Naturally, with such a programme, the farmers will fall easy victims to the shrewd and wily politicians, who have been trained to the business. The contest is entirely unequal. It is raw militia against veterans, and the chances are a hundred to one in favor of the latter. Then, too, the Alliance is not harmonious. One state wants one thing and another state another thing; personal quarrels and differences crop up; local ambitions demand to be satisfied and local jealousies are destructive of unity. The Alliance will probably put a ticket in the field next year, but as matters look now it will not poll one fifth of the vote of the Alliance itself

The recent decision of a judge at Detroit that Chinese coming into the United States from Canada can be sent back only to Canada under the Exclusion and Restriction acts, and not to China, cannot be accepted as the proper exposition of those acts—at least not until the question has been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. The purpose, and the only purpose of those acts is to keep Chinese out of this country. To carry out that purpose it was provided that Chinese coming into the country illegally should be returned to the country whence they came. That country is evidently China, and not Canada, through which they have merely passed en route to the United States, because they were not allowed to come here directly. If this decision were the law the Exclusion act would be entirely nullified. The Chinaman who is sent back across the border simply finds another unguarded place on the 3000-mile frontier line and smuggles himself in, and then if caught and sent back a second time he tries it again until he at last escapes detection and makes good his residence in this country. It would be quite as reasonable to say that a man coming overland from New York and who stops over a day at Salt Lake City should be judiciously decided to have come from Utah, as to hold that a Chinaman who skips through British Columbia into the United States should be held to have come from that province. The pretense is very fine for the Chinamen and for the Americans who are engaged in the business of smuggling them in, but it will not do to have the anti-Chinese legislation done to death in such a way. California worked too hard and too long to secure it to stand idly by and see it nullified by a judge who certainly did not understand the question at issue.

A CAVE IN THE WOODS.

A NEATLY CONSTRUCTED DWELLING WITHOUT A TENANT.

A Cave That Was Probably the Haunt of a Sneak Thief—Evidences That Show the Builder to Have Been a Skillful Mechanic—Contents of the Hut.

Saxton's swamp has its head in the woods between Islip and Brentwood. Whortleberries are plentiful in the vicinity. George L. Benjamin and Alexander Combs were roaming carelessly about in the vicinity and made a discovery that interested the town not a little. They saw smoke curling up as if out of the ground and began an investigation. They found a fire and a kettle over it in which beans, potatoes and chicken were simmering. There was no one visible in the vicinity.

The boys went to Bay Shore and spread the news, and a score or more of men went to the woods to see the surprising sight. They concluded in advance that the swamp was a thieves' den, and some of the men carried guns, others revolvers and a few hayforks. They found the simmering pot and the fire almost out. For the fun of the thing the men began playing robber, and several shots were fired as part of the pantomime. They had reason to conclude later that this was a mistake, for it served as a signal to the occupant of a cave in the woods to make himself scarce. A man with a pitchfork kept jabbing it into the earth and detected a hollow spot.

A little digging threw a large sheet iron tray up from under the leaves and left exposed a hole about two feet square. It had wooden sides leveled so that the tray set in snugly. Over the tray were leaves, grass and brush, in keeping with the surroundings. Through a hole in the tray was run a piece of telegraph wire, and at each end of the wire was fastened a nicely rounded stick which served as a handle to lift up the tray on the outside and pull it down on the inside. The hole in the earth was four feet deep and eight feet long under the ground, forming an alleyway.

CONTENTS OF THE CAVE.

The earth had been carefully cut out and must have been carted away, as no evidence of it could be found in the vicinity. There could not have been less than several wagon loads of it. At the end of the alleyway there was a depression of two feet, running a distance of six feet and being five feet wide. The roof was six feet high. This was the bedroom. It had a bunk on each side filled with leaves and grass and both had been slept in. The walls were lined with logs, and the ceiling, so to speak, was covered with muslin.

There were two closets and several brackets and a fireplace at one end, with a capped pipe running up to the top, which could be raised for use and lowered at will, to prevent detection. Five tin gutter pipes were so arranged as to admit light and air and enable the occupant to observe what was going on about him in the woods. On one side of the passage a post was driven down and into it a staple had been bolted, to which was attached a trace chain. It was a mystery what use could have been made of this, and the belief is that it was used to keep some person a prisoner at some time.

The cavern had undoubtedly been inhabited up to within a few hours, and if the men who went out to see a sight had not made fools of themselves instead of watching the hole in the ground they would undoubtedly have discovered the tenant of the queer abode and perhaps made an important discovery.

A tub in the farthest west corner of the cavern contained salt pork, and sliced chicken meat had been put into the brine to pickle. A silver spoon was found marked "The Austral." It was probably stolen from the Austral hotel, at Brentwood. Among other things were a muslin shirt, a flannel shirt and a pair of lawn tennis shoes, which are supposed to be the ones stolen from Mr. William M. Van Anden's house.

EVIDENCES OF ROBBERY.

No evidence was found that the cave dweller committed the robbery in the house of Mr. Gibb. A copy of the Bay Shore Journal was pinned up against the wall with a mark drawn around an advertisement offering $250 reward for the arrest of the butcher who killed John H. Vail's cow and carried away a part of the meat. Fastened to the paper was a slip giving an account of the robbery in Mr. Van Anden's house. Copies of city papers were strewn about. The cave, it could be seen, had been occupied for a considerable time. It was constructed by a good mechanic.

It may be interesting to state that soon after Mr. Vail's cow had been killed by a thief, who was in need of meat, a hog was killed in a pen on the premises of Mr. Marvin and the hams carried away. A few nights later a dozen chickens were stolen from Justice Clock. The thief cut their heads off and threw them on the justice's back stoop.

A colored man known as "Long Steve," otherwise Stephen Green, was arrested for stealing Mr. Marvin's hog and incidentally he was suspected of committing the other crimes. The proof against him did not positively establish his guilt, although a boy who lived with him accused him, but he had so bad a reputation that Justice Clock came to the conclusion that the public welfare required him to be incarcerated, and he was committed to the county jail at Riverhead.

Notwithstanding there have been no robberies since Green was deprived of his liberty—a circumstance which was thought pretty clearly to establish his guilt—the people are now wondering whether, after all, the dweller in the cave was not the real culprit. He was not Green, that is certain.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Cold Day.

Gentleman (on railway train)—Pardon me, madam; is this seat beside you engaged?"

Lady (distantly)—I presume I can remove my satchel and bundles and make room; but the three seats behind me are entirely unoccupied.

Gentleman—Yes, madam. Your open window is in front of them.—New York Weekly.

A One Sided Contract.

The Hon. Benjamin H. Field was relating the other day how he induced his son to abstain from chewing tobacco. "When my boy was at college," said Mr. Field, "I agreed to pay for all of the cigars he might smoke, provided he would not chew tobacco. He entered into the agreement, and although that was several years ago he still holds me to the contract."—New York Times.

SO, MOON, DON'T TELL.

O Moon! did you see
My lover and me
In the valley beneath the sycamore tree?
Whatever befell
O Moon! don't tell;
'Twas nothing amiss, you know very well.

O Moon! you know,
Long years ago
You left the sky and descended below
Of a summer night
By your own sweet light;
You met your Endymion on Patmos' height—

And there, O Moon!
You gave him a boon
You wouldn't, I'm sure, have granted at noon.
'Twas nothing amiss,
Being only the bliss
Of giving—and taking—an innocent kiss!

Some churlish lout,
Who was spying about,
Went off and babbled, and so it got out;
But for all the gold
The sea could hold,
O Moon! I wouldn't have gone and told!

So, Moon, don't tell
Whatever befell
My lover and me in the leafy dell.
He is honest and true,
And, remember, too,
He only behaved like your lover and you!
—New York Truth.

Minneapolis Larger Than Paris.

The existing Paris covers 19,275 acres, or about thirty square miles, while metropolitan London, with 4,000,000 population, contains 118 square miles, and Chicago provides an area about as extensive for 1,100,000. The average distance from the center of Paris to the circumference is only three miles. Minneapolis, with only 165,000 people, has a municipal area more than twice as large as that of Paris. Almost the entire population of Paris is housed in the flats of tenement structures averaging from four to five stories in height.

According to the revised figures of the census of 1886 there were nearly 75,000 houses in Paris, and the average number of people in a house was about thirty. In the old arrondissements of the inner Paris there are probably about 30,000 houses, accommodating about 1,000,000 people.

For a total contrast in the plan of house construction we have only to cross the channel and to examine London, where we find an average of about eight persons to a house for the whole metropolis. But the people of Paris are better housed, all things considered, than those of London. A population of 2,500,000 within a circle whose radius is only three miles is certainly very dense, but it must be remembered that Paris is a many storied city.—Dr. Albert Shaw in Century.

Sighs on Bridges.

The front stoop offers facilities for courtship, and among the young people of Brooklyn the front stoop is a popular summer institution. The Brooklyn bridge is a bridge of sighs. It is the high bridges over the Central tracks in upper New York, however, that are most ardently worked for this purpose.

An evening stroll that takes the observer over one of these bridges will show dozens of couples leaning against the rails and apparently investigating the myriad tracks and colored signal lights and passing trains below. A manly arm will be withdrawn from a slender waist as you pass, to be stealthily slipped back again within the moment. The skirmish of hearts is going on there while you are asleep or at the theater. It is the engagement ground of the poor and lowly who live in tenements and have no front gate and no doorsteps. For them the bridge on these warm nights is a dish of ice cream with two spoons in it.—New York Herald.

All on Account of a Dog.

A devoted husband who was lately asked after the health of a dog by a friend who had presented it to his wife exclaimed: "De dog! De dog! You question me about dat dog! De dog is vell enoof! Mein vife, she vant to go to Saratoga, unt she take the dog mit her, unt ven she take him into de car de conductor he object! Unt vot my vife do? She ride in de baggage car all de way from New York to Saratoga mit dat dog! Unt ven ve go to de hotel de proprietaire he say, 'Ve take no dogs here!' but he make me pay for my room vot is engaged! Unt we go to some other hotel. De same vords, 'Ve take no dogs here!' Unt my vife, who like always de best, she go into a cheap boarding house and make herself so uncomfortable for dat dog! You tink somebody shoot him by mistake? I vill gif one huntert follars to someboty if he shoot dat dog by mistake! Dat dog! You question me about dat dog!—New York Times.

How to Get Ink Out of Clothes.

Nearly every housekeeper has many garments spotted with ink. Here is a good way to get the ink out. Ink spots may be removed from linen with tartaric acid while wet. To remove ink from cotton, silk or woolen goods, saturate the spot with spirits of turpentine and let it remain several hours; then rub between the hands. It will crumble away without injuring the color or texture of the article.—New York Journal.

Velocity of Meteorites.

The singular fact has been demonstrated that, while the most rapid velocity of cannon balls scarcely ever attain a speed of 600 meters a second—about 1,500 miles per hour—meteorites are known to permeate the air with a velocity of 40,000 or even 60,000 meters per second. This unthinkable speed instantly raises the temperature of the air to 4,000 or 6,000 degrees centigrade.—St. Louis Republic.

A New Antiseptic Agent.

A new antiseptic agent called microcidine, which is composed of 75 per cent. of naphtholate of sodium and 25 per cent. of naphthol and phenyl compounds, has been tried in France. It is a white powder, soluble in three parts of water. The solution, which is cheap, is said to be a very effective antiseptic, without being poisonous or caustic or injurious to instruments or linen. Its antiseptic properties are inferior to those of corrosive sublimate or napthol, but surpass those of carbolic and boracic acids ten and twenty times respectively. The solution has given excellent results in dressing wounds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The prize fish liar of 1891 is a Dexter man who says the mosquitoes were so thick and so fierce that they ate all the worms off his hook before he could drop it into the water.

A tornado at Trenton, Ga., carried off the roof of a house, leaving a sick man in his bed unharmed but shelterless. His neighbors at once built a temporary shelter over him.

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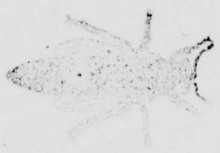

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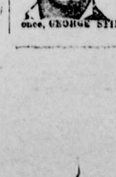

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Saturday	January 24th
"	February 21st
"	March 21st
"	April 18th
"	May 23rd
"	June 20th
"	July 18th
"	August 15th
"	September 12th
"	October 17th
"	November 14th
"	December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Timepieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
☞ All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURCKHARDT.

NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.
FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John A. Hannah deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 26th day of October, A. D. 1891 at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Court room of said Court, at the town of Independence in the County of Inyo, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John A. Hannah, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. L. Hannah for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration with the will annexed thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated Sept. 25th, 1891.

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF

D. E. No. 571.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL. September 9, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Maggie S. Clark, of Independence, Inyo Co., Cal. for 1, has filed notice of intention to make final proof on her desert land claim No. 571 for the N W ¼ of S W ¼ Sec. 11, Tp. 11 S., R. 34 E., M. D. M., before the Register and Receiver at Independence, Cal., on Thursday, the 22d day of October, 1891.

She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Joseph Seeley, Michael McSweeney, James Innes and Norman L. Conklin, all of Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo, Inyo county, Cal.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of August, 1891, an assessment (No. 4) of Two (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, 13 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of October 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 23rd day of October, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
G. W. LUCE, Secretary.
Office, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF.

D E No. 513.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL. Sept. 31, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis A. Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 513, for the E. ½ of Sec 1 on No. 2, and the W. ½ of section No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M D M, before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G Sanger, W. Sanger, A. P. Smith and M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, in Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGNACIA ABE BUCO.
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.
Dated at Independence, Cal. July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo

Dated July 24th 1891.

WM. F MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL
TYPE WRITER.
$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.
It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine, Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.
Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.
For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98.
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Rev. Father Bannon of Bakersfield will say mass in Lone Pine on Sunday, Sept. 27.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

FRIDAY, September 18, 1891.

Reddy vs. estate of Eddy—Clerk's entry of default as to Joseph and Herman Waterman, two of Defendant's.

Estate of John A. Hannah, deceased—Filed will and petition for probate thereon.

Fred Hodbert has returned from Los Angeles.

John Lubken of Lone Pine was in town last Saturday.

A very favorable report comes from the Modock mines this week.

Mrs. J. D. Blair and Miss Maud Cook are visiting at Hawthorne.

S. P. McKnight C. E. is engaged in surveying roads on the Eastside.

Don't fail to secure reserved seat tickets for "Rebecca's Triumph" immediately. For sale at J. E. Dunlap's.

Meetings of the Stevens Ditch Company and the Lone Pine Canal Company will be held at Independence to-morrow.

L. McLean went to Bishop on Wednesday to to take charge of work that is being done by the Hillside Canal Company.

Independence takes the plum as a peaceable community. There is not a judge, justice of peace nor lawyer in the town.

P. H Mack Esq., started for San Francisco on Wednesday going by way of Mojave. He expects to be absent about three weeks.

Ben Williams has been visiting Independence during the past week. He expects to take in the fair at Bishop before returning to Modock.

The C. and C. railroad has placed rates to the fairs at Reno, Carson and Bishop at very low figures. No reason for anybody staying home.

On Wednesday afternoon P. W. Forbes received a telegram stating that his sister was dangerously ill at Los Angeles. He started at once to join her, going by stage via Mojave.

The regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors will begin on Monday, Oct. 5 and not next Monday, as our contemporary states. Little mistakes like this might lead to serious inconvenience.

Tom Webb came down from Long Valley last Friday. He reports a prosperous season among cattle owners. He says that the cattle will be moved out of Long Valley about the 15th of October.

Felix Meysan came down from Round Valley last Tuesday. He has been prospecting a ledge of lead ore near there for some time past and reports about thirty tons of ore in the dump. He returned Wednesday, John Parish accompanying him.

The best music in the State of Nevada has been secured by the Directors for the Fair Ball at Bishop. It is Tom Cara's famous Virginia City band which was engaged and furnished music at the pavilion for the Nevada State Fair at Reno.

The Reno State Fair, which takes place this week, is the biggest affair of the kind ever held in the State of Nevada. The management have had the business sense to make known their attraction to the people through the newspapers. Merit, accompanied by judicious advertising, wins.

J. W. Robinson came down from Carson last Friday. He prepared a very nice selection of vegetables, corn etc. from his 8-acre ranch and shipped it to Carson for exhibition at the Ormsby county fair. It is just such enterprise as this that shows to the world what can be done in Inyo county.

There is a fatal disease again prevalent among stock. So far it has been confined to young colts, and several have died. J. C Irwin lost a fine filly colt by Albenton, and Mike Maddon lost another by the same horse. It is to be hoped that the coming of cold weather will check the spread of the disease.

The weather clerk managed to give us a snowstorm last Tuesday evening—the first one of the season. It came just about a month earlier than the first storm of last winter, and now our local weather sharps look wise and solemnly declare that the coming winter will be a long and severe one. We shall see.—*Bodie Miner.*

A man named Louis Ortiz was hanged by a mob at Reno last Saturday morning. He was in the habit of getting on drunks and shooting a pistol promiscuously. He got on a "jam" last Friday night and turned his gun loose, injuring one man slightly and wounding officer Dick Nash, it is supposed mortally. He richly deserved the fate he met.

Recently Billy Boyd and Jake Pfohl returned from a trip to the Greenhorn Mountain country where they had been to test the efficacy of certain mineral springs. They were greatly benefited by using the water and reported so favorably that last Monday John Baxter, John McSweeny and Martin Mee started for the same place. They expect to be gone about a month.

St. Patrick's Pills are carefully prepared from the best material and according to the most approved formula, and are the most perfect cathartic and liver pill that can be produced. We sell them

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

J. G. Bone, a druggist at Dunmore, Pa., says he has never sold a medicine that gave such universal satisfaction as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and that the large demand for it has been a great surprise to him. It is sold here by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

PIKE COUNTY ASTRONOMY.

God bless the dear old miner, who works
down under ground,
And took his children out of school becase the
world was round.
For he who'd teach sich doggoned trash is
seaseless as a rat;
My dad, in old Missoury, teached me that it
was flat.

And while I'm diggin' in this hole, and on this
boulder pound,
I know I felt them pillars shake; they wouldn't
if 'twas round.
To prove I'm right, dear children, I'll stick
that punkin on a post,
'Twill be thar in the mornin' if 'taint bucked
off by a ghost.

don't believe in part young gals runnin' the
streets in silks;
They'd look better in their homespun, helpin'
mar to milk.
Nor see them traipsin' off to church just fur to
make a show;
They'd better tu act like mar did, some forty
years ago.

Now, gals, while diggin' in this hole a-workin'
to earn your bread.
If that durned teacher comes around you'd
orter bust his head.
If you-uns wuz to marry him you'd sartin be a
flirt;
He eats such grub as codfish balls and sleeps
in a long-tailed shirt.

MILES CADOGAN.

Race Entries

Following is the list of races and entries for the fair at Bishop next week:

SEPTEMBER 29th.—Trotting, mile and repeat, 2 year-olds raised in district, purse $100. N. C. Young names Black Bart; J. M. Horton, Jack; R. W. Scott, Ben Benton. Running, ½ mile and repeat for three-year-olds raised in district, purse $75. Leslie Horton names Black colt; Charles Dixon, Queen; Charles Williams, Stockings; A. L. Conklin, 19½.

SEPTEMBER 30th.—Running, ¼ mile dash free for all, $50. J. M. Horton, names Butler; Ed. Rose, Bronco, ——to be filled. Trotting, mile and repeat, for untried horses raised in district, $100. C. M. Dixon names Bay Dexter; Stoutenborough, June; J. G. W. Birchim, Pete; I. H. Mulholland, Inyo.

OCTOBER 1st:—Running, ½ mile and repeat for horses owned six months in district, $75. S. P. Smith names Pickpocket; Leslie Horton, Black Colt; C. Williams, Billy G.; Ed. Rose, bronco. Trotting, mile and repeat, 3 minute class, $100 S. P. Smith names Antare; J. G. W. Birchim, Pete; I. H. Mulholland, Inyo.

OCTOBER 2nd:—Trotting, mile heats 3 in 5, for stallions owned in district, $150. A. H. Allen names Andy; Conklin Bros., Mt. Vernon Prince; S P. Smith, Antare; N. C. Young, Truckee Jr. Running, mile dash, free for all, $100. S. P. Smith names Pickpocket; Leslie Horton, Black Colt; C. Williams, Billy G.; Ed Rose, Bronco.

Grand Fair Ball.

The Virginia City String Band under the leadership of Prof. Thos. Cara has been secured for the District Fair Dance. This will be unquestionably the best music ever heard in the county and makes the success of the Ball doubly sure. The premiums to be awarded to the best dancers is a new and novel feature and is sure to attract the best dancers. A committee of judges will be selected from the spectators, and a decision rendered at the dance immediately preceding supper. The awards will be made with impartiality, grace, motion and general appearance of the dancers to be considered. The directors are desirous of making this, the fifth Annual Fair Ball, one long to be remembered, and no effort or expense will be spared to make it a grand success. The badges for the Floor committee are in themselves a feature of beauty and are now on exhibition at Cohn's store. The success of this affair is sure to be a pleasant wind up of a glorious week, and the committee extends to all a cordial invitation.

Big Pine Correspondence.

BIG PINE, Sept. 22, 1891.

ED. INDEPENDENT:—Early this morning John Irwin arrived from Deep Spring Valley bringing sad news from one of the old settlers of Owens Valley. Mr. A. G. McAffee while on the road from Fish Lake to Big Pine was taken with severe illness at Mr. Gilbert's in Deep Spring Valley. Mr. and Mrs. George Hall left immediately for the valley, and George Hall Jr., son of Dan Hall, started at once for the doctor at Bishop. Word was at once sent also to Mrs. A. G. McAffee at her residence at Fish Lake Valley. Mr. A. G. McAffee is one of the leading citizens of the valley and has always shown himself honest and upright in all business matters. Their son, Addison McAffee, is the only child and dearly worshiped by his parents who have given him all the show in the world for an education Master Addison having been sent to the High school at Oakland by his parents a short time since. Mr. McAffee has many friends in this vicinity, all of whom wish him a happy issue from his illness.

VERITAS.

Mining Report.

OFFICE OF FRANK FITZGERALD,
MODOCK, Inyo Co., Cal.,
Sept. 18, 1891.

ED. INDEPENDENT:—South drift at main tunnel shows four feet of very rich ore and no doubt but that it is a bonanza. Since the 10th of December, 1890, this part of the mine has turned out $20,400 net ore sales, and the cost of mining etc. has been less than $10,000. During August two lots of ore were sold netting $5011. The only drawback is the scarcity of miners and laborers. Yours Truly,

F. FITZGERALD.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, ensuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

Notice.

All persons indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle before Oct. 17, 1891, as I intend to place all uncollected bills in the hands of my attorneys for collection on that day.

R. C. SPEAR.

Dated, Lone Pine, Sept. 17, 1891.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

There is little doubt but that many persons suffer for years with ailments that could easily be cured by the use of some simple remedy. The following incident is an illustration of this fact: My wife was troubled with a pain in her side the greater part of the time for three years, until cured by Chamberlain,s Pain Balm. It has, I think permanently cured her. We have also used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy whenever needed and believe it to be the best in the world. P. M. Boston, Pennville, Sullivan Co., Missouri. For sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

"We know from experience in the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy that it will prevent croup," says Messrs. Gadberry & Worley, Percy, Iowa. They also add that the Remedy has given great satisfaction in that vicinity, and that they believe it to be the best in the market for throat and lung diseases. For sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to MRS. REDDY, Darwin, Cal.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

Inyo Stage Company.
REGULAR LINE
—FROM—
Mojave To Keeler.
FINE COACH
FAST STOCK.

The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful

Redrock Canyon

And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.

Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.

Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m.

A. B. HALL,
Agent.

"REBECCA'S TRIUMPH,"

A Drama in 3 Acts,

Written expressly for the "L. A. C. Cooking Club of Chicago.

Will be presented at

SPENCER'S HALL, BISHOP,
September 29th and 30th, 1891,

—Under the management of—

POLETA PARLOR, NO. 51, N-D-G-W.

DRAMMATIS PERSONNÆ:

Mrs. Rokeman.....C. V. Stoutenborough	Mrs. Delaine.....Jennie Shirley
Rebecca.....Angie Brockman	Clarissa Codman.....Jessie S. Parsons
Dora Gaines.....Margie Shaw	Sadie Morrell.....Lulu McLaren
Jennie Woodman.....Nettie Ford	Mellie Dunbar.....Agnes Ford
Emma Stevens.....Carrie McGee	Grace Greenwood.....Ritta Drake
Maria Gray.....Frankie Shaw	Alice Leeds.....Annie Vanfleet
Gussie Green.....Kate Morehouse	Katie O'Connor.....Louisa Clarke
Gyp.....Jennie Enloe	Meg.....Helen Squire

Theophilus Montague.....

Tickets, 50 cents. Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra. Children, 25 cents.

"The Affair of the Season!!"

Fifth Annual Ball,
18th DISTRICT
Agricultural Association,
—Will be given at—
Spencer's Hall
—On—
Friday Eve., Oct. 2d,

Under the auspices of the Fair Directors.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL,

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30-tf RENO, NEVADA.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the light st to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points

Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OP ART U

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
dependence, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 15

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House.....		11:30 p m.	5.50 p. m
Dayton.....		12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska.....		2:05 p m.	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne.....		5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning.....		7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs.....		8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville.....		9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar.	10.00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3.		No. 4.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Belleville.....		8 20 a. m	5:25 p m.
Benton.....		11:50 a. m	1:55 a m.
Bishop Creek.....		2:00p, m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord.....		2:45 p. m.	10:00 a. m
Independence.....		4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....		5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar	5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D A BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies'
Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOLS

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS,
WALNUTS,
TOYS

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-15 tf

In the train

of diseases that follow a torpid liver and impure blood, nothing can take the place of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Nothing will, after you have seen what it does. It prevents and cures by removing the cause. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, sharpens the appetite, improves digestion, and builds up both strength and flesh, when reduced below the standard of health. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Scrofula, or any blood-taint it's a positive remedy. It acts as no other medicine does. For that reason, it's sold as no other medicine is. It's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

The Arabian year is a lunar one, and in the course of thirty-two years each month runs through all of the seasons.

There are plenty of good fish always in the sea, but thousands of worthy inland people can never get to the seashore.

Bills are now posted in Paris by machinery, which is said to be an improvement on the hand and pastepot system.

Lady Randolph Churchill is the only American woman who has been honored by the queen with the Order of the Crown of India.

Maxims which seem truisms in their application to the conduct of others are apt to escape us altogether in their bearing on our own.

To take rust out of steel rub it over with salad oil and in forty-eight hours rub with unslaked lime, finely powdered, until the rust disappears.

THIS AND THAT.

How it Works.

CURES **LUMBAGO.**

1626 Orleans St., Balto., Md., Feb. 26, '90. I was confined to the house two weeks with lumbago, but St. Jacobs Oil cured me; no return. WM. A. GOETZE.

CURES BRUISES.

Feuerville, Mo., Feb. 7, 1890. "St. Jacobs Oil is without a peer for pains, bruises, aches, &c." REV. T. G. HAWKINS, Pastor Baptist Church.

CURES SPRAINS.

Cincinnati, Ohio, April 2, 1890. I suffered with a sprained ankle which swelled very much. Found great relief in use of St. Jacobs Oil and swelling disappeared. MOLLIE HICKS.

ST. JACOBS OIL

The Great Remedy For Pain,

CURES ALSO

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA.

TELL YOUR HUSBAND

That you want some handsome indestructible **Judson Fence** around your yard and garden. It is painted *red* and put up in rolls for shipping. It is proof against chickens, horses, rabbits and cattle. The best and cheapest FARM and VINE YARD Fence in the world. Write a postal card for circulars and price list to

JUDSON MFG. CO., 14 Fremont St.

From the "Pacific Journal."

"A great invention has been made by Dr. Tutt of New York. He has produced

Tutt's Hair Dye

which imitates nature to perfection; it acts instantaneously and is perfectly harmless." Price, $1. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

GENDRON SAFETY BICYCLE

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Handsomest Wheel in the market. Strictly High Grade in every particular. Cushion Tires, Tangent Spokes, from $85 to $115. Send for Illustrated Catalogue *free*.

KELLOGG & HALL,

Pacific Coast Agts., 15 First St., San Francisco, Cal

Packed in patent canvas pouches, which retain the natural moisture of the tobacco and insures a cool, sweet smoke to the end. More solid comfort in one package of "Mastiff" than you can get out of a dozen others.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia

THE VIGIL OF ADAM.

Far in Asia, saith the legend,
On a peak whose nameless towers
Use the plains a hundred miles off
For their dial of the hours;

Where the tallest Himalaya
Rises sad because so lonely,
Whence the eagle swoops in terror,
And the stars of God are only;

Sitteth one of ancient visage,
One more strange than aught below him,
One who lived so near to God once,
That for man we scarce should know him;

Far above the busy world tribes,
Miles above the pine trees, bending,
Lonely as when God first made him,
There he keepeth watch unending.

—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

MR. MOUSER'S SAWBUCK.

Mr. Mouser and his merry little wife occupied a charming cottage in the suburbs of a large city in the "Fatherland." His business connections were of such a nature that he was usually at leisure after 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. Mouser prided himself on being a man of originality and brains. Mr. Mouser also liked a little joke, at other people's expense.

It was autumn. Mr. Mouser had just laid in a goodly supply of winter fuel. Wood was chiefly used for this purpose in the land of Mr. Mouser's birth.

Sitting by the window of his cozy living room, enjoying a royal smoke from the long stemmed porcelain pipe, Mr. Mouser watched the wood sawyer plying his trade, made easy by long habit of handling wood and saw. As Mr. Mouser gazed and pondered an idea crept into his head. It was grasped—as ideas quickly became captive there."

"Lizbeth," said he to his wife, "it is singular I never thought of it before—I generally think of such things—but it strikes me that I could saw that wood myself."

"Gracious! what an idea!"

"A bright one, isn't it? A big saving, too! Just see with what ease it is done—the man cuts through the sticks as if he were slicing bread and butter; besides, I require more exercise; my health is not what it has been."

"Why, dear, do you feel ill?"

"N-no, but a man needs to exert himself if he does not wish to run down in muscular power. My habits are too confining; a sense of this fact has been growing on me lately. But I have solved the difficulty while watching that man play in his sawjack."

A merry twinkle of the eyes and a laudable endeavor to maintain a serious expression would have convinced the beholder that Lizbeth also had ideas, but like a properly respectful wife she kept them to herself until called for.

"Do you think, Lizbeth, that a little gentle muscular activity is what I need to stimulate appetite?"

"You might paint the house or do some less tiresome work than woodsawing," replied Mrs. Mouser.

"Oh, you underrate my capacities, my dear. And sawing wood is not such hard work. Come and see how simply it is done, yet how every muscle is brought into play. I am enchanted with my idea, and shall carry it out. The man can finish this job, but it shall be the last I ever pay for."

Mr. Mouser meant business. He at once ordered the very best kind of a sawjack made. He purchased a splendid saw, with sharp teeth and a light frame. He pranced about, happy as a scoolboy, with dabs of yellow and green paint spattered all over his person, until finally the saw frame suited him in its bright yellow coat. The sawjack he painted a lovely light green.

Daily he promenaded impatiently around the sheds where the wood was stored, and grumbled because the fuel lasted so unusually long. At intervals he added another coat of green paint to the highly decorated sawing jack ("sawbuck" it is called sometimes), and bade all his acquaintances and friends come and inspect his patent calisthenic toys, until every one for miles around became familiar with Mr. Mouser's green sawing jack.

At last the longed for day arrived. A big load of fine hickory had been piled up in close proximity to the tools of decimation.

Mr. Mouser was all excitement. He passed by his amused wife with important disdain, and scarcely gave himself time to devour his dinner, he was so eager to be at work.

"Nothing more, thanks," he replied, as his wife wished to replenish his cup. Rising, he hastened to handle his pets with an ardor that caused Lizbeth to smile knowingly as she watched him pick out the very smallest and most slender cord sticks.

This was a great mistake on Mr. Mouser's part. He should have tackled the difficult ones first, on the simple but fruitful theory that custom would have sweetened his toil with the balm of greater ease.

My! how the saw rented and the abbreviated sticks tumbled to the ground! Still Lizbeth, who was peeping with laughter brimming eyes, noticed that at the third cord stick work seemed to slacken just a little, but seven were finished, and Mr. Mouser came in, declaring he felt glorious.

The second day Mr. Mouser remained at table a trifle longer. Four cord sticks in broken lengths licked the dust, however.

Third day—Mr. Mouser took time to glance over The Daily News after dinner. Record: Three cord sticks.

"Lizbeth," said he, "I think I've been cheated in the saw jack. It is not put together on as practical a plan as I was led to believe. It wriggles."

Fourth day—Mr. Mouser toyed over his dinner extensively. He smoked his pipe and read the paper. He glanced over his monthly magazine until dark, and then started up, exclaiming:

"Mercy! how short the days are!"

Mrs. Mouser enjoyed the situation intensely, but said never a word.

Fifth day—Mr. Mouser rose with a sense of injustice resting upon him. All day he was haunted by the outrageous fate that made him the owner of a sawing jack.

"My dear, we require more wood than usual today and to-morrow, washing and ironing days, you know," said Mrs. Mouser as soon as he got home.

"I never saw anything like the way you women manage to consume fuel!" and Mr. Mouser grabbed his hat and strode angrily toward the woodpile. A few sticks fell before the savage manipulation of the saw, while Mr. Mouser's snarling kept excellent time to the wild motions of the sawyer.

With a crash he sent the saw flying over the woodpile. This was too much. His wife was a brute to expect him to work like a slave during the few moments he could call his own free from business drudgery. But if he gave up he would never hear the last of it. Oh, if he could only get rid of that sawjack.

A long time he pondered, at last a smile of joy illuminated his face. That night, after his wife had retired, Mr. Mouser slipped out and carried that hated green object to the front gate. Presto, in the morning the corpus delicti would be gone. The highway was full of robbers, who would steal anything and everything.

He would make a big fuss about the loss, but take good care not to buy a second sawjack.

He slept the sleep of the just until about 4 o'clock in the morning. It was still dark, but his anxiety to assure himself of the loss of his trouble caused him to sneak out and reconnoiter. The sawjack was still there. Mr. Mouser whispered—not a prayer. "Oh, well, there is time enough still between this hour and daylight for a theft to be committed," he muttered. It was the voice of Mrs. Mouser that awakened him in time for breakfast. He glanced out of the window the first thing. Oh, how brightly the sun shone, and the sawjack gleamed up at him in all its verdant beauty. No robber hand had carried it away. A fearful sigh escaped the Mouser bosom.

"You must saw some wood for me before you go, dear," said his wife.

"What, more wood?"

"Yes, dear; recollect you only sawed one stick last evening," rejoined Mrs. Mouser meekly, but a wicked gleam of mischief played about her eyes and mouth.

Mr. Mouser ignored her reply, and hastened to town with his pretty tools with a vigor born of awful fury, but way down in his soul a voice groaned, that sawing jack must go!

Where? whence? how?

Mr. Mouser was a man of resources. Twelve o'clock, midnight. A burglarish darkness and silence brooded around as a man stole hence from his couch, and, grabbing his trousers, left a cozy bedroom. A little later the only other active creature about, a feline prima donna, might have witnessed a sorry sight: a solitary man marching townward, clutching in his strong right hand a beautifully painted green sawing jack.

Soon he returned. The sawing jack, where was it?

Mr. Mouser rose that morning in a most delightful frame of mind.

"Lizbeth, my dear little Lizbeth," he exclaimed, friskily, "I am going to work in earnest today. I am feeling fine, much better than I have for some time. Here, feel this arm. How's that for muscle, eh? That's what sawing wood has done!"

Lizbeth blinked sadly, but looked contented. Mr. Mouser hastened out to "flip off a stick or two before breakfast," but soon came in looking quite angry and puzzled.

"What in the world has become of that jack?" It was gone. "Such infamy—to steal one's very implements of toil!" he cried in a rage, as he sent for the old wood sawyer again.

Mr. Mouser, of course, grieved over his loss, but managed to conquer the regret sufficiently to display some of his old wit and mirth.

But this good feeling received a sudden check the morning after the burglary of the "jack."

He had just opened the daily paper, when his glance was arrested by a leading paragraph.

"Lizbeth, look at this!"

Mrs. Mouser became alarmed. Her husband was pale as death and trembling in every limb as he handed her the paper. She read:

"The residence of the Hon. Oliver was broken into night before last and a large sum of money and valuable plate and jewelry stolen. * * * The robbers entered by the garden window, from which they removed the iron grating, while standing on a singular looking wooden object, recognized by old fashioned country folks as a 'sawbuck.' It is painted a light green, and will doubtless prove a valuable clew toward tracing the miscreants. A thousand dollars reward is offered for return of jewelry or information leading to the arrest of the robbers."

"Why this is splendid! You can at once notify the authorities that the 'jack' is yours—the thieves who carried it off"——

"Oh, my—oh, my!" groaned Mr. Mouser; "don't talk to me about thieves—I may be arrested any moment when they discover"——

"Discover what? How can they arrest an innocent man because he owns an article stolen from him and used by wretches"——

"Oh, Lizbeth, I may not even be able to prove an alibi. Oh, what shall I do! I tell you wife, I am entirely innocent"——

"Ah! we nab you confessing, my fine bird," a rude voice here interrupted, followed by the entrance of the minions of justice.

Mrs. Mouser begged, cried, stormed and implored. Mr. Mouser was mute and totally crushed, but the bold minions of authority led him away to a dungeon, where he languished for three days before his friends could obtain a hearing for him. In the meantime the real culprits had been caught, but the law required an explanation of the language that appeared to the police like a question of complicity, notwithstanding Mr. Mouser's unquestionable social standing and perfect respectability.

The court room was crowded with his friends and neighbors. His wife gazed at him tearfully and lovingly, but Mr. Mouser was very much cast down. There was no escape. He had to tell how distasteful wood sawing had proved to him, how he feared the ridicule of wife and friends if after all the boasting he gave it up. But when he related his midnight elopement with his green sawing jack, even the court joined in the broad smile that ripened into a roar of laughter from the less dignified listeners. The crowning humiliation came, however, when he left the prison for the coach to be taken home. There he saw the green abomination resting at the driver's feet on the front of the carriage. His wife has not stopped laughing yet at his midnight adventure.—Adapted from the German, by Mrs. Miles H. McNamara in Boston Budget.

Meanest Man on Record.

The meanest man on record jumped aboard a Woodward avenue car the other afternoon. Every seat was occupied, and what did that man do but look out of a window and whisper something about a dog fight. Of course, no man could keep his seat under such a provocation. When Brown had looked in vain for the dog fight, he also looked in vain for his seat. It was completely hidden by that mean man, who was so deeply interested in his paper as to be wholly oblivious of everything else. But Brown had his revenge. A lady soon entered, and before any one could offer her a seat, he punched up the mean man and said:

"Will you please give this lady a seat, sir?"

Then they hung on to the straps and glowered at each other until their brows ached.—Detroit Free Press.

Europe's Coal Supply.

It appears that about 17,000,000 of tons of coal per year is the amount yielded by the chief coal districts of Great Britain—Newcastle, South Wales and the Clyde country—and, assuming this to represent the average annual consumption for many years to come, it is estimated that the British mines will not be exhausted in less than 600 to 800 years. It is further calculated that, drawing upon only one of her fields, the Westphalian, Germany will not be able to exhaust her coal supply in less than 1,000 years, and she has, in addition, the riches of the Bavarian, the Aachen and the Silesian coal districts. It is claimed, therefore, that, independent of the resources of other countries, Great Britain and Germany could supply Europe with coal for an unlimited period.—New York Sun.

One or the Other.

We see it stated that the Chinese have 378 holidays every year. Either the Chinese year has more days or else the Mongolian counts time by the fun he has and gives the calendar the go by.—Burlington Free Press.

There were lynched during the year 1887 in these United States no fewer than 122 persons.

An Ugly Elephant.

"Of all the ugly elephants I have known," said the trainer, "Albert was the worst. You could gain some idea of his disposition by looking into his eyes. He used to go out into the ring to carry me in on his tusks after the act was over. That was all it was possible to train him to do. One night at Nashua, N. H., as one of the keepers was getting Albert ready for the ring, the elephant suddenly turned on him and felled him to the earth with a blow from his trunk. An elephant in attacking a man curls up his trunk and then throws it out, like one striking straight from his shoulder. When Albert had knocked the keeper down, he coiled his trunk about him, raised him up in the air and then thrashed the earth with him, breaking every bone in his body.

"When it was learned that Albert had killed the keeper, the ring master requested members of the local militia company who were in the audience at the time to step forward. A squad of them were requested to appear in the morning and shoot Albert. I could always control him; indeed, he was perfectly docile to me when I captured him after he had killed the keeper and chained him up. I led him out on the morning of the execution and gave him some hay. I never saw him so docile. As he ate his breakfast I chalked a circle just back of his fore leg in the region of the heart. Then twenty-seven militiamen stood off a little distance and at the word of command fired into that circle. Five bullets pierced the elephant's heart, and he dropped dead, making the ground tremble as he fell. Success in handling elephants depends on letting them know that you are boss, and never for a moment relaxing your stern discipline."—New York Evening Sun.

Brass Signs Expensive.

It was the custom about five years ago to have brass signs on doors, and every merchant invested in bright sheet metal with name and business painted in indented letters. You don't see so many of them now, and most of those you do see are dingy and coated with a dirty oxidized covering. Merchants know what these changes in the styles are, but of all I am acquainted with this has been the most expensive. It is not like the sign one sets in his door and allows to remain there without further concern until it goes to pieces. It has been a cost of $25, and looked very attractive the first week or so. Then the variations of climate proved so great that I had to have it burnished very frequently in order to keep it in good condition. There was a man here who used to make a business of polishing these signs, and for $2 a month he used to come around and burnish the sign. This made the sign cost me over $100 before the style changed and merchants began to stick porcelain letters on their windows. Styles in signs seem to change every three or four years. You can observe that by making a survey of the business houses, some of which have signs five, ten and fifteen years old.—Merchant in Globe Democrat.

Paper From Tobacco Stems.

"What do you think that is?" inquired a wholesale stationer of the writer, at the same time handing the latter a sheet of note paper of excellent quality and the finest finish.

"Paper," answered the reporter. "Can't you give me something hard?"

"Oh, yes; of course it's paper, but what's it made from?"

"Linen rags."

"Just what I thought you'd say, but you see you don't know it all. No sir; that paper which appears to be, and is equal to paper manufactured from linen rags, was in its natural state nothing but the stems and waste of the tobacco plant. A use has thus been discovered for thousands of tons of material, that has heretofore been practically worthless. Another new paper making material is bamboo, which, after being crushed to a pulp, can be made into an excellent quality of paper. I shouldn't be very much surprised," added the stationer, ruminatively, "to hear that some genius had succeeded in manufacturing paper from pulverized cobble stones. Its a great country, and you can't most always tell what's going to happen."—Mail and Express.

Big African Enterprises.

Considerable amounts of American capital are being invested in some big African enterprises. The railroad from Delagoa bay, the best harbor on the east coast of Africa, which is now completed for a distance of fifty-four miles inland, was built by an American syndicate under a concession from the Portuguese government. It will connect with the line to be built from Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal. The largest trading company on the Upper Congo, and the only one that has yet sent two steamers to the upper river, is the Sanford company, which was organized and until recently was managed by Americans. Considerable Belgian capital, however, is invested in the company. American engineers surveyed and are now building the railroad from Loanda to Ambaca, which is backed by the Portuguese government. Some American money also is finding its way into quartz crushing machinery for the new gold fields of South Africa.—Chicago News.

A Russian Merchant's Sign.

I passed through one of the principal thoroughfares of St. Petersburg, and observed that the upper fronts of many of the business houses were covered with coffee sacks. Inquiry revealed the fact that beneath those sacks were beautiful signs, and the covering was to protect them from the dust in summer time. I induced a merchant to show me one of these signs—six by eighteen feet, partially mosaic, a portion painting. He was a chemist, and there were pictures of bottles of ointment and perfumery; sick people and a doctor to represent medicine; paint brushes and samples of the paint; insects or animals, to represent flea and like powders, and pictures of fancy articles. The sign would be a valuable acquisition to the Corcoran art gallery at Washington, and must have cost several hundred roubles even to the cheap hands of a Russian artist.—Moscow Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Public Towels.

The public towel is also never safe to use, that is, the towel that the public wipes on. It not only removes the moisture that is its purpose to do, but it rubs off scales, pieces of dead skin, lymph from cuts and abrasions, perspiration from the pores, mucus from the nostrils, pus from sores and ulcers and any liquid that is excreted from the surface of the body. These impurities and disease germs are retained in the meshes of the towel and are ready to attach themselves upon subsequent users of the towel. A hundred or more persons use one of the towels in a day, and those who are among the last, especially, run unpleasant chances of catching some ill or other.—Good Housekeeping.

Emperor William at Waterloo.

The Emperor William, of Germany, commanded a regiment at the battle of Waterloo, and Gen. Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, had nearly reached man's estate when that battle was fought. And yet when we read of the first Napoleon and his deeds we think of it all as belonging to some far distant period—indeed, it reads almost like a fable. How many people, by the way, on the whole face of the earth, are now alive who were living when the Emperor William and Gen. Cameron were born? Can there be more than 1,000—or perhaps 2,000?—Philadelphia Times.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

The world's disjointed, very,
To the helpless one, we fear,
Who has a love for sherry
And a salary for beer.

CHAMPION HAMMER THROWER.

James Mitchell, Champion Hammer Thrower of America, and holder of the world's record at throwing hammer and fifty-six pound weight, says:

"I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS and found them without an equal. In the early Spring when starting in to train for the field events, I have always found that stiffness in the joints and back set in. As soon, however, as I applied one of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, pains and stiffness departed like magic. When I am effected with pains, etc., the result of a cold contracted while in training, I always use ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS with good results. I can safely recommend them to anyone who is affected with pains or stiffness, the result of any kind of exercise."

No Mail.—Returned Tourist—Your uncle is not here, I see? Nephew—No. Tourist—Heard from him lately? Nephew—Not since he died

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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"I should think she would put on full mourning for her brother, instead of half-mourning, as she does." "He was only her half-brother.

For allaying Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, it is daily proved that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a mild remedy, yet very efficacious.

The rose is red and the violet's blue, and so is the man whose rent is due.

The Electric Alarm Clock will ring until you get up and stop it. People who over-sleep should have one. For particulars address Imperial Jewelry Co., 26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell

Try Germea for Breakfast.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

No other baking powder does such work.

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have "used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my "own use, and found it does me "more good than any other remedy. "I have been troubled with what I "call Sick Headache. A pain comes "in the back part of my head first, "and then soon a general headache "until I become sick and vomit. "At times, too, I have a fullness "after eating, a pressure after eating "at the pit of the stomach, and "sourness, when food seemed to rise "up in my throat and mouth. When "I feel this coming on if I take a "little August Flower it relieves "me, and is the best remedy I have "ever taken for it. For this reason "I take it and recommend it to "others as a great remedy for Dys-"pepsia, &c." ③

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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

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THIS CART—Price $13.98.

Our representative called on California Wagon & Carriage Co., 36½ FREMONT ST., San Francisco, Cal. and found them retailing Vehicles at less than wholesale prices, and without any middle profit added to price. Below are phenomenal quotations on a small portion of their goods. It will undoubtedly pay to write them for goods or catalogue. Road Carts, $13.98 to $17.98; Body Carts, $19.98 to $22.98; Runabout Wagons, $39.98 to $58.98; Open Buggies, $48.98 to $72.98; Spring Wagons, $42.98 to $67.98; Surries, $126.98 to $148.98; Carriages, $124.98 to $191.98; Phaetons, $93.98 to $98.98. Harness $6.98 to $17.98.

"THE SPECIFIC A NO. 1."

YOUNG MEN! Cures all unnatural discharges of men, no matter of how long standing. Prevents stricture, it being an internal remedy. Cures when everything else has failed. Price, $3.00. Circular on application. Sold by Druggists or sent on receipt of price by The A. Schoenhelt Medicine Co., San Jose, Cal.

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mfd only by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Trade Mark. Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. A. J. STONER, M.D., DECATUR, ILL. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00.

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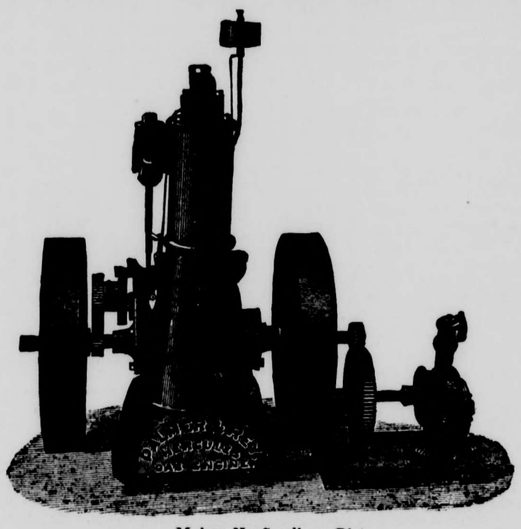

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—SAPOLIO—

INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2. 1891.

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IN A PANTHER'S JAWS.

Terrible Adventure in a Texas Wood.

HOW A FATHER FOUGHT FOR HIS CHILD.

The Little One Torn From its Mother's Breast.—To the Rescue.

They still have good story-tellers in Texas. Some tell little lies and others tell lies of larger proportion, but a St. Louis paper vouches for the veracity of this one. He was one of a party at the McLeod house, Dallas, recently. Everybody opened their eyes wider when he said that he was no great story teller. "But," he continued, "I once did a pretty bit of shooting not very far from where we are talking now that just about saved my life, and possibly some other lives, too.'

The gentleman, who is old, but never prosy, immediately had an interested audience.

"I am a pretty quiet citizen now," "but about forty years ago I was lively enough. People had to be lively that lived in this country then. I hunted all up and down the Trinity for a good many miles, and never came back from one of my trips without game.

"But on one of these trips I came mighty near being game myself when I came home. Dallas wasn't anything but a little scattering hamlet then. I lived on a farm out here about ten miles on the other side of the river, and I used to come here to mill, leave my wagons over on the other side, where Oak Cliff now is, and bring my corn over in a boat. Sometimes it took us a week, for so many would be ahead of us, and we would have to wait till our turn came.

"One time I came with one wagon, and brought my wife and two babies with me. We camped over there, just about where the dummy line strikes the hills, and after the first day my wife got tired of town and stayed at the camp with the children. She never was much of a hand for town, anyway.

"I waited around th mill all the first day, and the second and third. On the evening of the third day I was pretty late getting off from town, and I could scarcely see my way to the camp after I got across the river.

"The moon had just risen and it made everything vague and indistinct. I was getting along, though, the best I could and was about 100 yards from the camp, I should judge, when I heard one long, wild scream in the direction of the camp and I knew that it was my wife. I had my gun with me, an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading, double-barreled shot gun, and I hit out as though the Old Nick were after me, shouting to her that I was coming. My only thought was that some ruffian had stolen into the camp and frightened her, and I cocked the gun as I ran. After her scream there was silence, and then directly I heard the loud, frightened cry of the baby. My, how I did run! My foot caught in a root and I fell fully ten feet, discharging one barrel of the gun, but I was up again like a flash, with one barrel still left to fight with.

"And there was the camp, with its fire smoking away, and everything was quiet in the wagon, where the family were sleeping, and off in a clump of bushes the baby was crying in a pitiful, frightened way. Of course I ran in that direction first. It was a tangle of undergrowth, and I had to go half bent. Stumbling blindly ahead, almost in total darkness, merely guided by the child's cries, I came suddenly upon something that stopped me as though I was shot. The largest panther I ever saw had the child! It had dragged the poor baby out into the bushes, and had faced around to meet me, holding the child by the dress. It stood for an instant with its head lowered and its tail waving wickedly, and then, before I knew I had seen it almost, it dropped the baby and sprang over its body upon me.

The attack was so sudden that I was wholly unprepared for it. I had my gun in my hands, but there had not been time to use it. I was thrown down with great violence, and I can feel yet the creature's teeth crunching into my shoulders. That's the sober truth, boys. That old wound has been my barometer for many a year.

"The panther had landed square on my breast when I fell, but his impetus was so great that it threw his body off to one side, though his teeth were fastened in my shoulder. With a mighty effort I rolled away from him and struggled up. A less active man would never have done it. He bounded away through the bushes a few feet, but without pausing an instant he turned and leaped again. This time my gun was ready for him. Only one shot and if that failed there was no chance of escape for any of us. But I fired that shot and it caught the animal in mid-air. The shot entered his breast and went straight through his heart. His body struck me and almost knocked me down again, but he fell dead at my feat.

"The baby had been screaming all this time, but I give you my word I was afraid to go and look at him. When I did go to him, I found not so much as a bruise on his pretty white skin. The panther had held him by his dress, and had lifted him clear of obstacles, even when he leaped from the wagon with him.

"As for my wife, I found her in a dead faint, and it was the longest time before I could bring her out of it. She had been awakened from a doze by a feeling of weight and oppression, and had found the panther standing over her, with his two fore paws upon her breast. She screamed and fainted, and the panther took the baby away from its place beside her. It was a Providence about that shot, boys. I couldn't do it again if I were to try a thousand times. But it was a Providence that came just when it was needed."

MISS WHITNEY, ASTRONOMER.

The Career of One of Vassar's Scientific Women.

Among the women who have risen to prominence in the field of science, Miss Mary W. Whitney, now the professor of astronomy at Vassar College, stands out most strikingly. Miss Whitney was called to the assistant's chair at Vassar in 1881, when Maria Mitchell of Nantucket, had the chair of astronomy, which she had held since 1865. Miss Whitney graduated from the institution in 1868, having studied under Miss Mitchell, with whom she observed the solar eclipse of 1869.

In 1872 she assisted her in determining the latitude of the Vassar observatory, after which she attended lectures by Prof. Pierce at Harvard, and, going to Europe in 1874, continued her studies in astronomy and mathematics at the University of Zurich. Another leading

Miss Mary W. Whitney.

woman astronomer is Miss Mary E. Byrd, director of the observatory at Smith college, who is a graduate of the University of Michigan. In 1888, with the aid of Miss Whitney, she determined the latitude of her observatory at Northampton, Mass. Other women astronomers are Miss Sarah F. Whiting of Wellesley college; Miss Margaretta Palmer of the Yale observatory: Miss Dorothea Klumpke of San Francisco; Mrs. Milton Updegraff of the University of Missouri; Miss C. R. Willard of Carlton College observatory, Northfield, Minn.; Miss Anna Winlock of Harvard observatory; Miss Coralnn Allen of the Bay City high school, Mich.; Mrs. Fleming of Harvard observatory and Miss Anna C. Maury.

HAIR GREW AFTER DEATH.

Heavy Braids Ten Feet Long Found in a Coffin Twenty Years Buried.

A prominent citizen of Warren Summit, N. H., recently caused the body of his mother to be disinterred for the purpose of burying it in another spot, when it was found that the coffin was completely enwrapped with the strands of the lady's hair, even the grave being filled with the silky masses, which had to be cut through before the coffin could be removed. Upon opening the coffin the remains, with the exception of the head, were found to have perished, but the skull was wonderfully preserved, and even the skin intact, and from this had grown a quantity of hair such as no living person could carry. The lady has been dead nearly twenty years, and at the time of her decease her magnificent suit of hair had been clipped short, so there is no doubt of all that was found in the coffin having grown after death.

Her son says, however, that his mother's hair was of a beautiful bright golden hue, whereas the the post-mortem growth is of a pale, colorless tinge, dingy and coarse, though retaining a sort of vitality. It had forced its way through the seams of the coffin and twined about it like the tendrils of a vine, and was so thick as to hide it completely, while it filled the coffin as entirely. It was calculated that there was nearly seventy-five pounds of it in all and that the strands were fully ten feet in length. The lady on whose head this grew died at the age of 27 and after an illness of only a few hours, consequently retaining her robust and full-habited figure, which may possibly account for the extraordinary growth. When it was removed from about the coffin the latter fell apart, showing that it had held together by the hair.

VISIBLE ONLY AT NIGHT.

The Singular Whim of a Well-to-Do Vermont Woman.

A singular character residing near Irasburgh, Vt., is said to have allowed no human being to look upon her during the day for nearly forty years. She goes by the name of Ann Dennis, and is said to have been the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and that she lost her mind, or at any rate, took up her present singular mode of life after the death of her mother, whom she accidentally killed by an overdose of some opiate. She lives in a small, substantial one-room cabin about six miles from town, and remains tightly shut up during the day, and ventures out only on the darkest nights, when she will walk into town and transact such business as she may have, but cannot be induced to enter a room lighted up save dimly, and then only when thickly veiled.

As she has some little money left her by her father, the tradesmen all humor this singularity of hers, though several attempts have been made to get her to show herself in the light, but however well planned the strategy it has never succeeded. She converses intelligently enough when she wants to and many deny that her mind is at all affected beyond a little harmless eccentricity. Those who remember her in her youth say that she was an unusually pretty, attractive girl, and well educated. She lives quite alone with nothing living to keep her company.

The £5 and £2 pieces struck in the jubilee year have evidently not taken the public fancy, as no application was received for them during the whole of last year.

WHEN WE SLEEP.

Our Disposition to Assume Wearying Attitudes.

THE SCIENCE OF "DEVITALIZATION."

Nervous and Muscular Tension.—Superfluous Energy.

The most noiseless, quiet sleeper rarely lies in a perfectly relaxed state, body and limbs at ease. With an egotism that seems to be instinctive, most people endeavor to look out for themselves in sleep. They do not trust to the soft and willing support of the bed; they cling to it as if some sudden and malicious spring might toss them out upon the floor. They hold their heads down on the pillows as if the feathers might rise up and bounce them off. Or, and this is more common, they stiffen the muscles of the neck and hold their own heads as if the pillow could not be trusted for support.

They clutch the bedclothes, and cling with tightened grip. They brace their feet against the bed rail or, by dexterous twisting, use themselves as a point d'appui. They draw up as for a leap. They crouch as for a spring. They tie themselves into knots, clasp their knees in desperation, clench their hands, and writhe, wriggle and swim over the area of the bed. They set their jaws, grit their teeth, bury their heads. In brief, nerves and muscles are kept in such a state of unreasonable tension that waking becomes relaxation to overcome the fatigues of the night.

No one perhaps has a clear idea of absolutely what antics one performs in sleep, although drearily conscious of the effect on waking. But almost every one has some attitude essential to going to sleep. One would think that these, one may call them elective positions, would be of the easiest, if not the most graceful, for every one has not been trained as considerately as the children of a woman whom the writer once knew, who were taught to go to sleep in graceful positions, as the mother naively remarked, "in case of fire." On the contrary, the attitudes necessary to sleep, after long and minute inquiry among a large number of people, are found to be uneasy, unnatural, ungainly, distorted, painful.

If any number of readers undertake to discover their own peculiar habits of sleep they will doubtless be found uncomfortable. It is safe to say that this state of intense nervous and muscular tension is never relaxed during the night, even though the position be changed. The only exception is after excessive bodily fatigue. The body then suspends all effort, and lies such a dead heavy weight that it seems the bed must ache to sustain it. Sleep at last performs its gracious mission; and morning brings that repair and refreshment, that sense of rest and energy to begin the day again which makes life once more worth living. Chronic sufferers from insomnia know well the value of fatigue.

How much superfluous energy we expend in the performance of the most trifling act. Writing, for example, requires very little muscular exertion, but the pen is pinched until the fingers ache, and the muscles of the back of the head are as tired as the fingers. The seamstress sews with her back as surely as with her fingers. The school teacher rubs off the blackboard with one hand and mimics the movement with the other. Nine people out of ten cut with their mouths when holding the scissors. A woman with her hands in her muff clasps them with a grip that fatigues her and make them ache. Even in idle conversation people wiggle their fingers and wag their feet as an accompaniment to their tongues. A prominent divine once could not preach without jingling the keys in his trousers pocket. Few people can sit in an easy chair without clinging to the arms. Observe the passengers in a street car. They stiffen the muscles of the neck and hold on to their heads with grim earnestness, as if a sudden jolt might lose them, and in the confusion they would be difficult to readjust. This care soon imprints itself on our weary faces.

It is this habit of nervous exaggeration, so tyrannical and merciless to the muscles, that we take to bed with us, and that plays such mischief with divine sleep. How to conquer it! Plainly it is with the working hours we must begin. In Boston, where the supreme ego gets a completer development than within sound of the echo of the roar of Broadway, there has arisen the science of devitalization that is directed to this very end. Devitalization in its highest sense, to speak in the language of its disciples, is the spiritual side of physical culture. Its great principal is embodied completely and briefly in these words, "Mind active, body passive." Its methods are based on the union of the imagination with certain exercises of the body. The immediate physical result is the setting up of perfect independence among the various movements of the different members of the body—in detaching them, so to speak, from one another.

The results of these exercises are, first, the calling into activity all the muscles of the body, many of which are comparatively unused; second, rendering them perfectly independent of one another; third, making them immediately responsive to the call from the nerves; and, lastly and chiefly, rendering them indifferent to anything but their own business In this lies the great saving to the vitality, and that is what we are after.

Now, how does all this tend to better and more restful sleep? In the first place by having trained the nerves and muscles to keep still when they are not wanted. Surrender of yourself. Lay your burden down. God will take care of you, the bed will hold you, say the disciples of devitalization. But if the mind and body are not brought to this perfect state of obedience, the various exercises in devitalizing are gone through, beginning with the head. The different members are unlimbered, detached. These exercises should be done seriously. They are, in fact, awfully funny.

Then get into bed, and, sitting upright, conceive of the backbone as a strand of beads held upright. Then let yourself down slowly without tension, bead by bead, until the unlimbered head falls back inert on the pillow. Lie in that position, on the back, the arms helplessly lying on the bed, at the sides, each member divested of all responsibility, which has been assumed by the bed. If necessary, do this several times, and lie on the back if possible. If this is not possible, at least begin in this way and afterward turn over on to the side preferred.

Such is the Boston recipe for wholesome, restful slumber—it is worth trying.—New York Sun.

Proof of Pure Milk.

Guest—Waiter, there's a dead fish in this milk.

Waiter—Co's dey is, boss. Dat's a sho sign dar haint enough watah in dat milk fer him to live on.—Washington Star.

Cannibalism.

Sappy—Yaas, aw, doncherknow, if there, aw, is anything I, aw, love, it is, aw, calve's bwains!

Miss Pert—O, the cannibal!—Lawrence American.

READING THE HUMAN FACE.

The Character Generally Drawn Upon It in Unmistakable Lines.

Every one knows that men's passions, propensities and peculiarities, as well as their callings, are reflected in their faces, but it is only the few who have made the study of physiognomy an especial pursuit who are gifted with the power of reading those faces. Judges who have served long terms on the bench, lawyers in large practice and doctors of eminence possess the power of interpreting physiognomies more largely than other people. But any one can acquire the rudiments of the art by dint of study.

It is as impossible to disguise a face as a hand writing. When the expert comes the disguise is torn off and the face tells the true story of the spirit inside the body. One only needs to visit the penitentiary to realize how undeniably vice write its sign manual on the features. It is not the drunkard only whose red nose, flabby cheeks and rheumy eyes betray him; it is the sensualist whose vice is read in his lips, the knave whose propensity is revealed by the shape of his mouth, the man of violence who is surrendered by his eyes. An experienced detective or a trained jailor seldom needs to ask the crime of which his prisoner was guilty. He can tell it by his face.

It is quite evident that in the future the study of phsiognomy is going to be pursued more vigorously than it has been. As a means of preventing crime, it may prove invaluable. How constantly do we hear of men "falling from grace," as the phrase goes! Yet these men must have carried their crime in their face for a long time. If any one had been able to read their features the mischief might have been averted. How often are we assured that this or that criminal enjoyed the perfect confidence of his employers and the public till the very day of his detection; an expert physiognomist would probably have spotted him long before. Again, face reading might be turned to fine account in business. It is well known that every man's face is more or less stamped by the pursuit he follows. An experienced observer can generally detect a lawyer, or a doctor, or a merchant, or a clerk, or a mechanic, or a clergyman, by merely studying his face.

The study might be carried much further. The same rule which enables an observer to distinguish a lawyer from a merchant will, when followed out, enable keen eyes to separate able lawyers from lawyers who are incompetent, merchants who are going to make a fortune from merchants who are going to fail. Men often carry their destinies as well as their character in their faces. Indeed, the former depends so largely upon the latter that it would be singular if it were otherwise. Women, too, will be able to discriminate among their lovers, and to pick out the man who will make a good husband from one who will have to be dragged into a divorce court. All the advantages which Fowler mistakenly told us we were going to derive from the study of phrenology we may possibly gain from the older and more mysterious science of face reading.—San Francisco Call.

A Story of Jesse James.

"Now that I am on the subject of trotting," said Secretary Hall, of Detroit, in the rotunda of the Merchants', "I am reminded of an incident that took place in 1875 at the Kansas City meeting. There were several thousand people congregated in the vicinity of the ticket office, when suddenly a band of men rode into the inclosure and began discharging firearms apparently right into the crowd. As they expected, there was a general scattering, and ere the people collected their senses the ticket man had been overpowered and his cash box, containing about $1,200, taken away by the members of the shooting party, who turned out to be members of the Jesse James gang. Rewards were offered for the detection and arrest of the perpetrators, but nothing ever came of it.

"The next summer, one day while traveling along the road toward Independence Mission, I met a single horseman, and we soon became engaged in conversation. We did not exchange cards or names, but rode along into the town on pretty good terms, and a few moments after we separated I learned that my companion was none other than the notorious Jesse James himself. It was his crowd that had robbed my ticket seller a year before, but I did not recognize him as one of the participants. Among the people it was the general impression, and I have never heard it contradicted from a reliable source, that Jesse James scorned to enact the role of a highwayman when a single person was concerned, but took a delight in frightening large crowds when in search of booty. His men knew that shooting over the heads of the spectators would alarm them fully as much and create more of a panic than by killing people in cold blood, and hence their forays were always attended with a great deal of noise, but little violence toward their victims.—St. Paul Globe.

Divorces in Paris.

Chicago has a proverbial reputation here for the multiplicity of its divorces and the expedition with which they are obtained. Of course, a slow going old world people cannot be expected to compete with you on that score. But I doubt if ever divorces were granted for more grotesque reasons than here in Paris. Here, for example, is a divorce granted to a man for no other reason than that his wife would not let him read all the letters she wrote and received. A companion case is that of a woman who got a divorce from her husband because he objected to her having a lover, and made it unpleasant for the latter to visit her at her house. Apparently these are considered good and sufficient reasons, for they excite no comment on the part of the public. In Marseilles a man has just been allowed a divorce because his wife refused to give him the money she earned by taking in sewing. In Lyons a divorce was based on the inability of the couple to agree as to the training of their children. And so it goes on. The number of divorces granted and the frivolity of the grounds on which they are based increase daily.—Paris Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Intelligent Coroner's Juries.

"Death from delirium tremens resulting from accidental causes," was the remarkable verdict returned by a coroner's jury in this city the other day. This is not the only humorous specimen which Mr. Ashbridge can point to on the dockets of his office. A young man in the last stages of pulmonary disease killed himself with prussic acid. Dr. Formad remarked at the inquest:

"He only accelerated his death, which must surely have come from consumption in a very few weeks."

The intelligent six good men and true in the jury box astounded the coroner by arriving at this verdict: "Death from consumption, accelerated by prussic acid."—Philadelphia Press.

Large Birds Becoming Extinct.

The large birds, like the other large animals, are steadily going, and all may soon disappear from the earth. It is believed that the lammergeyer, or Alpine vulture, has just become completely extinct in Switzerland, a solitary female specimen, which has dwelt on the Biotchhorn during the last twenty-five years, having at last fallen a victim to poison.—Boston Budget.

AT AN ENGLISH MEET.

An Occasion of Excessive Sociability.

THE RIDERS AND THEIR COSTUMES.

An English Country Day in Midwinter.—The Hounds.

In the first place, the country is much more interesting than with us in the winter. It is rare for the mercury to go below 26 or 28 degs. Fahrenheit. The English people use the freezing point 32 as the indicator. They speak of 5 or 4 degs of frost meaning so many degrees below 32. They never have weather which approaches zero. The winters being comparatively mild the grass remains green throughout the year, and but little snow falls. The morning after Christmas I went over with a party of friends to a meet of the hounds. Lord Fitzhardinge is the master of the hounds for that district. It was the first English meet I had ever seen, and as the day was absolutely perfect the picture was a most delightful one to my unsportsmanlike vision.

The morning was crisp and clear. There was a light hoar frost on the ground which soon gave way, so that the ground became moderately soft under the rays of the sun. There was not a bit of wind. The course to be run was over a succession of green, grassy downs skirting hedgerows and thick clumps of woodland. These downs ran to a line of cliffs overlooking an arm of the sea, beyond which was a long line of blue hills—the Welsh mountains. A meet in England is one of the most democratic of gatherings. It was a new thing for me to learn that anybody in the neighborhood can come to a meet and be received if he can find a quadruped to carry him. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker can come and ride alongside of the gentry and keep up with them if they have as good horses and are as skillful riders.

AT THE MEET.

The meet took place on the broad lawn of a handsome country place of a private gentleman who has large coal interests at the Cape Verde islands. There were upward of a thousand people who came through his gates and up his walks without any invitation, driving in all sorts of carriages and carts and upon all sorts of horses. Several hundred came on foot. Another strange feature of this promiscuous gathering was the fact that every one who came was made welcome to the private hospitality of the house. The son of the host actively assisted the servants in passing out sandwiches and mulled claret to whoever rode up to the door. There was a constant procession of lunching horsemen in front of the door for at least two hours before the hounds arrived with Lord Fitzhardinge and the whippers in.

There were all sorts of riding costumes. The master of the hounds and the whippers in wore the traditional pink coats, as did a few of the other riders. The majority of the the riders, however, even among the regular members of the hunt, wore dark coats. Two army officers from the neighboring barracks came up on very smart horses, wearing hunting dresses which looked as neat as full dress uniforms. They wore high silk hats with small steel chains attached to the brim in the rear and passing around their necks. Their coats were four button cutaways with long skirts and broad flapped pockets. These coats were buttoned up tight to the throat, above which appeared a high white collar and a white cravat. Their knee breeches were white corduroy. Their boots were high patent leather, with steel spurs upon the lower part of the heel. They were handsome, trim looking men, and sat their horses with perfect ease. One of the most striking of the lady riders was a relative of the master of the hounds. She was not over 14 years of age. Her slim figure was set off by a dark blue close fitting riding suit. Her hair, a dazzling golden silver, floated in the wind unconfined from underneath a black derby hat. She was mounted on a thin skinned, high bred, iron gray horse, which seemed to be under the perfect control of his beautiful young mistress. But the good riders and the correct hunting dresses were the exception. This was owing in part to the fact that it was a holiday, and upon such occasions the regular members of the hunt are inclined to stay away. The trades people of Bristol came out in great numbers. They were very enthusiastic sportsmen, but they made up a motley gathering, coming as they did upon all sorts of horses and in all sorts of riding dresses.

THE HOUNDS.

The main interest culminated when the hounds arrived. They were such a smart, intelligent looking lot of animals. They all carried their heads and tails straight up. They appeared to be eager and anxious to be away, but were easily restrained by the whips of the servants in charge. They were moved about with the precision and rapidity of well drilled soldiers. When the hounds came into the inclosure about the house where the meet took place they smelled the food of the morning lunch and were at once going to press to the front, but a wave of the whippers-in stick sent them back in a compact mass to a corner of the inclosure, where they remained. The amount of lunching and drinking done by the people who arrived, and who must have just come from their breakfast, simply illustrated the ability of the English people to eat at any and all times as a preliminary to anything in the way of work or fun.

There was no great excitement about the start. The hunters went away at an easy pace and followed the road for several miles. Gates were opened for them all through the first part of the morning. It was only when a fox was started and the hounds were in full cry that anything like hard cross country riding was attempted. Few of the Bristol people ventured on jumping any of the hedges, so within a very few moments after the start the good riders had everything to themselves. Pedestrians, horsemen and people in wagons went about the country all the morning seeking to cross the trail of the hunters. I was told that the cost of keeping up a pack of fox hounds for ordinary hunting purposes is £6,000 a year. After once seeing an English meet it is easy to understand the interest in it. The fox is merely an excuse for sharp and brilliant riding across a lovely country in brilliant, sparkling weather. The meet is generally made up of congenial spirits, and, therefore, has the additional element and zest of sociability.—T. C. Crawford in New York World.

Formed by Circumstances.

Mrs. Hillaire—Your husband is the most uncomplaining man I ever saw.

Mrs. Bergen—Yes. He says that he never saw a lounge that was comfortable until he met with the accident that broke his back.—New York Sun.

His Principal Occupation.

Judge (to tramp)—What is your occupation? What do you do?

Tramp—Nothin', yer honor.

Judge—Well, what have you done most?

Tramp—Time, yer honor.—The Lawrence American.

LOUISIANA VETERANS.

Personal Notes of Delegates to the Convention.

At 7:30 this evening the delegates of the various camps of United Confederate Veterans will assemble at Memorial Hall to elect a major general to command the Louisiana Division for the ensuing year. The rumored candidates are the incumbent (who has served but the third of a full term) Major General W. J. Behan, of the Army of Northern Virginia, Gen. John Glynn, Jr., Army of Tennessee, Col. J. P. Richardson, Washington Artillery, and Col. Geo. Moorman, of the Cavalry. There may be, however, some "dark horses" from the country.

SKETCHES OF COMRADES.

Below will be found such personal notes concerning delegates as *The Item* reporters have been able to pick up, a number who promised memoranda not having sent it in, and others not being found:

Col. B. F. Eshleman, the present chief of the veteran corps, Washington Artillery Camp, went out with the famous battalion in 1861 as captain of the fourth company. He was the first officer wounded at the battle of Bull Run. After serving gallantly in several engagements he was promoted to majorship of the battalion, and was in command at the surrender at Appomattox.

Paul Conrad.—A true representative of "*le vieux temps*" is found in Paul Conrad, a delegate from Camp Henry, St. Paul. He is a purely typical Louisianian. With an ancestry as old as the country, he combines in himself every essential feature of the old time Creole, with the progressive characteristics of the present age.

Born in this city on December 31, 1840, of native parentage, he, with many whose names will ever live in the history of the State, attended the public school of this city.

At an early age the death of his father left him to buffet the world with but little help, save the encouraging and wise counsels of a brave mother, and determined his early embarkation in the varying and stern actualities of life.

He began a commercial career when barely fifteen years of age in the wholesale grocery business and afterwards engaged in the cotton business.

The war breaking out when he was about twenty years of age, he joined the Chasseurs a Pied, one of the first commands to leave this city for the then seat of war, Pensacola, in April, 1861.

His career as a soldier was conspicuous for his personal daring and bravery, not unmixed with a fair share of romance, and paying the penalty of his venturesome spirit, he was three times badly wounded, once in front of Richmond, at the battle of Frazier Farm, June 30, 1861, where he was appointed color bearer of his battalion on the field by the colonel commanding. The flag thus entrusted to him, which he carried to the end of the war, is the same battle-flag which was presented to St. Paul's Battalion by Gen. Longstreet to commemorate their desperate charge at Seven Pines, and which was, after the surrender at Appomattox, taken to a place of safety in Richmond.

About 1879 a meeting of the veterans of the old command delegated Mr. Conrad to go to Richmond and secure the battered war emblem, which he did, and after reporting to his old comrades in arms, he delivered the flag into the custody of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, which has unfurled it in Memorial Hall, where it now hangs, a silent and eloquent reminder of those troublous times which brought it into existence.

At Sharpsburg (or Antietam), September 19, 1861, he was a second time wounded and fell into the hands of the Federals. After being exchanged, and before thoroughly recuperated from his disabling wounds, we find him again in the field of active duty with his command in and about the historical Blackwater, Southampton County, Virginia, and at the battle of Bellefield he was again wounded.

Surrendering with the last forlorn hope, after four years and several months of actual active service, he resumed his duties of citizenship to his native State, relapsing into those peaceful pursuits in which he could serve his people most beneficially. In 1867 he was elected assistant secretary of the finance committee of the City Council, where his intelligent administration of the office soon promoted him to the secretaryship.

With varying successes to himself financially, he thereafter engaged in various commercial enterprises; until of late years, he acquired a home in the town of Waveland, adjoining Bay St. Louis, Miss., where his progressive spirit and enlightened enterprise were soon recognized and he was elected, and is still serving as a councilman of that corporation. His suggestions of progress were soon adopted by his new constituents and sometime ago he was called upon to serve as president of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing Company, which is now affording such material comforts to the denizens of that lively little town.

Many years ago he accepted a subaltern position with the Luisiana State Company, where his worth was soon recognized, and his promotion to the internal direction of his office affairs gradually followed, and which, upon the death of their late president, Dr. M. A. Dauphin, culminated in his being chosen president of that vast institution, which office he now holds with credit to himself and advantage to the company.

He is also a director in the Cherokee Iron Manufacturing Company of Rusk, Texas, which has sought the benefit of his advice and experience, and altogether he finds his time well taken up with the administration of the affairs of others.

Yet with his multifarious duties he remains what he ever was, a true and loyal friend and safe adviser, one upon whom none who know him, ever hesitate to entrust their most secret confidences.

His peculiar attributes are his unswerving devotion to duty, his undeviating punctuality, and his loyalty to any cause he may espouse.—*New Orleans (La.) City Item*, May 30.

Fresno vineyardists have been at last obliged to employ Chinese to pick their grapes. They tried to get Indians, and sent agents to the mountains to bring all who would work, but not enough could be had to pick the crop. The Celestials are at Fresno by thousands from all parts of the State, and have entered into a combination among themselves to strike for higher wages. Many have found employment at $1.75 a day.

In Ontario short weight bread is confiscated and given to charitable institutions.

RUSSIAN FANATICS.

Description of an Interesting Religious Sect.

THEIR SOCIAL AND FINANCIAL METHODS.

The Idea of Nihilism Pushed to the Extreme Limit.

The interesting sect of "Negators" offers to us the spectacle of a strange religious pessimism. The doctrines of this sect push the idea of nihilism and of negation to their extremest limit. The members lead a life of vagabondage, and pass the larger portion of their existence in prison. The government thinks their doctrines dangerous to public safety, and subjects them to the most rigorous punishments. Let us take as a type of this sect a certain merchant named Shishkin. In his search for truth he four times changed his sect, and finally became persuaded that all religion was error and lying. He addicted himself to the study of the sacred Scriptures, and thought he perceived that they were not in accord with human nature, and then he came to repudiate all ideas of God and religion, as well as all human institutions, all authority, government and society. He was promptly arrested and imprisoned, and all his property confiscated. He refused to justify himself or to avail himself of legal help for his defense, persisted in his opinions, and continued to preach in the prison. Here is a curious specimen of his answers to the judge d'instruction:

Judge—Who are you?

Prisoner—Don't you see I'm a man? Are you blind?

J.—What is your religion?

P.—I have none.

J.—What God do you believe in?

P.—I don't believe in any God. God belongs to you—to you people. It was you who invented him. I don't want him.

J.—Do you worship the devil, then? (with some irritation).

P.—I worship neither God nor devil, because I have no need of prayer. The devil is also an invention of yours. God and the devil are yours, as well as the czar, the priests, and government officials. You are all children of the same mother. I am not one of you, and I wish to know nothing of you.

Each for himself, say these sectaries; there is neither right, nor duty, nor social or political or religious hierarchy. Man, abandoned to his natural instincts, without hindrance from government, will be irresistibly impelled toward truth and equity. They deny, without exception, all rights of property, and recognize no form of social organization. For them, marriage, the family, social duties, do not exist; they live in a fantastic world of liberty without limit, and despise all that surrounds them.

For example, if any one asked Shishkin for anything whatever, he would give it them at once, only it absolutely must be something useful, food, clothes, or money for vital needs, etc. But he would not give a halfpenny for tobacco, wine, or such like things. "I should prefer to throw the money out of the window rather than help you to poison yourself with tobacco," he answers to those who ask him for money to indulge in that habit. If any one thanks him, he answers: "What a stupid word! You have received what you wanted; you have eaten; well now go."

These sectaries are advocates of all that is natural, they never shave or cut their hair, they drink no spirits and do not smoke, so as not to spoil the natural beauty of the intellectual faculties. They dream of a life in which each should work for himself, satisfying his wants with the productions of the earth, and making for himself all necessary articles. What is over ought to be given to those who are in want. They entertain a profound hatred for all compulsory work under all forms. They never go into service, even if threatened with death, and they employ no servants. When Shishkin was in prison they shaved him and tried to compel him to work; but he utterly refused, saying: "You have taken me by force. I did not ask you to shut me up. So now you ought to feed me and work for me." It was of no use to flog him, to chain him to a wheelbarrow, to shut him up in a dungeon, to give him only bread and water; it had no effect. He remained immovable.

These sectaries do not allow of the exchange of products or of trade. "If you want anything and I can give it you, take it. When I in my turn want anything, you will give it me." They preach free love and do not recognize marriage. They consider women to be independent beings, equal to men, free to choose lovers and occupations according to taste. They replace the word wife by friend.

A man, a woman and a child were brought before a judge, accused of belonging to the sect of Negators. "Is this your wife?" asked the judge. "No, she is not my wife." "But you live with her?" "Yes; but she is not mine. She is her own." "Is this your husband?" "No; he is not my husband," answered the woman. "But how is it, then?" asked the judge, astonished. "I need him and he needs me, that is all; but we each belong to ourselves," answered the woman. "And this little girl, is she yours?" continues the judge. "No. She is of our blood, but she does not belong to us, but to herself." "But are you mad, then?" cried the magistrate, out of patience. "This cloak that you are wearing, is that yours?" "No, it is not mine," answered the sectary. "Why do you wear it then?" "I wear it because you have not taken it from me. This cloak was on the back of some one else, now it is on mine; perhaps to-morrow it will be on yours. How can you expect me to know to whom it belongs? Nothing belongs to me but my thought and my reason." And so on.

The words "faith," "power," "law," "usage," inspire them with profound horror. Under no pretext do they have recourse to the protection of the magistrate, preferring to suffer with patience. To appeal to the law for protection would be to recognize it, to submit to social institutions; but to submit to law is to destroy one's individuality, which should rest for its support only on the individual conscience and personal convictions. It must be added that they do not believe in the life of the other world and the rewards of the future life. They hold that man is immortalized only in posterity, in behalf of which he spends his moral and physical force.—Nineteenth Century.

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INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2 1891

The public schools of the several States are invited to make an exhibit at the World's Fair Such an exhibition will be more interesting than any possible display of agricultural or manufactured products. A thoroughly good system of public schools is the best possible product of man's ingenuity. Of course it is expected that the old States will make a better showing than the newly settled ones. New England is the home of the system and is supposed to have carried it to the highest degree of perfection. It would be interesting to know what kind of a standard will be adopted. Will the school be declared the best which promises the widest range of studies? or will one that shows the best results in the common branches of study? Will the choice of study be one that may be fairly completed in the six or eight years the average child attends school? or will it be presumed that the average attendance is ten or twelve years? The school age in most of the States includes twelve years, but hardly a child in ten gets ten years' schooling. The New York Sun complains that the schools in that State are given over to the higher grades of studies. There is room and to spare in the higher-grade schools, but the primaries are crowded. In fact, there are this year 10,000 newcomers who cannot be accommodated

More than $4,000,000 is expended on the school system annually, and yet it fails to accomplish its purpose. Where does the money go? The major part of it goes for the support of colleges for a few boys and girls and for grammar schools to fit them for the advanced course. Room is lacking for the others because so much room at so great an expense has to be provided for these. There is room enough for the boys and girls who want to study Latin and Greek, algebra and geometry, but thousands of the children who want to learn to read and write are shut out because the accommodations are not enough. The essential is neglected in order that the luxurious may be provided.

If the World's Fair is to make a show of schools in which Latin, Greek, algebra and geometry are taught more harm than good will result from it. It is not desirable to bend the young mind in that direction. The best public school is one that in a six or eight years' course turns out the most thoroughly taught pupils in the common branches of study. Take a class of fifty, and the one which presented the largest number who could read, write, spell, cipher with such proficiency that errors in matter or style would not be noticeable should carry off the prize.

There seems to be no mitigation of the suffering in Russia caused by the scarcity of food, and the situation is certain to be worse instead of better. Winter is not far distant, and if to the horrors of famine are added the terrors of a Russian winter the condition of the people will be desperate indeed.

It is possible that the situation may impel Russia to war, even though she be not entirely ready. She may deem it safer to set her troops in motion, relying upon the patriotism which a foreign war would evoke, than to face several million starving peasants at home. She can feed an army, concentrated and with perfectly established communications, when she can not disperse food for her starving people over her immense territory.

The famine will be the best recruiting officer Russia could have. Hungry peasants would rather face the bullets of an enemy in the field than to die by inches at home from cold and starvation. The ranks could be kept filled to repletion all the time in the event of war, for the Russian soldier has at least food sufficient for his needs, clothing to cover him and a roof to shelter him.

But when one thinks of the women and children, of the old and decrepit who are unfit for military service, there must arise a feeling of sympathy and compassion. These people are not responsible for the cruelties and outrages which have been inflicted upon the Jews of Russia and which have enraged the whole civilized world against that country. Their lot will be quite as desperate as that of the exiles, and possibly even more so.

Russia is about two centuries behind the rest of Europe in her civilization. Outside of the great cities the people are, even to this day, little better than barbarians. They have no faculty of self-help, no adaptability to adverse conditions, and for this reason they must be doomed to a great intensity of suffering.

A CAVE IN THE WOODS.

A NEATLY CONSTRUCTED DWELLING WITHOUT A TENANT.

A Cave That Was Probably the Haunt of a Sneak Thief—Evidences That Show the Builder to Have Been a Skillful Mechanic—Contents of the Hut.

Saxton's swamp has its head in the woods between Islip and Brentwood. Whortleberries are plentiful in the vicinity. George L. Benjamin and Alexander Combs were roaming carelessly about in the vicinity and made a discovery that interested the town not a little. They saw smoke curling up as if out of the ground and began an investigation. They found a fire and a kettle over it in which beans, potatoes and chicken were simmering. There was no one visible in the vicinity.

The boys went to Bay Shore and spread the news, and a score or more of men went to the woods to see the surprising sight. They concluded in advance that the swamp was a thieves' den, and some of the men carried guns, others revolvers and a few hayforks. They found the simmering pot and the fire almost out. For the fun of the thing the men began playing robber, and several shots were fired as part of the pantomime. They had reason to conclude later that this was a mistake, for it served as a signal to the occupant of a cave in the woods to make himself scarce. A man with a pitchfork kept jabbing it into the earth and detected a hollow spot.

A little digging threw a large sheet iron tray up from under the leaves and left exposed a hole about two feet square. It had wooden sides leveled so that the tray set in snugly. Over the tray were leaves, grass and brush, in keeping with the surroundings. Through a hole in the tray was run a piece of telegraph wire, and at each end of the wire was fastened a nicely rounded stick which served as a handle to lift up the tray on the outside and pull it down on the inside. The hole in the earth was four feet deep and eight feet long under the ground, forming an alleyway.

CONTENTS OF THE CAVE.

The earth had been carefully cut out and must have been carted away, as no evidence of it could be found in the vicinity. There could not have been less than several wagon loads of it. At the end of the alleyway there was a depression of two feet, running a distance of six feet and being five feet wide. The roof was six feet high. This was the bedroom. It had a bunk on each side filled with leaves and grass and both had been slept in. The walls were lined with logs, and the ceiling, so to speak, was covered with muslin.

There were two closets and several brackets and a fireplace at one end, with a capped pipe running up to the top, which could be raised for use and lowered at will, to prevent detection. Five tin gutter pipes were so arranged as to admit light and air and enable the occupant to observe what was going on about him in the woods. On one side of the passage a post was driven down and into it a staple had been bolted, to which was attached a trace chain. It was a mystery what use could have been made of this, and the belief is that it was used to keep some person a prisoner at some time.

The cavern had undoubtedly been inhabited up to within a few hours, and if the men who went out to see a sight had not made fools of themselves instead of watching the hole in the ground they would undoubtedly have discovered the tenant of the queer abode and perhaps made an important discovery.

A tub in the farthest west corner of the cavern contained salt pork, and sliced chicken meat had been put into the brine to pickle. A silver spoon was found marked "The Austral." It was probably stolen from the Austral hotel, at Brentwood. Among other things were a muslin shirt, a flannel shirt and a pair of lawn tennis shoes, which are supposed to be the ones stolen from Mr. William M. Van Anden's house.

EVIDENCES OF ROBBERY.

No evidence was found that the cave dweller committed the robbery in the house of Mr. Gibb. A copy of the Bay Shore Journal was pinned up against the wall with a mark drawn around an advertisement offering $250 reward for the arrest of the butcher who killed John H. Vail's cow and carried away a part of the meat. Fastened to the paper was a slip giving an account of the robbery in Mr. Van Anden's house. Copies of city papers were strewn about. The cave, it could be seen, had been occupied for a considerable time. It was constructed by a good mechanic.

It may be interesting to state that soon after Mr. Vail's cow had been killed by a thief, who was in need of meat, a hog was killed in a pen on the premises of Mr. Marvin and the hams carried away. A few nights later a dozen chickens were stolen from Justice Clock. The thief cut their heads off and threw them on the justice's back stoop.

A colored man known as "Long Steve," otherwise Stephen Green, was arrested for stealing Mr. Marvin's hog and incidentally he was suspected of committing the other crimes. The proof against him did not positively establish his guilt, although a boy who lived with him accused him, but he had so bad a reputation that Justice Clock came to the conclusion that the public welfare required him to be incarcerated, and he was committed to the county jail at Riverhead.

Notwithstanding there have been no robberies since Green was deprived of his liberty—a circumstance which was thought pretty clearly to establish his guilt—the people are now wondering whether, after all, the dweller in the cave was not the real culprit. He was not Green, that is certain.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Cold Day.

Gentleman (on railway train)—Pardon me, madam; is this seat beside you engaged?"

Lady (distantly)—I presume I can remove my satchel and bundles and make room; but the three seats behind me are entirely unoccupied.

Gentleman—Yes, madam. Your open window is in front of them.—New York Weekly.

A One Sided Contract.

The Hon. Benjamin H. Field was relating the other day how he induced his son to abstain from chewing tobacco. "When my boy was at college," said Mr. Field, "I agreed to pay for all of the cigars he might smoke, provided he would not chew tobacco. He entered into the agreement, and although that was several years ago he still holds me to the contract."—New York Times.

SO, MOON, DON'T TELL.

O Moon! did you see
My lover and me
In the valley beneath the sycamore tree?
Whatever befell
O Moon! don't tell;
'Twas nothing amiss, you know very well.

O Moon! you know,
Long years ago
You left the sky and descended below
Of a summer night
By your own sweet light;
You met your Endymion on Patmos' height—

And there, O Moon!
You gave him a boon
You wouldn't, I'm sure, have granted at noon.
'Twas nothing amiss,
Being only the bliss
Of giving—and taking—an innocent kiss!

Some churlish lout,
Who was spying about,
Went off and babbled, and so it got out;
But for all the gold
The sea could hold,
O Moon! I wouldn't have gone and told!

So, Moon, don't tell
Whatever befell
My lover and me in the leafy dell.
He is honest and true,
And, remember, too,
He only behaved like your lover and you!
—New York Truth.

Minneapolis Larger Than Paris.

The existing Paris covers 19,275 acres, or about thirty square miles, while metropolitan London, with 4,000,000 population, contains 118 square miles, and Chicago provides an area about as extensive for 1,100,000. The average distance from the center of Paris to the circumference is only three miles. Minneapolis, with only 165,000 people, has a municipal area more than twice as large as that of Paris. Almost the entire population of Paris is housed in the flats of tenement structures averaging from four to five stories in height.

According to the revised figures of the census of 1886 there were nearly 75,000 houses in Paris, and the average number of people in a house was about thirty. In the old arrondissements of the inner Paris there are probably about 30,000 houses, accommodating about 1,000,000 people.

For a total contrast in the plan of house construction we have only to cross the channel and to examine London, where we find an average of about eight persons to a house for the whole metropolis. But the people of Paris are better housed, all things considered, than those of London. A population of 2,500,000 within a circle whose radius is only three miles is certainly very dense, but it must be remembered that Paris is a many storied city.—Dr. Albert Shaw in Century.

Sighs on Bridges.

The front stoop offers facilities for courtship, and among the young people of Brooklyn the front stoop is a popular summer institution. The Brooklyn bridge is a bridge of sighs. It is the high bridges over the Central tracks in upper New York, however, that are most ardently worked for this purpose.

An evening stroll that takes the observer over one of these bridges will show dozens of couples leaning against the rails and apparently investigating the myriad tracks and colored signal lights and passing trains below. A manly arm will be withdrawn from a slender waist as you pass, to be stealthily slipped back again within the moment. The skirmish of hearts is going on there while you are asleep or at the theater. It is the engagement ground of the poor and lowly who live in tenements and have no front gate and no doorsteps. For them the bridge on these warm nights is a dish of ice cream with two spoons in it.—New York Herald.

All on Account of a Dog.

A devoted husband who was lately asked after the health of a dog by a friend who had presented it to his wife exclaimed: "De dog! De dog! You question me about dat dog! De dog is vell enoof! Mein vife, she vant to go to Saratoga, unt she take the dog mit her, unt ven she take him into de car de conductor he object! Unt vot my vife do? She ride in de baggage car all de way from New York to Saratoga mit dat dog! Unt ven ve go to de hotel de proprietaire he say, 'Ve take no dogs here!' but he make me pay for my room vot is engaged! Unt we go to some other hotel. De same vords, 'Ve take no dogs here!' Unt my vife, who like always de best, she go into a cheap boarding house and make herself so uncomfortable for dat dog! You tink somebody shoot him by mistake? I vill gif one huntert tollars to someboty if he shoot dat dog by mistake! Dat dog! You question me about dat dog!—New York Times.

How to Get Ink Out of Clothes.

Nearly every housekeeper has many garments spotted with ink. Here is a good way to get the ink out. Ink spots may be removed from linen with tartaric acid while wet. To remove ink from cotton, silk or woolen goods, saturate the spot with spirits of turpentine and let it remain several hours; then rub between the hands. It will crumble away without injuring the color or texture of the article.—New York Journal.

Velocity of Meteorites.

The singular fact has been demonstrated that, while the most rapid velocity of cannon balls scarcely ever attain a speed of 600 meters a second—about 1,500 miles per hour—meteorites are known to permeate the air with a velocity of 40,000 or even 60,000 meters per second. This unthinkable speed instantly raises the temperature of the air to 4,000 or 6,000 degrees centigrade.—St. Louis Republic.

A New Antiseptic Agent.

A new antiseptic agent called microcidine, which is composed of 75 per cent. of naphtholate of sodium and 25 per cent. of naphthol and phenyl compounds, has been tried in France. It is a white powder, soluble in three parts of water. The solution, which is cheap, is said to be a very effective antiseptic, without being poisonous or caustic or injurious to instruments or linen. Its antiseptic properties are inferior to those of corrosive sublimate or napthol, but surpass those of carbolic and boracic acids ten and twenty times respectively. The solution has given excellent results in dressing wounds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The prize fish liar of 1891 is a Dexter man who says the mosquitoes were so thick and so fierce that they ate all the worms off his hook before he could drop it into the water.

A tornado at Trenton, Ga., carried off the roof of a house, leaving a sick man in his bed unharmed but shelterless. His neighbors at once built a temporary shelter over him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Annual Fair,
18th
Agricultural District
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$800 in Purses.
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☞ This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.
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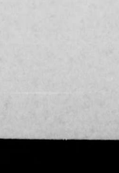

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
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Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed Flooring.
sept 11-tf

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
☞ Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.☜
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
C. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the 'INDEPENDENT' Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
☞ NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED. ☜
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vogt, Camp, Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Timepieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
☞ All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.
FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John A. Hannah deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 26th day of October, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the town of Independence in the County of Inyo, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John A. Hannah, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. L. Hunter for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration with the will annexed thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.

P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated Sept. 25th, 1891.

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF
D. E. No. 571.
LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL. September 9, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Maggie S. Conklin, of Independence, Inyo Co., California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim, No. 571, for the N W ¼ of S W ¼ Sec. 14, Tp. 11 S., R. 34 E., M. D. M., before the Register and Receiver at Independence, Calif., on Thursday, the 22d day of October, 1891.

She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Joseph Seeley, Michael McSweeney, James Hines and Norman F. Conklin, all of Independence, Inyo County, Calif.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo, Inyo county, Cal.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of August, 1891, an assessment (No. 14) of Ten (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of October 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 23rd day of October, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
G. W. LUCE, Secretary.
Office, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.
D E No. 513.
LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL. Sept. 30, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis A. Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intent on to make proof on his desert land claim No. 513, for the E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of section No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M D M. before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G Sanger, W. Sanger, A. P. Smith and M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.
Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGANACIA ABECHUCO.
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.
Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.
WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $25 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
55 and 57 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2.....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98.
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach at Lone Pine on Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.; at Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; at Independence, 7 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY, September 26, 1891.

Filed affidavit of Blue Bellows—Certificate of 13 coyote scalps.

Who's going to the Benton Fair?

Dr. Louisa Woodin returned from a trip to Pasadena yesterday.

Mr. A. J. McAffee is lying very ill of brain congestion at Alvord.

J. C. Crocker, of Big Pine, has gone to Bakersfield, where he expects to remain three weeks.

The Milton District School will reopen on Monday, Oct. 5th, with Chas. E. Turner as teacher.

We are informed that Wednesday's races were postponed by the Fair Directors on account of bad weather.

Overcoats and mufflers are in order the past few days. The first ice of the season appeared Wednesday night.

The Sierras have donned their snowcaps, and their mantles will soon follow if the weather doesn't moderate.

A Carson paper states that a daily train may be run on the C. & C. before long between Belleville and Keeler.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Mack are expected to return home next week after a visit of some weeks in San Francisco and vicinity.

St. Patrick's Pills are carefully prepared from the best material and according to the most approved formula, and are the most perfect cathartic and liver pill that can be produced. We sell them

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

J. G. Bone, a druggist at Dunmore, Pa., says he has never sold a medicine that gave such universal satisfaction as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, and that the large demand for it has been a great surprise to him. It is sold here by A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

The California Game Law.

Quite frequently within the past three weeks we have been asked when the close season for quail expired and the open season for trout closed. Thinking that the matter was of general interest to our readers, we publish the game law as it now stands:

Every person who, in the State of California, between the 1st day of March and 1st day of October in each year, hunts, pursues, takes, kills, or destroys any quail, partridge, or grouse, or any kind of wild duck or rail, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Every person who, in any of the counties of the state of California, at any time takes, gathers, or destroys the eggs of any quail, partridge, or grouse, or mallard duck, or any kind of summer duck, red head, teal, or any gray duck, or any other kind of wild duck, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Every person who, in the state of California, between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of July in each year, hunts, pursues, takes, kills, or destroys doves is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Every person who, in any of the counties in the state of California, hunts, pursues, takes, kills, or destroys any male deer, antelope, mountain sheep, or buck, for the period of two years from the date of the passage of this Act, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Every person in the state of California who has in his possession any green hides or any green skins of any deer, elk, antelope, or mountain sheep, or buck, for the period of two years from the date of the passage of this Act, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Every person in the state of California who has in his possession any green hides or any green skins of any deer, elk, antelope, or mountain sheep killed after the passage of this Act, and before the expiration of two years from the date of the passage of this Act, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Every person in the state of California who at any time hunts, pursues, kills, takes or destroys any female deer, antelope, elk, mountain sheep, doe, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Every person who shall at any time hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any spotted fawn, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Every person who shall take, kill, or destroy any of the animals or birds mentioned in this section at any time, unless the carcass of such animal or bird be used or preserved by the person taking or slaying it, or is sold food, is guilty of a misdemeanor,

Every person who shall buy, sell, offer, or expose for sale, transport or carry, or have in his possession any deer or deer skin, or any hide or pelt from which the evidence of sex has been removed, or any of the aforesaid game at a time when it is unlawful to kill the same, as provided by this and subsequent sections, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Every person who takes, catches, or kills or exposes for sale, or has in his possession, any speckled trout, brook or salmon trout, or any variety of trout, between the 1st day of November and the 1st day of April in the following year, except salmon trout taken with rod and line in tide water, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Fishing for salmon, shad etc., between six o'clock Saturday evening and sundown the succeeding Sunday, prohibited.

Fishing by explosives, or by pound, weir, cage, trap, or set net, prohibited.

RACES ! RACES !

BISHOP, Oct. 1, 1891.

Bronco won ½mile race. Trotting declared off on account of cold—everybody went home after running race.

Board of Equalization.

On Monday the Board of Supervisors met at Independence as a Board of Equalization. It was ordered that a tax of $5.75 on each $1,000 worth of taxable property be levied in Bishop School District and placed to the Building Fund of said District. Warm Springs School District was taxed $3 50; Big Pine, $2.00; Independence, $5.50; Union, $4 50.

The Board having considered the matter of tax levy for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, the following was adopted:

Ordered, That a tax of $2.30 upon each $100 of value of taxable property of Inyo County, State of California, as assessed, be and is hereby levied to be collected and apportioned to the various funds as follows:

State General Fund	$	.41 6
Salary "		.30
Bord "		.50
Expense "		.55
School "		.22
Road "		.20
Bridge "		.05
Special Building		.03 4
	$	2.30 00

Regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors next Monday.

Mr. Edmondson and family and Mr. Bacon and family returned to Tulare last Tuesday, going by way of Greenhorn mountain. Mr. Bacon expects to return and settle permanently at the 8-mile house in course of a few months.

A party from Tulare county consisting of ten people arrived at Independence this morning with a view of making a permanent settlement. Among those who came are Josh Burs, Wm. Calloway, Frank Fuller, (better known as Boston) Wm. Young, John Wilkes, Morgan O'Brien and others whose names we could not learn.

Over a hundred people from this end of the county have gone to Bishop this week, and the Fair this year has doubtless been a grand success. This is purely a matter of guess work however, as no news of the Fair has as yet reached Independence. The telegraph operator at Bishop had evidently gone to the races yesterday, for Independence wired to Bishop all day without response. We must cheer ourselves with the old adage "No news is good news."

On Tuesday a fire raged in the Sierras a little north of town, Government Canyon, which is used by the sheep men and wood choppers was set on fire by the carelessness of some of these campers, and in the fierce wind was soon in flames its entire length. The sight of the miles of flame and lurid smoke, when seen at night, was grand and inspiring. The fire burned itself out three miles above Mr. Bell's flour mill. No human lives were lost so far as heard from. A few sheep and some cordwood were consumed by the flames.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUMBER FOR SALE

Houle & Shoemaker,

LESSEES OF

BLACKROCK SAWMILL.

☞ Clear lumber, Second class lumber, slabs and edgings for sale cheap. Inquire for our prices.

HUILE & SHOEMAKER.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of Sept. 1891, an assessment (No. 7) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company in Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday the 28th day of Nov. will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 26th day December, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, assuring the purity of meat, and every art made to give satisfaction to patrons.

j19-tf

Notice.

All persons indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle before Oct. 17, 1891, as I intend to place all uncollected bills in the hands of my attorneys for collection on that day.

R. C. SPEAR.

Dated, Lone Pine, Sept. 17, 1891.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

There is little doubt but that many persons suffer for years with ailments that could easily be cured by the use of some simple remedy. The following incident is an illustration of this fact: My wife was troubled with a pain in her side the greatest part of the time for three years, until cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It has, I think permanently cured her. We have also used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy whenever needed and believe it to be the best in the world. P. M. Boston, Pennville, Sullivan Co., Missouri. For sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

"We know from experience in the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy that it will prevent croup," says Messrs. Gadberry & Worley, Percy, Iowa. They also add that the Remedy has given great satisfaction in that vicinity, and that they believe it to be the best in the market for throat and lung diseases. For sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to

MRS. REDDY,
Darwin, Cal.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

Inyo Stage Company.

REGULAR LINE

—FROM—

Mojave To Keeler.

FINE COACH
FAST STOCK.

The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful

Redrock Canyon

And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.

Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.

Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m.

A. B. HALL,
Agent.

"REBECCA'S TRIUMPH,"

A Drama in 3 Acts,

Written expressly for the "L. A. C. Cooking Club of Chicago.

Will be presented at

SPENCER'S HALL, BISHOP,
September 29th and 30th, 1891,

—Under the management of—

POLETA PARLOR, NO. 51, N-D-G-W.

DRAMMATIS PERSONÆ:

Mrs. Rokeman.... C. V. Stoutenborough	Mrs. Delaine.....Jennie Shirley
Rebecca.....Angie Brockman	Clarissa Codman.....Jessie S. Parsons
Dora Gaines.....Margie Shaw	Sadie Morrell.....Lulu McLaren
Jennie Woodman.....Nettie Ford	Mellie Dunbar.....Agnes Ford
Emma Stevens.....Carrie McGee	Grace Greenwood.....Rita Drake
Maria Gray.....Frankie Shaw	Alice Leeds.....Annie Vanflet
Gussie Green.....Kate Morehouse	Katie O'Connor.....Louisa Clarke
Gyp.....Jennie Enloe	Meg.....Helen Squire
Theophilus Montague.....	

Tickets, 50 cents. Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra. Children, 25 cents.

"The Affair of the Season!!"

Fifth Annual Ball,

18th DISTRICT

Agricultural Association,

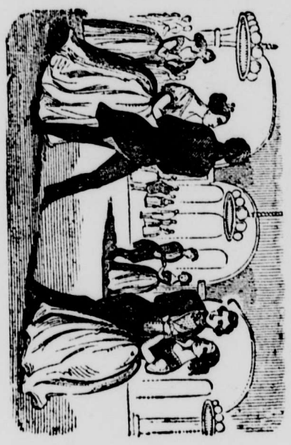
—Will be given at—

Spencer's Hall

—On—

Friday Eve., Oct. 2d,

☞ Under the auspices of the Fair Directors.



THOMAS & HILL,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

☞ Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and pric before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
RENO, NEVADA.

m30-

BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE ARTESIAN.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,

Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

Independence, Cal. A. N. BELL,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R R

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House No. 1	To Mound House No. 2
	Leave—	Arrive—
Mound House.....	11:30 p m	5.50 p. m
Dayton.....	12.00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska.....	2:15 p m.	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne.....	5 40 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Luning.....	7.05 p. m.	9.55 a. m.
Sodа Springs.....	8:05 p m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.	7.55 a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10 00 p. m	Lv. 7.20 a. m.
	No 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrive—
Belleville.....	8 2 a. m.	5.25 p m
Benton.....	11:50 a. m.	1:35 a m.
Bishop Creek.....	2:00 p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord.....	2 45 p. m	10:00 a. m
Independence.....	4 20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10 p m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar 6.55 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (36 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaves Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Granteville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Mountain, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOL

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

☞ Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES.

LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

☞ The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-13 tf

The hand of time deals lightly with a woman in perfect health. But all functional derangements and disorders peculiar to women leave their mark. You needn't have them. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to your rescue as no other medicine can. It cures them. For periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and all "female complaints" and weaknesses, it is a positive remedy. It is a powerful, restorative tonic and nervine, imparting strength to the whole system in general, and to the uterine organs and appendages in particular. It keeps years from your face and figure—but adds years to your life. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case. If it doesn't, your money is returned.

The most fascinating and restful summer sport is shooting the rapids.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles, and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.

BASE BALL,

Pains and Aches

—AND—

THE BEST REMEDY

ARE INSEPARABLE.

FOR THE PROMPT, SURE CURE OF

Sprains, Bruises, Hurts,

Cuts, Wounds, Backache,

RHEUMATISM,

ST. JACOBS OIL

HAS NO EQUAL.

Tutt's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work of mind or body, drink or exposure in

MALARIAL REGIONS,

will find Tutt's Pills the most genial restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

"German Syrup"

A Cough and Croup Medicine.

For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as childrens' troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine. ①

If you are willing to pay a few cents more for a strictly Pure Tobacco, try Mastiff Cut Plug. It is worth all the difference. Packed in patent canvas pouches.

J. R. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

THE RAG BUSINESS.

Classes of People Identified With the Industry.

SCENE IN A DEALER'S WAREHOUSE.

Young Girls Working in a Stifling Atmosphere.

There are five groups of classifications of labor and handling in connection with rags and their utilization:

1. The ragpickers, nearly all Italians, who gather the refuse of the street and the shops.

2. The dealers in rags, papers and old junk, of whom there are about 500 in the city. These are in the main small dealers, and employ individually but a few hands, the major portion of whom are girls and boys. It is difficult to ascertain the entire force, but a fair estimate will not exceed 2,500.

3. The rag cleaners form the next group. They are also small dealers, as a rule, who buy from the rag and junk shops the rudely assorted rags and go over them again, dividing them into woolen and cotton goods. These dealers are self employers, have from two to four men in their employ and some younger hands. The entire force so used may be estimated at about 1,000.

4. The wholesale or large buyers and contractors form this group. These houses employ from 50 to 200 hands, of whom three-fifths are girls, many being of tender years. There are some thirty large dealers in the city, about ten being handlers only of woolen rags, bought directly from tailors, clothiers, woolen and dry goods houses, etc. Probably there are 4,000 hands employed.

5. This group comprises the agents of the paper shoddy mills and the importers of rags, of which there are a considerable number in the city. The business to them is a profitable one.

A STIFLING ATMOSPHERE.

On Pike street, a little east side thoroughfare near the river and down town, which is probably not known to the great majority of New Yorkers, is a dealer in woolen rags almost entirely. He is a busy dealer, keeping four large trucks constantly moving and having a working force of about 100, of whom forty-nine are girls. The age of at least one-half of these may be questioned. They do not look, as a rule, over 12 years old, though in reply to questions they declared themselves to be 13 or more.

The premises are dirty in the extreme. How can they help being so in such a business? The two houses are occupied from basement to garret. The floors are cold and cheerless; the air is choking, full of dust and dirt of all kinds; it is thick enough to cut with a knife. Down there in the basement—ten dirty, slippery steps lead to it—there are fourteen girls at work amid a stifling atmosphere. The floor is boarded, but the walls are damp. Under the sidewalk is a stove, and this is the source of all the heat in the shop. The upper floors are a little better, but the place is unwholesome and filthy beyond, it would seem, what is unavoidable in such a business. The wages paid are: For the women and girls from $2.50 to $5 per week, the larger portion receiving from [illegible]. The hours of work are ten; a half hour is allowed for dinner, which the girls generally get at home, as they mostly live in the vicinity. The wages of the men average $1 per day, the truckmen and a few others receiving more.

In this place, which is typical, the rags are received direct from workshops and stores of all kinds engaged in the manufacture of clothing and handling of dress goods. They come in bags packed closely and weighing from 300 to 500 pounds each. The Pike street man's dealings range from Brooklyn to Newark. The men handle and empty the bags on large tables with heavy frames and stout network of wire, having orifices of half an inch or so. Over this network the rags are moved by hand so that the dirt, etc., falls to the floor in great clouds which fill the eyes, ears, mouth and lungs.

ON THE SORTING TABLES.

The rags are sorted on these tables and divided into woolen, mixed and cotton goods, each being placed in separate barrels. The colors and quality are also noted in sorting, and when again bagged are arranged thereby. The cotton and silk goods are sold for paper stock and the woolen and mixed to the woolen mills, chiefly in New England, where they are manufactured into shoddy. Mixed woolen and cotton goods are not in demand, but when used the cotton is burned out by some process.

It was not a pleasant place, this Pike street warehouse, with its squalor, dirt and dust. Even less inviting were the hands employed. The men naturally were rough, sturdy, ragged; the girls and women—the latter being mostly elderly—are generally Irish Americans of the poorest type, with a few Jews among them. The Italians keep out of the warehouses. They content themselves with the work of gathering and live while engaged in the open air. The dealers among them are controllers of labor—padrones in fact; or they have got into the city swim and contract to handle its refuse. But the little ones at the Pike street warehouse, begrimed, ragged, rough, hollow eyed, pinched of feature, dirty of course, all coughing more or less from the constant irritation of the lungs.

The cleansing shops are no more inviting to the eye or nostrils, but the dust is not as intolerable. The rags are bought from the junk and rag dealers, who buy direct from the Italians, or they are gathered direct from small shops and factories. The rags are placed in great pans and washed by stirring until the worst filth is removed, when they are sorted and divided roughly by material, colors and quality, and when dried are again disposed of to the wholesale dealers.—New York Graphic.

The Circus Rider's Tune.

"Why don't you change the tune in that organ once in a while? I should think 'twould get frightfully monotonous." Thus asked the casual visitor.

"That tune is one I have ridden to for years. I can keep time to it better than to any other. I've never had an accident while riding to it, and all of my horses are broken to step to it when I'm riding at this slow gait, just as they are to other specified tunes when I'm riding at a faster pace. It's the same with most riders. They learn to ride to some particular tune, and stick to it for years, solely because they are used to it and can trust themselves to ride to it. When you hear the same tunes ground out year after year in the circus don't blame the band master. It isn't his fault; it's that of the rider."—New York Times.

Capital Punishment in France.

"Capital punishment may be said to be virtually abolished in France at the present day," said the public executioner of France. "Paris alone last year tried 300 men for murder, and convicted only five of them. The leniency shown to criminals in M. Grevy's time led to a reduction of my salary from $1,500 to $1,200. This is my entire income, for I get no fees or perquisites—yet I am content."—Paris Cor. New York World.

An Unreliable Man.

"I never saw such a man as Quimby. You can't believe a word he says."

"I heard him say a thing yesterday I fully believe."

"What was that?"

"He claimed to be the champion liar of the state."—Nebraska State Journal.

Necklaces of colored stones, as the sapphire alternating with the ruby or the emerald with the turquoise, have lately driven out the diamond in Paris.

A Lesson in Natural History.

A city man who has gone to the country had his curiosity awakened the other day by the shrill and vociferous piping of some creatures in the neighborhood that the country folk said was tree toads. Probably everybody who has been in the country knows this high key chorus, formed of two notes incessantly repeated. The city man traced the noise to a grove of trees, and spent ten minutes standing beneath one tree after another and looking up along the trunks and branches to discover one of the loud choristers. He had no success whatever. The noise filled the air, and seemed as likely to proceed from one tree as another, and more likely to proceed from all. Just as he was about to give up the quest he came to a little dent or hollow in the ground, and his ears were smote by such a close and loud volume of the singing that he knew he was on the right trail. There was a little water in the hollow, full of leaves, black in the middle, and scummed with green at the edges. He took one step nearer to it, and the noise ceased. He stooped down and mimicked the frog chorus pretty closely by whistling. Instantly the air was filled anew with the strange melody.

The capture was an easy matter after that. Every time he advanced toward the water the noise ceased, and he stirred it up again by whistling. Finally he found himself bent directly over the pool and engaged in close and sympathetic conversation with its denizens. Under one leaf, by narrow scanning, he perceived a throbbing or palpitation of the water. The noise proceeding directly from that spot was so loud and acute that it pierced his ear. It seemed that the musician must be of large size. He plunged in his hand and drew out—what does everybody suppose? a frog, but as small a one as nature could well build—a little black object that would scarcely cover a quarter of a dollar. It was not one-twelfth the size of a canary bird, and yet in voice was quite as loud as any canary can boast.—New York Sun.

A Child Without a Name.

"It happened this way," continued Plunkett. "There never was but one locomotive made in Georgia up to the time that one was made in Atlanta during the war. They needed engines mighty bad then, and they went to work in the shops at Atlanta and turned out as good er looking little locomotive as I ever seed, and they named it 'Sunshine,' and the railroad men took on over it er heap and every engineer wanted it for his.

"Things was hustling outen Atlanta, for old Sherman was doing some of his swinging erround, and it was feared he'd get the control of the Macon and Western then, and this little engine was erbout to be shut off, so the engineer he fired up and folks piled onto it and out she started for Macon. She was er sailing er long as fast as ever an engine run them days, when, before you could wink your eye, she busted. That was the last of 'Sunshine,' and it was the last of er heap of folks, but it was war times and fifteen or twenty folks killed wasn't noticed worth talking erbout, but in the wreck among the dead and wounded was found a little baby that nobody has ever claimed, and the little thing was not scratched by the wreck, but just set there in er little place and laughed and crowed 'Mam, mam, mam,' and we knowed by that it was the little child of some poor refugeeing woman. They took good care of the little thing, and it lived eight months after that, and the strange thing is that it never heard an engine nor seed er car but what it would say them same words over: 'Mam, mam, mam.' But it's over yonder, with 'Child Without a Name' on its tombstone, and that ends it in this world, but it teaches the lesson that war's er bad, bad thing."—Atlanta Constitution.

Rats of the Sewers.

Mr. Webb, who has the largest fund of information as to the interior of sewers of any living man, tells some interesting facts about rats, some of which he estimates as being about two feet long and weighing about eight or ten pounds. The pure blooded thoroughbred stock of sewer rats are a distinct species. House and ground rats are smaller, leaner, sleeker, longer faced and less powerful; they run into the sewers through breaks, but return to their domiciles in the houses. Sewer rats have nests in nooks and corners of dry, abandoned or unused walls; their claws are long and have the strength of steel hooks, which they somewhat resemble. They can easily displace a brick anywhere where the mortar or cement is old or more or less crumbling. Usually they seek the old and decayed sewers, tear their way through and burrow and establish their "family residences" at their own sweet will, and do their marketing wherever it may be convenient and attractive for them.

They are naturally suspicious, coy and unsocial, although never belligerent unless cornered, in which case they will attack ferociously and bite and claw viciously. When the men are at work in the sewers the rats are quite tame, and one workman had the "knack" of calling them to him by a peculiar humming or singsong noise, which they seemed to be fascinated by, and would come almost near enough to be handled.—New York Star.

City Roofs as Health Resorts.

The proposition, ably discussed in Science, to utilize city roofs as health resorts is a suggestion deserving of careful and practical consideration. Why may this idea not be conjoined with the plan of having roof gardens? There is no reason why roofs, in large and crowded cities, may not be so built as to be converted into flower, and even vegetable, gardens. There are not a few roofs so used already. The amount of oxygen and ozone thus liberated, and of carbon gases utilized and substracted from the air, would be enormous. If sewer gases are to be carried to the roofs, and so disseminated into the air, the adoption of the garden system would be all the more desirable. Certainly the degeneration and devitalization attendant on living in crowded tenement houses must in some way be counteracted. Nothing could be more grateful to a sick or puny child than the fresh air and flowers that such a system as suggested might furnish.—Globe-Democrat.

Inwardness of Book Notices.

In nine cases out of ten the critical notices are carefully measured to accord with the size of the advertisement handed in at the business office. If a publisher advertises, his books receive notice; twenty lines secure a good review, forty a better one. If a play is ever so bad, the astute critic can find much good in it if he looks through the greenback lorgnette furnished by the business office of the mighty organ of public opinion by which he is employed. The book reviewer's judgment is warped in the same way; his favor is bought at the cashier's desk.—The Journalist.

Morphine Habit in Paris.

It is said that in Paris thousands of women are cutting short their careers by the use of morphine. Morphine disks are dissolved in a small bottle of water, and this is placed in a case which includes a tiny syringe. The whole apparatus is of a miniature description, and can be conveniently carried inside the smallest muff. The vice has become so fashionable that women actually fill their syringes before starting for the theatre, and thus have the means at their disposal, any moment, of injecting themselves with the drug while lounging in the fauteuils or in their boxes.—Science.

HONDURAS SOCIETY.

A Land Containing no Prying Maneuvering Class.

PEOPLE LIVE SIMPLY AND CONTENTEDLY.

President Bogran and his Wife.—Handsome Senoritas.

Here, at the capital, and, indeed, throughout all Honduras, the president's set constitutes the head and front of society proper. The coterie of "leaders" revolving around this gallant soldier and well beloved executive, though small, is eminently aristocratic. There is, despite the republican form of government, much that savors of royalty and suggests a court. As to precedence, the cabinet officers and their families very naturally follow the president. Without approaching in the least what is called "a ladies' man," Gen. Bogran is fitted to shine in social circles as well as to govern wisely. An educated, a traveled man, he is also of gentle birth. That is to say, he not only knows that he had a grandfather, but his great great-grandparents are a matter of actual knowledge. But then, all Honduranians are fortunate in this respect. There is no parvenu element in the country. There is no nouveau riche class to push, pry or otherwise maneuver to "get into society." There are only those who are socially qualified, and the poor—the peasantry, so to speak, who are happy enough in their own way.

There is no great wealth in the country, and in consequence no superb establishments are kept up. The best people live quite simply, though servants are kept to as great an extent as in the United States, if not to a greater. No matter how many children may be in a family each must have its own nurse or governess. But, on the whole, peace and comfort appear to be more sought after than pomp and show. There is little thought of striving for social supremacy. The Honduras girls are too well bred to display envy or jealousy, even though they—being but human—should at times feel the pangs of either. They are all fond enough of Paris dresses, but if any one of them has an especially sweet thing imported her dear 600 friends are not going to turn green with despair. They are far likelier to admire it in a well bred way, smile tenderly, consider carefully, and presently interest papa to do his part toward ordering something sweeter for themselves.

HANDSOME SENORITAS.

Some of the senoritas are very handsome. There is some difference naturally between the two types; the daughters of Spaniards, or descendents of Spaniards, and the great-great-great-granddaughters of the mighty Aztec warrior chiefs. A difference chiefly of externals, of height, complexion, figure. But all are alike in the gentleness of bearing, the quiet dignity that is so attractive.

The custom of chaperons exists of course, but less rigorously than in the United States. It is hardly necessary for mamma or mamma's representative to "glare" upon the young men, when the girls are so self-protected. Indeed at the very last ball at the palace I saw a young couple quite by themselves all through supper. They were not as yet betrothed, but the love making was a most interesting and tender little comedy for one watching it out of the corner of his eye, so to speak. The Honduranians—even those foremost in society—are essentially an innocent minded people. Immorality is hardly known. There are no scandals. The newspapers are clean sheets. Perhaps that is one reason. The young men are steady, as a rule. Dissipation is hardly known. The greatest horror was felt and expressed concerning an incident of a few nights since, when some one who had looked too often on the wine when it was red, created a slight disturbance at the theatre and was summarily ejected. He was a stranger, however.

The president sets the example of a true gentleman. He might in some respects be likened to the lamented Chester Arthur. It is a matter of regret to many that the lady of the palace, the Senora Bogran, is unable to spend more time at the capital. She is a very accomplished woman—speaking five languages. But she is also a most devoted mother, with several young children, and is not over strong physically. This charming woman spends the most of her time at the country seat of the family, at Santa Barbara not far from the shore of a beautiful lake.—Paul Rochester in New York Home Journal.

Prevention of Diphtheria.

Curative treatment of diphtheria is admittedly so unreliable that the medical profession listens with interest to every suggestion of preventing this terrible disease. At a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine this subject formed the staple of the evening's discussion. Following is a resume of the principal recommendations: In a city with densely populated districts the supervision of plumbing and the erection of air shafts in tenements are useful supplementary sanitary measures against diphtheria, and physicians should instruct the people in such matters as often as opportunity presents. Overheating of school rooms and dwellings should be most emphatically denounced as dangerous.

Isolation of the sick should be explained and insisted upon. The management of isolation houses for the poor should be such as to readily gain their confidence. Enlarged tonsils should be reduced. Carious teeth should be removed or filled promptly; the fee of the poor therefor should be small, or nothing. Parents should inspect their children's mouths and throats each day before they go to school. Children should learn to gargle at an early age. Children suffering from apparently simple sore throat should not attend school until well. Kissing upon the lips should be forbidden. Children old enough to gargle should be taught to do so after each meal with a weak solution of an antiseptic chemical, and in young children a few drops should be dropped into the nostrils.—Chicago News.

Advantages of Industrial Education.

The great discovery of our age is industrial education. Its advantages prove large in all ways. It gives every child a chance to find out what it is fitted to do best. It enables every child to grow up able to earn a living. It relieves the professions of those utterly unfit by nature for a professional life. It destroys the unworthy prejudice against manual labor. It brings all grades of society nearer together. It develops a hand cunning or handicraft that relieves the brain from over use and exhaustion. It enables brain workers to secure easy reaction from brain toil. It encourages industry and saves many from falling into crime. Industry underlies moral behavior. Education of the brain can never be a perfect affair without hand skill.

It is reported that two men were some time ago arrested in New York state on the charge of violating the revenue law in selling wine without a license. They testified that they sold to saloons about 100 gallons of a drink made by this recipe: Put sixteen gallons of water into a common washboiler, add forty-eight pounds of sugar, one pound of tartaric acid and some aniline dye for coloring. After stirring with a stick until it is dissolved add a quantity of orris root, cut with a pint of alcohol, to give the flavor of raspberry wine. This stuff had been sold for more than a year as wine.—Boston Herald.

There will be divided among the superannuated preachers, and widows and orphans of preachers, of the Methodist Episcopal church, next year, $100,000 out of the profits of the Methodist Book Concern. The book concern will be a century old in 1889.

The oldest bearded woman has just died in the Pyrenees. She had exhibited herself in the village fairs for sixty years.

The Board of Supervisors of San Francisco have purchased 10,000 ft. of the "Eureka" Cotton Rubber Lined Fire Hose. Last month they also purchased 5,000 ft., and they will probably make another purchase of 5,000 ft. in a short time. This hose is of the same construction and manufacture as the well known "Paragon" Cotton Fire Hose, but is heavier and calculated for fire service in the business and manufacturing districts of large cities. W. T. Y. Schenck of San Francisco is the agent for the Pacific Coast.

Don't despise little things. Even the pin in the hand of a small boy will turn and torment its traducer.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

That dyspepsia comes from torpid liver and costiveness.

That you cannot digest your food well unless your bowels and liver act properly.

That your bowels require thorough cleansing when they do not do their duty by your digestion.

That your torpid liver needs stimulating in order that it may act as nature intended it should.

That BRANDRETH'S PILLS taken in doses of one or two at night for, say, ten days, will regulate the bowels, stimulate the liver, improve the digestion and drive away dyspepsia.

That BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless and safe to take at any time.

That they can be obtained in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

The night is soon to wed the day,
And for the virgin pale
Hath wrought a multitude of stars
Into a bridal veil.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Sometimes there is a good deal of pride in telling how big a sinner you used to be.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

One way to commit suicide is to eat canned lobster in hot weather.

A Slight Cold, if neglected, often attacks the Lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief.

People who always eat in a hurry suffer from indigestion at leisure.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell

Try Germea for Breakfast.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

No other baking powder does such work.

Deposits Received from $1 Upwards.

Money Saved is Money Earned. Deposit in a good Savings Bank.

PEOPLE'S HOME SAVINGS BANK

908 Market St., cor. 4th St. IN PLOOD BUILDING San Francisco, Cal.

Pacific Bank, Treasurer.

Capital Stock, - $1,000,000

Paid up in Cash $333,333.33
Subject to Call 666,666.67

Interest per annum for last two years: 5.52% TERM Deposits. (D) 4.04% ORDINARY Deposits

B. O. CARR, Mang'r and Sect'y. COLUMBUS WATERHOUSE, President.

San Francisco, Cala., July 1, 1891.

R. H. McDonald, Pres't. R. H. McDonald, Jr. Vice-President. F. V. McDonald, Cashier.

Established 1863.

PACIFIC BANK

Capital Stock $1,000,000.00
Surplus $ 800,000.00
Undivided Profits, 23,000.00
Total, 1,823,000.00
Average Resources, 4,541,000.00
Yearly Volume of Business, 235,000,000.00

(D) R. H. McDONALD, Prest.
San Francisco, Cala., July 1, 1891.

PATENTS FOR ALL COUNTRIES

The Leading and Oldest PATENT SOLICITOR. (Established 1862.)

CHESTER W. M. SMITH
Removed to 217 Sansome St., San Francisco.

YOU WANT IT!

OUR NEW CATALOGUE MAILED FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. SEND FOR ONE.

WILL & FINCK, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

TELL YOUR HUSBAND

That you want some handsome indestructible **Judson Fence** around your yard and garden. It is painted *red* and put up in rolls for shipping. It is proof against chickens, horses, rabbits and cattle. The best and cheapest FARM and VINEYARD Fence in the world. Write a postal card for circulars and price list to

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FRAZER AXLE GREASE

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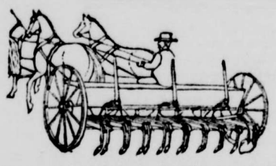

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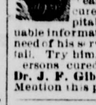

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, October 9, 1891.

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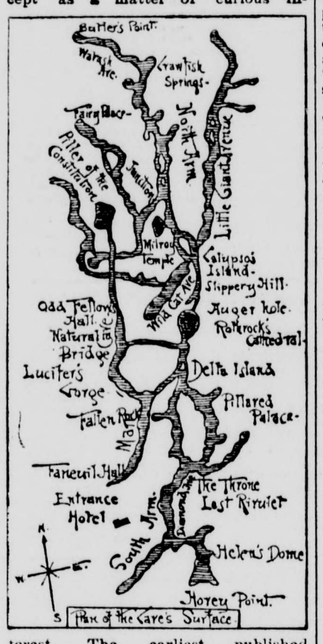
DOWN IN A CAVERN.

Surveying the Mammoth Cave of Indiana.

MILES OF LAKES, RIVERS, AND ROOMS

First Complete Description of the Underground Passage.

Rummaging lately among the rare and curious books in the library of Col. Durrett was found proof that while Gen. W. H. Harrison was territorial governor he visited, in 1806, a remarkable excavation which he styled "The Mammoth Cave of Indiana." Later in the same year was discovered its famous and only rival, "The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky." But the Hoosier cave has plainly the prior right to the unique title, only it is now too late to make the assertion except as a matter of curious interest. The earliest published account appears in Martin's "Sketches of Louisville and its Environs" (1819), under the heading "The Mammoth Cave of Indiana." In Flint's Geography (1831), it is called the "Epsom Salts cave" and in legal enactments in 1843 it is designated "The Indiana Saltpeter cave," a name now given to a smaller cave near by. The name "Wyandotte cave" does not seem to have been adopted until about 1848, being taken from the adjacent Wyandotte river, now known as the Blue river. At an early day the ground was pre-empted by Dr. B. Adams, who had saltpeter works here from 1812 to 1819, when, by his failure to pay the purchase money, it reverted to the United States. It was bought in 1820 by Mr. Henry P. Rothrock, who at a later date perfected his title, and by whose will it becomes, under certain conditions, the heritage of Mr. Frank Rothrock, his favorite grandson.



Rothrock, with a commendable desire to know as much as possible about his prospective domain, recently organized an exploring party, including with himself three other sturdy lads named Ben Hains, Henry McClintick and Ira Rainbolt. What they style, in their narration placed at my disposal, "the unexplored regions," are not properly such, having been visited in 1860 by Messrs. Andrew and Washington Rothrock, together with two men named Miller and Langsdale. Miller gave out at a place called for that reason Miller's reach. Andrew stopped at a spot known as Andrew's retreat. Washington Rothrock and Mr. Langsdale went as far as Langsdale basin. But such are the difficulties and perils of the labyrinth that no one has ventured there since, until now.

The general plan of the cave resembles a gigantic letter K, including the main cave and the north and south arms. Twelve hours are required to traverse the sixteen miles ordinarily on exhibition. The so-called "unexplored regions" cover at least seven miles additional. They are entered from a place called the Ice House, because the gypsum-coated blocks of limestone resemble so many masses of ice. This is near the termination of the northern arm. The boys dived under a ledge but two feet above the floor and burrowed through what resembled a great snow bank, though really a mass of sparkling crystals. In fifteen minutes they came to the Round room, out from which ran several short branches, each ending in a mud bank. But through an orifice eight feet overhead, they entered a sort of second story, or in other words a cross cave. For it should be understood that Wyandot cave, instead of being a single excavation, is made up of numerous different caverns connected with each other by large or small openings. Going northward over cliffs, through crevices, and sliding along sharp ridges, the boys halted on the edge of a pit, which they contrived to cross by a kind of natural bridge, and went 300 yards further, finding many oulophol ites and other ornate forms of alabaster. In a circular room, 10 feet high and 60 wide, were remarkably fine helicitites, as well as straight stalactites. Their explorations in this direction came to an end at a deep pit, beyond which it seemed impossible for them to go without appliances with which they were not furnished at the time.

On a subsequent trip they took along a rude ladder made from a cedar tree, the trunk of which was about three inches in diameter, the boughs being cut at a convenient length for climbing. This they dragged in by a rope as far as the Round room, and used it as an easy means of gaining the "second story," where they left it with one end sticking through the hole in the floor, to play an important part in their subsequent adventures.

Wriggling through an orifice, yet above them, and through narrow crevices in a rocky pile, they emerged into still a third story above the Round Room, where the floor sloped up to the roof on every side. Thence, pursuing a remarkable winding passage, about five feet wide, twenty-five feet high, and a mile long, the walls of which were coated with pure white alabaster, they came to a modification of the labyrinth, a section of which would resemble an hour glass. They were now directly under the main cave. Shortly they came to a long, sharp edged rock, filling entirely the passage for fifty feet, along which they had to stride as if on horseback. This was "Rode rock, No. 1." Then there was good walking for 200 yards, that took them to a small orifice opening into yet another cross cave, called the Wild Cat avenue, a large, low room, with a very muddy floor, on perhaps as low a level as any other spot in the whole cave. Beyond it is Maggie's grotto, about thirty feet wide. From this they made their way again into the main avenue they had left for this traverse cave, and which bears the name of the Little Giant avenue.

And now they met with a novel difficulty, for the floor was cut with a series of pits that could be crossed only by bracing themselves against the opposite walls. Coming to a pit too wide to be managed in this way, the boys climbed to the top of the passage, and striding the chasm for half an hour, they finally descended from a rocky shelf to a beautiful stream flowing between snowy banks called the Marble rivulet. Along its banks grew many spongoidal forms, with slender necks, but that the explorers found too tough to be broken off by anything at hand. Ascending the Marble hill they enjoyed a smooth sandy floor for 600 feet, where they walked between creamy walls, curving in and out in rounded lines. Then came a tiresome crawl, varied occasionally by the cavern's suddenly folding in upon itself in such a manner as to compel the poor boys to lie sideways and drag themselves around the sharpest kind of "devil's elbows," as they called them. Striding Rode rock, No. 2, they came to Langsdale's basin, a small pool in a room ten feet in diameter. This pool is very shallow and its bottom covered with a fine yellow sediment. Imagine their emotions on seeing written there by the finger, and seeming as fresh as if inscribed yesterday, the names of Rothrock and Langsdale, written in 1860, long before those now gazing on the inscriptions were born.

By an opening through the left hand wall, and down a steep clay bank, they next entered a spacious cave, distinct from those they had been exploring. Taking its right hand branch, they crawled over a floor resembling frozen waves coated with bluish slime, while the roof, instead of rock, was crumbling clay, by which they feared that they might be buried alive unless they were very careful. On reaching a cross trench whose slimy walls threatened to allow no escape for those who should get within their grasp, they were disgusted and turned back, although tempted to search for the locality of an invisible cascade whose mournful music filled the air.

By this time it was one o'clock a. m., the stock of candles was getting low, and the boys were weary. They thought themselves near Maggie's grotto, and spent an hour and a half hunting the opening into it, not aware that they had really passed far above and beyond it. On they went painfully and by a most dangerous path, if a way could be called a path where their feet never touched ground for 400 yards. Presently the passage sank to a width of six inches, and they could neither go forward nor backward nor upward.

In five minutes more they were creeping through to the Ice house, whence, husbanding their candles, they hurried down the Northern arm, and emerged from the cave at 6 a. m., just in time for an early breakfast, for which their long fast gave them a keen appetite. Like brave explorers they announce their intention of taking the same trip again, with a better equipment, rope ladders, plenty of food, and a large supply of candles, in hope of reaching regions far beyond those already visited.

Big Things.

The largest railway depot in the world is at Birmingham, Eng. It covers eleven acres.

The highest trestle on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad is that across the Corsican defile, about twelve miles west of Missoula, Mont. The track level is exactly 300 feet 9 inches above rocks in the gorge below.

The British debt is so large that if it were divided into £1 notes they would completely cover the State of Ohio three times over. If paid in penny pieces, and each penny piled one above the other, it would make seven columns of copper reaching to the moon.

A gigantic earth worm, which seems to be closely related to the common angle worm, has just been sent from Cape Colony, Africa, to the Royal Zoological society of England. It is six feet five inches in length and thick accordingly.

An English firm of potters have produced the largest vase in the world. It is of china, its chief feature being a globe representing the world, which is supported on a pedestal and surrounded by mythological figures. The vase is eleven feet high and six feet four inches in diameter. Its cost is $17,500.

Gladwin county, Michigan, boasts of having the largest frame barn in the world. It is 156 feet long, 50 feet wide; the structure is three stories high and is 73 feet from the base to the apex of the roof. In its construction 500,000 feet of lumber, 80,000 shingles, 800 braces and 650 beams and posts were used.

The largest lighthouse lens in this country was made by a Paris firm and shipped to the United States board of lighthouse directors in August, 1888. It was intended for a lantern as big as a small church, the lens proper measuring fifteen feet in height and eleven and a half in width, the internal diameter, or "bull's-eye," being eight feet eight inches.

Grace's Hunting Horses.

Ex-Mayor W. R. Grace of New York has placed on his Long Island farm a number of Irish hunting horses. The Irish hunter is about the toughest and soundest animal that ever wore shoes It must be added, however, that, as a general rule, his temper is as bad as bad can be.

The Buddhist religion has more adherents than any other form of divine worship.

KNOTT'S FUNNY SPEECH.

He Tells the Story of His Inspiration.

WANTED TO BE SERIOUS BUT COULDN'T.

A Lobbyist's Wonderful Map.—Congressional Humor.

The red hardie which runs from the Capitol to the White House was full the other day, and a stocky, portly, short man hung on by the strap. He was cold and his round head was well wrapped in a green woolen comforter and his plug hat was pulled well down over his brow. His face only shone, but it looked like a piece of rare china. The color was as rosy as the most florid of Rubens' paintings, and the eyes shone out through white winkers as blue as a midsummer sky. A short moustache of silver was the only sign of whiskers, and the face was as round and as full as that of the moon. He smiled as I asked him whether the day was as cold as those of Duluth. It was Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, whose funny speech on Duluth some fifteen years ago made him famous, and who is now visiting Washington and hobnobbing with his old congressional friends. I am told his speech still sells, and I saw some of these Duluth speeches recently at a second hand book store, and was told they were worth a quarter apiece.

Proctor Knott had no idea at the time that this speech was going to make his reputation, and it was an inspiration which comes only once in a life time. He told me the story. He said: "It was near the close of the session, and I was asked to speak on the land subsidy bill in the house. I prepared a sober oration, with no more fun in its points than in the moral law, and it was nearly as long. I tried to get the speaker's eye, and when the bill was about passing Holman was preferred before me. I asked him to give me his right to the floor, or a part of his time. He told me he could not do it. At last I spoke to the speaker and he said he thought he could arrange to give me a hearing.

NO IDEA OF HUMOR.

"This was several days before the speech was made, and I had no idea of humor as yet. A day or so later a lobbyist called upon me and told me that a bill would soon come up to improve the harbor of Duluth. I asked him to tell me where Duluth was. I knew, of course, its situation, but I wanted him to understand that I thought but little of his bill and be thus able to refuse his request. He did not see my irony, but he put his hand in his breast pocket and pulled out a map. Here was the whole civilized world drawn in circles, and these circles grew smaller and smaller until at last they terminated in a dot at the center, and on that dot was printed the word 'Duluth.' These were hundred mile circles, and the distances of all the great cities of the country were noticed, and their small dots looked like hamlets compared with Duluth. To look at that map you would suppose that if you wanted to go to Liverpool, London or Constantinople you'd have first to go to Duluth for your start, and on the map were printed statistics showing that there were 2,000,000 square miles about that point all tributary to Duluth. The bland young man delivered his eulogy of this mighty embryonic city, and I saw as he did so the chance for some fun in the house. I asked him to leave the map, and said that I lived on a little creek in Kentucky, and that most of my people had never seen a ship. He did this, and he suspected nothing, saying: 'Mr. Knott, I hope you will study that map, and go for our bill.'

"I replied, 'I will go it,' but I never saw him again. As I thought more over the matter the fun grew upon me, and I found that I could make my speech on the land bill and bring in Duluth. I went to the library and prepared some of the best parts of the humor, and I intended it only as an introduction to my more sober speech. When I got the floor I found the house with me, and when my time was extended I could not go up from the ridiculous to the sublime. I went on with the humor and dropped the serious oration, and the speech over which I had spent days of labor was never delivered. The greater part of the humorous speech was the result of the inspiration of the moment, and while I made it I never thought that it would put the country upon a broad grin. I was astonished the next day to find every one talking about it and that all my friends at the Capitol congratulated me upon it."—Frank G. Carpenter in New York World.

Swiss House and Stable.

Samaden is a splendid place to study the type of the Engadine house, with its green eaves, iron balconies and profusion of interior woodwork. Most houses are built of stone, with walls as thick as those of a fortress, and narrow windows that resemble the portholes of old Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor. The home, stable and barn form the same building, and all the folks and animals live under the same roof in winter time. A large door opens on a spacious vestibule, big enough for a wagon loaded with hay to pass into the barn at the back. The main room is generally paneled with wood which acquires a rich, dark color with age, and in this room are the two most valuable pieces of furniture, an enormous stone or tiled stove and a colossal wardrobe. Behind the stove a narrow stairway leads to the sleeping room above. In winter the stable is, of course, for cows and horses, but in summer time it forms a spare room where visitors are received and bedded. The kitchen is small, but has a large, open fireplace, over which hang links of sausages and sides of bacon. The modern houses in Samaden are built on quite a different plan, and have no such fortesslike appearance as those of more ancient architecture. I should say, though, that even they lack fresh air and ventilation.—Cor. New York Times.

A Curious Funeral Ceremony.

One curious ceremony still survives, and has puzzled the learned. When a Parsee dies, a dog (originally a fox eyed dog was demanded, but now a yellow dog with white ears is orthodox) is brought in and made to look upon the body. What the significance of this is the modern Parsis cannot explain, or rather they offer contradictory explanations.

Perhaps it is connected with the Parsee tradition of the dogs of Yima, the lord of death, who has two hounds which go through the earth scenting out those who are marked for the grave, and afterward escort their souls to the place of judgment, guarding them on the way from the evil spirits. Possibly the bringing in of the dog to look at the corpse had its origin in the idea of securing the attention of the dogs of Yima to the just departed spirit and so insuring the due protection of the latter on its last perilous journey.

SEEN ON A TRAIN.

Peculiar Phases of Life Noted by an Old Railroad Conductor.

"Yes," said an old conductor on one of our trunk lines recently, "we see all manifestations of human happiness and sorrow here in the course of a few months. Sometimes we carry a funeral party in one part of the train and a lot of roistering pleasure seekers on another. We become accustomed to such scenes, and the hurry and worry of our work prevents our sympathizing or rejoicing with them, no matter how much we might feel so disposed. And did you ever observe how few people there are who manifest any breeding when traveling? People who would be called cultured at home will sometimes act in the most shocking manner aboard a train. How frequently we see men, and even women, with their feet upon the velvet cushions in front of them. Men who would be ashamed to have it known that they use the weed will spit tobacco juice over the foot rests and floor until they render the place they occupy useless for decent people. These coaches are scrubbed, dusted and polished every trip, but people don't seem to appreciate it.

"It's a fine place to study human nature. For instance, look at that man curled up in the space usually occupied by four passengers. He thinks that because he takes his boots off he has the right to project his big dirty feet into the aisle as far as he pleases. But no matter; I can squeeze by them when necessary, and perhaps give his legs a tweak now and then that will make him think we have been telescoped.

"But all people are not boors. You can distinguish the true lady or gentleman here as elsewhere. They are never impertinent, drunk, nor sprawling dead asleep over the seats. They seem to take it for granted that all is being done for their speed and comfort that is possible, and are satisfied. Course men, women, and old people make us the most trouble. They seldom know exactly what they want, and so are never at ease. The latter class we can tolerate for humanity's sake—but the men! Why, I feel like pitching them from the train sometimes. They imagine their little slip of pasteboard entitles them to all the room they can occupy and a voice in the train management besides.

"We see all sorts of partings, of course, but there is one kind I shall never get used to, and that is a square, manly young fellow leaving his old father or mother or sweetheart. I tell you the 'God bless you!' and 'Be a good boy!' and the tears mean something then, and don't you forget it. When he takes his seat he has plenty to think about, and you can tell by a glance at his face that life for him has begun in dead earnest. May be you have been there yourself? I have," and seizing his lantern he left me to my meditations.—Chicago News.

The Upas Tree of Civilization.

The continent is an armed camp. The nations labor, as the Jews rebuilt Jerusalem, with a sword in one hand and their industrial tools in the other. Restless, suspicious armies are encamped side by side where formerly nations lived and labored. Every year some one or other of these armies invents some more deadly weapon than its rival, some more terrific explosive, some more expeditious mode of slaughter. No sooner does this happen than all the others hasten to adopt it, piling on with desperate energy the panoply of armor beneath which humanity is crushed. Amid the ceaseless ebb and flow of human affairs, one phenomenon never varies. The sum total expended on making ready for slaughter constantly increases. Every year more and more is drained from the soil in order to feed the magazines. Every year the barrack gains on the cottage, and preparation for war becomes the absorbing preoccupation of a great proportion of the flower of our youth.

From every able bodied man this armed peace exacts three, four or five years of life when it is at its richest and brightest. When the youth steps into manhood and begins to dream of love and labor and of the sweet joys of home and family, there swoops down upon him the kidnaper of Mars and carries him off to the barracks and the camp. This vast organization for murder is the upas tree of civilization, and all the continent is sickening under its fatal shade. The first cost is the cost in actual cash paid down, the second in life wasted at its prime, the third in the condition of unrest which saps the sense of security necessary for the prosecution of business. Business is difficult when peace is not worth three months' purchase. Every year commerce becomes more and more international. Every year, therefore, any disturbance of peace becomes more dangerous to the trader. Even the shadow of war now produces far more serious dislocation of industry than in old times was caused by the actual progress of a campaign. For in old times every parish was a little world in itself, a microcosm capable of independent existence, and able to carry on its own business and grow its own crop if all the rest of the world was in measureless confusion Today all this has changed. A network of rail arteries and telegraph nerves now knits all Europe into one organism.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Fishes of the Sea.

Though no sharp line of separation can be drawn, marine fishes are roughly divided, for convenience, into three categories—shore fishes, which habitually frequent coast lines, and rarely descend to a greater depth than 300 fathoms; pelagic fishes, which inhabit the open sea, most of them spawning there also, and the deep sea fishes, which live where the influence of light and surface temperature is but little felt. The shore fishes, according to Heilprin, number upward of 3,500 species. Their northern range extends to or beyond the eighty-third parallel of latitude, but in the southern hemisphere they are not known to go beyond the sixtieth parallel. In the different zones these fishes are largely identical in both the Atlantic and Pacific basins, as well as on the opposite side of these basins.

Tropical waters, however, produce a greater abundance and diversity of forms than those of temperate regions, while the reefs give to the Pacific and Indian oceans more species than the Atlantic. Our still very meager knowledge of the pelagic fishes is sufficient to indicate that the number of such types is very limited. They diminish rapidly from the equator, and become rare beyond the fortieth parallel. Of the deep sea fishes, Gunther enumerated upward of fifty forms supposed to have been obtained from depths exceeding 1,000 fathoms, twenty-six from depths exceeding 2,000 fathoms, and nine from 2,500 fathoms. Other species have since been obtained, one from the extreme depth of 2,900 fathoms.—Land and Water.

Not the Right Temperament.

Summer Resort Hotel Man—I am very sorry, sir, but you won't do here and I must dispense with your services.

New Clerk—Eh? What's the matter?

"You are too thin skinned."

"Sir?"

"Oh, I mean no offense, none at all; it's your misfortunes, not your fault. You see your skin is to thin that the blood shows through. You blush up easily and when the thermometer is over 150 in the shade your face gets so red and you look so uncomfortable that it drives away custom."—Omaha World.

THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

Ceremonies Witnessed by a Traveller in Turkey.

SCENES VERY TRYING TO THE NERVES.

A Frenzied Child of 3 Years.—A Human Corduroy Road.

We set out after an early lunch to witness some of the religious rites of the Refaee, or the howling dervishes. These are but one of the numerous orders of dervishes who wield an irresistible influence over the public mind in Turkey. Their notable Take is a low, weather beaten old building, standing on the edge of the great cypress shaded Turkish cemetery that crowns the heights of Sentorie, and is almost as dilapidated as most of the monuments and gravestones that surround it. When we entered we found the best seats for observation nearly all appropriated by a large party of American tourists with guide books in hand, fully determined to "take it all in."

The space allotted to the "howlers" was also well filled, yet a good many, both of young and old, were still coming, and after going forward to where the high priest sat, they reverentially bowed to the dust, then taking the priest's hand, gently kissed it and retired. Directly behind the priest was a small alcove, painted a bright green, and filled with a variety of antique small arms, swords, daggers, battle axes, etc. On the walls were many mottoes or sentences in frames, and some prayer rugs. A small brazen censer containing burning frankincense and spices, filled the room with aromatic fragrance.

ROWS OF SPECTATORS.

Around three sides of the low room were galleries, some closely latticed and occupied by Turkish women; others open and filled with curious spectators like ourselves. The best location was reserved for Turkish gentlemen and soldiers. Beneath these galleries was still another, elevated a step or two above the main floor, and separated from it by a low railing, and furnished with seats for spectators. On the main floor were spread many rugs of Angora goatskin, on which were seated old men, regular patriarchs in appearance, while two groups of little children were ranged behind them. Seated close to the low railing were rows of men clothed in the flowing Dervish mantle and tan colored "galuph," a tall, brimless felt hat, strongly resembling an inverted flower pot, bound round the head by a long black scarf, with ends left flowing. These ends were at intervals in the course of the service tenderly pressed to the lips. At other times the eyes were carefully wiped with these mourning badges.

Conspicuous before the high priest stood a lithe figure, with a pale, cadaverous countenance, but a keen, penetrating eye, who was slowly manipulating a long, white scarf. He first threw it around his shoulders, thus symbolizing the all embracing love of Allah; then, binding it tightly about his waist, he began tying and untying it, each knot having a particular significance. His whispered words will bear this interpretation: "I tie up greed; I untie charity. I tie up hate; I untie love. I tie up pride; I untie humility." And so on through a long list. Then began a monotonous chant that soon swelled to a tremendous howl. All rose to their feet and kept time with swaying body and jerking head in a frantic manner.

The old and feeble among them gradually dropped out of the circle and took seats on the rugs near the center of the room, beside the rows of standing children. At length the eyes of the spectators became riveted upon the face and figure of a little 3-year-old baby, who stood for two long hours swaying its frail body in perfect unison with the dervishes, and with his rosy, cherub mouth uttering the same indescribably impressive cry of Allah! When the rude throng had at length worked themselves up to a state of religious frenzy the little boy also rolled his bright eyes about as if beholding a heavenly vision.

ENDURANCE OF INFANTS.

I can compare this worship to nothing I have ever witnessed, except it be the intense excitement exhibited at meetings among the "colored brethren" on a southern plantation in the old "slave times" in our own country. One who has seen those impressionable people jumping, shouting and falling down with "the power" can imagine something of the harrowing spectacle before us today.

To my mind nothing was so impressive as the power of endurance shown by the infants on exhibition. I shudder when I think of the torture they must have been subjected to in the private drill necessary to prepare them for such a performance in public. Some of the children seemed free to pass in and out at will, but the tiny boy spoken of above and a little girl (a hunchback) never left their posts a minute nor ceased to sway their bodies and shout until the performance was concluded by a louder clapping and howling, more violent jerking of the head and wilder tumult than before. Then a sudden hush, when, without a signal or look from any one, this lovely little baby demurely marched up to the high priest to receive his blessing, then laid him down, his face to the ground before the venerable man. Another, who appeared to be a high chief of the order, now took the stalwart priest by the hand while he placed both feet on the body of this frail infant and stood with his face turned upward, while he muttered what appeared to be a prayer. Then other children followed. First came the little hunchback, then three or four at a time, finally ten or twelve laid down, forming a human "corduroy road" for the high priest to walk over, until at least twenty children had thus received his blessing and had the evil spirit driven out of them. This ceremony is supposed to be a panacea, and there are always invalids brought to the Take during services to be cured of real or imaginary ills. One aged man laid down to be walked upon today, and one little boy, who was brought in by his devout and devoted father, refused utterly to be comforted in this manner, and was carried out most boisterously victorious.

If you are a novice you leave this scene with nerves so strained and brain so confused that you are ready to question your own identity, and are almost persuaded you have been witnessing the demoniacal incantations of wizards, instead of reasonable beings worshiping their creator.—J. A. Ledyard in San Francisco Chronicle.

This Little World.

This world is very small, and this was never better illustrated than in a little story a sea captain told me recently.

"I got a letter from a friend of mine the other day," he said, "who has charge of an English ship. The letter is written from Departure Bay, B. C. While on shore one day he became acquainted with several gentlemen from all parts of the world. During the course of conversation he asked if any one present knew old Capt. Masson, from New York. One man sprang forward and grasped him by the hand. 'I ought to,' said he. 'I married his daughter.'"—New York Letter.

JUMPING FROM THE SKY.

Sensations Experienced by a Female Parachute Flyer.

"I suppose a brief story on the way I jump would be interesting to you," said a female aeronaut. "It's all so simple to me, though, that I can't understand why it should excite people as it does, for I have actually seen women faint away and men turn deathly pale after I had cut the ropes and started heavenward. You see, I always take a look downward when I am up a few hundred feet—just why, I am sure I can't say. And right here let me tell you that I have sometimes singled out from the sea of upturned faces just the ones I knew were going to be shaded with disappointment should I fail to fall and be smashed to pieces. You may think the notion is all in my brain, but I have it firmly fixed there, at any rate, and I know there are such people in the world.

"Where are we? Oh, yes, going up—or rather, the earth is dropping away beneath our feet—you know that is always the sensation. The parachute which we are to cut loose at the proper time hangs listlessly downward. The rope which holds it to the balloon passes through a steel ring. A sharp knife blade, worked by a cord, is so arranged that at the proper time a little jerk—and we are free.

"Now comes the exciting moment, even to the veteran. Above you the balloon, freed of the weight which gave it steadiness, is rocking and reeling, while the parachute is whizzing downward. You did not feel that you were ascending, but as you shut your eyes and draw in your breath in little gasps—a long drawn inspiration would be impossible—you are fully aware that you are descending—that you are going with such frightful velocity, too, that unless there comes an end, and that end soon, the end of all things will be at hand. Prickly sensations shoot over your frame; and as you gasp for breath it seems as if a knife had been thrust into your vitals. Your thoughts are racing along with as great speed as your downward momentum; your courage, too, commences to leave you, and you are threatened with a total collapse—death!

"Suddenly the mad rush is checked. The parachute 'has grasped the situation,' so to speak. At least it has 'grasped' sufficient air to open it out, and as it gradually expands the motion becomes steadier, until you are descending so slowly and gently that you actually have a sleepy sensation. And after the thrill, the shock of the moment before, the feeling is so dreamily delicious that really you are in danger from it unless you brace up and fight it off, for Mother Earth is shoving her smiling but rugged face close at you again—it really appears as if the earth came back to you, just as it seemed to recede—and you must remember that you must be on the lookout for a safe landing place, and that more agility is required in this part of the feat than in any other.—Chicago Tribune."

One of Gotham's Bohemians.

One striking looking man has quite a history. Over six feet tall, of fine physique, with a round, full face, the lines of which indicate a broad, genial nature as against the rigors of hard luck, he is a type of that peculiar Bohemian class which flourishes in no place so well as New York. He is in continual good humor, and people who pass daily are as accustomed to his bright, sunny smile as they are to the magnificent portico of the house. This man has been a figure in city life for ten years past. He is a bright lawyer, a brilliant speaker and a man of wonderful ability; yet no one has ever known him to turn these talents to advantage. He has no income. When he came here from the south, where he was born and bred, he was not overburdened with wealth, and at no time in his life has he been the possessor of $1,000 that he could call his own. Yet this man dines at Delmonico's or the Hoffman, has elegant apartments at a well known hotel, and to many is looked upon as a prosperous citizen. He is to be seen at all the swell dinners, at the theatres and at the clubs. Bubbling over with good humor, a reservoir of epigrams, one of the most companionable of beings, he flits about from place to place.

To those who do not know him intimately it is a mystery how he manages to exist. One of his friends explained that this gay fellow has lived in this precarious way since he reached the age of manhood. He is a most insinuating talker, and can borrow money from a casual acquaintance with the grace of a Bentinck. Many who have been "touched" by this talker have never been able to understand what possessed them to loan him money. Light hearted, free of care, he sails through the sea of life a magnificent craft with a defective rudder.—New York Star.

A Caution to Consumers.

Ice cream, cream cake or lemon pie should be eaten within twelve hours after they are made. In the case of a party or picnic where the ice cream is purchased from the confectioner particular inquiry should be made as to its freshness, and if it is more than twelve hours old it should be unhesitatingly rejected. Canned meats, and in fact all canned goods, should be eaten or cooked as soon as opened, and under no circumstances should they be placed in the refrigerator to be kept. They are cheap enough and can be bought in packages of any size, so that there is no necessity for opening more than can be used in one day by a family of ordinary numbers. In regard to canned fruits and jams, if left for any length of time after being opened, fermentation sets in, and it continues in the stomach after they have been eaten. The practice of reboiling home made preserves, which have begun to ferment, or "work," as it is popularly expressed, cannot be recommended, for, although frequently this may destroy the organism which causes the ferment, it is by no means invariably the case. The cheap jellies which come put up in glass tumblers should never be used. They are made from a very poor quality of gelatine, colored and flavored artificially. The color and flavor are harmless in the majority of cases, but the jelly itself is indigestible, and generally has begun to decompose, as shown by the layer of "mold" on top.—Boston Herald.

The Ugly British Bulldog.

Talking of "handy" weapons, what a frightfully convenient weapon, cheap enough to be within the reach of all, and carrying a ball big enough to make a hole like a gas pipe, is the British bulldog revolver. It has taken more lives in its brief space of existence than any other form of translation known to inventive genius. You don't need to cock it; it does that for you. Just pull on the trigger, up goes the hammer and down it comes again and the deed is done; that slight finger pull has made a corpse and a murderer. Think of it and leave your gun at home. Teach the boys to use their fists, and give the women and old men clubs to hit with, but put up the self cocking revolver except for mad dogs.—Buffalo News "Man about Town."

Gastronomical and Mental Sympathy.

Vassar Girl (looking over chum's graduating essay)—I think, Cicely, that the tone is a trifle morbid and pessimistic.

Cicely—Do you think so, dear? It must be the pickles I ate when writing it.—The Epoch.

A TIME OF REJOICING.

When the Last Stalk of Cane is Cut.

A LONG PROCESSION OF HAPPY DARKEYS.

Banners of all Sorts.—Negro Oratory.—A Louisiana Custom.

A time honored custom among the hands on a sugar plantation is the celebration of the day when the last load of cane is hauled from the fields to the sugar house. There are few planters who object to this festival, and there are not many who assist personally in its observance. An account of one of these celebrations will be an almost faithful picture of all, for there is little variety about them.

It is a clear, sunny, winter day, and the hands work vigorously at the last acre of cane. Cane knives glitter in and out of the rustling green tops, there is a swift gleam of bright steel along the stalks, a quick stroke near the ground and the pilers lift the clean stalks in piles ready for the leaders to toss in great armfuls to the men waiting in the carts. Cane is heavy, and it requires a marvelous sleight of hand and some muscular power to send a bundle of cane flying into the grasp of another person. Mingled with crackling of stalks and the rushing sound of falling cane tops, comes the even melody of the negroes as they chant jubilee songs. There is only a little cane left. The men hold back, making a desperate appearance of haste; but not cutting more than they can help. Each man tries to deceive his neighbor, but the overseer is looking on and the cane must be cut. Swish, crack—the last stalk is almost reached, and who will have the glory of cutting it? The men are eager and excited; the overseer hurries them up; one after another the stalks fall—and, hurrah! the envied man cuts the last, and waves it triumphantly above his head. As the last load is piled on a cart, cheers loud and long announce the beginning of the celebration.

BANNERS OF ALL SORTS.

The planter has supplied the negroes with banners of all sizes. The cane carts are decorated with these, and the three or four mules in every cart have a bright rosette, surmounted by a small United States flag, placed above each long ear.

Besides these there are from one to three great flags supported in every wagon by a proud darkey, Malay or white man, as the case may be. When the line is formed it has a very imposing look. First comes the leader's cart, in which stands the man with the last stalk held upright, and one or two big flags which the ladies of the planter's household are solicited each year to manufacture; and much envied is the man to whom they are presented, for they are as attractive as yards of tri-colored flannel, ribbons and gilt devices can make them. There are also banners made by the colored women—marvels in the way of streamers and gaudy patchwork.

The long procession forms behind the last load of cane, surmounted by its gay decorations, and moves toward the sugar mill amid loud songs and deafening cheers for the planter, manager and overseer. All the mill whistles are blowing, and the much respected plantation bells are left in the power of the people, to be rung until the arms of the ringers are worn out. The procession is greeted at the sugar house with great rejoicing, speeches are indulged in, and the women and children stream from the quarters and clamber into the carts.

There is a great shrieking of whistles, roaring of machinery, crashing of cane mingled with the sounds of song and cheering, while toasts are drunk in every variety of whisky but the best. Amid all this din minor noises are unheard. After leaving the sugar house the troop of darkeys files around the mansion of the planter, cheering the family, who are expected to make their appearance and be looked at. Addresses are made to the planter, who, of course, has to return thanks; for if there is anything dear to the soul of the darkey it is speechmaking, and the father and brothers of the planter, if he has any, come in for their full share of negro oratory.

TREATING THE CROWD.

Money is given to the leaders to treat the crowd, and the planter has to use every excuse in his power to prevent himself being hoisted upon the shoulders of the joyous negroes. This ceremony being over, oranges are thrown into the carts, the leaders return to their wagons, and rattle around the grounds two or three times, with beating of drums, squeaking of fifes, cheering and other demonstrations. Then off they go to get their second installment of whisky at "de sto'," where the plantation storekeepers receive their share of attention. The procession goes to as many plantations as possible, and in the dusk, as the fog comes rolling in from the river, sweeping across the empty fields and winding in and out of the border of the woods, almost a mile away, one hears the sound of a beautiful negro melody,

We are waiting on de Lord,

rising and falling sweet and clear on the night air. And then the carts come lumbering home holding a half intoxicated, wholly happy crowd. There is a grand supper waiting for them, and nobody thinks of the depredations committed beforehand upon other men's goods in the way of pigs and poultry. More liquor is drunk, more speeches made, and the planter's entire fence is serenaded by the untiring crowd until a late hour.

Before the rising bell rings the fog sweeps in eddying folds, white and pale golden, into the blue oak woods, and discloses the quarters silent, for the very dogs are sleeping. Here and there gray smoke curls up above the cabins; the bell quavers its summons. There is a long, waking howl from the dogs, and sharp calls of negro women. Soon a large part of the previous day's proceedings will be enacted with unabated enthusiasm.—Ruth Ramay in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Jacob Brenning has been chosen Chief of Police of San Diego.

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Irv. H. Mulholland,
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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9 .....1891.

The Pennsylvania Democrats have adopted as a motto the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." In view of the way in which the public funds have been stolen in that state by Republican officials, the Democratic motto ought to have a catching influence for the average voter.

So many ships are coming to San Francisco for wheat cargoes that freight charges from British ports have been reduced to a low notch. Ships bring coal or cement at nominal rates rather than come in ballast. The best grades of Portland cement are now selling in San Francisco at about $2.50 a barrel, and Scotch coal of the best quality may be had there at $8 or $9 a ton.

The Immigration Convention of California at its recent session, resolved in favor of competing transcontinental railroads and the Nicaragua canal and the members have gone to work to see that their plans shall be carried out. They are to confer with the several roads that might enter tide water at San Francisco and are to inquire what inducements they require to start to complete their through lines.

France, Germany and Austria are afield these fine autumn days and tremulous with the tramp of vast armies engaged in maneuvers, designed not so much to test their own proficiency as to over-awe each other and dazzle the on-looking world with the glitter of the spectacle. 'T is a very fine show no doubt; perhaps the finest that ever was on earth; yet the thought will obtrude itself on practical minds that if half these armies had devoted themselves to the less showy pageant of the harvest field, there might have been no cry of a grain famine in Europe on the very threshold of Winter.

The city of San Francisco seems to be thoroughly aroused at the extraordinary action of Judge Murphy sitting in judgment upon the finalities of Judge Wallace, and overruling them. The issues raised in the Chute case will now be reviewed by the supreme court in the parallel case of Steve Gage, which the attorney-general will bring before that tribunal at once. If Judge Murphy's interpretation of the law should be sustained, it will vindicate that gentleman's acumen as a jurist; but it will not restore him the confidence of the public; for the latter believe that his decision was exacted from him by the boodlers and and bosses in requital for having placed him where he is.

A meeting of the State Association of Irrigation Districts is to be held in Los Angeles on Tuesday, Oct. 20th. The objects are to effect a more perfect organization, to bring about co-operative action looking to the sale of irrigation bonds, and to consider the need of legislation; also to provide against efforts to obtain laws hostile to irrigation interests. All friends of irrigation are invited to attend the meeting. The officers of the organization hope to have a large convention. This gathering should result in something of benefit for the important interests involved. It is only through organization and co-operation that the best results of the district system are to be obtained. California has reason to be proud of this system, which has already accomplished great benefits for the State. It is a California creation, and its success so far is beyond the most sanguine hopes of its originators.

The suicide of General Boulanger ends a career that might have been creditable to himself and useful to France. Never has the maxim that forbids military men from meddling with politics been more forcibly illustrated in its disastrous effects than in the downfall of General Boulanger. A week, vain man, he permitted designing politicians to work upon his ambition, and contemplated, through his position in the army at the head of a faction, the overthrow of the republic. He was not deep enough, nor cunning enough to cover up his designs. He had ventured into the black pool of intrigue far beyond his depth, and was left to flounder helplessly by those who had egged him on. Had France been in the grasp of less firm, resolute and keen-sighted men than she was, this vain general might have plunged her into fatal troubles at a time when she needed all her care, conservatism and containment to keep steadily on the course which will lead her to a position of commanding strength to meet the ravenous enemies with which she is surrounded.

A KENTUCKY OUTLAW'S DEATH.

The night had took possession at the closin out o' day,
When ole Bill Capfield on his bed o' straw an death did lay:
The candle slowly wagged its tail o' red an yaller flame,
Which made the shadders climb the wall, then flutter down again.
An o'er the features of ole Bill the lights an shadders ran
Like life an death, thet, then an thar, contended for the man.
The kinfolks stood around, with features warped an eyes a-leakin,
To ketch the words thet, on this earth, the last he would be speakin.
Now, punctuated by his gasps an feeble coughs, he spoke:
"I am a big wild hoss," he said, "tamed when its neck is broke!
I'm hancuffed now, 'n helpless lay beneath the very one—
The fiend o' Death—thet I so oft hev stuffed into my gun!
No more the ramrod will I shove into my rifle's throat;
No more I'll hear my shotgun yell, with death cries in each note;
No more my seven shooter flames to light some foeman home
To that dark region where ole Bill will, in short meter, roam,
No more my knife will leap aloft just like a strip o' flame,
Nor will it cut another notch into my stick o' fame.
For feeble is the arm o' strength, and failing is the eye—
The arm thet let the foeman down, the eye thet saw him die.
My brothers, I kin plow no more; my instruments I yield
Into your han's—be sure, dear ones, you don't neglect the field;
Take up your march where I lay down, keep all your foes in sight;
Be watchful, keep my memory an my guns an pistols bright."
The speaker stopped. A while he tried the rattle out to cough,
But Death's fist closed upon his neck—cut the air pump off.

—James Noel Johnson in New York Herald.

THE PRODIGAL UNCLE.

My family, at the time when this story begins, lived in Havre. They were not rich, and were always hard up. Father worked in an office, and the wages were not the highest.

I had two sisters.

My mother fretted under our poverty, and she often addressed harsh words to my father—perfidious, veiled reproaches. The expression of the poor man's face always distressed me, he passed his hand over it as if to wipe away a perspiration that was not there, and said nothing. I felt his powerless sadness.

My parents economized with everything, they often ate dinners unfit to be served, they bought provisions at the lowest prices, and yet even at that they had often to ask for credit.

My sisters made their own dresses, and had long discussions about the price of a kind of lace costing fifteen centimes a yard.

I well remember many scenes about lost buttons and torn trousers.

But every Sunday we took a walk to the docks in great style. My father, in a long coat, a high hat, and wearing gloves, offered his arm to my mother, who was dressed as gayly as a ship on a holiday. My sisters, always the last to be ready, awaited the signal of departure, but at the last moment a forgotten spot would be discovered on the coat of paterfamilias, and it had to be quickly effaced with a rag dipped in benzine. My father, keeping his hat on his head, waited in his shirt sleeves until the operation was done, while my mother, having adjusted her glasses—she was near-sighted—hurriedly put on her gloves.

Finally we started with great ceremony, my sisters, with linked arms, going before. They had attained a marriageable age, and made quite a respectable appearance in the city.

I walked at the left of my mother, my father at the right. And I remember the pompous air of my poor parents in these Sunday excursions, the rigidity of their features, the severity of their aspect. They advanced with a grave step, as if an affair of the greatest importance depended upon their carriage.

And every Sunday, seeing the great vessels that had returned from unknown and distant countries, my father invariably repeated the same words:

"Ah! if Jules were on one of these, what a suprise it would be!"

My Uncle Jules, my father's brother, was the only hope of the family, after having been its terror.

I did not speak of him, but since my infancy my thoughts were with him, and his first culpable act was always present in my mind. I knew all the details of his life up to the day of his departure for America. He had, it appears, misconducted himself—that is to say, he had squandered some money, which is a great crime if it happens in poor families. A rich man who amuses himself is simply guilty of follies. He is called "nobody's enemy but his own." With the poor and needy, a man who forces his parents to curtail their capital or income becomes a rascal, a knave.

In short, Uncle Jules had considerably lessened the inheritance of my father, after spending his own share to the last sou. Then he had sailed for America, as they afterward learned, on board a merchantman bound for New York.

After having been there some time my Uncle Jules established himself as a merchant; and he soon wrote that he was saving a little money, and hoped that he would be enabled shortly to indemnify my father for the losses he had caused him.

This letter created a profound emotion in the family. Jules, instead of being a worthless fellow, they said, was an honest man, a tender hearted man, a true Davranche, upright as all the Davranches.

In a second letter, sent two years later, he said:

MY DEAR PHILLIPE—I write you so that you need have no fears regarding my health, which is all that can be desired. My business also goes well. I start tomorrow on a long voyage to South America; several years may pass, perhaps, before you will hear from me. But if I do not write do not be alarmed. I shall return to Havre with a fair fortune. I hope it will not take too long, and then we shall all be happy.

This letter became the gospel of the family. It was read at every opportunity, it was shown to every one.

During ten years, perhaps, we did not hear from Uncle Jules; but, as the time lengthened, my father's hopes also grew in proportion, and my mother often said:

"When Jules is here our situation will be entirely changed."

And every Sunday, when regarding the huge black masses of smoke on the horizon that ascended to the sky like an immense serpent, my father repeated his eternal phrase:

"Ah, if Jules ware on one of these, what a surprise it would be!"

And then he rubbed his eyes briskly with a handkerchief.

They made a thousand projects when the return was assured; they would buy, with uncle's money, a small house in the country. I do not know but that my father had already commenced negotiations in reference to that affair.

The eldest of my sisters was twenty-eight years old, the other twenty-six. They had never married, which was a cause of great sorrow to all. A wooer finally presented himself for my youngest sister. He was a clerk, not wealthy but honorable.

I have always had the conviction that the letter of my uncle Jules, shown again one evening, had ended the hesitation and streagthened the resolution of this young man.

He was accepted eagerly, and it was decided that after the wedding the whole family should take a little trip to Jersey.

Jersey is the ideal of a journey for poor people. It is not far, one traverses the sea in a packet and finds one's self in a strange land, an island belonging to the English. Thus a Frenchman, after two hours' sailing, can see his neighbors and can study their strange manners and deplorable circumstances. This trip to Jersey occupied all our thoughts, our entire attention, and we dreamed of it constantly.

Finally we started. I remember it as if it happened yesterday—the smoke blowing over the dock; my father, very much perturbed, watching the transporting of our luggage, my mother, also disquieted, had taken the arm of my unmarried sister, who appeared lost since the other sister had gone from her, like a chicken sitting alone in its coop, and behind us came the young married pair, always lagging, which compelled me to turn my head often.

The whistle sounded. We went on board, and the ship, leaving its dock, glided out upon a sea as smooth as glass. We watched the receding shores, happy and joyous, a feeling doubtless experienced by all who have traveled.

My father wore his long coat, from which all the spots had been washed with benzine, and consequently he strongly suggested that valuable cleansing agent, and recalled to my mind our Sunday outings.

Suddenly he espied two elegant ladies, to whom two gentlemen were offering oysters. An old ragged seaman opened the bivalves with one blow of a knife and passed them to the gentlemen, who immediately carried them to the ladies, who ate them in a most genteel manner, holding the shells in a cambric handkerchief, and conveying them to their mouths without dropping any juice or staining their toilets. Then they drank the liquid with a pretty, rapid movement, and threw the shells into the sea.

Undoubtedly my father was captivated by this distinguished act of eating oysters on a vessel while it was under sail. He thought it was good taste, refined, superior, and approached my mother and sisters, saying:

"What would you say if I should offer you some oysters?"

My mother hesitated on account of the expense, but my sisters accepted immediately.

My mother said in a querulous tone:

"I am afraid they will not agree with me. Give some to the children, but not many, as the oysters will make them sick." Then turning toward me, she remarked, "As to Joseph, he needs none; it is best not to spoil the boy."

I remained beside my mother and thought her very unjust. I followed my father with my eyes and watched him as he pomposly conducted his two daughters and his son-in-law toward the old seaman.

The two ladies started to go, and my father indicated to my two sisters that they were to eat the oysters without spilling any juice. In order that they might understand better, he took an oyster, and, in endeavoring to imitate the ladies, poured the whole liquid down the front of his coat.

Suddenly my father appeared to become uneasy. He recoiled a few steps, regarded his family fixedly, then the old seaman, and quickly returned to us. He seemed pale, and his eyes had a singular look. He said to my mother:

"It is strange how that man opening the oysters resembles Jules."

Mother asked:

"What Jules?"

My father returned:

"Why, my brother Jules. If I did not know that he had a good position in America I should believe it was he."

My mother ejaculated angrily:

"You are a lunatic! You know very well that it is not Jules. Why do you talk such nonsense?"

But father said persistently: "Go and see for yourself, Clarisse. I should like very much to have your opinion."

She arose and joined her two daughters, and I also went and looked at the old man. He was dirty, wrinkled and did not turn his attention from his work.

My mother returned, and I saw that she trembled. She said very quickly:

"I believe it is he. Go and pump the captain. It will be prudent, for we certainly cannot claim this worthless fellow as our relative."

My father went and I followed, feeling strangely agitated. The captain, a tall man, very thin, but with immense whiskers, walked the bridge with an important air, as if he were commanding an India mail steamer. My father mounted the steps with ceremony, and spoke of his calling with compliments, asked him of the importance of Jersey, its inhabitants, their manners, their dress, the nature of the soil, etc. He thought the captain would perhaps speak of the United States of America, but he spoke only of the vessel in which we were sailing, how it was equipped, etc.

Finally my father said, in a troubled voice:

"You have a very interesting old man opening oysters. Do you know any particulars of this good man?"

The captain, beginning to be bored by the conversation, replied carelessly:

"He is an old French vagabond whom I found in America last year. He has relatives in Havre, it appears, but does not want to return to them, as he owes them some money. His name is Jules—Jules Darmanche or Jules Davranche, it is immaterial which. It appears that he was well to do at one time, but you see yourself that he is much reduced at present."

My father turned a livid hue, his eyes grew haggard, and, in an articulate voice, he said:

"Ah! yes, very true. I thank you very much, captain."

And he walked away. He approached my mother, who said to him, in an agitated voice:

"Sit down; did you find out anything?"

He sank upon the seat and exclaimed:

"It is he! It is he! What are we to do now?"

She replied quickly:

"We must take care that our son-in-law suspects nothing of this."

My father seemed paralyzed. He murmured:

"What a catastrophe!"

My mother ejaculated furiously:

"I have always thought it would amount to nothing, and now he returns in this state? As if one did not know how deep a Davranche could sink!"

And my father passed his hand across his face as if he would brush away mother's reproaches.

My mother exclaimed:

"Give money to Joseph immediately and let him pay for the oysters. But he is not to recognize that man nor to say anything that will cause him to be recognized, and let us go to another part of the ship where that man cannot approach us!"

With these words she rose, and my father gave me a five franc piece.

My sisters regarded our parents with a surprised stare, and I said the sea had made mamma a little uneasy, and departed on my errand.

I asked the old man:

"How much do we owe you for the oysters, sir!"

I so longed to say, "My uncle!"

He replied:

"Two and a half francs."

I gave him my five franc piece and he returned me the change.

I looked at his hand, a poor, wrinkled, horny hand, and I looked into his face, so old and wrinkled and filled with deepest sadness, and I said to myself:

"This is my uncle—papa's brother—my uncle!"

I gave him ten sous as a pourboire.

He thanked me profusely, and said, "God bless you, my young sir!" in the tone of one receiving alms.

My sisters looked at me, amazed at my generosity.

When I returned the two francs to my father, mother said, in a surprised voice:

"Did they cost three francs? That is impossible!"

I declared in a firm voice:

"I gave ten sous as pourboire."

My mother started and looked at me, exclaiming:

"You are crazy! To give ten sous to that man—that wretch!"

She stopped, looking at my father, who pointed to his son-in-law.

Before us, on the horizon, as if growing from the sea, a violet strip was visible.

It was Jersey.

We returned on another vessel, in order not to encounter him. My mother could not conceal her uneasiness.

I never saw my father's brother again.

—Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant for Argonaut.

A Generous Tipster.

Some time ago, when the new Japanese minister to the United States passed through San Francisco on his way to Washington, he staid a day or two in the Palace hotel. One night he gave a way up banquet up stairs to a select party of wealthy and prominent citizens of the town, entertaining them lavishly. The service was, of course, furnished by half a dozen of the colored gentlemen of the house, who, stimulated by a promise of liberal tips, did their level best to make everything pleasant. The minister was delighted, and when his guests had gone he ordered his secretary to fetch him a purse. To each man and brother he handed three coins. They thanked him profusely, and got out without delay.

Next day there was a great uproar in the Japanese quarter of the hotel. The minister, ignorant of our coinage, had given each of the waiters three twenty dollar gold pieces, and on finding out his mistake he wanted to undo it. After much searching the lucky Africans were found, and under threats of summary discharge they were compelled to give back what they had not spent, with a drawback of three silver dollars apiece. —Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Why It Must Be a Raphael.

The tenacity with which old country families cling to the time honored, however fabulous, attribution of a picture, which has descended from father to son for generations, is an innocent form of conservatism entitled to all indulgence. We remember a short passage between an old baronet and his excellent lady. He came back from hunting just as she was showing to a new arrival a "Raphael" which hung in the dining room. The baronet's ideas were rather more advanced than his lady's. "No, no, my dear, who knows whether it's a Raphael, after all?" "Well, Sir George, all I can say is that it always has been!"—Quarterly Review.

Fifty Answered.

Inquiring Son—Papa, what are the real dimensions of an egg?

Father—They are just the size of hailstones. Why don't you read the papers? —Pittsburg Bulletin.

Arabia's Contribution to Science.

Rome boasted that she dispensed with native physicians for the first 600 years of her existence. Whether this was the result of her unusual vigor is not recorded. In the days of her prosperity and success she developed considerable ability in the medical line and gave to the world the distinguished physician Galenus. For some time after the fall of Rome the treatment of disease was chiefly in the hands of monks. In connection with the monastery there were frequently the well managed hospital and garden filled with plants noted for their healing virtues.

The Arabs of the Middle Ages were devoted students of science and particularly of medicine. When they came in contact with Christendom they made two important contributions. They gave to the church the writings of Aristotle, which, in the hands of St. Thomas Aquinas, saved the church from a crude materialism.

They gave to the medical world the wealth of their scientific researches, especially in the line of chemistry, and substituted milder remedies in place of the terrible hellebore and other drugs of Hippocrates. Averrors and Avicenna were the leading Arabian scientists, and Dante has given them a place in that honorable circle of the "Inferno" which contains the leading physicians of heathen times.—Chicago Herald.

Answered.

"What would you do if you had a voice like mine?" said Binks, who is rather proud of his basso profundo.

"I'd take it out into the woods and yell with it till it bu'st," said De Garry, who prefers his own tenor.—Harper's Bazar.

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

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SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r.

IRWINS' SALOON
Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence . Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SUPERBIB NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.
THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor. feb12-tf

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BIG PINE - CAL.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates
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Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
Thos. Williams, *Proprietor.*

J. W. Murphy.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

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Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call as above. W. F. MATLACK.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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COUNTY SURVEYOR
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Obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
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J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
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J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
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F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
I. H. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the 'INDEPENDENT' Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

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DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel.
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WASSON & WASSON, Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vogt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 28th
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
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NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John A. Hannah deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 26th day of October, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the town of Independence in the County of Inyo, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John A Hannah, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. L. Hunter for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration with the will annexed thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated Sept. 25th, 1891.

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF

D. E. No. 571.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL. September 9, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Maggie S. Cook In, of Independence, Inyo Co., Cal for ..., has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert land claim No. 571, for the N W ¼ of S W ¼ Sec. 14, Tp. 11 S., R. 34 E., M. D. M., before the Register and Receiver at Independence, Cal., on Thursday, the 22d day of October, 1891.

She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Joseph Seeley, Michael McSweeney, James Innes and Norman F. Conklin, all of Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo, Inyo county, Cal.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of August, 1891, an assessment (No. 14) of Ten (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, 13, Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of October 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 23rd day of October, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
G. W. LUCE, Secretary.
Office, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF.

D. E. No. 513.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL. Sept. 3d, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis A. Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, Cal., if rnia, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 513, for the E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of section No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M D M, before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G Sanger, W. Sanger, A. P. Smith and M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGNACIA ABE BUCO,
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal. July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO DE LEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pelegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of County of Inyo, State of California and Complaint filed in said County of Inyo the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of County of Inyo, State of California, and answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony before and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that the plaintiff be adjudged and decreed to resume her former name, and for general relief as may be fully appear by reference to the complaint herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, said plaintiff will take Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of the Court of the County of Inyo, California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODEL TYPE WRITER

$20 will buy the ODELL Typewriter with 78 characters, as good as the Single Case Odell, warranted to do more and better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY, DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, and is about one-third the cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother with. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated and adapted to all kinds of type writing. With a printing press, it produces sharp, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. $1,000 to any operator who can equal work of the Double Case Odell.

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9 .....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98.
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach at Lone Pine on Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.; at Independence, 7 p. m. Mr. Oman will preach at Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.

On Wednesday evening, October 14th, Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach at Keeler in the dining room of the Lake View hotel at 7:30 o'clock.

BORN.

McIVER—At Georges Creek Oct. 9th to Mr. and Mrs. F. McIver, a son.

MARRIED.

TURNER—HARVEY—At Independence, October 5 h, by Rev. H. J. Winsor, Joseph S. Turner and Ethel C. Harvey, both of Bishop.

SMITH—McMURRY—At Big Pine, Sept. 25, by the Rev. Andrew Clark, A. P. Smith and Laura McMurry, both of Big Pine.

It has been raining during the day but the storm is not cold.

Supervisor Fitzgerald and wife visited Big Pine yesterday.

Mrs. John Barnes of Keeler visited Independence last Tuesday.

Tom Webb and H. Giles started for Long Valley on Wednesday to move their cattle out for the winter.

Rev. Father Pannon will say mass in the school house at Independence on Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m.

The Supervisors finished up their business and adjourned on Wednesday. The session was very short.

The corn crop in the valley this season will be very light. The early frost did a great deal of damage.

Capitol must have been in league with the Fair Directors. The County Clerk issued three marriage licenses in one day this week.

Nancy Hanks has trotted on an oval track within a quarter of a second of Maud S.'s time, namely 2:09. It is dollars to doughnuts that she beats the record.

Mrs. A. R. Conklin and daughters, Misses M. S. and Emily Conklin arrived from Bakersfield on Thursday's train and will visit in the valley for a month or six weeks.

Mrs. J. S. Gorman has been very ill during the past week and Dr. Louise L. Woodin has been in constant attendance. Mr. Gorman reports that her condition has improved this morning.

El Crocker is the owner of a phenomenal yearling by the Patchen horse brought here by the Crocker brothers. He has been broken to lead and trots as fast as a saddle horse can gallop and hangs to a trot like a puppy to a root.

Mrs. H. Jiggins, mother of the late Harry Jiggins, arrived at Independence on Wednesday and will make an extended visit with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Emma Jiggins. The lady is a cousin of the Mairs brothers.

The Directors of the Eastern Slope Association will to-morrow consider the question of giving purses for a two-year-old and three-year-old trot at Bishop on Thanksgiving. If they conclude to do so this end of the Valley will be represented.

J. E. Dunlap had a fine display of harness and saddles at the pavilion during the fair. The exhibit comprised both home and imported manufacture and shows that Mr. Dunlap carries an extensive and varied stock of goods. By directing an order to him at Bishop you can obtain anything in the harness line you want.

Norman Mairs expects to return to Los Angeles in a few days to attend school, and on Wednesday evening his fellow members of the Independence S. C. B. tendered him a farewell party. The affair was well attended and highly enjoyed. O. I. Mairs set up a neat lunch at the Norman House at midnight to which all were invited and did ample justice.

On Thursday morning Under-Sheriff Holland started for Bishop having in charge Lem Baxter, arrested on a charge of selling whisky to an Indian. While in Bishop last week Sheriff Gorman secured evidence against a man named Maxwell on the same charge and it is expected that both men will be tried and convicted to-day. Nothing but untiring vigilance on the part of the officers will break up this nefarious traffic.

The Fair.

On Saturday last the Fifth Annual Fair of the 18th District Agricultural Association came to a close at Bishop. Taken as a whole the meeting was a success. The pavilion was filled with products of the district and the display was most creditable. The exhibition was so large and variable that special mention cannot in fairness be made.

The races furnished very good sport and considerable "guessing" was done on some of the contests. One thing is very evident, that Inyo County is raising a fine class of horses, and in another year trotters of our own raising will enter the 2:30 list.

The stock parade was extensive and as fine a lot of horses were exhibited as could be found anywhere.

The evening amusements of the week consisted of the dramas "Rebecca's Triumph" on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, "Meg's Diversion" on Thursday evening and the Fair ball on Friday evening. The ball was crowded on each occasion and the entertainment furnished could not fail to please all.

The entire district was well represented at Bishop and we look forward to a successful repetition at Independence next year.

SUPERVISORS' PROCEEDINGS.

MONDAY, October 5, 1891.

Board met in regular session on the above day, all the members present. Minutes of preceding session read and approved and Board adjourned until 9:30 a. m. of next day.

TUESDAY, October 6, 1891.

Board met pursuant to adjournment, the same members present. The following claims were allowed and ordered paid:

D Stubbefield	$ 72 00
C W Rathbun	29 80
A E Janvier	28 00
P W Forbes	16 00
H Levy	59 60
Mrs Keppler	30 90
T B Scovil	20 00
W A Chalfant	18 50
J N Yandell	4 05
H H Howell	37 30
J H Shannon	39 50
A W Eibeshutz	73 63
N Rhine	7 26
Independence Water Co	13 00
Irv H Mulholland	16 50
L Wood	92 26
W F Matlack	3 00
J S Gorman	4 30
G H Hardy	6 00
G L Drake	21 50
C W Craig	73 75
John Wilson	32 40
J D Blair	125 00
Mrs Lewis	125 00
L L Woodin	5 00
A W Eibeshutz	1 00

On petition Irv. H. Mulholland was appointed Justice of the Peace for the Third Township.

Board adjourned until 1 o'clock p. m., when it reconvened, same members present

Board proceeded to count coyote scalps and certificates were issued as follows:

Dave Lester	$ 55 00
W H Walker	30 00
James Wilson	135 00
Joseph Rebail	5 00
W F Matlack	5 00
Clifford Baxter	15 00
S Kripps	40 00
W J Lake	10 00
B Behows	65 00

Various sums were transferred in the several road funds, reports were accepted and claims allowed as follows:

James Nevins,	Dist. No. 1		$ 6 90
W H Powers,	" "	2	43 00
M S McLeod	" "	3	42 00
S J McMurry	" "	4	27 00
John Keegan	" "	5	186 81
John Shepherd	" "	5½	60 50
G H Palmer	" "	6	61 00
Max Skinner	" "	7	74 00

Ordered that a warrant be drawn in favor of S. J. Murry on the Bridge Fund in sum of $51.67 for labor and material on the Big Pine bridge.

Claim of Antonio Costello for $48.16 for building bridge across McNally ditch allowed in sum of $25.

Resignation of R. R. Love as constable in First Township accepted.

Claim of Charles Anthony for conveying indigent sick person to Independence allowed in sum of $35.

W. F. Matlack allowed $15, cash advanced for funeral expenses.

Claim of W. A. Chalfant for $8.40 returned for approval.

Claim of J. E. Dunlap for $33 allowed in sum of $22.

Bond of J. H. Bulpitt et als. relative to floating logs on Owens River accepted.

Claim of I. J. Woodin for repairs on buggy broken on account of defective culvert, on county road, rejected.

Board adjourned until 9:30 a. m. of Wednesday.

WEDNESDAY, October 7, 1891.

Board met at 9:30 a. m., same members present.

Quarterly reports of Auditor and Treasurer accepted and approved.

Ordered that bonds be issued for Fish Springs school district.

Ordered that the Sheriff enforce Section 462 of Harlow's "Sheriffs and Constables," relative to working prisoners.

Ordered that the Sheriff procure a reel and shelter for large hose.

Ordered that J. W. Murphy be employed to straighten out old iron belonging to the county and deliver same at the depot to be shipped to Bishop for use in the branch jail there

Board allowed claims for salaries and adjourned.

Wanton Destruction.

The recent mountain fire near Independence was a piece of vandalism that should be met with the most severe punishment that could be meted out to the offenders. The complaint is an old one that the sheep men are criminally careless in starting fires. On this occasion a fire was started in a large pile of chips that was left in Government Canyon years ago. No care was taken to prevent the spreading of the conflagration, and the result is that a vast amount of valuable fuel timber, covering several square miles of country, is entirely destroyed. The time is coming, and very soon, when this loss will be a matter of grave moment to the citizens of Inyo county. Fire wood is now growing so scarce as to be a matter of serious consideration, and to have this large amount of wood in an accessible place wantonly destroyed, merits the most severe censure and punishment to the offender. The fire swept down the canyon and burned a large amount of cord wood cut and ranked, a dwelling and a field of corn belonging to Peter McGann. He and his sons fought the fire but were unable to save the house or crops. McGann came to town to procure the arrest of the offender, but there was not a magistrate in the town and no warrant could be procured. The miscreant has escaped to another county but a long rope and a short shift will be his fate if caught here again, or that of any man who similarly offends.

Meteorological Summary.

Following is the report of the Weather Bureau Station at Keeler for the month of September, 1891.

Mean barometer	29.834
Highest barometer	30.044
Lowest barometer	29.273
Mean temperature	71.0
Highest temperature, 1st	98.
Lowest temperature, 30th	43.
Greatest daily range temp'ture, 28th	33.
Least daily range temperature, 8th,	15.
Prevailing direction of wind, South.	
Total movemement of wind, 6098 miles.	
Extreme velocity of wind, direction and date, 40 miles SW. on 15th.	
Total precipitation, 0.13 inches.	
Number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell, 4.	
Number of cloudless days	19
Partly cloudy days	5
Cloudy days	6

H. E. WILKINSON,
Weather Bureau, Observer.

Notice.

All persons indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle before Oct. 17, 1891, as I intend to place all uncollected bills in the hands of my attorneys for collection on that day.

R. C. SPEAR.

Dated, Lone Pine, Sept. 17, 1891.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.
Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.

There is little doubt but that many persons suffer for years with ailments that could easily be cured by the use of some simple remedy. The following incident is an illustration of this fact: My wife was troubled with a pain in her side the greater part of the time for three years, until cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It has, I think permanently cured her. We have also used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy whenever needed and believe it to be the best in the world. P. M. Boston, Pennville, Sullivan Co., Missouri. For sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

"We know from experience in the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy that it will prevent croup," says Messrs. Goldberry & Worley, Percy, Iowa. They also add that the Remedy has given great satisfaction in that vicinity, and that they believe it to be the best in the market for throat and lung diseases. For sale by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

A telegram received from San Francisco this morning states that P. H. Mack Esq. is recovering from his recent illness and that himself and family will be home next Friday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to settle on or before October 25th, as after that date I will enforce payment.

F. FITZGERALD.

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to MRS. REDDY, Darwin, Cal.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,
J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef, Mutton, Pork, Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, insuring the purity of meat, and every ort made to give satisfaction to patrons. j19-tf

PALACE SALOON
LONE PINE, CAL.
—THE FINEST—
WINES, BEER, LIQUORS, & CIGARS.
—o—
This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, j12-tf Lessee.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of Sept. 1891, an assessment (No. 7) of Thirty (30) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company in Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday the 28th day of Nov. will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 26th day December, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
P. H. MACK, Secretary.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS, Independence, nov.30-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. W. Eibeshutz
Independence, Cal.
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Agent For
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE
Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,
C. MULHOLLAND, Independence.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Inyo
Stage Company.
REGULAR LINE
—FROM—
Mojave To Keeler.
FINE COACH
FAST STOCK.
The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful
Redrock Canyon
And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.
Stage leaves Mojave, TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS at 6 o'clock p. m.
Stage leaves Keeler, MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS at 7 o'clock a. m.
A. B. HALL, Agent.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDIS
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884. n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.
First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.
THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines, Liquors, & Cigars.

BIG INYO ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.
Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO., Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
Customers supplied on all points Of the C. & C. Railroad.
Send orders to L. MUNZINGER & CO. Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton. O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE ART HOTEL.
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY . . . CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.
Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies
PROVISIONS, &c., &c., &c.
A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully
Equal to the Best
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
A. N. BELL, Independence, Cal.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

—o—

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30- RENO, NEVADA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT
Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.		5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.		2:50 p. m
Hawthorne	5.50 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.		9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.		9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.		7:55 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m.		Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—		No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m.		5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.		1:35 a. m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p, m.		11:00 a. m
Alvord	2.45 p. m.		10:00 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10p. m.		7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.		Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leavin Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver P Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON, General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D A BENDER, General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOLF'S
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.
CANDIES, PEANUTS WALNUTS, TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.
New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.
Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.
O. I. MAIRS, Prop. feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel
BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS
All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—
Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES, LIQUORS, & CGARS
The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!
Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 tf

On the move

—Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, after Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have done their work. It's a healthy movement, too—a *natural* one. The organs are not forced into activity one day, to sink back into a worse state the next. They're cleansed and regulated—mildly and quietly, without wrenching or griping. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet is all that's needed as a gentle laxative; three to four act as a cathartic. They're the smallest, cheapest, the easiest to take. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly relieved and cured.

Ladies are putting up preserves now and there is a great deal of jam and confusion.

The Electric Alarm Clock will ring until you get up and stop it. People who over-sleep should have one. For particulars address Imperial Jewelry Co., 26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

Rheumatism —IS— PROMPTLY CURED BY

Cures Also: Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Swellings, Soreness, Frost-bites, Stiffness, All Aches.

THE Chas. A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.

Old Gold and Silver Bought; send your old Gold and Silver by mail to the old and reliable house of A. Coleman, 41 Third street, San Francisco; I will send by return mail the cash, according to assay; if the amount is not satisfactory will return gold.

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'f'r, Woodbury, N. J.

Mildest, purest and best smoking tobacco made. Does not bite the tongue. Mastiff gives more solid comfort in one package than you can get out of a dozen others. Packed in canvas pouches.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

A FAMOUS OLD PRISON.

Pen Pictures of the Interior of Newgate.

EXECUTION SHED AND WHIPPING POST.

England's Once Noted Prison Now Merely a House of Detention.

Newgate is the most notorious prison in England. Its history is connected with the story of the crimes of this kingdom for the last 800 years. The present prison, was built toward the close of the last century, but it is upon the site of the original prison where a Newgate has stood since 1070. Newgate has held in its long history every kind of victim of the law. It is at the end of the Old Bailey, very near Smithfield, where the martyrs to fanaticism were publicly burned.

The exterior of Newgate resembles an old fashioned fortress. Its walls are of a rough gray stone. They have become nearly black by exposure to the sooty atmosphere of London. There are but few windows in the outside walls. The main buildings of the prison are in an interior court not visible to the public. The principal entrance is most forbidding. The lower half of the door is a locked and barred square of wood surmounted by sharp iron spikes. Just above this is a network of iron. Over the door hung chains and balls, symbols of the old Newgate. There is a blackened board at the right of this door upon which is now placed the official record of an execution when it takes place within this prison.

Newgate has been the scene of every form of execution. The breaking on the wheel, the drawing and quartering, and every kind of old fashioned torture has been tested to the full extremity of barbarous law within these blackened walls. Today Newgate is used as a prison of detention for criminals who are to be tried at the Old Bailey. If they are sentenced to death they are kept at Newgate and executed there. If they are sentenced to penal servitude they are transferred elsewhere.

The other day, through permission from the home secretary, I visited Newgate. I was turned over to one of the chief warders, a man who has been in Newgate for thirty years, and who has assisted at thirty-five executions. He was tall, broad shouldered, with regular features and a full, long brown beard and flowing mustache. He looked as dignified as a colonel in the Horse Guards. He spoke good English, without the slightest Cockney accent, and did not drop one of his h's, which is more than can be said for the attendants at Windsor castle.

Common report describes Newgate as damp, unwholesome and badly lighted. This is incorrect. It is a model prison so far as ventilation, light and dryness are concerned. The cells are large and high. They are heated by hot water pipes, and are as comfortable as a prison should be. Prisoners in Newgate who conduct themselves well are entitled to an hour's daily exercise in the court yard. Refractory prisoners who refuse to submit to ordinary punishment are given twenty-four hours in the dark cell, with a diet of bread and water. The warder showed me one of these dark cells, and kindly closed me in it for a moment to give me an idea of this kind of punishment. The cell was so closed out from the light that I could not see my hand directly in front of my eyes. The warder said that this form of punishment was not at all appreciated by prisoners who had never undergone it. He never saw a prisoner who dreaded this punishment for the first time, and in the history of Newgate punishment no prisoner, however bad, had ever placed himself in a position to receive this punishment a second time. Twenty-four hours alone in absolute silence and darkness breaks and cows the most stubborn spirit, and if continued much beyond this limit would inevitably lead to madness.

The cell of the condemned prisoner is near the dark cells. It is a large room, double the ordinary size. It contains a plank bed, upon which a light mattress is laid. There are two or three religious inscriptions upon the wall. A table, a stool for the prisoner, and two for the warders, who are always with him day and night from the time he is condemned, compose the furniture. Execution follows a sentence very swiftly in England. The utmost period of delay does not go beyond a month, and often execution takes place within ten days after a sentence. There is no appeal to any one except the home secretary. He alone has the power to stay the execution or to commute a sentence. It is very rare that he interferes. The odds are ninety-nine to one that a man sentenced to death in England will be executed.

From the cell I walked with the warder to the chapel of the prison upon the first floor. This is a handsome, old fashioned chamber, high, well lighted, and finished in dark woods. In the center is a lofty pulpit. Upon the left of this is a gallery box for visiting justices. Around the room upon the right and left are cages or subdivisions behind strong iron bars, where convicts used to sit. Those who are on trial sit in front of these bars. There is an upper gallery arranged with slats for female prisoners. These great wooden slats are so turned that the women can see only the preacher, and not one of the prisoners. At the right of the pulpit is a little black chair, the seat of honor in the chapel. This is reserved exclusively for prisoners under sentence of death. Formerly there was a pew for this class.

After leaving the chapel I walked with the warder around to the place of execution. The prisoner marches from his cell through the prison wing into a narrow court and around this court, not one moment's walk, to a wooden shed made of unpainted pine, which is built in a corner of the court against the prison walls. This shed has a cement floor with a wooden trap in the centre. Over that is a simple beam across, from which hangs a rope. The only furniture in the place is connected with the trap, which is worked by a black iron lever. There is a commission now experimenting in Newgate as to the best methods of hanging, so as to secure a breaking of the neck when the trap drops. In one of the large rooms looking on to the court where the execution shed is there is kept the whipping post. Under the English law any attempt to rob a person accompanied by personal violence constitutes the technical offence of "garroting." This is punished by from twenty-five to fifty lashes. The men under sentence for garroting are seated upon the black box with their legs fastened upon what was an old pillory post. Their arms are fastened above their heads. Then the lashing is well laid on until their backs are completely cut to pieces. The warder said that there was no object in giving more than twenty-five lashes. After twenty-five lashes the men were numb and felt no more pain. He said that it was a most effectual form of punishment, and reached a class of street ruffians who cared nothing for imprisonment. London swarms with this class of criminals, who are now pretty thoroughly restrained by the whipping post. There is no form of punishment so much dreaded by these men as the lash. This room where the whipping post now is was formerly used for prisoners when they were kept together in numbers instead of being given separate cells. People imprisoned for debt used to be kept here.—T. C. Crawford in New York World.

A Lesson in Fractions.

Anna C. Brooks, the 9-year-old daughter of Professor Brooks, of the Red House observatory at Phelps, N. Y., and who, by the way, is said to evince already much of the astronomical taste of her father, put the following original mathematical puzzle to him the other morning before she was out of bed: "Papa," said she, "can you write nineteen so as to make it 1888?" It was a poser for the professor, and he gave it up. "Well, here it is," said Anna, "18 8-8; don't you see?"—New York Tribune.

Stories of Confederate Money.

Congressman Grimes, who represents the Fourth Georgia district, told a couple of stories very pertinent to the subject and which greatly amused his auditors: "In the latter part of 1863," said Mr. Grimes, "a young man who lived in La Grange, Ga., became possessed of the sum of $500 in Confederate money. He was of a thrifty turn and wanted to add to it. With that purpose in view he invested his money in a bar'l of whisky. This he sold by the drink, and at the end of the week had disposed of the whole barrel and had $1,200 in hand, a net profit of $700. The young man was highly elated. He saw his way clear to a fortune in a short time.

"Of course he decided to buy more whisky at wholesale and sell it by the small measure, but he had not taken into account the wear and tear which the credit of the Confederacy had suffered during the week which it had taken him to sell out his barrel. When he went to invest in another supply he found that he could not make a purchase similar to his first one for less than $1,500. The financial fluctuations involved in the transaction knocked him so completely out that he retired permanently from commercial life and hired himself out as an agriculturist." When his hearers had finished laughing at this story, Mr. Grimes gave them the other one. "It was in the same town—La Grange—and in the latter part of 1864," he said. "One old gentleman there who had persistently predicted the failure of the Confederacy was one day deriding the currency that was then so plentiful and of such little value. He said that it was so worthless that nobody would even steal it or pick it up if found on the street. He pulled out a $1,000 bill—Confederate money, of course—and declared that he could tack it with a pin to the fence around the court house, leave it there five hours, and that nobody would think enough of it to put it in his pocket. His offer was accepted. The note was pinned to the fence and at the end of five hours he and the man to whom he had been talking went out to see what there was to be seen." Mr. Grimes here paused.

"Well?" inquired Mr. Allen, of Mississippi.

"The $1,000 note was there," replied Mr. Grimes, "and pinned beside it was another Confederate bill, the denomination of which was $2,000."—Atlanta Constitution.

Visit to a Repairing Factory.

The place looked like a ghastly caricature of a butcher shop in the land of the cannibals, but it was only the inner sanctum of a manufacturer of artificial limbs. Arms, legs, hands, feet—what you will—hung on walls, screened in glass cases or laid about in heaps, greeted the eye wherever it rested. There were audacious pictures of gentlemen in various active employments, who, having "tried your valuable leg would have no other." One of those graceful men was pictured in the act of riding a bicycle. Another bore his whole weight on an artificial leg while plying a miner's pick at a mass of rock over his head. Still another stood on his sound leg and with the artificial leg drove a spade deep into the soil of a garden plot. Three were farmers following the plow, blacksmiths shoeing horses and a pedestrian without a nose—all with at least one artificial leg.

"Do they really do all that?" inquired the reporter.

"Perhaps not quite as well as you'd suppose from the cut, but it is true that there are a good many thousand men with artificial legs doing work that one would think likely to require the aid of sound limbs."

"Then you come pretty nearly supplying any natural loss?"

"Pretty nearly. The war gave a great impetus to the manufacture of artificial limbs, and we are still making limbs for the veterans."

"How long does an artificial limb last?"

"That depends upon whether it is an arm or a leg and upon various other considerations. I've known an artificial leg to be in use twenty-five years. The more elaborate attempts to counterfeit nature, the more liable the member to get out of order and require renewal. We make arms and hands with which the wearer writes, uses knife and fork at table and performs many operations that one might think impossible."—New York Telegram.

Lower the Meat Bills.

Everybody has his or her way of living, and, if they would tell, the whole race might be benefited by it. But whatever the theories may be, whether one reader believes in a meat diet and another does not, it would be interesting to know how each succeeded. The writer has often heard the remark: "I wonder how a man on $10 manages to live?" Yes, it may be a wonder, but hundreds of men do it, and the writer knows, within the range of his own experience at least, half a dozen men who do it, and do it seemingly very nicely. Their wives wear inexpensive but neat and attractive looking clothes, the children who go to school look as clean and as well dressed as the children of some other men who earn more, and the presumption is that each of these families get enough to eat. At all events they certainly look as if they did.

Now, with a little study, the writer does not hesitate to say many families could save money.

"Where?"

Right in the house, right on top of the table. If a man can afford certain dishes and doesn't care whether he will later be troubled with dyspepsia, all right; but if he has not the very necessary "wherewith" he ought to knock off on some of his meat bills. By this means he would have more money to expend for clothing and for a few of the things he cannot now enjoy and which he is forced to consider as luxuries.—Boston Globe.

Leader of a Monkey Tribe.

When they get ready to start on their expedition an old monkey, the leader of the tribe, with a staff in his hand, so as to stand upright more easily, marches ahead on two legs, thus being more elevated than the others, so as to see signs of danger more readily. The rest follow him on all fours. The leader advances slowly and cautiously, carefully reconnoitering in all directions, till the party arrives at the corn field. He then assigns the sentinels to their respective posts. All being now in readiness, the rest of the tribe ravage and eat to their heart's content. When they retire each one carries two or three ears of corn along, and from this provision the sentinels are regaled on their arrival at their lair.

Here we see ability to rule and a willingness to submit to rule; a thoughtful preparation of means to the end in view and a recognition of the rights of the sentinels to be suitably rewarded at the close of the expedition. Wherein does all this differ from a similar foray of a tribe of savage men? The only difference is in degree; otherwise it is much the same.—Professor Edwin Emerson in Popular Science Monthly.

Very Unhealthy to Drink.

At a summer resort the other day, a bright little 4-year old child amused the company by his continual cute questions and answers. One of his sayings is worthy of repeating. Looking out of the window into a rain storm, little Willie inquired, "Mamma, where does all the rain come from?" "From the heavens." "And do people drink all that water?" continued the little fellow. "Yes," was the reply. "Well," rejoined the small wit, "I should think it would be very unhealthy to drink, there are so many dead people up there!"—Boston Budget.

THE CAMERA'S MAGIC.

Ingenious Use of Photography in Kindred Arts.

MODERN WAY OF MAKING WATCH DIALS.

The Sand Blast.—A Costly Experiment—Enlarged Pictures.

Mr. T. C. Roach, familiarly known by photographers all over the United States and even in Europe as "the old man," is recognized by them as a sort of mahatma, one who, if he does not quite "know it all," is very liable to find out anything more that is to be discovered. He has taken out a greater number of patents in photography than anybody else in this country. Speaking recently of the practical applications of photography in late years, he said to a reporter:

"Do you know that watch dials are now made by photography at a mere fraction of their former cost? They all used to be painted by hand. Now a hundred are made in the time formerly required to produce one, and each of the hundred is better than the one would have been. The dial is of copper covered with enamel. Upon that they lay a sensitized coating of albumen and bichromate of potash. A large drawing, say twelve inches in diameter, of the design, figures, and dots that it is desired to put upon the dial is photographed down to the required size, which makes it so very fine that whatever inaccuracies may have been in the drawing are almost beyond discovery by the microscope. The negative thus made is exposed to the light in contact with the gelatine coated watch dial for from three to five minutes. Electric light is just as good as sun light. Where the light has acted the gelatine is made insoluble. The dial is now inked over with common lithographic transfer ink. Next, with a clean sponge moistened with a little gum water, the ink and gelatine are wiped off the dial from all parts except where the light has acted, and to those it adheres, leaving the design in clear black upon the enameled plate. But that design would easily blur and rub off by wear. Another process is necessary to make it permanent. A metallic enamel powder of any color desired—black, blue, red, green, or purple—is dusted upon the dial. It sticks to the inked portions, but nowhere else. Then the dial is put in the muffle and fired. The enamel powder melts into the white enamel base, and the work is complete. The Waltham Watch company paid $2,000 for that process. By it they can turn out, for ten cents each, dials that in the old way of making would have cost $1 apiece.

"Speaking of that necessity recalls to me the effort now making for the production, for purpose of magazine and book illustration, printed with type, of photographs from nature or paintings, by means of what are now called tint glasses. About that I am going to tell you a page of history that has not before been published, and that will make no small stir among a number of persons who are claiming to be the inventors of processes in that direction at the present time. The real inventor of tint glasses or, as he called them, ruled spectrums was Baron von Egloffstein, who patented his processes in the United States and England as long ago as 1865. He was a brilliant, highly educated man, who did a great deal of fine engineering work for our government, and who went away to Europe several years ago. There was a rumor that he had died, but only recently I heard that he had retired to a monastery somewhere and was still living.

"Well, a big company, mainly of United States officials, was formed for the development of Baron von Egloffstein's discovery and its utilization for the printing of greenbacks and other paper money in such wise as to defy counterfeiting. Secretary Chase was in that company, as were also Baron Perault, Capt. Eads, Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island; Mr. Knapp, the Pittsburg gun founder; Mr. Schoonmaker, the A. T. Stewart of Baltimore; Representative Laflin, Mr. Clark, of the bureau of printing; a Massachusetts senator, whose name I do not now recall, and several other prominent men. Jay Cooke & Co. were the company's bankers. They had any quantity of money. In one year they spent over $120,000 in working the process on steel, and they used to say that they had $20,000,000 ready to put in it as soon as it was a proved success. Every Saturday they used to have a meeting at the Fifth Avenue hotel, square up all the bills, have a big dinner, and drink champagne by the basketful.

"But their expectations were not realized. Baron von Egloffstein used a fine plate glass, covered with a very opaque etching ground, which was cross hatched by the finest possible lines, 500 to the inch, which was interposed between the light and the object, or the glass negative or positive, to be photographed. You can see that the effect would be that instead of producing a picture in smooth half tones, like an ordinary photograph, one would be made that was all broken up into fine cross hatched lines and dots. From this resulting negative transfers could be made to stone, steel, or copper, or could be printed directly by contact upon a metal plate for etching. Of course, for intaglio work, as for printing from steel a positive picture would be used and a negative for type press printing. The principle of the thing was all right, beautiful; but in practice it was found that the closeness together of the fine lines prevented getting sufficient depth. If the plates were bitten down deep enough for printing, there was no body to bear repeated and heavy pressure and a few impressions would break them down. The few impressions obtained were superb, but the plates would not last. More practical results are now attained by a coarser ruling, of about 100 lines to the inch, for the production of relief plates for type press printing. The old patents have now run out, and the process belongs to anybody who choses to employ it.

"One of the late and possibly rather surprising discoveries in photography, which also is a patent of mine, is the enlargement of photographs to any required size without the aid of a solar camera, merely by the light of an ordinary oil lamp, or even by a flash of gun cotton. In the old way a costly solar camera was necessary, a machine costing $250 or $300; much time and clear sunlight, and a very expensive prepared paper were also all requisites to the process. Now I, or rather the firm to whom I have transferred my rights, make a comparatively cheap paper, in a roll of any desired length and as much as forty-two inches wide, coated by the gelatine-bromide of silver process, and, with the aid of a little apparatus like a magic lantern, costing $20, and which can be operated day or night, in a cellar or a bedroom, if necessary, can produce an enlargement of a picture to any required size, say from a tintype as big as your thumb nail up to life dimensions. The development of the enlarged picture is made in the usual manner, and then it is ready for finishing in crayon, pastel or in any other way desired. Pictures of actors and actresses, full length, life size, have in this way been enlarged from cards de visite and finished up for photographing again, in reduction, for plates produced by process for printing on a type press, a method that is very convenient for the artist, and enables the making at small expense of a very fine and certainly accurate picture for practical use.—New York Sun Interview.

Experiments in Signaling.

Partially successful experiments in signaling by means of electric lights flashed on clouds have been made by British officers at Singapore. A message of four words was read from an outgoing vessel at a distance of sixty knots, but the reply escaped notice.—Arkansaw Traveler.

The British postoffice service employs 3,000 women. Competitors for places have to be over 18 and under 20 years of age.

"That picture by Miss Virginia Oledominion of a slave is a great work, isn't it?" "Yes, and it ought to be. Her father was one of the old masters."

A MYSTERY.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nauseous medicines often literally poured into it for the suppositive relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic, would oftener be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

Little drops of water
Tumbling in the sand
Make hotel expenses
Very hard to stand.

GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA.

Geo. Augustus Sala, the well known English writer, on his Australian trip, wrote as follows to *The London Daily Telegraph:*

"I especially have a pleasant remembrance of the ship's doctor—a very experienced maritime medico indeed, who tended me most kindly during a horrible spell of bronchitis and spasmodic asthma, provoked by the sea fog which had swooped down on us just after we left San Francisco. But the doctor's prescriptions and the increasing warmth of the temperature as we neared the Tropics, and, in particular, a couple of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right."

She—Are you fond of Meyerbeer? He—Oh, I ain't particular! Any kind's good enough if it's only cold.

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LUCAS COUNTY,

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

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The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES, may take the remedy with as much satisfaction as he would take milk. Physicians are prescribing it everywhere. It is a perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. *Take no other.*

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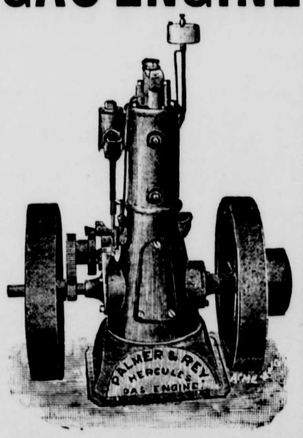

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It Oils Itself from a Reservoir. Just light the burner, turn the wheel, and it runs all day. No Carburetor to get out of order. No Batteries or Electric Spark to care for. Always Ready, and a Boy can start it at once. No Double or False Explosions which are frequent with the Unreliable Spark.

It runs with a Cheaper Grade of Gasoline than any other Engine, and consequently it costs less to run it.

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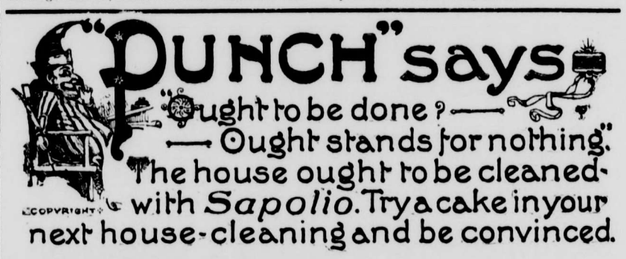

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THIS CART—Price $45.98.

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1891.

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A PEDDLER'S METHODS.

Ways That are Dark and Tricks That are Vain.

PLENTY OF SELF CONFIDENCE REQUIRED.

One of the Fraternity Explains the Business.—Hard Work.

"Good peddlers, like successful men in the higher walks of life, are born, not made," said the particular member of the fraternity whom a reporter questioned on the subject. He was loaded down with rugs, door mats, feather dusters and other articles until he looked like a perambulating house furnishing store. Any or all of the articles under which he struggled he offered to sell on "time payments of fifty cents a week," and when the reporter gently but unhesitatingly declined the offer, the peddler looked so unutterably disgusted that the reporter offered him a chair and some refreshments. Soon the two were engaged in a conversation which brought forth the observation made above.

"No," he continued, "a peddler is naturally a good peddler, and no amount of training or trying will make a good one of a man who hasn't it in him. On the other hand, a good peddler is generally good for nothing else on earth. Let him try to stop peddling for any other business and the chances are ten to one that he'll make a fizzle of it."

MADE A SUCCESS.

"Now, I am a born peddler, and at peddling I have at last made a success, where in all things that I tried before I failed. I went to school until I was 18, and since then—that's twelve years ago—I have been successively a lawyer's clerk, bookkeeper in an importing house, clerk in a dry goods store, driver of a delivery wagon, car driver, elevated railroad guard, waiter and peddler. It's four years since I found my true vocation, and I've done pretty well."

"Does a good peddler make much money?" the reporter asked guardedly.

"Well, that depends. Now, I average $30 a week. Some, a few, make more, but the majority make less. Anybody that's a good peddler, though, should be able to make $25 a week without any trouble and be able to go out on Sunday for a good time."

"What characteristics must a good peddler possess?"

"Oh, a great many. Self-confidence, or 'cheek,' as it is called, is the most essential. Without it no peddler ever peddled with success. But too much of it is even more fatal for his prosperity, for in addition to failure he often gets a broken head. No, he must have self-confidence, but not too much—just enough, you know. Then he must be a character reader—know just to whom he can sell and whom not, who will stand a stiff price and who must be offered the goods at cut rates.

"To be a good peddler you must also have a firm, yet gentle disposition. You must allow nothing to deter you when you see a person to whom you feel you can sell. No matter what he or she says, you must persevere. This is where the firmness comes in. The gentleness is necessary, so that you may, under no circumstances, lose your temper. It doesn't pay. If the door is slammed in your face, swearing will only make matters worse. The people next door will only laugh at you. No, you must preserve a dignified silence and smile indulgently as you turn away. Then you can sell to the neighbor. Her sympathy will be aroused, and by patronizing you she thinks she can administer a rebuke to the unmannerly woman next door and shine by comparison."

UP STAIRS AND DOWN.

"Is peddling hard work?"

"Trudging up stairs and down with this assortment of goods isn't as much fun as playing poker, but there is more money in it for the average person; and, besides, it's no harder than many other things—selling dry goods, for instance. I can pick my customers in this business, but when I was a counter jumper I was entirely at the mercy of any woman who happened along."

"What becomes of all the peddlers?"

"That question has often puzzled me. There are two things I never saw in my life—a dead mule and a dead peddler. Sometimes I think that when mules and peddlers die Old Nick carries 'em off bodily as choice bits of 'cussedness.'"

"Are all peddlers full of ways that lead to Old Nick?"

This was rather a leading question, but the peddler met it unblushingly.

"Well, generally," he replied, nonchalantly. "Some save their money, but very few. I generally turn up with a big head and empty pockets on Monday morning."

"Then how do you manage to buy your goods? On time?"

"We don't buy our goods. We get them from houses around town that are only too willing to let us have them to sell on commission. When a new hand starts in he has to deposit the value of the goods he takes out, but after awhile, when he gets better acquainted, he can get all the goods he wants to take out.

"I must go now. I just saw the red headed woman who lives across the street return. I knew she was out, and I've been waiting for her all this time. I can always sell to a red headed woman. I don't know why, but I can. A red headed man, though, is a useless being as far as peddlers are concerned."

With this parting shot (the reporter's hair takes on a russet tinge at sunset) the ungrateful vender of rugs took his departure.—New York Press.

How College Graduates Succeed.

Of some 1,000 graduates from collegiate institutions, seventy-five only make for themselves a name and prominence in their calling. About 200, having business qualifications, become rich by their practice and by judicious investments. Four hundred abandon, in whole or in part, their profession for some more lucrative business; and the balance struggle with mediocre ability for a bare subsistence and a wearying effort to keep up an appearance before the people.—Pacific Record.

Photographs to Supplant Etchings.

In the opinion of some competent judges photograpic processes are to supplant etchings as a means of reproduction. This has already gone so far that in Paris several clever etchers have taken up work upon photogravure or similar plates, and in London the Print Sellers' association, which has formally recognized photogravures, despite the complaints of Professor Herkomer, reports a rapid increase in the sale of photographic prints.—New York Tribune.

Had His Wages Raised.

A well known showman, who once ran a newspaper in a Pennsylvania town, hired a big colored man to do chores about the office, and on one occasion he directed him to move a form from one place to another. The darky promptly put it on his head, and just as promptly his head went through, and there was a terrible mess of pi. To his employer he thus reported: "Boss, I done spilled that type, but I saved the frame."—The Journalist.

Story of Barbara Frietchie.

That modern tendency to iconoclasm, which has already destroyed the story of William Tell and the apple, and has vulgarized so many touching and pathetic legends of our childhood's days, is disposed to lay violent hands on Whittier's heroine, Barbara Frietchie, and to question not only the reality of the incident upon which the poem is founded, but the very existence of such a person as Barbara Frietchie.

Protesting that a poet is not bound by the same rules of veracity which circumscribe a historian, and that it would have been entirely legitimate for Whittier to have invented both his incident and his heroine, had he seen fit, it must be conceded that the weight of evidence is still in favor of the story as the poet told it. Last June The Chronicle contained a letter in reference to the matter, and a portrait of the genuine Barbara Frietchie, but the author of that letter was skeptical on the subject of the flag incident, for the reason that the old woman lived two or three blocks away from the main street of Frederick, and out of the direct line of march of Jackson's army. Our correspondent at that time gave some incidents in the life of Barbara Frietchie, which showed that the waving of an American flag in the faces of Stonewall Jackson and his troops might well have been expected from her, and that the only apparent difficulty was her not residing on the main street of Frederick.

But now comes Judge Jordan of Indianapolis, and says that Barbara Frietchie did live on the main street in Frederick, the street through which Gen. Jackson must have passed with his army; and further, that he had been told that a rebel soldier who now lives in Maryland had said that the incident made memorable by the poem did occur, and that he was a witness to it.

If it were worth while, there could doubtless be found many of Jackson's men who were on the march through Frederick, and who could verify Whittier's account in the main. Such an incident would not be easily or quickly forgotten, and is certainly susceptible of verification, even at this late day.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Story of Phil Sheridan.

Gen. Sheridan is a conspicuous figure anywhere. He would attract attention in any company. It is not surprising that he is a favorite guest at all social distinguished gatherings at the capital. There is hardly a great dinner given at which he is not present to lend the glitter of his successful name to the company. Gen. Vandever, of California, who was a distinguished soldier in the western army, once had an encounter with Sheridan, before the latter had achieved fame, which is worth relating. It was in the early days of the war. Sheridan was then a captain and chief quartermaster in Gen. Curtis' army, in Missouri. Sheridan was disgusted with his position, and was known as a great fault finder and a recalcitrant generally. Vandever was commander of a regiment and had been instructed by Curtis to move forward at daylight. He sent a messenger to Sheridan asking him for wagons to be used to carry the baggage on the march. Sheridan sent back word that he had no wagons to spare, and Vandever replied that if he did not send the wagons at once he would go and take them. Sheridan said, laughingly: "Well, there is no telling what these volunteer fellows won't do, so I guess I will send Vandever the wagons."

Sheridan did not look much like a hero in those days; he went about in an old buggy, drawn by a mule, unnoticed and unsuspected of possessing military qualities of the very highest order. His relations with Gen. Curtis were unpleasant, and he finally resigned, and was afterward assigned to recruit duty. While thus engaged he was sent to Detroit, where he was given command of a regiment of cavalry, which was soon sent to the front, and that gave him the opportunity to display his wonderful faculty for rapidity of action, skill in combination, and the power of making his men move as one man, inspired by enthusiasm to the highest degree of reckless bravery and daring.—Washington Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Fanned by a Punkah.

The punkah of India is a long, narrow fan, suspended by cords from the ceiling; attached to it is another cord which finds its way outside through a convenient hole in the wall or window frame. For the magnificent sum of three annas (six cents) the hopeful punkah-wallah sits outside and fills the room with soothing, sleep producing breezes for the space of a day or night by a constant see-sawing motion of the string.

Few Europeans are able to sleep at night or exist during the day without the punkah-wallah's services for at least nine months in the year. The slightest negligence on his part at night is sufficient to summon the sleeper instanter from the land of dreams to the stern reality that the dusky imp outside has himself dropped off to sleep. A pardonable imprecation, delivered in loud, threatening tones; or in the case of a person vengefully inclined, or once too often made a victim, a stealthy visit to the open door, a well aimed boot, and the pendulous punkah again swings to and fro, banishing the newly awakened prickly heat and fanning the recumbent figure on the charpoy with grateful breezes that quickly send him off to sleep again.—Thomas Stevens in Outing.

Hereditary Tradesmen in Japan.

The boys seen in nearly all the places of skilled labor suggests what is the fact, that apprentices begin to learn their trades usually much earlier than in our country, so that when majority is attained the mastery of the crafts is thorough. Another striking feature of the Japanese system is that of heredity. Skill runs in family lines. Not a few of the famous artisans of the present decade are descendants in the ninth, tenth and even twentieth generation of the founder of the establishment. I once employed a carpenter in Fukui, who was proud of his ancestry of wood workers through twenty-seven generations; and the temple records show such boasting to be true, though often adoption interrupts the actual blood line. At a papermaker's establishment in Awotabi, in Echizen, I dined with the proprietor, whose fathers first established the industry a millennium ago, the national history showing also that the Coreans, before the Ninth century of our era, visited the place.—Scribner's Magazine.

Uses of Paper.

There appears to be no limit to the uses to which paper can be put in science. The compressed blocks of it have even been used for the building of the sides of chimneys, the blocks being joined together by a silicious cement. Its use in the manufacture of a great number of articles to supply our domestic wants, including clothing even, is well known.—Chicago News.

SELLING BY PHOTO.

Bulky Samples Have Given Way to Photographs.

THE DECLINE OF THE DRUMMER'S GRIP.

Colored Presentments of Delicate Wares and Mechanisms.

The commercial tourist is being divorced from his traveling bags, or, to speak more tersely, the drummer is dropping his "grips." The only infallible mark of the drummer will now be the pockets which bulge with paper covered novels. The cause of the decline of the gripsack is the colored photograph. The bulky samples that the traveling man used to bear from place to place, and which were, so to speak, his badge of office, he has replaced with counterfeit presentments of the same.

Delicate, true, light and compact, these pictures, carried about in the pocket, can represent an immense quantity of goods in such a manner that there is no mistaking tint, quality, texture or size. They represent everything from machinery to bric-a-brac and from kitchen stoves to ladies' slippers. Those which need no coloring—like the stoves and machinery—are simply photographed in black and white. But the photographs are the very best of their kind, and set forth each part with a faithfulness that is remarkable. In the most intricate machinery every bit of belting, every wheel, cog, arm and elbow is most understandably produced from every point of view.

But the inviting albums are those which contain the colored photographs. These are used in particularly large quantities by the crockery and the furniture houses. The former find use for them because their wares are so fragile; the latter because they are so cumbersome. The pictures of the bric-a-brac and the fine china are wonderfully delicate, and it is a surprise to learn that the microscope is never used in the painting of them. The work is done entirely by young women. One photographer keeps eight or ten quite steadily employed. The work is taken to the houses of the artists, and done there as a usual thing. It requires much more art than the ordinary painter of photographs uses in putting a touch of carmine on the cheeks or a dash of azure on the eyes of a portrait. The painting of texture is several degrees above this, and this must be thoroughly understood. The soft satin wear, the Worcester and royal Dresden, the queen and Bohemian, the clays and porcelains, all have a very different finish, which must be preserved in the photograph if it is to be of any value. It needs not only accurate but strong eyes, a steady and delicate touch, and a most painstaking patience.

Young women are the very ones out of all the world in whom all of these qualities are combined, and that is the reason that this pretty toil is given them so universally.

But there is another reason—an old, familiar reason. A man could not make enough to keep him. The work must be done by girls who have homes. To be sure, one can make $2.50 a day at the coloring of the photographs of china or bric-a-brac, and now and then by working over hours and very steadily it might be possible to make $4. Such arduous work could hardly be repeated on two successive days, however. But, though this wage is not bad, it has the drawback of being fluctuating and unreliable. One week there may be quantities of work, the next week none at all.

One of the conditions of successful photograph painting of this fine nature is absolute silence. A positive concentration of the faculties is needed, and most of the girls who do the work have little studios where they can quietly work by themselves. Here, with big aprons protecting their dresses, their photographs set on a little inclined board before them, and their case of liquid paints close at hand, they patiently strain their young eyes over the almost infinitesimal figures which they are coloring. It is very confining, and no doubt the spasmodic demands are blessings in disguise, for continued application to it would be apt to tell seriously upon the nervous system.

The tinting of the photographs of furniture is simpler on the whole, although many wholesale houses have their furniture upholstered in cretonne before it is photographed. Cretonne, of course, admits of coloring, which plush does not.

The business is one which is likely to increase steadily and to extend to many branches of commerce which have not yet investigated it.

This fact has been recognized by the deaf mute school on the west side, and the art of coloring commercial photographs is among the industries in which the pupils are being instructed. The abnormal development of sight and touch which all deaf mutes possess makes them especially fitted for this work.

A woman who was one of the first to advise teaching artistic branches in this school said the other day: "No one who has not watched the development of these children can imagine what a difference the introduction of the light arts has made in their lives. They have gained in self-respect, as well as in enjoyment of life. Many of them had been regarded as little less than imbecile in their own homes, and some had been the recipients of all the cuffs and kicks that that an ill-natured household chose to bestow upon them. At the very best they were considered a great cross.

"In the school, after a thorough system of communication had been established, we instructed them in the common branches and then gave them an industrial course. The girls were taught dressmaking, the boys carpentering. But it seemed to us finally that we were making a mistake in putting them in competition with such a great number as overcrowd these trades. As an experiment, we put a teacher in modeling in the school. You can imagine nothing more touching than the scene the first morning we gave them the clay. They took to it as ducks do to water. There was nothing of the awkwardness in handling it which most children show at first. Why, they began making things of their own accord immediately, and some of the faces which had always been as blank as a wall previously were lit up with a sudden vivacity. It was the same with drawing, for which we engaged a teacher from the Art institute. From these experiments we gathered courage. We perceived that we could make engravers, designers, wood carvers, architects and decorators out of our poor unfortunate children, and in time we shall try to do all that."—Chicago Times.

Seeds of Great Age.

It has been claimed that the seeds taken from ancient Egyptian tombs are capable of growth, but proof of the claim is lacking. It has been demonstrated, however, that seeds of a very great age are still capable of development. Raspberries have been raised from the seed taken from the stomach of a man who was buried near the time of the Emperor Hadrian, and seeds taken from the foundations of one of the oldest houses in Paris germinated and proved to be the seeds of a plant indigenous to that soil.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A QUEER INCENDIARY SCHEME.

Using a Mouse, a Piece of Cheese and Some Matches to Start a Fire.

"I have a plan that will help us out. It is a last resort, and desperate, I know, but it is safe."

The speaker was a well dressed, fine looking man, apparently not older than 30. His cold, gray eyes, aquiline and rather prominent nose and heavy chin were the unmistakable indices of a calculating, bold and resolute character. He spoke to a man of at least 50 years, neat in appearance, but whose face betrayed anxiety and discouragement.

The words were spoken in a down town Broadway restaurant, near midnight, as the men described took seats at a table toward the rear of the room, in front of a mirror in which a reporter saw them. The newspaper man had lunched and was reading a novel. A partition concealed him from the strangers' vision.

"Well, what is it?" asked the older man, after drinks had been set before them.

"It is, as I said, a desperate scheme, but it will put us on our feet again. I do not see any other way for us to avoid a failure from which we cannot recover."

"What is the plan?"

"There is an insurance of $14,000 on the stock and building."

The speaker paused, but his companion did not speak. They eyed each other intently and the younger man continued in a subdued voice:

"We have stood by each other in hard times before this. You have paid for insurance policies for many years. If the store should happen to burn and there were no evidences the fire was not accidental, we would not have much difficulty in getting the $14,000, and we could start out anew in splendid shape. But accidental fires do not come when they ought, and"——

"I will not consent to any such thing as you are driving at."

"But think of it. You are on the verge of ruin. You need not do a thing to incur risk. Your part will be to keep silent, and not to interfere. Intrust the business wholly to me. On a certain night a small box would be placed in the cellar among the oils and paint stuffs, and where it would not be seen. You might be out of town. You would be summoned home to find the store in ashes or badly damaged. We could then meet our notes and have fair sailing."

"If the attempt should be detected we would be disgraced, even if we escaped state prison. I would rather assign than try your scheme."

"Put confidence in me," persuasively urged the younger man, "and you will be in no peril and you will not regret your trust."

"What would be in the box?"

"A mouse, a piece of cheese stuck nearly full of matches, the heads appearing, and some oil soaked combustibles. The mouse will not be able to gnaw out, and, getting hungry, will attack the cheese and ignite a match. The box will quickly be on fire and the flames will spread like a flash, and before the burning is discovered the box will have been consumed. Then there will be no evidence. The fire would get such a start the store would be very likely to go. It would undoubtedly burn the night the box was hidden."

"A novel idea," said the older man, evidently relenting, yet looking very grave; "we'll think it over well before we take such a step."

"It's perfectly safe, I tell you," rejoined the schemer. "You stay in New York a few days and let me go back and do the job. Then you will be safe from suspicion. I would not have mentioned it to you if I had not feared you might discover the box and give the thing away."

After a few minutes of silence the men drained their glasses and left the place.—New York Press.

An Incident of the War.

There's no more earnest Democrat in New York than Gen. Averill, the dashing trooper who raided up the valley with Sheridan and endeared himself to two generations of Virginians by the homesteads he saved from the torch. As he swings down Broadway to his office on a frosty morning, he is a soldier every inch of him, barring gray hairs. Gen. Averill was introduced to a young man named Rudd a day or two ago, and it reminded him of a curious incident in his military career. He was at West Point with a Jack Rudd, who afterward became a major in the Confederate army. On a raid into West Virginia some cavalrymen were about to pillage a farm which proved to be no other than Jack Rudd's. It was a tight little patch of arable land right under the mountains. As soon as Averill heard the name of his old classmate he set a guard over the place, and not a straw was touched.

That was in August, '63. Just a year afterward, at a noted mountain pass called Callahan's, just twelve miles from the White Sulphur springs, a Confederate prisoner was brought into Gen. Averill's headquarters, which were in the ambulance, where he slept and read dispatches. Captor and captive looked long and hard at each other, and knew each other once more as "Rudd" and "Averill." And, afterward, when a friendly nip had thawed out twelve years of absence and Averill had told Rudd how he saved his farm from being pillaged, Rudd exclaimed: "M ——, man! why, I came within an ace of shooting you dead! I was in ambush on the mountain side, and drew a bead on the officer who rode into my front gate, as I thought, to fire the house. I soon saw his kindly intentions though, and am now doubly thankful for what we both escaped."—New York Sun.

Testing Colored Candy.

To test candy with respect to poisonous colors one needs a few ounces of alcohol, about an ounce of bleaching powder in solution (hypochloride of calcium), a little white woolen yarn and a small bottle of aqua ammonia. See first whether the color can be dissolved out by alcohol. If it can, immerse the woolen yarn in the solution, and should the color adhere to the yarn and dye it, the probabilities are that it is a coal tar color; if a red, it may contain arsenic. If the alcohol produces no effect apply a drop of the bleaching powder solution to the surface of the sweetmeat. If the color fades out, it is probably of vegetable origin and harmless.—New York Tribune.

The Brain of a Murderer.

A professional murderer was lately executed in Moravia, and his brain was dissected and closely examined by Professor Moriz Benedict. The convolutions of the brain are, says the professor, closely resembling those found in beasts of prey—another proof of the theory that retrogression is as possible as progress with mankind.—Chicago News.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed a deacon, when his wife told him the Pilgrim church was on fire.—Paragrapher.

THE RUSSIAN BEAR.

Inferiority of the Muscovite as an Ally.

DEFENSIVE STRENGTH OF THE COUNTRY.

Risks of a Franco-Russian Alliance. A Military Point of View.

So much for France and her army; what is the Russian situation? It was not the French, but our deplorable military administration that beat us in the Crimea, say the Russian generals. And the scandals revealed during the Turco-Russian war of 1877-8 show that not much improvement in that quarter had been made in the 21 years which separate Sebastopol from Plevna. The czar is the sworn enemy of peculation and corruption, but, alone at the summit of the bureaucratic pyramid, Alexander cannot reach the legions of filibusters who swarm around its base. He may make examples of colonels and some of generals, but abuses continue in spite of imperial efforts at their suppression. It was ascertained very recently that in some of the cavalry regiments neither the men nor the horses received their proper rations; the guilty parties are meditating in the Oural over their misdemeanors, but there is no assurance and there can be none that, with the same maladministration, the imperial troops will not suffer from the same shortcomings of quartermasters and commissaries that disgraced the last campaign in Bulgaria. It is a woful pity, too, for otherwise Russia would be the first of all military powers. She has numbers and she has quality; her infantry soldier is unequaled; to the steadiness of the German and the dash of the Gaul he unites the sobriety of the Spaniard and the resignation of the Turk; he is enduring and he is ingenious; and to these splendid footmen Russia can add an indefatigable and innumerable cavalry, her sotnias of Cossacks, these centaurs of the steppes which, like the hordes of Attila, can inundate the territory of her enemies, although the thickly wooded and marshy frontiers of European Russia are less appropriate than is commonly imagined to the movements and deployment of mounted troops.

But Russian generals know not the value of their men. Many of them learned the practice of the art of war in Bulgaria. All are educated officers, bold and brave. Their officers are confident, and inspire confidence, and yet it must be admitted that neither Russian generals, nor Russian officers, nor the Russian staff possess the same cohesion, the same science or the same experience as those of Germany. And supposing them to be their equals, supposing an analogous unity of command, there would still always exist a double inferiority—that arising from defective administration and defective or insufficient means of concentration. This last point, given a general European war, is of capital importance, especially for Russia's eventual allies.

In France and in Germany the time necessary for the mobilization of 1,000,000 of men can be estimated to within four and twenty hours. In Russia that time is the unknown quantity of the redoubtable problem, and without that unknown quantity it is impossible to calculate the real value of Russian co-operation. How many days may be required or how many weeks or even months; how many hundred thousand soldiers can be mustered in the first line, how many in the second, how many in reserve, nobody can answer, for nobody knows how to answer, and only one thing is absolutely certain, and this the Russian newspapers confess, Russia's mobilization must be incomparably and vastly slower than that of either of her neighbors. Nor could it be otherwise, with distance infinitely greater, with railways less numerous, less well appointed and managed, of which the majority have only a single track, and very few have special platforms for the embarkation and landing of horses, troops and material. These disadvantages cannot be contested, and they alone are sufficient to explain why, in provision of events, the imperial government should have taken those precautions along the frontiers which have so exercised the susceptibilities of Austria-Hungary.

This undeniable inferiority of Russia is especially dangerous to her future allies. At home Russia is safe; she may be invaded, as she was by Charles VII and by Napoleon, but Russia's invaders generally fare badly, and to get out of her vast territory is easier than to get into it, and what would be the fate of a western ally not prudent enough to adjourn its action until Russian mobilization be entirely completed? True. Russia's enemies will scarcely allow her allies to select their moment.

In a Franco-Russian alliance the risks are not equally shared by both powers. Russia can bide her time, but France must bear all the brunt from the outset. The gain of the first battle would bring the Germans into the heart of Champagne; with a second victory they might surge on to Paris, while the northern colossus would scarcely feel the blows received by her provinces of Lithuania, Esthonia and Poland. Every invasion of Russia has always ended in disaster to the enemy; every invasion of France has been successful. Perhaps railways may have deprived Russia of that invulnerability which was secured to her in former days by distances, and, perhaps, with a railroad at his disposal, Napoleon might not have been forced to evacuate Moscow. But there is something about Russia which cannot be seized upon. She is, as one might say, a species of inorganic being without either heart or head at which a fatal blow could be dealt. She is not possessed of one capital of which the capture would conquer a peace, and with her climate campaigns cannot be indefinitely prolonged. Supposing the czar's armies to be always defeated, the victor would be troubled in gleaning the fruits of his triumphs. And to what point must an enemy advance before he can force Russia to ask for terms? Russia has a power of resistance resulting from her size and from her structure, but this power of resistance cannot be communicated to her allies. The czar may continue his struggle on the banks of the Don and the Volga for months after any western ally has been obliged to cry enough.

Spite of her millions of soldiers, Russia's strength is, above all, defensive. Her advantages, which in the course of another century must make her the mistress of Europe, is in her mass, but in that mass, the cause of her great superiority in the defense of her soil, is an obstacle to offense. And so it has been proved by the last great war in which Russia took part, when three campaigns were needed to crush the Turks in Armenia and Bulgaria. Without any doubt, united France and Russia, well commanded, could hold their own against all the rest of Europe; but Frace, by her situation, would be the most exposed, because she is the most vulnerable. She must face an enemy on every side, on every frontier, on sea and on land, in Europe and in Africa, and without any certainty that her distant ally would have time or means to come to her assistance. From a military point of view, all the advantages of a Franco-Russian alliance will be for Russia; all the dangers would be for France.—Paris Cor. New York Times.

Secrets of the Dressmaker.

"I assure you no one learns dressmaking for fun. Sometimes ladies learn it in order to understand better the fitting of their own gowns, but one usually learns because she expects to make a living by the trade."

The speaker was a fashionable uptown modiste, and she was telling a reporter some of the secrets of her profession. About the room were seated a number of quiet, neat looking girls, all sewing.

"Are there any schools where dressmaking is taught?" was asked.

"I never heard of any. When a girl desires to learn the business, she usually goes as an apprentice, as at any other trade."

"How long does it take to learn the trade?"

"That greatly depends upon the student. Usually a girl should master the trade in one season. A good dressmaker should have a quick eye for form and color. She should be something of an artist in addition to having mere mechanical skill. Most women know something about sewing, and have little difficulty, but when it comes to fitting, trimming and finishing dresses, where real taste and judgment are required, the novice is almost helpless."

"What can a dressmaker earn after she has learned the trade?"

"It all depends upon her skill and ability. If she is smart she can get $2.50 a day, but she may not get more than $1.50. That is after she has taken lessons for one season. Forewomen who superintend the work earn about $25 a week. They are women of long experience in the trade. So far as dressmaking at home is concerned, the paper patterns have simplified matters a great deal. Male dressmakers earn from $3 to $6 a week more than women at the same business. Men are better than women at making waists, which are in some particulars like the coat you wear, but I never yet saw a man who could drape a skirt properly."—New York Mail and Express.

Balloons for Military Use.

Balloons for military service in the Italian campaign in Abyssinia have been constructed at Paris, and were experimented with upon the Champs de Mars recently. A great many scientists and military men were present, among them the Duke de Leuchtenberg and Gen. Federoff—who will, no doubt, have opportunity for using similar balloons in central Asia—and the manager of the balloon brigade of the Italian army, Count Pecori. Each balloon inflated contains 250 to 300 cubic meters of gas, and can be folded up to fill only one cubic meter. Thus folded, it is placed in a box of a wagon, which holds the windlass with the cable to which the balloon will be attached. The cable has a length of 150 to 350 yards. Attached to the balloon wagon is another wagon containing the hydrogen gas for inflating the balloon.

Water being scarce in Abyssinia, the gas will be prepared in Naples and transported in tubes of about eight feet in length and five inches in circumference, in which it will be compressed by a force of 135 atmospheres. Each wagon will carry forty tubes, to be discharged into the balloon at the place where it shall ascend. The cable holding the balloon captive is supplied with two telephone threads by which the aeronaut can communicate his observations to the men on the ground. Several trial ascents made proved entirely satisfactory.—Foreign Letter.

Drinking Russian Tea.

A fine looking gentleman holding a whispered conference with a restaurant waiter attracted the attention of a neighbor at the same table the other day. With the gentleman's dinner the waiter brought to him a cup of tea and half a lemon. The gentleman squeezed the lemon juice into his tea and followed it with three lumps of sugar. "Do you drink that because you like it," asked the neighbor, "or because you have to?" "It is Russian tea," was the answer. "I began drinking it because my doctor, who is a Russian, recommended it, and now I have become as much a slave to it as a drunkard is to liquor. I was ill last spring. The doctor would not let me have champagne when I was getting well and I would not drink water. I take the Russian tea three times a day with my meals, and after supper I have it brought to my room. I drink from six to twelve cups of it during the evening. I have gained fifty pounds since I began drinking it, but it is a dangerous drink," he said, buttoning his overcoat up close. "It opens all the pores, and I am tingling from finger to toe. I should catch cold now very easily, but it is the best thing with which to throw off a cold if you take it at night."—New York Sun.

Craze Among Chicago Boys.

The latest craze among the boys in some parts of the city, particularly in Hyde park, is to make collections of the names of sleeping cars. The weather is rather unpleasant for standing out watching trains go by, but all of the boys who are in the contest in earnest have no difficulty in finding places to sit in comfort, where passing trains may be seen. If necessary a boy in pursuit of an object as instructive and valuable to him as this would build a house on purpose and put an old stove in it and agree not to burn down more than $10,000 worth of property at one time. Sleeping cars, by the way, are fearfully and wonderfully named. There is an impression abroad that these cars were named by the various men who have risen from the sleeping car employ to a residence in the Illinois penitentiary, and that they selected such wonderful names out of a feeling of sentiment toward society. For horrible example: Octorara, Oecheyedan, Kiskiminetas, Ishgonish, Pen-twyn, Petitcodiac, Syosset, Twohig, Wakarusa, Wegree, Winconisco, Apopka, Escatawpa, Eutobicoke, Gnadenhutten, Rusiagonish and Tiadaghton.—Chicago Herald.

The Old Time Hams.

Judge Samuel Lumpkin lately sent to the writer a half dozen from his private smokehouse, of the vintage of 1884, that are simply poems in ashes. Any self respecting pig would have died gladly to have been so idealized. In these hams you catch the flavor of the smoke of the half smothered oak chips above which they drifted with the seasons into perfection. And the red gravy (excuse these drooling lips), clear, consistent, flavorous—it is such gravy as you used to find on your mother's table when you came home from a long day's hunt in the December wind. I had rather have a smoke house with its loamy floor, its darkened rafters, its red pepper pods, its festoons of sausage odorous of sage and 100 such hams suspended between earth and roof, like small Mahomets, than a cellar of dust begrimed bottles of Madeira of 1823. Has the art of curing hams in the Georgia smoke house become a lost one? Shall red gravy go, with Tyrian purple, into the realms of the impossible?—Atlanta Constitution.

IN NEW GUINEA.

Customs of Victoria's Cannibal Subjects.

WORK OF THE ENGLISH MISSIONARIES.

Houses in High Trees.—The Sago Industry.—Birds of Paradise.

And now what is the character of this land which, after so many abortive attempts, has at last come to the birth of annexation? Along the coast of a considerable part of it missionaries have been established for some seventeen years now. There are three English missionaries and many Polynesian converts who act as teachers and preachers. And, whatever opinion may be held of the work of missionaries in general, there are no two opinions held by those who know the place about the good that has been done by those New Guinea men.

Their aim has not been to add a number of baptisms to their record, as savages hang scalps to their girdle for an evidence of their success; nor have they measured the Christianity of their converts by the amount of clothing which they wear. But they have instilled confidence in the goodness of human nature where there was none before; they have taught the advantages of peace and industry where before there was only unceasing bloodshed and warfare.

Thus a tolerably accurate knowledge has been gained of the habits of such of the natives as inhabit the southern coast line. But of the many thousands who live in the interior very little has been discovered.

Among such of the natives as have been visited, one of the most peculiar characteristics is the inaccessible position in which they frequently place their houses. This, no doubt, is the direct outcome of the state of constant intertribal warfare in which they have so long existed, and which even now is not altogether stamped out. Some of their houses are built in high trees up on the narrowest and most inaccessible ridges of the mountains. To these bamboo ladders are the only means of approach, and vines are often cultivated to run up the ladders to give them strength and make the ascent and descent easier. Other tribes—and there are many of those living along the coast—build their villages some distance out at sea, on piles of mangrove wood, standing eight or ten feet out of the water. There are villages of this kind built altogether away from the shore, in the shallow waters of the southern coast, containing as many as 400 or 500 people and perhaps forty or fifty houses.

It is commonly said, and no doubt is often the case, that savages eat their vanquished foes in faith that by so doing they inherit from them their noblest qualities; but it appears to be peculiar to the New Guinea natives to eat their kindred as a token of affection. A New Guinea boy was seized and half eaten by one of the many crocodiles that prey upon the coasts of the island. His sorrowing parents slew the offending monster, and rescuing the half of their beloved son which was still uneaten, they greedily devoured it in their grief. When their kindred die they hang them up, or lay them on a framework of bamboos, for the sun to cleanse the bones of flesh. While this is going on they keep watch near the corpse, and at intervals, when their grief becomes too much for them, they visit it and smear their bodies all over with the juices that are dropping from the dead body. When decay has done its work the bones are cleaned, and some of them are buried, while others are worn as ornaments by the survivors, and the skulls decorate their houses. In other tribes the bodies are buried in a sitting posture up to the neck, and a vessel is placed over the head. In these cases the skull alone is preserved for ornament, the rest of the body being left beneath the soil.

But though so barbarous in some of their habits, the natives of this place are far superior to those of Australia in most ways. Many of them cultivate plants for food. Some of them make pottery which they exchange for sago with those situated in more fertile districts than themselves. Others devote all their time to catching fish, and these, too, they barter for cocoanuts or yams or bananas, while most are clever at fashioning and carving weapons of offense and shields, and many can make a tolerable kind of cloth from the bark of trees, good canoes or serviceable bows and arrows.

The sago industry, especially, is a valuable one. So much food can be produced with so little labor, and the tree grows well and abundantly in New Guinea. The method of obtaining the sago is to cut down the tree and remove a slice of bark from the upper surface of the felled trunk. The inner wood of the tree, which is throughout a kind of pith, is then pounded down with rough instruments made for the purpose into the trough formed by the firm outer bark of the tree.

As this pith is pounded down it is taken out in vessels formed of the sheathing leaves of the sago palm and carried to another trough near by, formed, like the first, of the bark of another sago palm. Here it is pressed through a rough sieve, formed again of fibers from the sago palm, into water, where the starchy part dissolves and settles in the bottom as a sediment. This sediment, though not the granulated sago of commerce, is the form in which the natives eat the food, and it makes excellent cakes or mush.

Another well known production of New Guinea is the bird of paradise, the most beautiful and gorgeous perhaps, except the peacock, of all known birds. There are many different kinds of them, but all are beautiful to the eye, though the noises that they make are somewhat trying to the ear. They are very shy and difficult to obtain, but by caution, cleverness and exceeding great patience the natives succeed in killing them in snares or with blunted arrows, so as not to injure their plumage.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

A bill is to be introduced in Parliament to limit the personal caricatures of the royal family in comic papers.

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16 .....1891.

The cradle in which McKinley was rocked, with new American tin plate rockers on it, is being carried all over Ohio as a political "argument". And the grand old party claims a monopoly of all the morality and four-fifths of the intelligence of the country.

The lot which the United States government has agreed to purchase for a postoffice site in San Francisco at the genteel figure of $1,040,000, was assessed this year at $189,295, including improvements. That was either a very low assessment or the United States government has been cinched to an abominable extent by the boodlers who have its ear in this matter.

The Irish National League got through its business at Chicago in a creditable fashion. There were a number of delicate and exciting questions to be disposed of, and the gathering was cleverly steered clear of dangerous dissensions. Consummate parliamentary skill was exhibited in getting rid of the "Donnelly supplement." The League showed that it had much more the interests of Ireland at heart than the personal triumph of any leader.

It looks as if Prince Albert Victor has really been causelessly suspected of having had any thing to do with driving Lydia Manton, the actress, to suicide. Lord Charles Montague is the guilty party The prospective king of England, however, has made for himself so profligate a reputation that the public is ready to believe anything vile of him. The royal and blue-blooded rakes of England are living in the wrong age to practice their indecencies with impunity.

The new tax on importations of tin plate went into effect on the 1st of July. Before that time the stock of plate on hand was increased 300,000,000 pounds. It was supposed that so enormous a stock on hand and the duty raised to 2 2 cents per pound, besides the promised starting of tin plate mills all over the country, would have the effect to stop importation. But we find that the importations for the month of July, notwithstanding the increased duty, amounted to 12,561,141 pounds. By this fine piece of legislation the people of the United States have had the tax item in tin plate doubled on this enormous stock and the importations that continue. It is now estimated that the taxes on this article will reach from fifteen to twenty million dollars a year In the meantime the tin-plate liars will continue to delude the country, and to claim that the occasional manufacture of enough tin-plate to make a few toy dishes and Republican badges represents the wonderful growth of a new industry, thanks to the McKinley humbug. Verily the people of this country are well handled in the interest of monopolies and to the multiplication of millionaires made so directly from the pockets of the producers and consumers.

The death of Parnell puts a sudden and untimely end to a career of remarkble brilliancy. Though the great parliamentarian passed the last year of his life under a cloud of misfortune, no degree of failure or discomfiture can efface the memory of his distinguished services in behalf of Ireland. Seldom has there been an example of such tact and judgment in public life as the late leader for years exhibited in the British Parliament. He won his way to prominence by dint of his own merits and despite a host of disadvantages. Through his masterly ability as a tactician the Irish members were organized into an effective parliamentary force, either for aggressive action or for construction. It was Parnell who made the aspiration of home rule, which for generations had been nothing more than a hope, a bright prospect for the Irish people. Nothing can delay for more than a few years a reasonable measure of self-government for Ireland. It is a pity that anything occurred to dim the lustre of Parnell's career, or to weaken the esteem in which he was held by the Irish people and the Liberal party in England. But his errors will henceforth be regarded with charity. His services to his country far outweigh whatever mischief may have been done through his indiscretions and his desperate effort to retain the leadership of the Nationalists, at a time when it was the part of wisdom to withdraw for a season from active participation in public affairs

AND NOW SHE IS COMFORTABLE.

Devices of a Typewriter Girl for Making Life Better Worth Living.

She is a brisk little typewriter in a down town office. Her hours are long and she is far from strong, yet she seems to stand her work much better than many more robust girls. The other day a woman asked her how she managed to keep so rosy and cheerful.

"Why, I think," she said, "the secret of it is that I humor my little wants. I keep a regular storeroom of things in the office to coddle myself with. I find it is the trifles of life that tell on me, so I am particularly careful about trifles. If it is winter time, I keep a soft woolen cape to throw about my shoulders if I feel chilly. I wear thick soled, common sense shoes in the street, but it takes too much vitality to wear them in the house all day, so I change them for slippers as soon as I reach my desk. I never take cold, for I am used to the change. If it is summer, I keep a comfortable house waist to wear at my work instead of a tight fitting sack.

"I like to wear a nice dress, and I dislike to see the elbows look threadbare, so I wear some black silk sleeves that reach to the elbows. A black alpaca apron protects the front of my gown.

"I am never worried if a sudden storm comes up, for it cannot take me unprepared. I always keep a rubber cloak, umbrella and rubbers on hand. It doesn't cost a great deal to buy the two sets, and I can't express the peace of mind it gives to have them ready.

"For toilet purposes I have a couple of clean towels, comb, soap, nailbrush, little mirror and a whisk broom. Besides these, I have a bottle of witch hazel and a pot of vaseline for an accident.

"One is always liable to tear or rip one's clothes, so I keep a little basket with thimble, needle and several colors of thread, if I want to take a 'stitch in time,' and so save taking nine at home at night.

"There is one thing more, and don't you laugh at it. I have a wee alcohol lamp and a jar of beef extract. I get faint sometimes in the middle of the forenoon, and then it takes only a minute to make a cup of hot beef tea, and I am fresh and ready for work again."

"But where do you keep all these things—the work basket and the beef extract and the looking glass?" asked the woman.

"There is a little closet in the office where I hang my coat and hat. I bought two iron brackets and coaxed the office boy to put up a shelf for me. I hung my mirror on the inside of the door, put my traps on the shelf, and am 'as snug as a bug in a rug.' The closet is just big enough to hold a chair for me to sit on while I take off or put on my shoes. There was only a little forethought needed, and now I am altogether comfortable," the little typewriter added as she waved her parasol at a down town car.—Chicago Tribune.

Malay Monkeys.

I only once saw a specimen of the siamang in captivity, at the house of a Malay chief at Sirdang. It was about three feet high, but the stretch of its arms was over five feet. A sad looking, depressed creature it seemed as it moved awkwardly about the floor, tripping itself up with its own arms; but once among the rafters of the roof it moved with the agility of a spider. Of its gigantic relative, the orang-utan, I am able to give but few particulars.

But I may at least observe that it is rather ludicrous to any one who has a smattering of the Malay tongue to see him so frequently styled orang-utang, which signifies literally "a man in debt," utang being in Malay "debt," while "utan" is "forest" or jungle. But I always found this name incomprehensible to the Deli Malays, whose name for the animal is "mowas." The Sumatran species appears to be totally different in its habits from that of Borneo, which approaches human dwellings, and even plunders gardens. In Deli, at all events, it inhabits only the densest rattan swamps, of such a nature that any attempt at observation of its habits would be impossible, and it makes off instantly at the approach of man.—Chambers' Journal.

Auk Remains on the Funk Islands.

While studying the cod fisheries off the Newfoundland coast, opportunity was taken to visit Funk islands. Here were discovered the remains of that lost bird, the great auk. The delights of the ornithologist who first grubbed up the skeletons and the eggs of defunct auks on Funk islands could have been equaled only by that of the miners who find a bonanza.

No bird, perhaps no animal, held a more important relation in this respect to the early American fisheries than the great auk. Indiscriminately slaughtered by thousands, it made an important addition to the fisherman's larder, until at last it yielded to the rapacious and destructive agencies it was not fitted to withstand, and a most interesting species was totally wiped out of existence. All that remains today in America of a once immensely abundant gigantic sea fowl is its burial place and a few specimens of the eggs and mounted skins naturalists obtained before its annihilation. —New York Times.

A Lake Is a Sort of Furnace.

A lake has a wonderfully tempering effect on the climate. Thus, according to M. Forel, the quantity of heat accumulated in the Lake of Geneva during the summer of 1889 was equal to that given off by the combustion of 31,000,000 tons of coal, or the amount carried by a coal train 1,120 miles in length. The greater part of the heat is discharged into the air of the valley during the cold season, thus producing a milder temperature in autumn and winter.—New York Journal.

A Mystery About Bluefish.

Although the bluefish is familiar to everybody, exactly where Pomatomus saltatrix comes from or where he is born few know about. He has the widest kind of a distribution, for Professor G. Brown Goode tells us bluefish are found in the Malay archipelago, Australia, Cape of Good Hope, in the Mediterranean, and ranges along our coast from Brazil to Nova Scotia, but no one has yet established the facts as to its places of reproduction, or is it known where bluefish spawn.—New York Times.

Don't Know, Can't Say.

Horace—Will you be my wife?

Minnie—I can't say.

Horace—Don't you know your own mind?

Minnie—Yes, but I don't know what you think of diamonds.—Jewelers' Circular.

How Sure It Was.

Hank Yates was a born horse trader. His father and his mother's father were horse traders, too, and spent almost as much time riding over the Illinois prairies to get or to make bargains in horseflesh as in attending to their corn and pig raising on their farms. Hank had traded horses from the time he was ten years old, when his grandfather bought him a Texas mustang from a herd.

Hank swapped the mustang within twenty-four hours for a Kentucky colt, which he traded to his father for a coveted mare, whose next colt he sold to his grandfather at an advance of seventy-five dollars over the price of the mustang.

Hank was only nineteen years old when he begin his attentions to Lizzie Dodd in the next county, and scarcely twenty when he rode over on a fine young horse to ask her to marry him.

They were sitting out in front of the house in the starlight, and Hank was getting on well with what he had to say, when he saw Lizzie's father critically examining his horse hitched down at the front gate.

"I think everything in the world of you, Lizzie," Hank was saying. "That's as sure as——"

But then he saw her father feeling of his horse's feet and the instinct of the horse trader mingled with the spirit of his wooing, and he sprang to his feet and yelled. "That's as sure as that bay gelding of mine is worth forty dollars more than them little gray mares of yourn both put together!"—Youth's Companion.

Driver Ants.

There are certain ants that show wonderful intelligence, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them, too, only these boats are formed of their own bodies. They are called "drivers" because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the attacks of these little creatures. Large pythons have been killed by them in a single night, while chickens, lizards and other animals in western Africa flee from them in terror. To protect themselves from the heat they erect arches, under which numerous armies of them pass in safety. Sometimes the arch is made of grass and earth gummed together by some secretion, and again it is formed by the bodies of the larger ants, which hold themselves together by their strong nippers, while the workers pass under them.

At certain times of the year freshets overflow the country inhabited by the "drivers," and it is then that these ants go to sea. The rain comes suddenly, and the walls of their houses are broken in by the flood, but instead of coming to the surface in scattered hundreds and being swept off to destruction, out of the ruins rises a black ball that rides safely on the water and drifts away. At the first warning of danger the little creatures run together and form a solid ball of ants, the weaker in the center. Often this ball is larger than a common baseball, and in this way they float about until they lodge against some tree, upon the branches of which they are soon safe and sound.—St. Nicholas.

Making Wood Incombustible.

The weight of testimony, thus far, in regard to the various methods proposed for rendering wood incombustible, or nonalterable by heat, appears to be against the claim that a building encumbered with inflammable substances can pass through such a test uninjured. It is known that the methods resorted to for preserving wood against fire are principally two, viz., the injections of saline solutions and the application of a paint or coating. The former has been found practically ineffective, and has even been pronounced by some as of dangerous tendency in the case of wood of large dimensions, though the treatment may be applicable to pieces of wood of small size.

It is remarked that of all the various substances which have been brought forward for this purpose, the concentrated solution of phosphate of ammonia has proved the most valuable, the use of this substance, in fact, notwithstanding its high cost, possessing such peculiar advantages as to have recommended its employment in all cases where the matter of expense is not important.

In the majority of cases coating with a brush is the really practical solution of this question, and, according to Professors Bondin and Denny, of Ghent, the substance most suitable for use in this manner is the cyanide of potassium and asbestos paint.—New York Sun.

There Are No Storks in England.

England is beyond the ordinary range of the stork, though hardly a year passes without one or two being seen on the east coast and generally, alas! shot. Unlike the bittern and ruff, it was no more common before the fens and swamps of Cambridge and Lincolnshire were drained than it is at the present day. "Mine honored friend, Sir Thomas Brown, of Norwich," wrote Willughby, 200 years ago, "says that it is but rarely seen on our coasts." There is, we believe, no record of its nesting in England, and the impossibility of protecting a migratory bird precludes the hope of its being introduced into the country.—Chambers' Journal.

Ancient Milling.

For ages various cereals used in bread-making were ground with very uncouth contrivances hardly deserving the name of mill, as we understand it. They consisted of two portable circular stones, the upper being the smaller and turned upon the lower and concave one by means of an iron or wooden handle, the grain being placed between them. These stones were usually obtained from a quarry in the vicinity of Babylon, from which sufficient were taken to supply all the eastern countries.

The grinding was usually performed by two females, who sat opposite each other with the millstones placed between them, the upper stone being kept in motion by the hands of the operators. Very often this tedious work was assigned to prisoners, who considered it a most degrading task. This fact is recorded in Holy Writ, in whith we are told that Samson "did grind in the prison house of the Philistines," and Jeremiah bewails the fact that the Babylonians "took our young men to grind."—Detroit Free Press.

Belgian railway officials, after three years of investigation, report that under ordinary circumstances the average railway train in passing over one mile of track wears from it two and one-fifth pounds. This natural destruction of track amounts for the whole world to about 1,830,000 pounds daily.

MEN BUY TROUSSEAUS.

IN MEXICO BRIDEGROOMS SELECT THE WEDDING OUTFIT.

A Curious Custom That Must Be Both Amusing and Provoking—Americans in the City of Mexico and What They May See There—Houses of Some.

Senor Manuel del Rosaros is a gay cavalier from Mexico city who has made several visits to New York.

"But how is it you come here in the summer, senor?" he was asked.

"Business, sir, business. My uncle is about to get married. Great boy, my uncle. Only about the same age as myself. I shall get married, too, but not yet for some years. Well, my uncle wants some things, you know, for the marriage, and he sent me north to buy him a regular trousseau. I am buying it, and having a good time."

"But we do not say trousseau when referring to men's wedding garments; we only"——

"I know, I know," he rapidly interrupted. "I speak English very well now, thank you. It is you who do not know. My uncle sent me, not to buy things for himself, but for his bride. Trousseau is therefore right, is it not? It is you who do not know. Our custom in Mexico is for the young man to buy the trousseau, therefore I am here in the summer.

A DARING YOUNG MAN.

"So the bridegroom has to buy all the wedding toggery?"

"He is supposed to do so, but it is not always permitted. Sometimes the bride's parents only allow him to purchase the slippers, the fan and things of that sort, and on those occasions the young man tries to the utmost to show his liberality by the most lavish expenditure possible. There was a young man from Boston, though, took unto himself a Mexican wife, and he determined to outdo everybody. He was a real Yankee prince. He had his future wife's measurements down to dots, as you say, and purchased thousands of dollars worth of wedding finery. Nothing so splendid in the shape of a wedding was ever seen with us before. Among other things he bought a barouche and four splendid horses (that is what I am going to purchase in New York for my uncle).

"The newly wedded pair drove off in this barouche amid cheers and music and great rejoicing. They had a journey of 150 miles to make to the young fellow's plantation. On the way the new barouche broke down, and the loving pair had to ride the carriage horses something like fifty miles without saddles."

"Are there no good horses in Mexico?"

"Yes; but for style we get our carriage horses here, and carriages also. Black teams are the favorite, or dark bays with black points. The president drives four spotted horses on state occasions, just as the viceroy used to. There used to be a law in Mexico providing that no one except the viceroy should drive spotted horses. I don't know whether it is still a law or not.

"During the times when we had a viceroy—and they all clung tenaciously to this exclusive use of spotted horses—a wealthy young fellow made a bet that he would drive a spotted double team through the public streets in defiance of this law. He was readily taken up to the tune of $20,000, and he won the bet. He procured the horses, and as he drove through the streets the soldiers presented arms and all the honors due to the viceroy were paid to the young man.

"The viceroy came out on the veranda of his palace to learn the cause of the wild acclaim. When he learned it he was furious. But the young fellow drove right into the palace yard, and when his excellency stepped down to expostulate with him he said that he had brought the turnout as a present. The gift was accepted perforce and the bet was won. The turnout cost $3,000—a clear gain of $17,000."

AMERICANS IN MEXICO.

"Do many Americans visit Mexico city now?"

"More and more every year, and they enter eagerly into our society, and several of them, wealthy people, have enjoyed it so much that they have built residences near the city. An American has leased one of the most historical houses we have and at the same time dealt a blow to popular superstition—our people are very superstitious—for the house has long been supposed to be haunted. It is the great stone house which tourists pass on their way to the Central or Vera Cruz stations. A most gloomy house, with windows closed and walled up, no wonder that people come to regard it as in some way accursed. The Emperor Maximilian, a generous sort of monarch, took a fancy to the house, owned at that time by Senora Dona Victoria Rui de Perez Galvez, and bought it, and the house was transferred to Marshal Bazaine when that officer married a lovely Mexican woman, as a wedding gift from Maximilian and the Empress Carlotta. Marshal Bazaine and his bride went to live in the house, and there daily paced in front of it guards of Mexican, French and Austrian nationalities.

"In those days the huge garden to the rear of the house, extending almost across to the Paseo de la Reforma, was kept in a fine state of cultivation. When Bazaine left the city with his troops, going back to France and to a career which was to end in exile and in sorrow, the house was left without inhabitants, and so it has remained ever since that day, about a quarter of a century ago. When Juarez, the iron handed president, entered the city to resume republican rule, he confiscated the Bazaine mansion, and later on, it was bought by the Iturbide family, the largest real estate owners there—the Astors of the City of Mexico."—New York Advertiser.

The use of oil to smooth the sea in rough weather has been applied to a life buoy. Valves are opened automatically, releasing the oil gradually and preventing the heavy waves from breaking over the buoy and suffocating the person in it.

Impervious to Cold.

A professor of the Paris Academy de Sciences has been making experiments, which have resulted in convincing him that the rabbit is, of all living things, the most capable of withstanding a very low temperature. Inclosed all night in a block of ice, a rabbit was found next day getting on very comfortably and evidently not aware of anything very peculiar in his circumstances.—New York Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
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NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John A. Hannah deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 26th day of October, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the town of Independence in the County of Inyo, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John A. Hannah, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. L. Hunter for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration with the will annexed thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.

P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated Sept. 25th, 1891.

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF

D. E. No. 571.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL. September 9, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Maggie S. Conklin, of Independence, Inyo Co., California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim, No. 571, for the N W ¼ of S W ¼ Sec. 14, Tp. 11 S., R. 34 E., M. D. M., before the Register and Receiver at Independence, Calif., on Thursday, the 22d day of October, 1891.

She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Joseph Seeley, Michael McSweeney, James Hines and Norman E. Conklin, all of Independence, Inyo County, Cal f.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo, Inyo county, Cal.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of August, 1891, an assessment (No. 14) of Ten (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of October 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 23rd day of October, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.

D E No. 513.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL. Sept. 3d, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis A. Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No 513, for the E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of section No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M D M, before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G Singer, W. Sanger, A. P. Smith and M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.

C. W. CRAIG Register.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGANACIA ABE HUCO.
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer with out cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
55 and 57 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98.
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20.40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m. Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach on Sunday at Camp Independence, 10 o'clock a. m.; Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; Lone Pine 7:00 p. m.

MARRIED.

ANTON—JOHNSON—At Lone Pine, October 11th, by Rev. H. J. Winsor, John C. Anton and Cordelia M. Johnson.

INMAN—VAN FLEET—At Bishop, Cal., October 7th, Claude C. Inman and Ella M. Van Fleet.

Thermometer stood at 82° to-day.

Alfalfa hay is selling in the stack for $3 per ton.

Inyo Lodge No. 221, F. and A. M, meets to-morrow evening.

F. Fitzgerald and family have returned to Modock.

Fin. Bedford is erecting a new residence on a lot owned by him in Robinson's Addition.

Mrs. A. R. Conklin and Miss M. S. Conklin have been visiting in town during the week.

Mrs. John Barnes returned to Keeler on Monday after a week's pleasant visit at Independence.

Miss Allie Zink returned home on Tuesday's train from Santa Paula, coming by way of Mojave.

Under-Sheriff Holland visited Keeler last Monday on business connected with the post-office there.

Receiver Clark of the local Land Office, accompanied by his family, went to Bishop last Tuesday on a short visit.

Ben. Williams has been visiting at Independence for a week past. He expects to return to Modock in a few days.

The company's big team is kept constantly busy hauling ore from the Newtown mine at Cerro Gordo to Keeler.

The Los Angeles fair begins next Monday. It will be the greatest race meeting yet held in Southern California.

A telegram received from San Francisco this morning states that P. H. Mack and family will arrive on Monday evening.

Because of painting and repairing there will be no religious services in the M. E. church at Independence Sunday evening.

The fair Directors will meet in the Secretary's office at Independence to-morrow for the purpose of settling up business matters pertaining to the late fair.

Jerry Mairs, accompanied by his nephew Norman Mairs, started for Los Angeles last Sunday via Mojave. The latter will remain there and attend public school.

W. C. Boutelle, United States Postoffice Inspector, visited Independence on Wednesday. He reports the local office as being conducted in a highly creditable manner.

The various cattle owners are expected to arrive with their stock from Long Valley in a few days. There is plenty of feed on the flats and range cattle should winter in good shape.

John Black of Bishop, who gave the information upon which Baxter was convicted of selling whisky to an Indian, has notified the Sheriff that he will not accept the reward offered.

J. W. Murphy is straightening out the old iron formerly used for lining the jail that was burned. It will be shipped to Bishop and used on the interior of the branch jail there.

Superior Judge Geo. M. Gill is expected to return to Independence within the next ten days. A surgical operation was performed upon him but with what result is not yet known.

Rev. Father Bannon will celebrate mass in the school house at Bishop on Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. He has purchased a property in Lone Pine and expects to establish a Catholic church there.

T. C. Boland of Keeler started for San Francisco last Saturday to attend the convocation of the Grand Lodge, F. & A. M., as representative of the local lodge. He is expected to return in a few days.

The borax works in Saline Valley is probably the best paying business in Inyo county to-day. Three teams are kept constantly busy hauling to the railroad and work could be found for more yet. The product finds a ready sale in the markets.

Reports from Nevada show that the price of stock cattle is constantly increasing. At a recent round-up a large band of common range cattle was sold for fifteen dollars a head. This is an increase of 33 per cent in the last two years.

Constable Drake came down from Bishop on Wednesday, having in charge W. H. Sherman, who plead guilty to a charge of selling whisky to an Indian and was sentenced to a fine of $100 or 100 days in the county jail. Information was laid by Walter Ober, who received the reward.

At Stockton on October 6th Mt. Vernon, by Nutwood, sire of Mt. Vernon Prince, the fine young stallion owned by the Conklin Brothers, reduced his record from 2:21½ to 2:18¾. On the same day Arion set a new mark for 2-year-olds, 2:15¾, and Bell Bird, a yearling, trotted in 2:27¾.

J. G. Bone, a druggist at Dunmore, Pa., says he has never sold a medicine that gave such universal satisfaction as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and that the large demand for it has been a great surprise to him. It is sold here by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

Instinct or Reason.

A lively demonstration of canine reasoning occurred at Keeter last week. A small brown dog with a most intelligent head, familiarly known to the lower country residents as "Barney," has been in the habit for long time past of following the Darwin stage, never missing a trip. Changing the drivers makes no difference; he clings to the route and not the man. On off days he occasionally makes a visit to Cerro Gordo and doing so recently was set upon and whipped by a dog there. Attached to Boland's store at Keeler is a big strong dog that has quite a reputation as a scrapper. On the morning of the next Cerro Gordo trip Barney was noticed playing with the big dog. When the stage started Barney followed, and as his companion seemed averse to going he would run back and play, then forward, and finally persuaded the John L. Sullivan dog into going too. Arriving at Cerro Gordo the little dog made a dash at his former vanquisher, John L. "stood in," and the bully was soundly thrashed, Barney wore a broad grin of satisfaction when he returned to Keeler, but he does not visit Cerro Gordo any more.

Contemptible Meanness.

It will be remembered that some time ago Tom McDonough and the two Indians, Caesar and Jack Wilson, brought in the slayer of Powers and McCoy. It was generally understood at the time that a reward was offered for the murderer, but this was found to be a mistake. McDonough then filed a claim with the Supervisors of Kern county amounting to $124, for actual expense incurred in making the arrest and bringing in the prisoner. After several months of weary dragging along the bill was allowed in sum of $100, and a check forwarded for that amount. The Sheriff of Kern County endeavored to secure a suitable reward for McDonough, but the niggardly spirit of the Board of Supervisors prevailed.

B. M. Lelong, Secretary of the State Board of Horticulture, has prepared in pamphlet form statistics relative to a disease in peach orchards known as "yellows." In the Eastern States during the past few years the disease has prevailed with fatal effect. Thousands of extensive orchards have been utterly ruined. It is a matter of the utmost consequence that the disease should be kept out of this Valley, which is destined to become one of the leading peach countries of the State. A copy of the pamphlet can be seen at this office, and all interested in peach growing should not fail to read it.

Constable Drake came down from Bishop last Monday having in charge Lem. Baxter who was sentenced in Justice Dunlap's Court to a fine of $200 for selling whisky to an Indian. He is still confined in jail but it is reported that he will pay his fine. In the case of Maxwell, who was tried on a similar charge, the jury disagreed and he will be tried again to-morrow. If found guilty he should be punished to the extent of the law. The public safety demands that the practice be broken up, and that end seems now in a fair way to be consummated.

A very pleasant social affair occurred at Keeler last Monday evening, the occasion being a reception Mr. and Mrs. John Anton at the Lake View Hotel. The dining room was cleared for dancing, good music provided, and the many friends of the happy couple wore made cordially welcome. The hostess provided lunch at 11 o'clock, after which dancing was resumed. The bride and groom received many hearty congratulations, and we join in wishing them success and a happy life.

A large quantity of soda is being produced by the works at Keeler. On Tuesday three car-loads were shipped and two or three cars are forwarded every trip. It is rumored at Keeler that the property has changed hands, that an English company has purchased the works and locations and that the works will be greatly extended. If this is done it will mean added prosperity for the farmers of this section.

Recent reports from Modock indicate that the largest and most valuable body of ore ever struck in Inyo county is in sight there. An expert miner who came in from there early in the week says that the ledge is very large and has every indication of being permanent. We earnestly hope and believe that the report is correct, for to the mines do we owe whatever hope of prosperity we may have.

St. Patrick's Pills are carefully prepared from the best material and according to the most approved formula, and are the most perfect cathartic and liver pill that can be produced. We sell them

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

A Hop Picker.

The record of the fertility of American ingenuity has been increased by the addition of the invention of a machine for picking hops. It is claimed this machine will do the work as clean and much more rapidly than it can be done by hand. The apparatus is mounted on a wooden frame, heavy enough to insure stability, and is about 7 feet long by 5 feet wide and 4 feet high.

The branches of the hop bine are fed into a receiver and are seized between two rollers and gradually pulled through. The hops fall into an inclined screen, and by their own weight fall into the box prepared to receive them. The leaves and bines fall on the same screen, but are carried back by the returning motion and thrown into a separate pile. It requires only one man to turn the wheel and another to feed bines into the rollers.—Boston Transcript.

It Fixes Mosquitoes.

To clear the room of mosquitoes take a piece of paper rolled around a lead pencil to form a case, and fill this with very dry Persian insect powder, putting in a little at a time, and pressing it down with a pencil. Set this cigarette in a cup of sand to hold it erect. An hour before going to bed close the room and set the cigarette on fire. One will be sufficient for a small room, but for a large room two will be required.—Detroit Free Press.

Menthol for Mosquito Bites.

Those who have tried ammonia and pennyroyal as a remedy against mosquito blood poisoning should try menthol, pencils of which cost from ten to twenty-five cents. If the bite is wetted with the tongue immediately after puncture, and well rubbed with the menthol until the peppermint action is felt, the inflammation will entirely disappear and no irritation ensue after the first minute or two. It is a real panacea and very little known.—New York Truth.

Notice.

All persons indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle before Oct. 17, 1891, as I intend to place all uncollected bills in the hands of my attorneys for collection on that day.

R. C. SPEAR.

Dated, Lone Pine, Sept. 17, 1891.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

There is little doubt but that many persons suffer for years with ailments that could easily be cured by the use of some simple remedy. The following incident is an illustration of this fact: My wife was troubled with a pain in her side the greater part of the time for three years, until cured by Chamberlain,s Pain Balm. It has, I think permanently cured her. We have also used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy whenever needed and believe it to be the best in the world. P. M. Boston, Pennville, Sullivan Co., Missouri. For sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

"We know from experience in the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy that it will prevent croup," says Messrs. Gadberry & Worley, Percy, Iowa. They also add that the Remedy has given great satisfaction in that vicinity, and that they believe it to be the best in the market for throat and lung diseases. For sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to settle on or before October 25th, as after that date I will enforce payment.

F. FITZGERALD.

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to

MRS. REDDY,
Darwin, Cal.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, insuring the purity of meat, and every ort made to give satisfaction to patrons. j19-tf

PALACE SALOON
LONE PINE, CAL.

—THE FINEST—

WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS.

—o—

This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.
j12-tf

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of Sept. 1891, an assessment (No. 7) of Thirty (30) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company in Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday the 28th day of Nov. will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 26th day December, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
P. H. MACK, Secretary.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,
nov 30-tf Independence.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL,

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Inyo Stage Company.
REGULAR LINE
—FROM—
Mojave To Keeler.
FINE COACH
FAST STOCK.

The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful

Redrock Canyon

And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.

Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.

Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m.

A. B. HALL,
Agent.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumers should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

F. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

—o—

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of **San Francisco**. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30- RENO, NEVADA.

BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPEN AND RUNNING.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT
Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:20 p. m.	5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m
Wabuska	2:55 p. m.	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:55 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10:00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.	1:55 a. m.
Bishop Creek	2:00 p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord	2:45 p. m.	10:00 a. m
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:20 a. m
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar. 6:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (36 miles); Bodie (8 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOLF'S
CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.

New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES,
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 tf

A prompt return of your money, if you get neither benefit nor cure. Risky terms for the doctor, but safe and sure for the patient. Everything to gain, nothing to lose. There's just one medicine of its class that's sold on these conditions—just one that *could* be—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's a *peculiar* way to sell it—but it's a *peculiar* medicine. It's the *guaranteed* remedy for all Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula. It cleanses, purifies and enriches the blood, and cures Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, and all manner of blood-taints, from whatever cause. It costs you nothing if it doesn't help you. The only question is, whether you want to be helped.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold, through druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

The "Discovery" acts equally well *all the year* round. Made by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles, and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.

An Ann-street bookseller was asked to describe an *edition de luxe*. He said: "You know what a rabbit is? well, a donkey is an *edition de luxe* of a rabbit."

For Coughs, Asthma, and Throat Disorders, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" 25 cts. a box.

A great many of the European peasants think that it's pretty rocky for them to be cut off from their rye.

DR. AUGUST KŒNIG'S
HAMBURG BREAST TEA
(Hamburger Brusttee)
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
—AND THE—
Relief of Consumptive Patients.

☞ THE GENUINE IS NEVER SOLD BY WEIGHT.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 packages $1.00) in stamps.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure. (8)

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

There is always a best even among a score of good things, and every pipe smoker who has tried the Mastiff brand acknowledges it to be the sweetest, coolest smoking tobacco made. It does not bite the tongue, and is positively free from any foreign mixture.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A Few Items of Interest to the Fair Sex.

A WARNING AGAINST FACE POWDERS.

A Middle-Aged Wife's Pathetic, Unequal Struggle.

Most finely organized women are so susceptible to the quality of the moral atmosphere that their very personality alters with their conditions. They are eloquent in one presence and dumb in another, quite irrespective of their likings or dislikings. In the warmth of sympathy, of interest and approval, even in the comfortable medium of a decent civility, they flower out into variety and a gracious agreeableness. In the chill of indifference or a tolerant silence, their mental powers shrink into torpor; they have nothing to say, and if, from a sense of loyalty to the domestic idea, they try to make talk, they are tacitly informed that they succeed in being tiresome.

No unequal struggle is more courageous or more pathetic than the effort of a middle aged wife to conceal from herself that the debonair lover of her prime, her Gratiano, so gay, so airy, speaking his infinite deal of nothing, is converted into the silent boor of her meridian. The tenderer and more conscientious the woman, the more ready is she to excuse, but the more she suffers. When Gratiano comes home at night with heavy step and heavier countenance, bidding her a scant good evening, sitting silent through dinner, and, by way of post-prandial entertainment, falling asleep in his chair, burying himself in the magazines or spreading out his business papers and working at them with a conscious "See how I am ready to slave myself to death for you!" in every flirt of the pen, she says to herself (and to the world, where he needs defense) that he is worn out with work and anxiety, that he is absorbed in the pious task of providing for her future and the children's, in case he should fall a martyr to his domestic devotion, and that she must not mind his moroseness, which is simply nervous exhaustion for which he is not responsible.

But she is not deceived. She knows that he owes her something more and higher than the "heaping up dust from year to year." She knows that the evenings and Sundays and the holidays ought to belong to them together, to be used in the building up of the home, which is so much more than the house. She knows that no matter how hard he may have worked, and how much he may have worried, he has met pleasant experiences, seen pleasant faces, had some variety of feeling in every day's round to relieve its monotony, and leave him fresher than any twilight hour finds her. The difference is that he makes of his weariness a fortress, intrenched behind which he may comfortably and safely defy all conjugal and social claims, while she turns her fatigue into a means of grace, reproves herself for self indulgence in longing to yield to it, and goes out to do the social duty that cannot be shirked, or sits reading or working in the room with her oppressor, infinitely lonely in either case.

It is right that a man should secure a competence for wife and child, who without him might eat the bitter bread of poverty. But if he cheats their present of all that makes it worth having, for the sake of a future that may never come, he is guilty of a folly that is cruelty. They are dependent on him for their daily joy as much as for their daily bread. To supply the one, he has no right to pretend to himself that he may stint the other. The police reports of wife beatings and wife tormentings are too horrible to be read. But that brutality, born of thoughtlessness and selfishness, which deprives the wife of the moral oxygen that is her right, which keeps her in the devitalized air of indifference, is a greater wrong, because the victim is more sensitive and the tyrant more enlightened.—Harper's Bazar.

Keeping Up Appearances.

Some hypocrisy there may be in keeping up appearances. The last sacrifices may be made to keep up the parlor with a show of well doing, while the kitchen may be a pig pen. A tasteful, rather expensive, cloak or gown may hide unclean and tattered clothing beneath. An improvident family manages to maintain a carriage with some show before the community, while the debts of the family would more than eat up its possessions if some way were not devised to evade the sheriff. Grocers and other merchants are laid under contribution to help maintain families beyond their actual means. The man who piles up firewood will take pains to place the sticks with the sawed edges outward, that the front surface of the pile may appear well. And so it goes throughout life.

This may all be hypocrisy, in great or small degree; but, after all, it means something deeper. People do not love to be hypocrites, unless we except the few Uriah Heeps. There is no amusement in deceiving anybody but yourself for the sake of deceit alone. Beneath all this are more ultimate actuating motives. Respectability is aimed at, because it is a good thing; well doing is assumed because it is desirable. The handsomest garment is placed in sight because beauty is one of the great additions to modern life. "Assume a virtue if you have it not," said Hamlet. So, in our age, when well doing is not universal, when elegance and beauty and luxury are not common to all, their ownership is pretended; and they will continue to be assumed until that day when we shall all give up the pursuit of ideals, or be honestly satisfied with our efforts to attain them.—Good Housekeeping.

Penny Wisdom and Pound Foolishness.

Economy only ceases to be admirable when it goes too far and verges on stinginess, and then it is very apt to defeat its own desires. The boarding house keeper who doles out two towels and two napkins a week spends more than she economizes. The linen loses more by the hard scrubbing it must sustain to be made clean than is saved in laundry work by the reduction of the number of pieces.

Common sense is the measure by which economy must be conducted. The guarding against unnecessary wear and tear, the mending of tiny holes and worn places as soon as they are perceptible, the stitch in time that saves nine, the changing about of rugs that they may wear evenly, the making over of old clothes, the skillful disposition of remnants, the watching for such little leaks as the throwing away of soup stock or the neglect to sift the ashes—all this attention to apparent trivialities only becomes misplaced when it withdraws the mind from higher objects, and binds it down to a mechanical round that leaves room for nothing but petty details. Economy must appear in not wasting nerve force and brain tissue for inadequate cause as well as in the avoidance of material extravagance.—Christine Terhune Herrick in Harper's Bazar.

Warning Against Face Powders.

Use no face powders that are not starch or rice powders, and second, use no face powders that contain lead, zinc, bismuth, arsenic or mercury. Of the numerous "face masks," "beauty masks," "complexion balms," "medicated pastes," blooms of youth, beauty or loveliness, "Lola Montez secrets," not one is good in any respect. The very best is without value. From this they range down to the depths of injurious and ghoulish action. The best consist of an oil, fat or glycerine, with some perfume and a trifle of gum benzoin, camphor or other drying substances. These are simply nasty. Their action is the same as of lard or butter smeared thickly over the face of the user. The rest are dangerous as well as disgusting. They contain the same ingredients as the face powders denounced and are even more pernicious in their action. Lead colic, lead paralysis, mercurial ulcers, arsenic sores, boils, carbuncles, abscesses, putrid glands, salivation, sudden baldness and even more serious ills can be traced to their use, and will invariably accompany that use as long as the human body remains as it is today.

Of the rouge preparations, those made from cochineal and madder are harmless. All others are bad, very bad, and horrible. The "eau de vinaigre," "rouge vinaigre," "camphor wine," "red pepper wash," "capsicum elixir" and the like, which depend for their effect upon irritating the nerve corpuscles, are unobjectional to the physician and chemist. The new preparations, which are solutions of aniline and other coal tar colors, are poisonous and should be prohibited by law.—American Analyst.

Social America in 1850.

The furniture, of city houses especially, often costly enough, was almost without exception dreadful. The carpets, of enormous patterns and discordant colors and the furniture of excessively varnished rosewood, or some like material, and always in "sets," were things to shudder at. The costumes of the women were in keeping with the houses. Not only did the ladies wear long trousers of some white material, that came so low that it was impossible for the wearers to walk without getting them in dust or mire, but the smallest girl child was rigged out in the same preposterous garments, it being thoughtfully immoral for a tot of 6 to expose her ankles.

The ladies' boots, made usually of cloth, were heelless, laced at the side, and came not quite to the ankle bone; while the one button gloves left the wrist entirely bare. The nearer the female forehead reached to the back of the head the lovelier, many even shaving the central portion to enhance their "beauty." Any hair that was golden or yellow was thought almost a deformity, and a girl with sunny tresses was looked upon as hideous, was taunted as a "red head," and generally used a lead comb or some wash to make her golden tresses conform as nearly as possible to the prevailing standard.

All women plastered their hair in a hard, flat mass tight to the skull, with bandoline or some other mucilaginous substance, as low down as the ears, and then had it twisted in stiff, wire like spirals, or puffed out like blinders.—Boston Herald.

Nightcaps Injurious.

Nightcaps as an article of dress, except in antiquated farces and amateur theatricals, have gone out of fashion. Their universal use by our forefathers and foremothers may, perhaps, be safely attributed to the fact that in the good old times sleeping apartments were uncommonly draughty. Ill fitting window sashes, large chimneys and antediluvian doors let in so much air that there was very good reason for protecting the head from the consequences of too much ventilation. Nowadays the headgear appropriate for night use has become obsolute, so that it will cause no painful shock when the public are informed by the voice of medical authority that the use of nightcaps is actually injurious. "A man," we are told, "might as well sleep in his boots as in a cap." We are not aware that even if a person did commit the former enormity any dreadful effects on his health would infallibly follow, whatever might be the results to his bed linen. Still, medical science is pretty safe in running a tilt against nightcaps, for the simple reason that it is hardly anybody's interest to defend them.—London News.

A Girl's Education.

I think a girl's education begins in the cradle. Who can say how early she discerns what she has no speech to utter—sees, for instance, whether the people around her are self controlled, patient and sweet, or the sad reverse? I wonder how many months old a girl must be before she would know whether or not she was treated capriciously—whether she was refused a thing when mamma was in one humor and granted the same thing when mamma was in another humor. And do you think your little maid of 3 or 4 fails to notice what are your chief interests in life, whether you are most eager about your clothes or your books or your housekeeping? Does she not perceive whether the poor relation who comes to visit you is welcomed as warmly as is Mrs. Cœsus, who drives to your door with her well appointed carriage? In short, though the little damsel has no power to reason, she has keen eyes to see, and your own attitude toward life and life's demands will be educating her, whether you are aware of it or not, even from her cradle.—Louise Chandler Moulton in Chicago Journal.

From Shoulder to Elbow.

"I wonder," writes a fashionable milliner, "whether the confirmed wearer of the conventional sleeveless ball dress ever reflects on the fact that arms which look white early in the evening get crimson with exercise? From the shoulder to the elbow is a most treacherous part of a woman's arm. With heat it sometimes turns as crimson as her cheeks. It is not beautiful then, particularly when she is dressed in white. This only happens with plump beauties; with a slender woman that part of the arm is generally much too thin. I am sure we must be a decaying race, for except in rare cases dress is now a means of hiding defects rather than of setting off beauty."—London World.

Woman as an Employe.

When a woman asserts that she does exactly as much as a man, and does it just as well, that is her side of the case. Perhaps the employer, who knows just what the man does, and what the woman does, would be of a different opinion. The trouble seems to be in this, that a woman will do just what she is expected to do, in the regular routine of her employment, and do it well, but that she is not willing to be called on for extra services outside of her regular employment, whereas a man expects to do as he is told, whether it agrees with his preconceived notions of what his duties were to be or not.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Grain Soup Without Meat.

Here is a grain soup without meat that is recommended. Fry in clarified dripping, or in butter, some carrots, turnips and onions, which are cut in small dice, taking care not to burn them. To two heaping tablespoonfuls of the butter or dripping and each kind of vegetable allow a scant quart of boiling water, a heaping tablespoonful of rice and a bunch of sweet herbs. Boil all the ingredients together for an hour and a half, then add salt and pepper to taste, skim off the fat, add toasted bread cut in dice and serve. This may be made with vermicelli instead of rice.—"Invalid's Own Book."

Recipe for Snaps.

This is an excellent recipe for ginger snaps, the "snappishness" being produced by boiling the molasses and then allowing it to cool. Snaps—Boil one pint of molasses, and when it has cooled to about milk warm beat into it one egg and one teacup of butter and lard, mixed and melted, and two tablespoonfuls of ginger. Work in floor enough to make it roll easily, with one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a spoonful of warm water. Roll very thin and bake quickly. Remove from pan carefully. When cold they will snap.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Now that the gardening season is approaching, you will do well to remember that an old can with a small hole punched in the bottom and sunk in the earth beside your pet plant, if filled daily with water and weekly with liquid manure, will help it to a wonderful and delightful growth.

Three Russian women, graduates of medicine, have established a hospital for diseases of women at Koschan, Persia. Their experiment has proved completely successful. They are reported to have been consulted by 1,500 patients in the last ten months.

If you would keep your face and hands unwrinkled, use tepid water; very hot or cold water is injurious. Also avoid burying the face in a soft pillow at night, which always produces wrinkles around the eyes.

Basements should never be constructed without an air space between the floor and the earth. If the floor is laid directly on the ground it is sure to be damp. Sub-cellars for this reason alone are very desirable.

Type rubbing is one of the best paying industries for women. The work consists of rubbing the type after it is cast and to the point of polishing, which is done by men.

The sun bath is the latest beautifier, and is recommended as the best means of attaining the Irishman's "middle extreme," wherein a woman is neither too fat nor too lean.

A slice of raw onion well rubbed over the roots of the hair upon going to bed is one of the very best things for any unwholesome condition of it.

Women desiring to enter the London Society of Lady Dressmakers have to furnish testimonials of their "social position" as well as of character.

The air of a sick chamber should always be kept so fresh that there will be no perceptible difference upon coming into it from the outer air.

It rests with our own hearts whether the four walls of a cottage shall not enshrine as much of bliss as the gorgeous precincts of a palace.

Rubbing the scalp for ten minutes every day with the tips of the fingers is both a preventive and remedy of baldness.

Put meat into a hot oven to roast. If the meat and oven get hot together the meat will be tough and the gravy gray.

There is one instrument that no clever woman ever learned to play on, and that is a second fiddle.—Uncle Esek.

To remove black grease stains from clothing use cold water and soap. Hot water sets the stain.

Some of the women of Paris have formed a league for the suppression of impure literature.

Don't allow ashes to be put in a wooden box or barrel. Always have an iron ash can.

Divorces would be unknown if there was as much courting after marriage as before.

An old man in love is as helpless as a blind kitten.

Sift flour just before you wish to use it.

She Saw the Point.

"That lady," said a Woodward avenue merchant, pointing to a woman who had traded about $12 worth in ten minutes and was going out, "used to be one of my worst callers. She'd come in almost daily, bother four or five clerks for two hours, and go out without buying a cent's worth."

"How did you cure her?"

"Well, I spoke to her in an off hand way one day, and she fired up and said that as long as I kept clerks it was my business to be bothered. Next day I selected ten of the girl clerks, posted 'em as to what to say, and they rung her door bell at intervals of an hour all day and inquired if she wanted a nurse girl. She didn't, and told them so pleasantly enough until the tenth one came. Then she said:

"'I'd like to know why on earth all you girls come here bothering me when I don't want to hire!'

"'Because, ma'am, so long as you keep servants it is your business to be bothered!' was the prompt reply.

"I think she reasoned out the analogy, for she now sits down and buys what she wants and every clerk likes to wait on her."—Detroit Free Press.

Wanted an Easy Chair.

A Nashville furniture dealer tells a little story that shows how some people are constituted. A lady ordered an elegant easy chair of a peculiar kind. It was made and sent to her house. She examined it carefully and critically, finally remarking that it suited her exactly, with one exception—it was too soft. She had the man take the chair back to be made a trifle harder. The chair was returned to the store and put aside. Nothing was done to it. After the lapse of about a week the chair was sent out again. The woman again examined it, and this time the chair was too hard. She was sorry, but when she paid so much to get an article for her own comfort she wanted it about right, so she sent it back to the store for another change. The chair was again put aside for a week or ten days and sent out for the third time without having a particle of change made. This time it was just right. She took the chair, paid for it, and was sorry it had not suited her at first. The poor woman never knew that the chair had not been changed a particle.—Chicago News.

A Pretty Girl's Eyes.

Although nonsense may be common in ultra fashionable circles, it is nevertheless often unique. At a recent reception one fair maiden remained persistently seated while the other girls walked about a great deal and struck pretty poses while in conversation with the gentlemen. Somebody asked why this attractive creature remained in her chair.

"Because she doesn't feel like standing," was the reply.

"Oh, then she is lame."

"No, no. She has upward eyes."

"And what are they?"

"Why, she has discovered that her eyes are exceedingly handsome when wide open and looked down into, but when the observer is on a level with them they are not half so charming. It seems to be a peculiarity of her orbs. So she sits down all the while when on exhibition, so that the fellows as they stand before her in conversation must gaze down into her face, and in so doing encounter her eyes at their best."—New York Sun.

The Objection Easily Obviated.

A gentleman of fastidious habits was lunching at his restaurant the other day, when a stranger came in and sat down at the same table.

While eating the slim meal he ordered, the stranger looked across at his well dressed vis-a-vis and remarked:

"I see you have had celery; will you oblige me with ten cents to pay for some celery, sir?"

"I don't know why I should pay for celery for you, sir," answered the gentleman haughtily; "you are a perfect stranger to me."

"Allow me to introduce myself," cheerfully responded the other, presenting a card. "Now, sir, shall I order the celery, or will you?"

He got it.—Detroit Free Press.

Annual Output of Beer.

It has been calculated that the quantity of beer brewed yearly in the undermentioned countries is about as follows: Great Britain, 1,050,000,000 gallons; Germany, 900,000,000; Austria, 270,000,000; Belgium, 180,000,000; France, 150,000,000; Russia, 50,000,000; Holland, 33,000,000; Denmark, 30,000,000; Sweden, 30,000,000; Switzerland, 17,000,000; Norway, 16,500,000.

Mrs. Mary Gallagher, of South Bethlehem, Pa., is 104 years old, and recently danced a jig to the music of a violin. She belongs to the famous family of the L. M. G. Gallaghers.

Mrs. Larimer—President Harrison has made a good many speeches on the fly lately. Larimer—Has he made any on the mosquito?

CATARRH CAN'T BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

The philosophy of Francis Bacon in the philosophy of life. "Despise no new accident in the body," said he, "but ask opinion of it; in sickness principally respect health, and in health action." There are many so-called slight affections which men think it brave not to notice. It is not bravery; it is folly. As Bacon says, "despise no new accident in the body." BRANDRETH'S PILLS will remove effectually and at once a thousand and one of the little ills of life that often, if neglected, take years to cure. Be sure to have with you always a box o BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

They can be obtained in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

There are two things needed in these days: First, for rich men to find out how poor men live; second, for poor men to find out how rich men work.

A MYSTERY.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nauseous medicines often literally poured into it for the suppositive relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic, would oftener be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

An old sad sea dog is probably a dismantled ocean greyhound.

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INYO INDEPENDENT.
COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.
IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.
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WELL KNOWN WOMEN

Who Have Won Fame in Different Lines.

MISS THEO RUGGLES, THE SCULPTRESS.

The Rare Beauty of Miss Lily Robinson of Kentucky.

Miss Theo Ruggles, the young Boston sculptress who is just rising into fame, is the daughter of Mr. C. W. Ruggles, a well-known business man of that city. Her first ventures in her art were when she was a very little girl and her models in clay and snow attracted the attention of her friends to her great talent and appreciation for form and beauty. When she was 14, now six years ago, she modeled in snow a reclining horse and all Boston trooped to see the

marvel wrought by her childish fingers. She was then placed in the studio of Mr H. H. Kitson, the sculptor, who directed her studies for two years when her mother took her to Paris. In the spring of '88 Miss Ruggles sent two pieces of sculpture to the Paris Salon and both were accepted. One, "The Shepherd Lad," was highly complimented by the critics, who spoke of it as the work of Mr. Theo. Ruggles. When their error was pointed out they made the correction and repeated their compliments. To the Salon of '89 Miss Ruggles sent "On the Banks of the Olse," representing a nude boy gazing into a stream. This received "honorable mention," the first time the honor was ever conferred by the Salon upon a woman sculptor.

Miss Ruggles is one of the competitors for the statue of Shakespeare to be erected by the City of Paovidence. She has submitted her model and the

competition is closed, but the award has not yet been made.

The young sculptress is a beautiful girl, dark skinned and graceful, and refuses to be trammeled by inartistic and uncomfortable frocks. She is studious, fond of outdoor sports and devoted to her greyhound, Glaucus, who accompanies her on all her excursions. Her friends say she is "unspoilable," and pronounces her sweet and gracious of disposition, full of womanly character.

Among the women of the South whose fame for beauty has passed the boundaries of the States wherein they have their homes is Miss Lily Robinson, whose portrait is included in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper's gallery of Southern belles and beauties. Miss Robinson is a granddaughter of the late Gov. Robinson, one of the pillars of the commonwealth of Kentucky, and daughter of Gen. James F. Robinson, brigadier general in the late war, and a man always prominently identified

with the public affairs of his State. He is the most conspicuous turfman in Kentucky, and is president of the Kentucky association. He was also predecessor of the late Col. William Cassius Goodloe as internal revenue collector of the Seventh district of Kentucky. His daughter is a veritable "nut-brown maid," with piquant features and dark hair, full of golden gleams, and the sumptuous proportioning of the typical blue grass girl. In her manner there lurks a coquettish insouciance, a half defiance, which adds spirit to her riant loveliness and makes her irresistible with the sterner sex.

Among the modern Spanish women who are making a name in literature is Senoretta Emilia Pardo-Bazan. Senoretta Bazan was born in 1852 (they don't conceal the ages of women authors in Spain); her birthplace was Corunna and she is said to have descended "on both sides" from Galician nobility. As a girl she was one of those omnivorous readers who worry their guardians. She was educated at a French boarding school in Madrid. During the revolution of 1868 she traveled a good deal with her father. It was in this year that she married Don Jose Quiroga. Her first writings were in history and philosophy, in which branches she studied extensively. "Pascual Lopez" was her first novel. While devoting herself very closely to novel writing she has found time during the last ten years to do a good deal of lecturing and has found the "woman question" a congenial subject of study and propaganda. Her latest novel, just now in the hands of both Spanish and English readers, is "A Christian Woman," in which social and domestic life are considered with great candor.

EX-MINISTES DOUGLASS.

The Most Talented Man of His Race Ever Produced.

Frederick Douglass, the well-known colored orator who has just resigned his post as minister to Havti, is without doubt one of the most talented men his race has ever produced. He stands by universal consent the head and representative of his race in America. With a splendid physique, tall and powerfully built, the swarthy complexion of the mulatto, an abundant crop of negro hair, white as snow, and features while of the negro type, are nevertheless full of emotional fire and intellectual force, he looks every inch a man born for distinction.

His father he never knew. His mother was a black slave, and he was born on a remote plantation lying on the banks of the Choptauk river, in Maryland, February, 1817, "amid the laziest and muddiest of streams, surrounded by a white population of the lowest order and among slaves who in point of ignorance and indolence were fully in accord with their surroundings." It is a remarkable fact that there was one, and apparently only one, exception to the general laziness and ignorance of the black population in the midst of which he was born, and that one exception was his mother. She could read, though how she could have learned has ever been a mystery to her son.

All the world is more or less familiar with the slave life of America, and the only exceptional feature of Frederick Douglass' career was the fact of his being a high-spirited, bright and intelligent mulatto, with a consuming desire for knowledge and freedom. A lady incautiously taught him his alphabet, and although the peril to it was speedily discovered and every effort made to extinguish the light thus kindled the efforts were in vain. Douglass learned to read and write and by and by he resolved to be free. It is difficult to realize the desperate character of such a resolution.

He knew something of theology but nothing of geography, and did not know whether there was a spot on this side the Atlantic where he could be safe. However, he and four or five others made their plans, were betrayed and were plunged into mere hopeless depths of slavery. At 23 years of age he succeeded in escaping, and afterward went to England a fugitive slave. Two quaker ladies of Newcastle raised $750 for the purchase of his freedom, and, as he himself pithily puts it, provided with this title to his own body he went back to fight the battles of his race.

In 1847 he began in Rochester, N. Y., the publication of "Frederick Douglass' Paper," whose title was afterward changed to "The North Star." In 1859 he again fled to England to escape arrest for supposed implication in the John Brown raid. He assisted in organizing colored regiments during the war, and in 1871 was

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

appointed assistant secretary to the commission of San Domingo. In 1876 he was made United States marshal for the District of Columbia, where he remained until 1881.

Subsequently he filled the office of recorder of deeds in the district, but was removed by President Cleveland in 1886. His commission to Hayti has been held by the eminent orator since his appointment by President Harrison. Through what other vicissitudes his wonderfully varied career will take him is a matter of interesting speculation.

COURAGE OF THE TIGER.

He is Made of Better Stuff Than the King of Beasts.

The Bengal tiger has more courage than the lion according to a showman, who states that the matter was tested in this manner: "We placed a shooting cracker in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in a widely different manner. The lion drew into a corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he took his paw and began to roll it over the floor, and when it exploded beneath his very nose he did not flinch but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."

Important Revision.

De Art—"I understand that Ward McAllister intends to revise his book—make some additions to it."

De Science—"Ah, indeed! New dishes or new drinks?"

SOME ROYAL ROMANCES

Among the Great European Houses.

PRINCE FERDINAND AND MLLE. VACARESCU

Princess Sophia's Love Remained Ever True.

IT IS NOT GENerally known that ex-King Milan had a love affair long before the beautiful Natalie became his wife. The woman was from the people. Her name was Madame Visprat. She was very pretty and matchless in the art of making up. They met in private many times after the marriage with Natalie. Now they are together in Paris. Both lead lives of abject misery, always fearful of assassination at the hands of friends of the wronged one.

The visit of one royal visitor to Bayreuth, the Duchess d'Alencon, who was accompanied by her son, Prince Emmanuel of Orleans, has called up many strange memories. The Duchess is now aged and very much broken down, but many Wagnerians could well remember the time, over twenty years ago, when she was beautiful and the affianced bride of the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, the monarch whose munificence alone made the Bayreuth festivities possible. The Duchess d'Alencon was then known as the Princess Sophia of Bavaria, one of the five daughters of Duke Max of Bavaria. Her other sisters became the empress of Austria, the Queen of the Two Sicilies and the Princess f Thurn and Taxis. They were all beautiful girls, but were brought up as amazons and loved horses and roving across country better than music and the ways of courts. King Ludwig wooed Princess Sophia. He had purchased magnificent presents for her, when one day the poison of suspicion was poured into his ear. He went to Possenhofen disguised and fancied that he discovered grounds for breaking off the engagement. Her sisters have repeatedly said that the King had no reasons for his suspicions. At any rate he never saw her again, and from that time he became a woman-hater, and finally landed in insanity. The Princess, though she afterward married the Prince Ferdinand of Orleans, Duke d'Alencon, and became the mother of two children, never forgot the King, in spite of his cruel treatment of her, and when Ludwig drowned himself in Lake Starnberg five years ago she became insane and was for over a year in the insane asylum at Gratz.

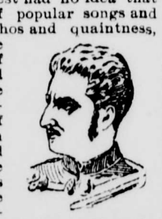
EX-KING MILAN

Mlle Vacarescu.

The love drama at Bucharest in which the heir apparent to the Servian throne and Mlle. Helene Vacarescu, daughter of the Servian minister at Vienna, were the principal actors is virtually at an end. Prince Ferdinand having been persuaded that it is for his best interest to marry a lady of royal blood. His engagement with an Austrian archduchess will be officially announced next month. Helene Vacarescu was raised in the romantic valley of the Dimbowitza on an estate belonging to her father. From her earliest childhood she was identified with the gypsy life and customs that prevail in this picturesque spot, which is inhabited by many gypsy tribes. These people do not suffer their weird songs to be written down, but, despite this prohibition, Helene Vacarescu succeeded in committing to print many of them. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania conceived an ardent admiration for the young poetess and recognized the great value which these gypsy romances would have for the world of poetry. They rank with the best produced by Inda, Arabia and the Occident. The learned circles of Bucharest had no idea that such a wealth of popular songs and poems, full of pathos and quaintness, was hidden in the gypsy camps of their native land until this volume of poems was published. Many of them have been set to music and are full of rare beauty. Helene is a very handsome woman of the business type, with regular features and beautiful brown eyes. A little volume of poems, "Chants d'Aurore," of which this young lady is the author, has been honored with a prize by the Paris Academy.

NATALIE.

DUCHESS D'ALENCON.



PRINCE FERDINAND.

But these are only a few of the royal romances of Europe.

Bayard and His Daughter.

Secretary Bayard, by the way, is looking remarkably well, and his daughter Mamie will, I understand, be the head of his household this winter. There is nothing in the story, I am assured at the state department, of his engagement to Miss Markoe, and he was too ardent and loving a husband to so soon take unto himself a new wife.—Carpenter's Washington Letter.

Field for Literary Beginners.

"What field is there in literary work for a young man or young woman who has some ability and yet has no knowledge of how to begin?" was asked of Richard Watson Gilder, editor of The Century.

"The only way for a beginner to do is to begin. To become a professional writer practice is necessary."

"I want to know what field there is today for magazine writing."

"For people without literary reputations?"

"Yes, people who want to make a reputation—who want to rise in the profession; it is fast becoming a profession in itself."

"Well, the most constant demand is for fiction. A beginner always has the opportunity for practice in the field of short stories, and out of this he can graduate into a serial writer, a novelist, publishing either in the magazines or in book form, or both. In this way the writer of stories has an advantage over the dramatic writer, in that he can (as Mr. Brander Matthews says) make his brief essays and try them on the editors and on the public, whereas in the dramatic art in this country he does not get the chance that he does abroad, where they take one act plays from beginners. That is one reason why there are so many good writers of fiction coming up all over the country and why there are so few dramatists, because the former have a chance to practice—to try their experiments upon the public—and the latter have small chance."

"Has not that been the case with almost all of our fiction writers of the present generation; they began with short stories and then blossomed out as the rose?"

"That has been the rule. Some of them have never got fairly beyond the short story stage, but if they write good short stories they have gained the rewards of fame."—New York Mail and Express Interview.

Parisian Dudes in Doubt.

Parisian dandies are greatly exercised in their minds just now as to what style of stick they ought to adopt during the season. They are tired of the gold knobbed canes, the crutch canes and the canes with ducks' beaks, which were once the rage. An energetic inventor has therefore started a thick stick which almost aspires to the dignity and dimensions of a cudgel, and the pomme, or pommel, of which is the claw of a crayfish. The article is already in the hands of many of the gandens, and promises to be a fashionable success. While the members of metropolitan "masherdom" are thus busy about the "nice conduct" of a crayfish cane their female counterparts are puzzled as to the style of walking which they shall adopt for the season. As furs are worn at this period of the year the carriage prescribed is that of short steps with the "waggle" of the little bird known as the bergeronnette, or water wagtail. This "waggle" should, of course, be as graceful as possible, the undulating sweep of the hips being well accentuated. The Parisienne looks, as a rule, adorable in furs, but she is sometimes tempted to put in too much "waggle." The best dancing masters and professors of calisthenics in convents, boarding schools, lyceums for sweet girl graduates and similar establishments, are, therefore, engaged at the present moment in instructing their pupils in what may be called the art of "waggling."—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

The Other Side of the Gold.

I, for one, have always innocently supposed that gold table utensils were what they pretended to be, all gold; but lately an expert and a dealer in old silver has informed me to the contrary. Even Victoria's royal gold plate is no better than it should be. For such a thing as "solid gold" is totally unknown. I must say this knowledge is a vast relief to me. Burglars may labor under a like delusion, and fancy any piece of gold plate is better worth burgling than the best silverware in the market. But we have all made a mistake. The finest gold service in existence is but silver, washed with that precious metal. It seems no less a person than Mr. James Keene, when he returned from England with the famous Ascot cup, won by his horse Foxhall, also believed in the solid business, for the trophy was valued at $5,000 by the custom house officials. Mr. Keene paid the duties on those figures and his cup was deposited in a place of safety. Shortly after came the financial crash in Mr. Keene's fortunes, and he found it necessary to raise money on the Ascot cup. The first jeweler and expert in New York was dispatched to the bank to examine, or rather to assay, its intrinsic value. He found, to his own entire satisfaction, that the 1,000 guinea cup was worth precisely $600, including metals and the price of artistic workmanship! Whether the United States customs ever reimbursed Mr. Keene my informant did not know.—Boston Herald.

A Judicial Jester's Latest.

Judge Gary, the judicial jester, has been making his friends laugh with a new joke. Have you heard of the latest abstract scheme? Of course you have not, and your curiosity concerning it is stimulated to an extraordinary degree by the solemn, almost mysterious air of the judge, who asks you the question. "Well," he says, after you have pressed him to tell you, "we are getting up a company that will prepare a complete set of books from the records of the courts, and be ready to furnish abstracts of titles to men and women. Say a woman wants to marry a man whom she has not known very long, and she wants to make sure that he has no wife living in Wisconsin or Indiana, she comes to our company and gets an abstract of title on him that will show her just how many times he has been married, how many times divorced, how many wives he has had die, what they died of, and all about his matrimonial career, if he has had one. The abstracts, of course, will be quite as useful to the man who wants to know what sort of a title he can get to the woman he is about to marry, and in every way the scheme will be a good one. There is a great and an increasing demand for just such an enterprise right here in Chicago."—Chicago Herald.

Insurance Against Epidemics.

Mutual organizations to insure against epidemics are being established in some of the large manufactories of Sheffield, England. Each workman contributes 2 or 2 1-2 per cent. of his wages, and in return is guaranteed a payment equal to his average wages should he be obliged to quit work on account of any epidemic in his family. The proprietors of the manufactories have charge of the funds.—New York Sun.

Dehorning Cattle.

A manufacturer who makes tools for dehorning cattle can not produce them fast enough to meet the demand. One large stockman has been dehorning at the rate of 2,000 per week.—Chicago Times.

THE ZOAR COMMUNITY.

Ohio's Settlement of Mystics and Communists.

MANUFACTURING BY WATER POWER.

Cattle Breeding.—"Airing" the Babies.—Amusements.

This settlement of German mystics and communists is a complete little kingdom in itself, and not such a very little kingdom, either. The Zoarites own 7,000 acres of land in one tract, of which half is under cultivation, while the remainder is heavily timbered with valuable walnut, oak and pine trees. Their original purchase here was 10,000 acres, but 3,000 have been sold from time to time at a great advance over first cost.

Every article, implement or machine that is used, wrought with, eaten, drank or worn by the Zoarites is produced in Zoar, as are also the materials of which it is composed. The only exceptions to this rule are coffee, tea, sugar and spices. The shoes the Zoarites wear are made by their own shoemakers from leather prepared by their own tanners from hides taken from their own cattle. The coal that warms them and cooks their food is dug in their own mines and is burned in stoves cast in their own foundry from iron smelted in their own furnaces from ore found in abundance on their own lands. The clothing that covers them is made by their own tailors from cloth woven in their own mill from wool sheared from their own sheep. The beer they drink is brewed in their own brewery from malt made by their own maltsters and hops grown on their own lands.

All manufacturing in Zoar is done by water power. Steam is scarcely used at all. The Tuscarawas river, by means of dams, is made to flow with sufficient swiftness and volume to supply thirty or forty horse power to each of the Zoarite manufactories. Nearly all the machinery used was made in Zoar by Zoarite mechanics. One of their principal products is flour, of which, after supplying their own wants, they ship large quantities to Pittsburg, Cleveland, Washington and Baltimore.

THE COW STABLES.

One of the chief places of interest in Zoar is the great collection of immense barns, in which the milch cattle are kept. A considerable portion of the Zoarites' wealth is invested in their live stock, and they have devoted much attention to determining what are really the best breeds. They have experimented largely with the Holstein, the Jersey, the Alderney and the Durham, and are now inclined to favor the last named, though all four varieties are well represented in their herds.

Every sanitary and convenient device that modern ingenuity has been able to suggest is utilized in the construction of these cow stables. The stalls extend in long rows on either side of a broad aisle, and the conditions for light and ventilation are of the most favorable kind. Already the cows are out at pasture, and it is a rare sight to see the mild faced, patient creatures come filing in at eventide in a seemingly interminable procession, each one knowing her accustomed place and going voluntarily to it without the slightest disturbance or confusion.

On the morning and evening of each day all the young women in Zoar repair in merry procession to these barns and milk the cows. As members of congress sometimes are for a much less useful purpose, the girls are "paired," and each two are assigned eight cows, which they must always milk. Fancy more than thirty buxom young milkmaids, with the good looks which are the offspring of good health, outdoor exercise and good diet sparkling in their eyes, lips and cheeks. Each one is tastefully dressed in well fitting chintz or calico, and wears a white apron, which, like everything else about these most attractive young women, is scrupulously neat and clean.

Another place in which to see the Zoarite young women to advantage is the bakery, where all the bread and pies for the entire community are baked fresh every morning. From 75 to 100 loaves comprise the average daily consumption of the town. The baking is done by men, but each household sends its young women to the bakery to procure its supply of daily bread and carry it home, wrapped in a large, spotless white cloth, which each damsel carries with her.

Besides these quaint processions of young women to the cow stables and the bakery there is another similar one to be seen in Zoar on every pleasant day. That is, a procession of girls ranging from 8 to 13 years, each drawing in an old fashioned baby carriage a younger brother or sister for an airing. As all property in Zoar is held in common, so the Zoarites share equally and participate together in all their pleasures and duties. Thus even the babies of the society are "aired" simultaneously in a long drawn out procession.

For the pleasure of the members of the society and their visitors a public garden and a greenhouse are maintained in Zoar. Both are of considerable extent and would be highly creditable to any large city. The garden is tastefully laid out, and contains some noble trees and elegant shrubbery. A large and delightfully cool arbor in the center is entirely concealed by the latter. The greenhouse boasts a fine collection of choice plants and flowers. There is no prohibitory "No admittance" or "Hands off" on anything, and every one is free to enter at all times and roam about at will.

From the garden and greenhouse it is but a few steps to the picnic ground, a grove of grand old forest trees, in which the Zoarites have placed swings and a covered dancing platform for the enjoyment of their younger visitors, who in summer time come in large numbers from surrounding cities and towns as well as from the adjacent country and picnic here on two or three days of almost every week. But swinging and dancing are not the only amusements provided for these young people by their good friends the Zoars, who find their chief happiness in making others happy. Many beautiful pleasure boats are maintained here, and no stream could be better adapted for boating than the Tuscarawas river.

If any people in the world practically indorse, in every possible way, old John Wesley's saying that cleanliness is next to godliness, that people are the Zoarites. In the brewing of their beer, the making of their wine, the milking of their cows, the baking of their bread, and the slaughtering of their cattle, their chief object seems to be the attainment of the highest possible degree of cleanliness. Their slaughter house, where some magnificent beeves are killed daily, is a model in that particular. They are very fond of the pleasures of the table, and there are few city hotels whose bill of fare presents a greater variety than that of the Zoarite village inn, while none surpass it in excellence of cookery.—Zoar (O.) Cor. Chicago Times.

Pensioning School Teachers.

Some of the western cities pension their public school teachers after certain years of service. In Wisconsin twenty-one years of faithful work entitles a teacher to a pension.

THE PRISON GRAVEYARD.

Sing Sing's Burying Ground for Convicts. Death of a Prisoner.

On the side of a steep hill whose peak is many hundred feet high, and whose base is at the granite walls of Sing Sing, are two graveyards divided by a winding country road. The one nearer the prison is the old plot that was used for burying dead convicts until the small stretch of level ground was thickly sprinkled with rough wooden crosses and small roughly carved stones, and then a much larger place further up the hill was set apart for this use.

The big prison has stood on its present site for more than fifty years, and although the number of convicts there has increased proportionately with the growth of the population, the average number of deaths within its walls has not increased. Humanity and science have cut down the death rate. On an average ten persons a year die in the prison, and nearly all of those who have died have been buried in the prison graveyard and left there undisturbed. A few have died by accident in the work shops, but the percentage of deaths by accident is so small as to be scarcely worthy of note. A large majority of deaths has been caused by consumption, which, however, is rarely contracted within the prison walls. A prisoner suffering from consumption is shown every consideration possible with prison discipline. His work is made light, and as soon as he shows the symptoms of breaking down he is sent to the hospital.

In the prison graveyards repose the bones of about 500 convicts. This makes the number of deaths average nearly ten a year. The old graveyard on the slope nearest the river looks like a deserted God's acre of olden times. A dozen years ago, when the burying ground was moved further up the slope, the fence of the old place was left to take care of itself, which it has failed to do. The mounds have been beaten down until they are level with the ground. The rough wooden crosses that bear a number corresponding to one in a big ledger in the prison, in which a record of the dead is kept, stand in straggling fashion. These were originally unpainted pieces of wood nailed together in the form of a cross, and driven into the earth. A few of them have been kicked over, but even on those that are still standing the numbers that were on them once have been so defaced by the weather that they are scarcely legible.

The newer graveyard is in a much better condition. The wooden crosses are comparatively new, and the numbers that are on them can be plainly seen. At the head of a few of the mounds stand rough stones, crudely cut. Every one of these stones tells a story more pathetic than do many of the pretentious monuments in big and finely kept cemeteries. These stones are all the work of prisoners, who labor during hours of leisure as acts of friendship.

When a prisoner is very ill and there seems to be danger that he will die, his friends are notified, and the iron rule of the prison is for the time unnoticed. He is allowed to settle up in the presence of his friends all of his worldly affairs, and to have them about his bedside until the end comes. There are occasions, of course, and many of them, when the prisoner is either absolutely friendless or is only anxious to die without making his shame known to his friends. When the end comes the body is then free, and to the friends of the dead man is given the melancholy privilege of bearing the body outside of the prison walls. A prison funeral is usually a solemn affair. The big bells that are used in the prison are always clanging out some kind of an order to the prisoners or a summons to the keepers, and they always stir a world of echoes in the silent corridors. When a prisoner is dead the fact is generally well known, and an unusual silence is preserved, even for this dreary place. Then the whisper is heard that the dead man is to be buried in the convict ground. The coffin is brought forth, the body placed in it, the chaplain reads a service and then it is interred.—New York Sun.

The Criminal Law.

"How about the criminal law—does it not pay the young, eloquent counsel better than civil law?"

"The criminal law has lost its importance to the practitioner. Very few men of ability now follow it, and decline to accept retainers, unless, perhaps, for some client for whom they have civil business and whom they desire to oblige. There are but few cases of the kind that are attractive to a man of ability. Once in a while a highly important case, having some great question at its root, will attract the most distinguished counsel, but these cases are rare. Most of the criminal business, in large cities particularly, is both commonplace and disgusting. No young man with character and mental force should seek to follow it as a business in such a city. The name of being a criminal lawyer is injurious; it has unsavory associations. It is not attractive, pecuniarily, as a rule, for the criminal classes do not abound in wealth, and have little means to pay their advocates.—New York Mail and Express Interview with Professor Dwight.

A Canal in Crimea.

Another internal improvement scheme of great importance, and involving some masterly engineering methods and plans, has for some time been in contemplation by the Russian government, and, in view of its political and commercial bearings on the interests of that country, its accomplishment, in due course of time, is no longer a matter of doubt. This work is the Perecop canal in the Crimea, which will establish a direct route between the Don, the Black sea, and the Sea of Azof, and three lines of rail, namely, the Knosnoff Veronej, the Kursk Charkoff, Azof Don or Maripol line, and the Losoff Sebastopol. Charkoff Niolaieff line will be brought into junction with it. Besides other considerations, such a canal will enable the Russians to bring the coal and coke of the Don collieries to the Black sea ports.—New York Sun.

The Truly Gentlemanly Laugh.

"There is always one sure sign by which you may know a well bred man," says a cosmopolitan who is just now in Philadelphia.

"And, pray, what is that sign?" he was asked.

"It is his laugh. The butcher and the baker and the candlestick maker, not to speak of the tailor, may do a good deal for man. But only thorough refinement can make him laugh like a gentleman."

"And, now, what is that laugh like?"

"As with the quality we call style it cannot be defined; but, just the same, there is no mistaking the laugh of a gentleman. Listen and note the next time you go to a reception or dinner party."—Philadelphia Press.

When men begin to glory in wickedness their punishment is not far off.

AMATEURS' CAMERAS.

Photography a Rage With the Artistically Inclined.

AMUSEMENT FOR ONE'S GUESTS.

A Curious Collection of Picures Obtained in the Slums.

Amateur photograpny has become a genuine rage. Every self respecting young person who would keep abreast of the times is the owner of some sort of instrument which produces more or less speaking likenesses of their friends and family, of everything that lives and moves or has its being within lense range of their domicile, not to mention every nook and corner of the house. There is scarcely a library table throughout the length and breadth of this city which is not laden with dim and wierd amateur likenesses of the family—pictures the amateur regards with blissful pride and the family with indulgent toleration. But even this joy of caricature begins to pall on the bolder spirits, and their very latest achievement and delight is the flash light photograph.

For those who are unfamiliar with this method of melancholy perpetuation it may be necessary to explain that it includes an instantaneous lense, a detective camera, and cartridges loaded with magnesium. These cartridges are either fired off with a match or exploded in a pistol made for the purpose. With these implements an instantaneous picture can be taken in the pitch dark, and the favorite fad is to—under the guidance and protection of a policeman—visit the slums at midnight and by the use of the sudden blinding flash of magnesium cartridge procure strange incidents of that quarter taken as they occurred.

A CURIOUS COLLECTION.

A physician here—well known, too, but who objects to any publicity concerning his little amusement—has a curious collection of pictures obtained in this way. He is a friend of Inspector Byrnes, and by special indulgence and under the personal conduct of the great detective was enabled to procure some negatives that could not be duplicated in this country. He and the inpector visited the vilest dives and, without the inmates being aware of his purpose, he would get his camera focused, and without warning, a lightning flash from his pistol would fix the scene of the plate. One of the scenes in an opium den is peculiarly effective, as he stood in the doorway unnoticed until the magnesium light flashed out and caught the whole picture, with every inmate of the place in his natural, unrestrained attitude. There are fan tan players in the full fury of the game on some of his plates; dance halls, filled with half drunken and wholly drunken brutes knocking their glasses on the table in applause of some salacious ditty chanted by a bedizened creature whom it is flattery to call a woman. Without going down into the haunts of the criminal classes, it is possile, through this large collection of proofs, to get a clear idea of them in their unconscious hideousness.

One of the most remarkable pictures in this collection is one taken, not by the quick glare of incandescent mineral, but imprinted on the sensitive gelitine by heaven's own fire. When Dr. —— first began his experiments at the seashore last summer there came a night of pitchy blackness, with a prodigious wind and great electrical disturbances, but no rain. Carrying the camera out upon the beach and drawing the slide he waited for a flash of the lightning, which was blinding in its intensity. A sudden gleam lit the world and as suddenly expired in blackness. He closed the slide and carried the plate away for development. Such a picture as that raging ocean, photographed by lightning, presents was never equaled. It is like one of Dore's ghastly phantasies.

AMUSING ONE'S GUESTS.

Another use of this flash photography is to afford amusement to one's guests. It has superseded for the moment the amateur recitationist and the parlor warbler. At breakfast, luncheon and dinner parties the camera man is introduced and catches a picture of the entire scene, the results being distributed by mail among the guests a few days later. It used to be the fashion, when attending a meal notable in any way, to secure the autographs of the whole party on the back of the menu, but now it is held far more desirable to have the likeness of the famous or beautiful participants, and that in their natural attitudes, engrossed in conversation, and not primly arranged for perpetuation.

The other night a lot of actors and artists—Blum, Howard Pyle, Bacher the etcher, young Sothern, Bob Hilliard, and more than I can recall at the moment—were frolicking in a studio at 3 o'clock in the morning when Bacher suddenly flashed his camera on them and they are fixed forever in the full tide of a lark. The bottles are like leaves in Valambrosa, the air is thick with smoke wreathes, Hilliard is in the midst of a good story and the auditors all roaring with laughter. It's the most life like and picturesque photograph of all of the many instantaneous pictures I've seen. Another was taken at a luncheon given by Mrs. Stevens to Miss Paget just before she set sail for England, and the young English beauty was caught by the camera with her mouth wide open in a yawn, which she took advantage of the momentary darkening of the room to indulge in. It displays, does that rosy opening, a good double row of sound white teeth, but the effect is very funny, and her friends say that her countenance is even more open than candid.—New York Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

Venison for New York.

The New York market is supplied with venison mainly from the Susquehanna ranges or the Adriondacks. Of course carcasses of deer come also from New Hampshire and the wilds of New Jersey, and even the forests of Virginia furnish their quota. In selecting your venison for the table avoid the antlered carcasses of old bucks and prefer the smaller and more delicate yearling or young doe.—New York Press.

The venerable John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet has a lingering fondness for the trade he learned as a boy, that of shoemaking.

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Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23 1891

Boss Buckly has concluded that the climate of Canada will have a better effect upon his health than the atmosphere of San Francisco. He has rented a house in the "Boodler's Retreat" and will spend the winter there.

The latest reports from Great Britain indicate that the crops are even worse than was expected earlier in the season. In many districts the prospect is poorer than it has been in forty years.

The tin plate issue sought to be made by the Republican party has fallen still-born. Even the leaders of the grand old party are beginning to recognize the bon mot of the Chicago Tribune, itself a stannch Republican journal, that it "is time to stop lying about tin plate

The rumor reaches us from San Francisco that Blaine will not resume his place at the head of the State Department, and that after the November elections there will be a reconstruction of Harrison's cabinet, with, in all likelihood, Foster as the successor of the Plumed Knight. This indicates either that Blaine is sick unto death, or is sheering off to accept the Republicnn nomination for President. And great will be the popular curiosity to know which is the true solution of the enigma.

The gold monometallists, who are felicitating themselves that the crop failures of Europe have so enhanced prices that the attention of the farmer will be diverted from the depression caused by the fall in silver, have overlooked the fact that the decline in cotton is still going on, and that the planters will be in worse case than ever this year on that account. It is therefore possible that while the efforts of the farmers of the North to restore bimetallism may be abated, those of the South will be redoubled. In the latter event, should Congress in the mean time fail to settle the question, the pressure upon the Democratic party to insert a free coinage plank in its platform in 1892 will become so strong as to be irresistable. That is the outlook at present.

The shaking up which San Francisco felt the other day was a mere tremble compared to the shock experienced there October 21, 1871, when four men were killed and numerous buildings badly shattered. It used to be thought that California had special liability to earthquakos, but experience has shown that this State is in no more danger than the States of the Atlantic. No great loss of life or destruction of property was ever known in California on account of earthquakes, and no apprehension of them exists among our people. The great disaster at Charleston a few years ago indicated that the Atlantic Coast has much more to fear from earthquakes than the Pacific Coast of the United States. Farther south on the Pacific, as in Central America, the case is different, as there is undoubtedly liability to frequent and severe earthquake disturbances in that region.

The Epoch believes that the Democratic ticket in New York will have the full support of the party. There is now perceptible clearing of the political atmosphere, due to the retiracy of the shadow of Hillism and the sharp definition of issues. The Epoch believes that the result of the election, no matter which way it is determined, will be to end Mr. Hill politically. The journal we quote deservedly enjoys the reputation of far-seeing, and has generally forecast New York politics accurately. On the other hand the Republican press of the State is sanguine of success, and points to the superior capabilities of the party candidate for governor and his freedom from entangling alliances. But neither he nor Mr. Flower are novices in political life; both are generous men, public spirited, and the estimation in which they are held by the people is flattering to their personal character. Fassett is the more scholarly and attractive, Flower the man of greatest administrative experience. It cannot be disguised that the candidates are so evenly matched that so far as personality is concerned they are before the people on a level. This leaves as the issues to be debated the silver and tariff questions, and the outcome must have an important influence in the National campaign to follow a year later, and will operate upon the course both of the National parties will adopt for the contest of 1892.

The Burns Holographs.

An interesting MS. volume of what is known as the "Glenriddel Collection" has just been picked up at a sale by a private collector. It contains three holograph poems by Burns. Two of these—a "bucolic" on a Nithsdale dame, and a satire on the then Duke of Queensberry—have never been published. The humor of the former is said to be decidedly "broad," and it is accompanied by a cartoon believed to be the work of Riddel, who had received the manuscripts from Burns, and the poet's friend, Grose.

Captain Riddel, of Glenriddel, was a great friend of the poet. His residence was within a mile of the farm of Ellisland, and for several years he extended toward the poet much attention. But their amicable relations were afterward disturbed through some indiscretion on Burns' part, and though he expressed much regret, Captain Riddel never had an opportunity of indicating his forgiveness. Nevertheless, Burns did not overlook his friend's kindness, and honored his memory with an elegy.

It was at Riddel's that Grose, the antiquary, became acquainted with Burns. Grose was an Englishman, and had gone north for material for a work on the antiquities of Scotland. Burns had frequent meetings with him, and entered with enthusiasm into his plans. It was to Grose that the poet addressed the lines about "the chiel amang you takin notes," and it was to gratify his English friend that the greater part of the famous "Tam o' Shanter" was written.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Captain Maguire's Devotion to Duty.

Captain Maguire, for years keeper of the Marquette light, is one of the oldest and most valued light keepers on the Great lakes. His record is such that in his old age the lighthouse inspectors have winked at an arrangement by which Mrs. Maguire has been his assistant, though this is a fog signal station, and woman assistants are forbidden by the regulations. The captain did the work, and two checks were regularly made out by the department.

In March, without giving previous notice, Mrs. Maguire decided to visit her sisters in Chicago, and on the next visit of the inspector the captain reported her for absence from the light without permission. Since her return she has regularly secured at the postoffice the check bearing her name and used the money. Mrs. Maguire's official head has now been taken off. Captain Maguire's action in promptly reporting his better half for absence from duty without permission is characteristic of the old keeper, who is one of the oldest sailors on the great lakes, and whose strict attention to his charge has made his record as a light keeper irreproachable. — Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A Skipper's Slow Trip.

"Skipper Norton" is a character indigenous to the rocky soil of the Maine coast. He is well known to the housewives along the shore as a peddler of small wares, and travels about from port to port in a little schooner, acting in the double capacity of captain and crew, despite his age—upward of eighty years. In a recent trip from Bristol, Me., to Portland harbor (where he now lies) Skipper Norton had a hard experience. Soon after leaving Bristol he encountered a heavy gale, and a sea swept the deck of the vessel, carrying overboard both anchors from the bows with hawser attached.

He was unable to draw them in again, and came all the way from Portland with both dragging. It has become a fashion to visit this quaint old sea dog, and visitors nearly always leave some substantial tokens of their appreciation of his efforts to entertain them by song, dance and yarn. He says when in port his income thus derived is from fifty cents to a dollar a day, besides what he makes from his buttons and pins.—Lewiston Journal.

Snake Bite Cured by Snakeweed.

A small negro boy, who was playing in the woods with some companions near Pine Forest, was bitten by a rattlesnake. The poison spread rapidly through the system of the boy, his body began to swell, he lost the power of sight and death was evidently approaching. Mr. Levi Dunn, who happened to be near, was attracted by the cries of the negro's companions, and ran over.

The boy by this time was in the last stages. Mr. Dunn, having heard of the curative powers of a small weed that he observed growing near, gathered a handful, and forcing it into the mouth of the negro, ordered him to chew it. Consciousness had not entirely left him, and he obeyed. The effect was almost instantaneous, the swelling disappeared and in a short time the boy was out of danger. He is now at work and all right.

The name of the weed used is "snakeweed," or "rattlesnake master."—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Imitation Gold.

Imitation gold is a new compound which was recently discovered and which puzzles the best jewelers to detect. Its weight is that of gold and the acid tests are the same, except that the acid boils a trifle when applied to it, although when it is wiped off no spot is left. It is cheap and is easily worked. Its chief factor is aluminium composite, from 5 to 8 per cent.—Exchange.

A peddler arrested in Shenandoah, Pa., for not having a license said that he had no faith in banks, and therefore carried all his money in his clothes. His pockets were searched before he was sent to a cell, and exactly $4,646.40 in cash was found in them.

By means of a new process devised by M. Raoul Pictet, the eminent French chemist and physicist, the manufacture of absolutely pure chloroform is now for the first time made practicable.

Calming the Waves by Prayer.

An old traveler tells me that in a voyage from Messina to Malta he saw the captain, an experienced sailor, standing at the bow muttering and pointing with his finger. On being asked what he was doing he replied that he was breaking the force of a fatal wave by making the sign of the cross and saying prayers proper for such an occasion.—St. Louis Republic.

The Visitor Was Impressed.

Dibbs (anxious to impress his visitor, to Mrs. Dibbs)—My dear, when you go to the country, shall you leave your diamonds with the safe deposit company?

Mrs. Dibbs (candid)—Oh, no; I'll carry them in a pillbox in my trunk.—Harper's Bazar.

That New Salt Lake.

Howard J. Cone, who for the past year has been the agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad company at Salton, is at home in South Pasadena on a leave of absence for a few weeks. A reporter enjoyed a talk with him about the Salton sea, or lake, that has caused so much interest throughout the country.

Mr. Cone says a temperature of 118 and 120 degs. in the shade is quite a regular and common thing at Salton, but that the few white people about the station and salt works manage to stand it pretty well. They prespire profusely and drink enormously all the water used at the station being brought from up the road by rail. They find that mixing oatmeal with the water is nourishing and that it prevents illness. Despite the great heat, sectionmen work out in the hot sun regularly, but, with the exception of the boss, they are Mexicans.

Mr. Cone brought up some excellent photographs of the lake, the station and the submerged salt works, from different points of view. He says the inflow and the evaporation of the water about counterbalance each other, and that therefore the level of the lake remains about the same, although the wind sometimes carries floating debris back and forth in a way to lead to the belief that the water is rising or falling. He believes it likely that the basin will continue to fill up from the Colorado river to a level with the gulf, and that it will be a permanent body of water, with the Colorado flowing through it to the gulf.

The salt deposits are entirely under water, and that industry is ruined. The warehouse and a small portion of the Southern Pacific's track running beyond the salt beds are still above the level of the lake, but the main track is still 1,000 feet or more from its banks.—Pasadena (Cal.) Star.

The Waif of Wounded Knee.

On the through train which arrived over the Rock Island route was a party of editors from Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, Beatrice and Fairbury. They breakfasted at the Albany and were entertained by the governor and mayor.

In the party was a fifteen-months-old Indian baby, which was found upon the battlefield of Wounded Knee after the defeat of the Sioux by United States troops. It has been adopted by Mrs. Colby and was christened Zintke Lanuni, which means in the Sioux tongue the waif of the field of Wounded Knee. It was on the fourth day after the battle that the child was found beside its dead mother. Its feet and one side of its face were frozen.

It was given in care of an Indian woman to nurse and soon showed no trace of its exposure and suffering. Mrs. Colby obtained permission to adopt the child, but she was hidden by the Indians and it was only by dint of bribery that its whereabouts was discovered. The Indians were given orders on the post trader, and while they were making purchases she was smuggled out of camp and driven to the nearest railway station, and thence taken to Beatrice, Neb.

Mrs. Colby has legally adopted the child, and proposes to educate her and train her to a useful life.—Denver Republican.

Saving Rent in the City.

"To Let" signs on flats and houses all over the city are coming down with the returning rush from mountain and seashore. The number of returning families who are hiring new dwelling places calls attention to a way of saving summer rents which is increasing in popularity each year as the summer vacations lengthen. Families which expect to be out of the city from two to three months now surrender their leases on May 1, put their furniture in storage, go to a boarding house for the four or six weeks before the country pilgrimage begins, then return in September or October and hire a new dwelling place. In this way they save at least four, and in some cases five months' rent, $125 to $200, toward their summer outing.

Real estate men will tell you that it is almost impossible to rent flats or houses in the summer at any price. I know one man who gave up an attractive flat on May 1 for an outing in the mountains, who will find the same home swept and garnished for him at the landlord's expense on his return in October.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Globular Lightning.

A curious thunderbolt fell at Berga, near Schlieben, in Germany, recently. It appeared to be a ball of fire and came down the chimney of a bedroom in which a man, his wife and three children were sleeping. On emerging from the fireplace it broke into two parts, each of which assumed a globular form. One of these globes ran along the rafters and disappeared, while the other traveled slowly toward the bed, on which it afterward jumped. Thence the man watched it roam around the room and finally disappear through the wall with a loud crash. None of the occupants was injured further than being temporarily deafened.—New York Recorder.

A Mine in Ancient Greece.

At Laurium are found 2,000 ancient shafts, with their connected galleries. These shafts average about two meters square (the round shaft is almost unknown) and are sunk from 20 to 120 meters in depth, but never below sea level. The galleries open into ancient chambers, sometimes 30 feet high and 150 feet wide. According to M. Cordella's estimate the ancients extracted from these mines a mass of mineral amounting to 105,000,000 cubic meters and yielding 2,100,084 tons of lead and 8,400 tons of silver, or a value of 4,171,378,600 drachmas.

The work employed steadily about 15,000 laborers—3,000 in the mines themselves—almost exclusively slaves. The earthern lamps, water jugs and picks found in our day in some of the low, tortuous passages through which a man must work his way on hands and knees have a pathos of their own. Slaves were cheap and the labor problem easy at first. Proprietors worked their own slaves or hired other people's at an obol per day—say 55 drachmas a year (a saddle horse in Athens now brings 200 drachmas per month)—and the price of slaves ranged from 45 drachmas upward, according to quality.—Engineering Record.

Headache may be due to defective action of the liver, constipation, inactive condition of the skin, poor blood, excessive mental exertion, exhaustion from fatigue, the condition of the stomach, eye strain or rheumatism of the scalp. Some headaches are purely neuralgic.

A Cargo of Serpents.

For two years agents of Mr. William Cross, the naturalist of Earle street, Liverpool, have been engaged in India in the collection of serpents, the result being that a cargo of reptiles has just arrived in Liverpool. After traversing the jungle districts, the collectors succeeded in capturing or purchasing from the natives who joined in the hunt about 300 pythons, some of them fourteen feet in length being secured. About fifty died on the journey through the country or failed to survive the passage home, when for the purpose of transit they were placed in long coffinlike cases, through which, of course, holes were bored for ventilation and feeding.

The surviving reptiles to the number of about 250 were unpacked at Mr. Cross' premises, Earle street, but so excited were they on escaping from their long confinement that they gave considerable trouble. Some of the assistants, in endeavoring to recapture them, as they wound themselves with remarkable alacrity around posts, stair bannisters, and the legs and bodies of those who happened to be in the way, sustained bites, which happily, have not proved serious. Some of the larger ones also took to swallowing the smaller fry.

To place some of the large fellows in the cases reserved for them required the united strength of three men, and Mr. Cross himself had several times to be delivered from the coils of the creatures. The serpents have now commenced to lay eggs, of which there is already a small collection. So large a number of snakes has not been seen before in this country, but the demand for them from zoological societies, snake charmers and others appears to be larger than would be readily imagined.—St. James' Gazette.

A Stern Host.

There was a society wedding recently duly assisted at by the satisfied and admiring relatives of the very youthful bride and groom which had denouement too amusing to be carefully kept from gossip's keen ears. It seems that on accomplishing the first stage of the wedding journey a halt was made at a mountain hotel, the only one in the small summer resort which it adorned. The pair descended from their carriage, but instead of a smiling landlord, eager and hospitable, the host was serious and stern eyed.

"I'm a father myself," he commented to the astonished groom, when, after leaving his bride in the reception room he had followed the landlord to the office to secure apartments, "and no runaway couples can be accommodated here. I advise you, my boy, to take that young girl home at once without an instant's loss of time."

Indignant, the young husband protested, showing his card and giving his home and credentials. But the landlord was not to be duped by such manufactured proof, and the newly made benedict had to submit to the humiliation of permitting a dispatch to be sent to his father asking for indorsement. Of course the reply was prompt and equal to the emergency, but, pending its arrival, the unhappy couple were kept under surveillance in the public parlors.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The Hole Shuts Up.

The Danish government, which is active in perfecting its small but powerful fleet, has given a practical demonstration of the value of cellulose as a defense against the entrance of water, following the piercing of a ship of war by a projectile. The vessel upon which the experiment was tried was the Hecla, the latest addition to the fleet. While at anchor another cruiser, the Absalon, took position about forty-five yards from the Hecla, which is protected with an inside lining of cellulose three feet thick. The Absalon discharged a projectile from a 5-inch gun, which pierced the Hecla at a point near the bow and at the water line. The latter immediately got under way and cruised about for three hours, the water in the meantime flowing freely above the holes caused by the shot. The cellulose, which dilated upon contact with the water, gave results apparently efficient, inasmuch as the compartment which had been pierced, at the conclusion of the three hours' cruise, contained but a trifling quantity of water.—New Orleans Picayune.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 28th
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and repaired satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.
FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John A. Hannah deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 26th day of October, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the town of Independence in the County of Inyo, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John A. Hannah, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. L. Hunter for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration with the will annexed thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated Sept. 25th, 1891.

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF

D. E. No. 571.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL. September 9, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Maurice S. Conklin, of Independence, Inyo Co., Cal. for has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim, No. 571, for the N W ¼ of S W ¼ Sec. 14, Tp. 11 S., R. 34 E., M. D. M. before the Register and Receiver at Independence, Calif., on Thursday, the 22d day of October, 1891.

She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Joseph Seeley, Michael McSweeney, James Hines and Norman E. Conklin, all of Independence, Inyo County, Calif.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo, Inyo county, Cal.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of August, 1891, an assessment (No. 14) of Two (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, 327 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of October 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 27th day of October, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.
Office, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.

D E No. 513.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL. Sept. 30, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis A. Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 513, for the E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of section No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M D M, before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G. Singer, W. Singer, A. F. Smith and M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGNACIA ALEJUCO,
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four month after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be awarded and decreed to resume her former name of Ida Adams, and for general relief as may more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL
TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer with out cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98.
Lead, 4.37
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20.40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m. Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach on Sunday at Lone Pine, 10 o'clock a.m.; Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; Independence, 7:00 p. m.

BORN.

ANGER—At Camp Independence, October 14, to Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Anger, a daughter.

JIGGENS—At Independence, Oct. 23, 1891, to Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Jiggens, a son.

Marks, the drummer, is in town.

T. C. Boland returned from San Francisco on Wednesday.

Herb. Hartshorne and wife, of Bishop, are visiting at Independence.

Miss Debbie Jones of Round Valley is visiting at Camp Independence.

Mrs. W. F. Matlack received a handsome piano from San Francisco on Monday.

There was a light shower of rain yesterday, lasting but a few minutes however.

E. T. Crocker Jr. returned to Big Pine on Wednesday, after an absence of several months.

Webb & Whitmore and H. Giles arrived from Long Valley with their cattle last Tuesday.

Jake Miller has been on a visit to Big Pine and Bishop. He returned home on Wednesday.

Ed. Ober left Big Pine on Tuesday for the lower country, taking with him his little half-brother, Blaine.

Miss Maggie Conklin proved up on her desert land claim situated at Blackrock in the Land Office yesterday.

P. W. Forbes Esq. returned yesterday morning from an extended visit through the Southern counties.

Independence is receiving its winter supply of wood. Several teams are busy hauling from the Inyo mountains.

Quite a number of Bishop people have been in town during the week, most of them having business in the Land Office.

P. H. Mack has purchased three fine bred jacks in Yuba county and expects to have them shipped here in about three weeks.

Sam. Spratt has purchased the big team owned by Thomas & Hill and is engaged in hauling borax from Saline Valley to the railroad.

A letter received from Fresno last week states that the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Peeler had just died there quite unexpectedly.

The school children propose giving an entertainment in the near future, the proceeds to go toward the purchase of an organ for the school.

Mr. and Mrs. John Black and John Underwood came down from Bishop on Tuesday and have been visiting at Independence during the week.

P. Labarge says he is making a trip every week to Darwin with a four-horse team loaded with vegetables and other supplies for the market there.

The Kern county *Gazette*, Bakersfield, says: "Mr. J. C. Crocker informs us that he has disposed of his property interests and expects to remove to Arizona."

Mrs. T. B. Rickey died in San Francisco on Monday morning of last week, after a long illness. Besides her husband she leaves three daughters and one son, all grown.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Mack and Mrs. C. Mulholland returned on Wednesday's train from a visit to San Francisco, Woodland and other points of interest in the lower country.

Rev. Mr. Winsor informs us that the M. E. Church has been newly painted and repaired and is in good condition. Religious services will be held on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. J. D. Blair returned on Wednesday from Hawthorne where she has been visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Julia Church, Her little grand-daughter, Rita, accompanied her.

It is quite likely that the Seely ditch will be completed within the next two years. Parties in San Francisco are actively engaged in securing funds necessary to build the canal. Should this work be accomplished a large quantity of fine land will be rendered available for agricultural purposes.

LADIES—who will do writing for me at home will make good wages. Address with self-addressed stamped envelope, Miss Flora D. Jones, South Bend, Ind., Proprietor of the Famous "Blush of Roses" for the Complexion. Beware of imitators.

W. S. Morton and A. W. McKillips passed through town last Tuesday with about eighty head of horses which they are driving to the southern country to sell. The animals are mostly small many of them having been brought here from Nevada.

J. G. Bong, a druggist at Dunmore, Pa., says he has never sold a medicine that gave such universal satisfaction as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and that the large demand for it has been a great surprise to him. It is sold here by A. K. EUGLEY, Big Pine.

The Kern Valley *Democrat* says: "Rev. Father Bannon recently visited Inyo County. He says no language is adequate to describe the wonderful production of fruit in that region. He says that all other crops around Independence, Lone Pine and Bishop Creek are abundant and of the finest quality."

It is proposed to hold a meeting at the Norman House to-morrow evening for the purpose of considering ways and means for raising a fund for race purses next year. Would it not be well to wait until the location of the next fair is definitely decided before this is done? While it may be generally conceded that Independence is entitled to the fair next year, that does not insure the fact of its being held here. Under a law passed by the last Legislature the Governor must appoint an equal number of Directors from each county comprising one Agricultural District. Neither Mono nor Alpine counties have at present a representation on the Board and it is to be inferred that the Governor will appoint one new member from each county to succeed the two retiring members. This will render a tie vote possible on the question of the location of the next fair, and it is not impossible that the fair will never again be held at Independence from the fact that when the members of the Board shall be appointed next year Alpine will have two, Mono three and Inyo three. It is to be supposed that Mono would not object to having the fair herself if the balance of power should render it possible. Should the two Bishop members agree to holding the fair here next year of course that will decide the matter. But would it not be well to give the gentlemen a chance to speak for themselves and not take too much for granted?

The Supervisors, according to the requirements of law, will undoubtedly at their next regular meeting order the cancellation of the present Great Register. Every citizen of the county who desires to vote at the next general election must re-register. The new system of registration is much superior to the old one for the prevention of fraud. The new register must show the following facts, to be accurately ascertained by the registering officer, to wit: The name, age, height, complexion, color of eyes, color of hair, visible marks or scars and their locality, occupation, county of nativity, residence and the postoffice address of the person registered. The new law was passed at the last session of the Legislature.

The Sheriff's office is hard at work making out the tax receipts. From the fact that the assessment roll was made out in the form prescribed by the old law the Auditor did not segregate the payments into first and second installments. In sending out the postal notifications to taxpayers the Sheriff was compelled to give only the total amount of taxes due. All receipts, however, are made out in two installments, which may be paid at once or separately. The Sheriff will give any information in his power to parties who may not understand the requirements if they will write or consult him on the subject. Taxes on all personal property and one-half the real estate will be delinquent after November.

George Lewis went to Darwin on Wednesday to see how matters are progressing in the mine being operated there by himself and P. H. Mack. He took with him supplies of all kinds, including implements needed in mining. H. Hamilton also went down and will work there during the winter. At last reports the mine was looking very well and a considerable quantity of ore was being taken out.

Constable Drake came down from Bishop last Monday, bringing with him J. J. Maxwell who was convicted in Justice Dunlap's Court of furnishing an Indian with liquor, and who will spend six months in the county jail in default of paying a fine of $300. Levy now has three steady boarders that he does not have to provide lodging for. Let the good work continue.

St. Blaise, the imported thoroughbred stallion by The Hermit, was sold at auction last week in New York for $100,000. This is the highest price ever paid at public auction for a horse. He was purchased by Charles Read and will be taken to Kentucky.

John McSweeney, John Baxter and Jack Willett have returned from the Springs and report themselves to be much improved by the trip. Martin Mee will remain there some time longer. His condition is said to be much improved.

Superior Judge George M. Gill is expected to return home next Monday. He has been undergoing surgical and medical treatment in San Francisco for the past two months.

St. Patrick's Pills are carefully prepared from the best material and according to the most approved formula, and are the most perfect cathartic and liver pill that can be produced. We sell them

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

"We know from experience in the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy that it will prevent croup," says Messrs. Gadberry & Worley, Percy, Iowa. They also add that the Remedy has given great satisfaction in that vicinity, and that they believe it to be the best in the market for throat and lung diseases. For sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

There is little doubt but that many persons suffer for years with ailments that could easily be cured by the use of some simple remedy. The following incident is an illustration of this fact: My wife was troubled with a pain in her side the greater part of the time for three years, until cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It has, I think permanently cured her. We have also used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy whenever needed and believe it to be the best in the world. P. M. Boston, Pennville, Sullivan Co., Missouri. For sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

OUR GOODS ARE APPRECIATED.

The above sketch was made from a photograph taken in the stores of Weinstock, Lubin, & Co., Sacramento, one morning last May. At that time some of the other departments were equally crowded, as is the case on many days in the year.

Our goods are best appreciated by those who are here to see and feel them, and to compare with the goods of other houses.

If we simply had low prices, without right qualities and right styles, there would be little to gain in dealing here, and we should not be able to hold for a day the great trade that does come from Sacramento and through the mails.

In the very throng shown in the sketch are doubtless several "Mail Order Selectors." These people are carefully chosen for their intelligence and taste, and go about the store making purchases for those who send in their orders by post. They are held responsible for the satisfactory filling of every order, and dare not risk sending anything but the very best the house affords. Before the goods on any order are packed for shipment, they are carefully gone over by a staff of very competent people, called "Examiners." Thus two sets of people view critically every item, and as nearly as possible from the stand-point of the customer, whom they represent. Serious complaints are rarely received, although hundreds of orders are dispatched daily.

In many respects, mail-order shopping is more satisfactory than buying in person. The fine illustrations in the catalogue (a copy is sent free to any address), and the clear and impartial descriptions, enable one to sit at home and decide at their leisure just what goods will best suit their purpose. In an hour spent in looking over the catalogue, they can really see a larger variety of goods and get more useful information than they can in a day spent in shopping through a crowded store.

It is to the interest of the house to fill every order so well that other orders will be sure to follow. Small orders are often sent in as the forerunners of large ones. They are intended as "tests." This one fact, if nothing else, prompts us to fill every order, no matter how small, to the very best of our ability.

Samples of dress goods, prints, muslins, etc., are sent free on application. Those who order samples will oblige by stating as nearly as possible the colors desired, and about the prices they wish to pay. In this way much larger selections bordering on their wants can be sent.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN, & CO.,
400 to 412 K Street,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

P. S.—This is the largest general retail house on the Coast, employing between 275 and 350 people and carrying complete lines of Clothing, Cloaks, Dress Goods, Domestics, Hats, Shoes, Millinery, Notions, Household Supplies, Toys, Books, etc. Large illustrated catalogue free to any address. 2

PALACE SALOON
LONE PINE, CAL.
—THE FINEST—
WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS.
—o—
☞ This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.
j12-tf

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of Sept. 1891, an assessment (No. 7) of Thirty (30) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company in Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday the 28th day of Nov. will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 26th day December, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
P. H. MACK, Secretary.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
nov 26-tf Independence.

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to MRS. REDDY, Darwin, Cal.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. W. Eibeshutz
Independence, Cal.
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

For Sale!
ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE
Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,
C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
THOMAS & HILL.

MONEY Beginners earn from $75 to $25 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. Notick Capital not needed. Work for all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Inyo Stage Company.
REGULAR LINE
—FROM—
Mojave To Keeler.
FINE COACH
FAST STOCK.
The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful
Redrock Canyon
And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.
Stage leaves Mojave, TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS at 6 o'clock p. m.
Stage leaves Keeler, MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS at 7 o'clock a. m.
A. B. HALL, Agent.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
☞ Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere. E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.
☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.
THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

BIG 10P ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.
Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO., Proprietors.
All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OPPOSITE ST. ARTHUR.
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies
PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully
Equal to the Best
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.
—o—
The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.
PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Address orders and packages to
HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30- RENO, NEVADA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p. m.	5:50 p. m.
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:55 p. m.	2:50 p. m.
Hawthorne	5:50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:56 a. m.
Soda Springs.....	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m.
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m
	No. 3.	No. 4.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Belleville.....	8:25 a. m.	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m	1:25 a.m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord.....	2.45 p. m	10:00 a. m
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (33 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downieville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.
R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.
D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOLF
CASH STORE
A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.
Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.
CANDIES,
PEANUTS
WALNUTS,
TOYS!
THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
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New House
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Is constantly supplied with the best kind of
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☞ The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE
Is always at the disposal of visitors.
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Army Orders in Germany.

In the new regulations for the conduct of field operations of the German army, the careful observation and mathematical precision of the German mind is clearly discernible. The composition of the advance guard and the rear guard of a marching army has been variously formulated by military writers, with a general tendency to strengthen the van and neglect the rear. In the new German orders this is reversed; the rear guard being made by far the strongest, because it cannot look for any support, while the advanced guard, if in need of any re-enforcements, has only to fall back or wait for the main body to come up. It is, however, where directions are given as to keeping a portion of the road clear on the line of march and the treatment of troops while en route that these orders are most original and interesting, and, with no intention of giving an opinion as to their efficacy, their reasonableness is obvious.

Students of military history will remember how often armies with everything favoring their success have been detained or even demoralized by long marching without food. It is the footsore infantry and the lame horses of the cavalry that give the trouble, for, as the strength of a chain is not greater than that of its weakest link, so an army cannot move faster than its slowest sections. Napier, in his admirable history of the Peninsular war, describes the disastrous effects of that penny wise, pound foolish policy of saving an hour that should be given to rest, and then losing six because of premature fatigue of the soldier, and there have been many modern instances of this.—Scientific American.

PROVED TO BE THE BEST.

Tested and proved by over thirty years' use in all parts of the world, ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have the endorsement of the highest medical and chemical authorities and millions of grateful patients who have been cured of distressing ailments voluntarily testify to their merits.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are purely vegetable. They are mild but effective, sure and quick in their action, and absolutely harmless.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

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When rumor stalks;
Brokers are quiet
When money talks.

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Lady or gentleman wanted to represent association of portrait painters. Permanent position. For particulars address Leonardo Association, 101 West 21st, New York City.

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The Great REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES
SPRAINS & STRAINS
BURNS SCALDS
STIFFNESS
Stiff Neck, Soreness
also SORE THROAT
WOUNDS, CUTS, SWELLINGS
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

MASTIFF PLUG CUT

HAS REACHED THE HEIGHT OF POPULARITY.

If you are willing to pay a few cents more for a strictly pure Smoking Tobacco, buy the Mastiff cut plug. Packed in patent canvas pouches, which retain the moisture and flavor of the tobacco.

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THE BEST
Kidney AND Liver Medicine
NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

CURES all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, and Urinary Organs; Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side; Retention or Non-Retention of Urine, Nervous Diseases, Female Weaknesses, Excesses, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Sour Stomach Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Piles.

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CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts directly and at once on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action. HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure, and speedy cure, and hundreds have been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die. Do not delay, try at once HUNT'S REMEDY.

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Ask your druggist for HUNT'S REMEDY. Take no other.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There's a beautiful land that lies to the west
Of the far famed valley of tears,
Where the griefs that are born are jealously prest
To the hearts of sorrowful years.
And are borne with a noiseless, measureless tread
Down the valley, across the strand,
Straight on to the sea, where the barks of the dead
Float by to the Beautiful Land.

The dip of the water is heard in the night,
And the griefs that lie on the sands
In their naked woe, through the shimmering light,
Reach out their weird shadowy hands,
And beckon the vessels to come to them there,
And call to the mystical band
And drifts o'er the sea, to a welcoming air
Blown soft from the Beautiful Land.

They glide in the wonderful silence of death,
With faces, snow white, to the west,
And lily hands kissed by the spice laden breath
That strays from the sweet land of rest.
They heed not a moan from the gray, misty vale;
They see not a beckoning hand,
But sweetly they sleep in the barges a-sail
For the beautiful, rest filled land.

—Indianapolis News.

ON THE WARPATH.

On the morning of Aug. 18, 1862, as I was carrying a pail of milk from the cow yard to the house, on the farm of William Miller, seventeen miles from New Ulm, Minn., I saw a covered wagon coming across the prairie as fast as two horses could pull it. I handed the pail into the house, called to Miller and his wife and by the time we were out doors the wagon had stopped at the gate. It was a vehicle belonging to a man named Saunders, living about nine miles away, and he and his family were inside. We had not yet reached the gate when he shouted:

"Fly for your lives, the Indians are on the warpath!"

He would have driven off with that, but one of his horses fell down in the harness from exhaustion. There was Saunders, his wife, and four children, and I never saw people so broken up. It was fully ten minutes before we could get their story in a shape to understand it. The Sioux rebellion, which many pioneers had predicted, had broken out at last. For the past three months we had noticed a change in the demeanor of the Indians, some of whom called at the house almost daily. They had become impudent and threatening, and many of the older settlers were becoming alarmed. Some would have given up their farms, but there were a few smart Alecks who rode about the country saying there was no danger, and that there were enough soldiers in the forts in the state to thrash all the Indians in the whole west. These men were, as we afterward found out, interested in the sale of real estate, and of course they did not want any sensational reports sent east. But for the civil war then raging there would have been no uprising of the Indians. Uncle Sam had his hands full in the south, and hundreds of our young men had enlisted to fight the Confederates.

Saunders had received warning at daylight from a settler on horseback, whose whole family had been butchered. He was a teamster, and his wagon then contained a part of a load of stores which he was hauling out to a storekeeper in a new settlement. He had unloaded some of the stuff and flung in household goods and provisions, and had driven at such a pace as to exhaust one of his horses. Miller and his wife were Germans, cool and phlegmatic. Their all was invested right there. While they knew that trouble was at hand, they did not want to abandon everything at a mere alarm. We had three horses in the stable, and Saunders begged hard for one to take the place of his exhausted beast. He was bound and determined to get on, even if he had to go on foot, and Miller consented to let the horse go. While he was being harnessed in Saunders asked us to throw out some of the merchandise and lighten the vehicle. We took out four kegs of powder, about 100 pounds of lead, fifty pounds of shot, three double barreled shotguns, and some groceries, and the horse was no sooner in the traces than Saunders drove off at a gallop.

"Well, what shall we do?" asked Mrs. Miller, as we stood looking after the wagon.

"Stay and fight," replied the husband.

I was then a boy of 16, and had been with the Millers over a year. There was never a day but that some of the Sioux came along, and in many instances they had eaten of our food. Miller did not question the uprising, but he did not think it as serious a matter as it turned out to be, and with true Dutch grit he proposed to stick. We went into breakfast, ate as heartily as usual, and when we were through my employer said:

"Now we will get ready for the Indians."

As we went out of doors we saw three columns of smoke in different directions, showing that the murderous redskins were at work. Miller had 160 acres of land, almost every acre as level as a floor We had just finished building a mill house over a spring, about 300 feet from the house. Around the spring was about two acres of broken ground, underlaid with rock, and we had blasted out sufficient of this to lay up the walls of the mill house. Miller was a stone mason by trade, and his work had been well done. The house was pretty large, being eighteen by twenty-four inside the walls, and the walls were perhaps a foot thick. The roof had been planked and then sodded, and the door was of heavy plank. The place would make a capital fort, and while I was carrying into it such things as Mrs. Miller directed, the husband used a crowbar to make loopholes in the walls. In the course of an hour he drove five or six, and then he bored two in the door with a big auger.

We carried in all the provisions in the house, followed by the clothing and the bedding. While we worked we kept our eyes open for sight of Indians, but it was 11 o'clock before we saw them coming. They were not more than a mile away when we retired to our fort and barricaded the door. All the live stock had been turned loose and driven away, while the fowls were flying about on the prairie. There was very little left in the house, and the worst they could do was to burn it. When we shut ourselves up I missed two of the kegs of powder, but to my query as to what had become of them Miller made no reply, except by a laugh. He had been working by himself all the forenoon, digging holes and running trenches, but I had been too busy to notice just what he was up to.

There were thirty-two mounted Indians in the band which came up, and among them they had five fresh scalps. Every one had plunder of some sort from the settlers' cabins, and two or three appeared much the worse for liquor. They had probably seen us enter the milk house, for they rode right up to the cabin without fear. We could see them plainly, and among the gang we picked out several who had often been supplied with food and ammunition. There were yells of rage from those who dismounted and entered the house to find it stripped, but presently a council was held in the one big room. After a few minutes an Indian appeared around the corner of the house with a white rag tied to a stick, and when he had waved it a few times he called out that he wanted a "talk." Miller shouted to him to come on, and he advanced to within fifty feet of the fort before he stopped and called out:

"All come out. Indians no hurt Dutchman."

"Is there war?" shouted Miller.

"No war—no war! Young men get drunk and ride around, but no war. Indians all like Dutchman."

"If you like us, then go away and leave us alone!" shouted Miller.

"Will you come out?"

"No."

"Then we burn house and kill all cattle!"

The Indians were too anxious to get at their bloody work to waste much time in parleying. The messenger was no sooner under shelter than the gang began to howl and whoop, and while some opened fire on us from the windows, others made preparations for a bonfire. In about ten minutes the house was on fire, and the Indians crowded together on the far side. It was a log house, and the roof fell in before the sides were hardly ablaze. The slight wind blew the smoke and sparks directly over us, so that we could not see five feet. The Indians continued to yell and dance for a time, but suddenly there was a terrific explosion and a dozen screams of terror. I was looking into the smoke cloud, which now and then lifted for an instant, and I saw the burning logs of the house scattered to the four winds by the explosion. Miller knew the reds would set the building on fire, and he had placed one of the kegs of powder where it would do the most good. We counted five warriors killed or disabled by the explosion, and Miller killed two others before the crowd got out of range. The house was the best shelter from which to worry us, and they had lost by destroying it.

The strength of our fort could be seen at a glance. The Indians were wise enough not to attempt a rush, and the whole party was also impatient to push on to other scenes. Six or eight more arrived soon after the explosion, and presently we saw them making ready to move off. A general volley was fired at us, the war whoop was sounded, and the brief siege was raised. It was half an hour before we ventured out, and not an Indian was in sight. We could, however, see tall columns of black smoke whichever way we looked, and it was plain that the whole section was in the hands of the Indians. We could not at first make out why they had left us, but Miller soon concluded that they knew what they were about. We had no means of escape left to us. The savages were on every side, and if we attempted to leave the neighborhood we should fall into the hands of some of them. It was quite safe to leave us there while they pushed on to butcher the defenseless ones.

An hour after dinner we were joined by three young men, who had been hiding, dodging and traveling since the evening before, and who had come a distance of twenty miles. They were bachelor homesteaders, and all had rifles, revolvers and plenty of ammunition. It was a welcome addition to our party, for we now felt that we would have to stand a siege. Mrs. Miller brought out the pots and kettles and cooked dinner on a fire in the open air, and after it was eaten she began to prepare food for the siege. Pork was boiled, flour stirred into cakes, coffee made and put into jugs, and before night she had food enough to last a dozen men a week. Meanwhile the rest of us had not been idle. Some large posts were sunk in the earth before the door, leaving space enough for only one person to come at us at a time that way. Four more loopholes were made in the walls, and then the planking of the roof was loopholed by means of the auger in at least twenty places. I now saw what Miller had been up to the day before. He had put in no less than three powder mines in the vicinity, running a slow match to each one. The only cover the Indians could have in the neighborhood was in the rear of the fort, where we had mined the rock. We had left a big hole, which was a natural rifle pit, and our loopholes did not command it. They would be sure to occupy this place, and the men prepared a torpedo, holding fifteen pounds of powder, and hid it under the rocks and dirt on the brink of the pit. A trench was then dug to and under the wall of the milk house, and by means of boards a train of powder was laid. When the earth had been filled in again no one could have told it had been disturbed.

We were as ready as we could be at 6 o'clock, but the sun was just going down when we saw the Indians approaching. By that time more than 3,000 settlers had been butchered or driven from their homes, and the war which was to sweep over an extent of country 200 miles long and sixty broad, and alarm 30,000 settlers, had opened in all its fierceness. The band which now approached numbered only sixteen warriors, and as soon as they saw our strength they fired a few shots at long range and passed on to the east. At dark we entered the fort, arranged the goods and provisions to give us all the room possible, and by and by turned in to sleep while one man was left on watch. This was Miller. He was to watch until midnight, and then call one of the young men, but at 11 o'clock he quietly aroused the garrison and whispered the news that a large number of Indians had arrived. We were scarcely awake before being made aware that our fort was being closely inspected by spies. When we had carefully pulled the plugs from the loopholes we could see and hear them moving about in large numbers. By and by we heard a number of them on the roof. They were probably investigating to see how to burn us out. At a signal from Miller we took up our guns, carefully poked the muzzles through the loopholes in the planks, and at another signal all fired. We killed or wounded two Indians by the volley, and the others hastily departed. Half an hour later two or three of the reds crept up to the barricade in front of our door with arms full of light wood and started a fire. The posts were only half seasoned, and all that afternoon I had kept them wet with water. They charred a little under the flames, but the fire would not take hold. From the number of Indians we could see, and to judge by the yells of those out of sight, our enemies numbered at least fifty. After trying us with fire they drew off to wait for daylight, and the most of them probably went to sleep.

When daylight came our enemies were re-enforced by a band of twelve, and these newcomers brought with them two settlers' teams and wagons and three prisoners. Two of the prisoners, a man and woman, were killed soon after coming up. I knew the man. He lived about eight miles away, and had frequently called at our house. The third prisoner was a settler none of us knew. About an hour after daylight the Indians sent him forward with a white flag to demand our surrender. He came up within thirty feet of our barricade, and then halted and told us what he had been commanded to do. A dozen or more Indians had their rifles on him, ready to shoot in case he attempted to play them false. He was a big, powerful fellow, and I never saw such grief and anxiety in a human countenance. In a voice loud enough for the Indians to hear, he demanded our surrender, but in whispers he warned us not to, as every one of us would be butchered. Miller replied to him from a loophole, telling him to go back to the Indians and ask their best terms. When he returned he was to come as close as possible, and at a signal he was to spring forward, and the door would be open for him. He was a pretty cool fellow, in spite of all his sufferings. He returned to the Indians, consulted for a few minutes, and when he came back to us he approached within twenty-five feet before they shouted to him to halt. Then he told us that we would be permitted to take one of the teams and leave the country; that the Indians all loved us; that all they wanted was their land. We had our guns ready to cover him, and I saw him draw a long breath just before the signal came. As Miller uttered a whistle one of the men pulled open the door, and at the same instant the stranger made a spring for shelter. It was a veritable spring for life. The Indians fired at him, but too late, and he pitched in among us without a scratch.

Then began a siege which lasted nine days, and in which over forty Indians were killed or wounded. They gathered in the quarry, as expected, and Miller exploded the torpedo and killed four and badly wounded a dozen. They tried every possible way to burn us out, and on one of these occasions, while they were congregated together, Miller sprang another of his mines and killed several of them. Five or six different times they displayed a flag of truce and thought to coax or threaten us into surrender, but Miller was wise enough to refuse to trust them. From first to last they fired about 4,000 bullets at our fort, over a hundred of which lodged in the door, but none of us was wounded. The besieging force never numbered less than thirty-five, and one day the number was over 100. On the ninth day troops came and drove the fiends off, and it was only then we learned of the widespread devastation. Not a house nor barn had been left standing for miles and miles in any direction. Crops had been destroyed, stock shot down and settlers butchered or driven off all over a great section of the state. We had been the only ones outside of the towns to make a fight, and by our standing a siege we kept a large force of the savages from going against the settlers.—New York Sun.

The Counting Machine in Russia.

I have been in four or five of the largest banks in Russia and many of the most extensive commercial and railroad houses, and nowhere have I seen figuring done by pen or pencil, like they do in America and England. The Chinese counting machine, seen occasionally in the hands of John and Jap in the United States, is everywhere. If you buy a pair of socks for fifty kopecks and a handkerchief for seventy-five kopecks, the shopkeeper, even the brightest and oldest and most experienced, has to go to his machine to learn the result—one rouble, twenty-five kopecks. I venture that there are not a dozen bankers in Russia who would attempt to discount any draft, or issue a letter of credit, or change a ten rouble note into kopecks, without pushing back and forward for some time the strings of colored buttons in his machine, indicating numerals. But it is wonderful how adept some of them are in the use of the counting machine. You may buy a bill of goods ever so large. The salesman keeps the machine beside him, pushing out the numerals as the purchases are made, and the instant you call for your bill he repeats the total. The Russians were taught most of their business knowledge by the Chinese and Turks, and these counting machines are yet indispensable in all Oriental places of business.—Moscow Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Seal's Domestic Discipline.

Travelers have often said that there seemed to be something human about the seal, and one story told here seems to give it confirmation. It is about the breeding rookery, where the seal pups are in the nursery, so to speak. "It is certain," says Tingle, "that half the pups are born mates, and that pups equal to 90 per cent. of cows on the rookeries go into the water—that is, exclusive of the young cows which come upon the rookeries for the first time to meet the males. The estimate loss of 10 per cent. is caused by bulls in preserving rigid discipline and administering necessary correction in the management of their domestic affairs. Their idea of a female's duty does not admit of any little indiscretions, and at the slightest sign of deviation, regardless of consequences, they quickly pounce upon the offending female and shake her by the neck. A number of pups are also lost by being washed off the rocks by the surf and drowned, before they have learned to swim. Fully one-half the pups which go to sea in the fall return as yearlings the following spring, the absent ones having furnished food for their natural enemies in the water.—Boston Advertiser.

As It Happened.

A clock ticked merrily among the passengers on a Cass avenue car the other day, and one passenger after another looked up cheerfully and said:

"That sounds good! Where is the ticker?"

No one seemed to know. One little woman with her arms full of packages fidgeted and looked uncomfortable.

"That isn't a clock you hear," said a distraught, wild looking man who sat near the door; "it's my heart you hear beating, gentlemen!"

Everybody looked at him sympathetically, when a man in the corner who had been reading a paper suddenly jumped up.

"What's that drip, drip, over there? Be keerful, ma'am, that lamp's leakin'! I kin smell kerosene!"

At this moment the alarm in the clock went off, and the man who had heart disease rushed out of the car and was seen running wildly down the sidewalk, while the little woman with the clock rang the bell and carried off the cause of the disturbance.—Detroit Free Press.

The Best Shot in England.

Earl de Grey, who was shooting with Col. Tomaline at Stratton hall recently, is reputed to be the best shot in England. It is a curious thing that our crack shots are both Greys, the second Grey being Lord Walsingham, who is very little behind his namesake with the prefix "de." Perhaps the story is not true that Lord de Gray tried to drop a driven partridge down the chimney of his keeper's cottage, and at last succeeded, but a really true and still better anecdote of him is related. The writer of it was grouse driving in Yorkshire, and Lord de Grey, past master of the gunnery, was in the next butt. He had three guns ready for use, and toward him a small covey of five birds came flying. How to kill the lot was the problem. A brace coming and a brace going would be easy to such an adept, but the fifth bird would get away. One of the grouse was a bit in advance, and, taking a long shot at it, Lord de Grey killed it, and, without using the second barrel, dropped gun No. 1, took up gun No. 2, killed two birds coming, then took up gun No. 3 and killed two birds going. Probably there is no other man in England who would have done it.

The Russian Soldier's Tea.

That a soldier, and especially a Russian, is fond of his whisky, is a fact that is very well known, yet if the latter had his choice which of the two to dispense with—whisky or tea—I firmly believe he would prefer the tea. Every company is supplied with an immense tea urn holding hundreds of cups of boiling water, and at evening each soldier can swallow his ten cups—less than that won't do—of hot tea. If he is on guard the vivandiere takes pity on him and brings the delightful beverage to the guard house, where, for a few coppers, he can drink with comfort the bright yellow fluid, one-tenth of which surely does not deserve the name of tea. Hebe, enveloped in a sheepskin, is the friend of the company, and the severest weather will not prevent her journey to the guard house in order to solace her children with their precious tea.—Capt. John J. O'Connell in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Barrels are made in Jersey for the use of the channel island farmers which will fold up when empty, and thus, having been sent to market, can be packed into a small space on the return. The staves are fixed upon the hoops so that, the heads being removed, they may be rolled up. They are made perfect cylinders, and therefore occupy less space for the same capacity than ordinary barrels.—Dress.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

The "advance of civilization" westward has been an excellent thing for the Winchester rifle trade.

CATARRH CAN'T BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

"I don't see," said Aunt Sary, "why they should want a divorce; their tempers are entirely combatible."

A MYSTERY.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nauseous medicines often literally poured into it for the suppositive relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic, would oftener be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

"Miss Antique is aging very rapidly." "You must be wrong. She is only a year older now than she was five years ago. She says so herself."

The Electric Alarm Clock will ring until you get up and stop it. People who over-sleep should have one. For particulars address Imperial Jewelry Co., 26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell

Try Germea for Breakfast.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

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FOR OLD AND YOUNG.
Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

Tutt's Pills

give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.

If you have a
COLD or COUGH,
acute or leading to
CONSUMPTION,
SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA
IS SURE CURE FOR IT.
This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the *Hypophosphites* and fine *Norwegian Cod Liver Oil.* Used by physicians all the world over. It is *as palatable as milk.* Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of *Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis,*
CONSUMPTION,
Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION.
It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

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A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.
Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.
No other baking powder does such work.

CIDER MILLS.
2 KINDS, 4 SIZES
VARYING IN CAPACITY
FROM 2 TO 10 BBLS. PER DAY.
$20.00 TO $40.00
WORTH MUCH MORE.
EVERY FARM SHOULD HAVE ONE.
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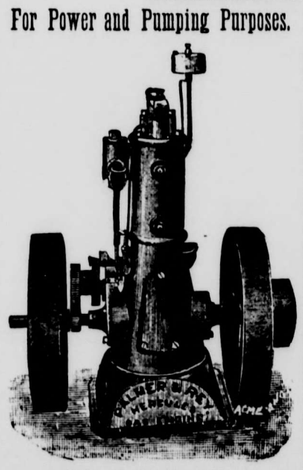

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

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THREE NOTABLE MEN.

One of Whom has Recently Passed Away.

BRIEF SKETCHES OF THEIR LIVES.

The Reformer of Japan.—Arrival of the Chief of the Capuchins.

Father Bernard d'Andermott, the present Superior-General of the order of Capuchin monks, arrived in New York several days ago. The head of the other has never before visited the United States.

The Superior-General will remain in this country several months. He will visit every Capuchin monastery here, and will preside at the chapter of the order to be held in Detroit in September. It is expected that several important changes will be made by him.

Father Bernard was born in Switzerland in 1837. He joined the Capuchin

Father Bernard d'Andermott.

order in 1855, and was ordained in 1860. He did missionary work in Switzerland, and occupied many important positions before he was elected superior-general of the order on May 9, 1884. For the last two years he has been visiting Capuchin monasteries in all parts of the world. He spent a year in Africa, and was several months in the Orient. He had completed the visitation of the French and English houses when he sailed on the Gallia for this country.

Ja Ja is dead. He was once the chief of Opobo was Ja Ja, but he was deposed by the English government some years ago. His case attracted a good deal of attention in the house of commons and in the English press. The work of deportation from Opobo was intrusted to H. H. Johnson. Ja Ja, he said, was a runaway slave from Bonny, who found a refuge and a stronghold in the marshes of the lower Opobo river, and became the head and forefront of the middlemen, the champion of the reactionaries. He identified himself with the last rec il of fetishism before the spread of Christianity and clean living. He alone, among all the Oil River chiefs, actually opposed the introduction of Christianity into his country, and he actually forbade, and forcibly prevented, the landing of agents of the Church Missionary and other evan-

Prince Sanjo.

gelizing societies in Opobo. So soon as he departed, these agents were (according to Mr. Johnson) well received, and the opposition of the middlemen to the exploration and exposition of the interior entirely and quietly ceased. According to his friends and champions, however, Ja Ja was everything that could well be desired. They said he was arrested because he would not allow the traders in oil to break a treaty which England had concluded with him. He refused to separate his interests from those of his subjects and insisted upon the maintenance of the agreement which had been entered into. For this he was punished by fine and deposition. The cry of "Justice for Ja Ja!" was vigorously raised, but it fell on deaf ears. He was carried first to Accra, on the Gold coast, and finally to the island of Teneriffe, where he recently died.

Prince Sanjo, one of the brainiest men Japan ever knew, has recently finished his highly commendable career on the little island and gone to the land of his gods. His funeral was one of

the most impressive that has ever taken place in Tokio.

Prince Sanjo was the reformer of Japan. It is to him that is due most of the credit for the modern civilization that exists in Japan to-day.

He was born in 1837, and grew up during the revolution against the dictatorship of the Tycoon. This difficulty was settled by a treaty with the American representative, Commodore Perry, in 1855.

In 1853 Prince Sanjo was one of those who carried negotiations from the Mikado to the Tycoon and was put in the awkward position of being condemned to death, with the Mikado's consent, when the other policy prevailed. He escaped, however, and did not appear again until the present Mikado ascended the throne. When the progressive party was successful, in 1889, and the Tycoon deposed, Sanjo came out in strong effect. The government was revised and modern education and trade ideas adopted. For a long time he was Governor of an important province and commander of the Imperial Guard. Shortly before his retirement Premier Sanjo was Prime Minister to the Mikado, and even after his honorable retirement he was a confidential adviser. Just before his death the Mikado gave him the highest titles attainable by Japanese subjects.

A DEADLY INFLUENCE.

Mesmerism Described as a Most Dangerous Science.

Talking of mesmerism (says a recent writer), I know of a case—and I can vouch for its truth—that borders on the marvelous. It occurred in the gardens of Count Pallavicini, near Rome, and the actors were a French journalist and an individual named Salvator. They were the principals in a duel. The quarrel was of long standing, Salvator having killed a friend of the journalist. The men fought with rapiers, and were both experts. I will quote the journalist's own words: "The moment I faced Salvator and crossed swords with him he gazed steadily into my eyes. I do not know what possessed me, but the idea that the man was trying to mesmerize me flashed across my mind, and, as you may imagine, made me feel rather uncomfortable.

"I was, at the time, considered one of the best fencers in France, and, relying on my skill, took matters rather easy. I am unable to describe the peculiar feeling that had taken possession of me. Although possessed of an extra degree of strength, I felt my arm growing more tired at every moment. Again I looked into my opponent's face; his coal-black eyes were still glaring at me. Then I knew that he had formed the diabolical plan of deadening my muscles by his devilish power, in order to assassinate me.

"I roused all my latent energies, knowing that I was fighting for my life. I fought as I had never fought before. Three times in as many seconds I touched him, but all this time his power was overcoming me. I could feel a heavy weight pressing on my chest; my wrist was almost powerless. With one despairing effort I threw myself on him, and then I knew no more."

His opponent's weapon had pierced his chest, a wound from which he however recovered. Salvator met a well-deserved fate in a gambling den in Florence, being brained with a chair.

Some Novel Things.

An Amager farmer has been arrested and fined for assault upon the Danish army. While entering town with a load of cabbage the war horse of the artillery took fright at his outfit and broke up the whole army.

The old-fashioned Russian wagon driver who carried passengers and freight long distances in his rude, self-contrived vehicle is still competing successfully with the steam horse in the land of the white czar.

The largest grapevine in the world is that growing at Oys Portugal, which has been bearing since 1802. Its maximum yield was in 1884, in which year it produced a sufficient quantity of grapes to make 165 gallons of wine.

A fly caused the death of a man at Vienna. He was walking the street when the insect suddenly took a position on his forehead. As soon as it left a swelling appeared and the man soon afterward died of blood poisoning.

Divers in the clear waters of the tropical seas find that fish of different colors when frightened do not all dart in the same direction, but that each different kind takes shelter in that portion of the submarine growth nearest in color to that of the fish.

Ohio claims to have the largest oil well in this country if not in the world It is located near North Baltimore, in Hancock county, and if permitted to flow its full capacity would more than fill two of the 35,000-barrel tanks every twenty four hours.

The Salton Sea has now received its vindication and letters patent. The sea serpent has visited its waters and disported therein. The creature is described as being about fifty feet in length with the conventional yellow scales, yawning mouth and great flippers.

The biggest doctor's fee of the age is the 2,000,000 marks paid by Herr von Donner, a Hamburg merchant, for Dr. Michelsen's cure of his wife. The money wasn't given to the famous Wiesbaden practitioner, however, but, at his wish, to found a hospital in Hamburg.

Vergennes, Vt., is the third oldest city in the United States, having been chartered in 1788. Hartford and New Haven, Conn., were chartered in 1784. Vergennes is probably the smallest and most quiet city in the country, having a population of 1,573 and covering only 1,200 acres of ground.

Wild horses are sociable in character and protect themselves against carnivorous beasts by herding together in large numbers. In face of any great danger, such as storms and fires, they unite in still larger bodies, probably from a sentiment akin to the human one at similar crises.

The hide of a former Cincinnati elephant, Old Chief, which was shot in February, has been stuffed, and with the mounted skeleton of the brute will be housed in a special building at the Cincinnati Zoological Garden. The hide weighs 1,100 pounds, and it has been stuffed with oakum.

The Great Russian Railway.

Work on the Trans-Caucasian railroad is progressing satisfactorily. The contingent of laborers consists of 2,500 soldiers, 900 convicts at hard labor, 300 Siberian exiles, 400 freemen, and 1,700 Chinamen and Coreans. Besides this 125 Russians and 300 Chinamen are employed in the stone works. This army of laborers does not include the higher officials, such as engineers, architects, inspectors, etc.

HOSPITAL HORRORS.

Stories of Surgical Recklessness Told in a Book.

WHAT AN OBSERVING ENGLISHMAN SAYS.

Terrible Things That are Done in the Teaching Hospitals of London.

At second and third hand we may imagine our author to have gathered the account he gives us of the terrible things that are done in the teaching hospitals. Here are two of his illustrations of the treatment of moribund patients. A nurse calls a house surgeon:

"'Sister says she thinks he is dying fast, and are you going to operate?' 'Going to operate? Rather think I was. Don't you know, nurse, this is my first capital operation? Do you think I am going to lose the chance?' 'Then, sir, sister told me to ask you if I had better let the chaplain know.' 'Chaplain be hanged!' he cried. 'Certainly not! It would only depress the poor devil. No, no! Plenty of brandy! Keep him up! Cheer him all you can; tell him it is only a trifling, every day sort of affair, and he will be well in a jiffy. You may send for his wife.' 'Oh, sir, she has been waiting about the hospital all day.' 'All right, then! Now, gentlemen, to business. You shall see me do something pretty.' The bell rang for the operation to assemble the students, some of whom said 'it was a beastly shame to torture a poor wretch who hadn't a chance of getting over it.' 'Ah, you won't talk like that when you are house surgeon (H. S. they always termed it) yourself. You will be glad to operate on your father, if you can't get anybody else. Besides, what are hospitals for, if not to qualify us for our work? If people don't want us to learn all we can from them, why don't they stay at home and die? The parish doctor won't disturb their latter moments with operations.'"

And again:

"Here is a middle aged woman, evidently having but a short time to live, yet this afternoon Dr. Wilson says his chief proposes to perform upon her a capital operation. He has not the least hope it can save her life, but the chance of performing such an operation arises but seldom, and it is but just and kind to the house surgeon, who wants all the practical work he can get, to let him assist. So the woman and her friends are duly pressed to consent that this—'the only means of saving her life'—shall forthwith be done. To this end all the nurses are instructed to urge her. At last she submits. She will be carried to the operating theatre, and this chance of instruction will fall to Dr. Wilson's hands; for as soon as the chloroform has effected its work he will take the place of the chief and 'do his first strangulated hernia.'"

Among the cases of heartless experimenting we have the following:

"'Would you like to do a gastrotomy? You ought to do one or two before you leave; it's a very pretty operation. I never knew a case survive more than a week; but there's nothing like trying, and if you pick out a case that must die any way you are welcome to use any of my cases that we can get to consent, and with Sister Agnes' consent—sister is capital at getting consent in anything, aren't you, sister?—it can generally be managed.' * * * 'I wish to investigate,' said one of his dressers, 'the presence of lithic acid in the blood of rheumatic patients. May I blister one or two of your patients, Mr. Crowe?' 'Oh, certainly,' said the obliging physiologist; 'only you must take precautions to let he patient imagine you are doing it for his benefit, and be careful the nurses don't see what you are about—nurses are getting 'cute nowadays. With these provisos, you are free to roam at large, my friend, over the bodies of any of my clinics.'"

Almost inconceivable cases of carelessness and recklessness are charged against the operators.

"Visions of similar cases crowded in upon the good Sister's recollections—of eviscerated creatures in which no tumor was discovered to remove; of cases where, on the post mortem table, sponges, and even instruments had been discovered carelessly sewn up in the patients after operation, and had caused their deaths. * * * One day an old pavior smashed his hand. The surgeons at St. Bernard wanted to remove three fingers. Not before he had been to see Sister Agnes, he thought. Sister Agnes went in for conservative surgery, and told him to refuse his consent. How often had she known a simple method of dressing to save the digits in such a case. In three months the man had the complete use of his hand as before the accident, but that didn't console the house surgeon, whose fingers had itched to make a neat little job of it."—London Spectator Book Review.

Oyster Shells in Medicine.

Dr. Peter Hood, of London, in a communication to The Lancet, calls attention to an article published by him in the same journal some twenty years ago, on the value of calcium carbonate in the form of calcined oyster shells, as the means of arresting the growth of cancerous tumors. In the case which he then reported, that of a lady nearly 80 years old, the growth sloughed away and left a healthy surface after a course of the remedy in question, as much as would lie on a shilling being taken once or twice a day in a little warm water or tea. He now reports another case of schirrus of the breast, in the wife of a physician, in which the treatment was followed by an arrest of the growth and a cessation of the pain, the improvement having now lasted for years, and no excrudescence having thus far occurred. Dr. Hood says that the remedy can do no harm, and that the prima facie evidence in its favor is certainly stronger than that on which rests the use of chian turpentine, so eagerly resorted to by the profession. He would restrict the trials to well marked cases of schirrus, and no benefit should be looked for in less than three months.—New York Tribune.

Quietness of Italian Resorts.

The Italians, as a class, are most polite and good natured. They are very curious, but their curiosity is never annoying. I do not think there is any country on the continent where the visiting royalties could be as free as they are here at San Remo. When the young princesses here go out to walk they are never followed about, nor are they ever stared at by even the peasants. They look at them with kindly interest and politely touch their hats, but they are never obtrusive. The watering place manners of England will bear no comparison with the quietness and gentleness of the people in the neighborhood of Italian resorts. The royal princesses of England cannot visit any of the sea places of England and attempt to walk in public without being followed by such a mob as to force them at once into retirement.—T. C. Crawford in New York World.

Cook oatmeal in a double boiler or in a covered pail set in a kettle of water. Be sure to salt it.

SOME CURIOUS TABLE MANNERS.

The Good Old Days When Knives and Forks Were Scarce—The Saltcellar.

It was late in the Fourteenth century when the first evidences of art in the shape of silver cups were noticeable on the buffet. The dishes were made of pewter or wood and spoons of bone, wood or silver. Knives were rare, and on that account guests invited to feasts carried their own knives. Forks came in general use still later, and for long years after their introduction they were considered ridiculous affectation and foppery, and not nearly so convenient as one's own fingers. The lord and his lady dipped their fingers into the same plate and sipped their wine from the same cup. Even the queenly Elizabeth, with all her elaborate ideas of etiquette, was content to carry her food to her mouth with her fingers, and at first despised the newly invented forks as unseemly and awkward.

Very gradually the dining hall grew in comfort and splendor. Dishes of gold and silver were made, and so eager were the nobles for them that they would sacrifice anything to possess them. The saltcellar was for a long time the article of highest importance on the board. It was a great affair, and it stood directly in the center of the table; it was the dividing line; the nobles were seated above the salt, the commoners below; hence grew the proverb, "Below the salt." The passing of salt was a ceremonious custom, the guest throwing a pinch over his left shoulder and murmuring a blessing.

The saltcellars were of the most curious device. Sometimes they represented huge animals, sometimes a great, full blown flower, or a long, slender stem, and again they were in shape of a chariot, mounted on four wheels, on which they were easily run down the table.

The first glass cups came from Venice during the Sixteenth century, and from that time on society began to lose many of its primitive ways, and became, in a sense, more refined.

Henry VIII was born with luxurious tastes. He had his banquet chairs supplied with velvet cushions, and about this time the parlor or "talking room," as it was called, was introduced, and here it was that the dames took refuge when the dinner had advanced beyond prudent limits, as it invariably did before the finish.

The cook that presided over the kitchen in those days was not the counterpart of our Nineteenth century Bridget, but he was an artist, and generally a man of quality. The ladies of the household, even those of noble birth, attended to many domestic duties, making the bread, preserving the fruits, while to understand the proper use of starch was considered a great accomplishment.—Tillie May Forney in Woman.

The Fat Man Trick.

Stage tricks and illusions have an undying charm even when the veil of mystery is raised. It was the celebrated family of Ravels that invented the fat man trick, and now we have an exposition of the manner in which that seeming marvel was accomplished. One of the actors in the pantomime sits at a table and ravenously eats dish after dish of food that a servant brings on to him. Presently the man, who like most ravenous eaters was rather thin and scrawny, begins to grow plump. His clothes fit him snugly. His waistcoat steadily swells out under the very eyes of the audience.

All the while he is eating like a sausage machine. In a few minutes he has grown to be a giant eight or nine feet tall, and with the proportions of an inflated balloon. The food eaten is all "property food," made of tissue paper, that the actor chews up into little balls and takes out of his mouth when occasion offers. His clothes are all of rubber and made to fit air tight around the wrists and neck. In sitting down he puts the heel of one boot over a little trap in the stage. An assistant below immediately couples a tube running from a bellows to a hole in the boot heel. Then he blows him up. By the time that the suit has grown so big that the inhabitant has to have a lantern to move around in it, the wind supply is cut off and the boot heel is plugged up. Then, by an ingenious arrangement of springs under the actor's feet the height is acquired.—Detroit Free Press.

The Legion's Iron Discipline.

Many desertions continue to take place from the French army in Tonkin. All the deserters who are recaptured are shot without compunction. Lately eighteen soldiers of the Foreign legion ran away from Southay with a lot of arms and accouterments. They were caught in the mountain defiles after a chase which lasted a considerable time, and the eighteen were condemned to be shot at once. It is said that when the men were drawn up in single file in front of their graves the adjutant who was in charge of the firing party cried out with an oath, on seeing some of the doomed men fall slightly out of their alignment, "Can't you fellows keep your dressing better than that? Eyes right! Dress!" No sooner was the command given than the prisoners with parade like punctuality straightened themselves up and obeyed as if they were on the drill ground or at a review. Then the fatal command was given, and the eighteen men went down before the terrible volley. The adjutant's words—if they were ever uttered, and it is probable that they were—show that an iron discipline still prevails in the French Foreign legion.—London Telegraph.

Watering the Bivalves.

"Always have your oysters opened while you wait," said a Brooklyn dealer. "Why? Because, although you pay five cents a quart more for them, you will save money. It is the custom of oyster dealers who open oysters the night before they are sold to throw them into water. An oyster will absorb about one-third its weight in water, and so the purchaser pays one-third of his money for water, which he can add to the oysters himself if he wants his bivalves watered."—New York Evening Sun.

Utilizing Apple Pomace.

Apple pomace was once thrown away at all the great cider mills, as it was thought to possess no value as food or manure. It is now sold to be used for both purposes. Not a few dairymen pay good prices for it to feed to milk cows.—Chicago Times.

GRASSHOPPER TELEGRAPH.

Sending Messages From a Moving Train.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE NEW SYSTEM.

How an Expensive Accident Could Have Been Avoided.

A reporter was comfortably seated in the smoking car of an afternoon train on the Lehigh Valley road, when his attention was attracted by a peculiar sound proceeding from one corner of the car. It was interrupted at irregular short intervals, and had the sound been metallic it would undoubtedly have been recognized as the "click" of a telegraph instrument. But it was not metallic; it was more like a mosquito's "ping," emphasized and cut up into short fragments.

Upon looking around for the origin of this peculiar sound the reporter noticed a young man occupying a back seat. Around his head passed a broad band which fastened a peculiar black affair against his ear. A moment later the reporter was seated beside him and learning about "telegraphing by induction."

The operator held on his lap a board about three feet long and two and a half feet wide. At one end of it was a pad of message blanks. Near the center of the board was the key, and on the right was the "induction coil" with a steel case. When the reporter sat down, the operator was sending a message, and the vibrations of the armature were what caused the sound that had first attracted attention.

"Why does your instrument sound so different from other ones?" the reporter asked when the message was ended."

"Oh, we make it sound that way so that the office operator can distinguish it from the regular line. We can, by changing the sounder, make it any note that we please, but this is found very satisfactory."

"Where is your line? Under the cars?"

"Oh, no. That's it, out on those poles, beside the track."

"But how do you make connections?"

"We don't. That is, no direct connection. We telegraph by induction. This," placing his hand on a box about the size of an ordinary valise, "is our battery. We send a current through the tin roof of the car, and down to the ground through the axle box and wheels. Now, there is also a current passing along the line on the poles. The presence of one of these currents affects the other, and when, by using the key, I break and again make the current through the car roof, it produces a corresponding effect upon the line current, and that effect is felt in the office. Now, some people can't understand why this should work at such a great distance from the line when the currents through the wires on the same pole do not affect each other in the same way. But, I reply, they do affect each other to a certain degree. Often, when you are using the telephone, you can hear the conversation of persons using a wire near yours. The only reason that it works better with us is that we use a different kind of electricity—a stronger current, if you will—and our instruments are made especially to be influenced by the currents so affected. I can show you the difference by taking something entirely disconnected. Suppose you heat a quart of water to boiling point, you do not feel the heat from it until your hand comes almost in contact with it or the vessel that contains it. Now heat a piece of iron that hot and you can feel the heat from it for some distance. Our current differs from the ordinary current in a similar way."

"What is the affair strapped to your ear?"

"That is my telephone. We have to use the telephone to receive the message, and I have it strapped in place so that both hands will be left free. Although our system has been working beautifully upon this road ever since last October, the company is constantly experimenting, in order to improve upon it if possible. Of course any one could see after a moment's thought how many advantages, both to the road and the passengers, arise from a system of telegraphy by means of which every two trains on a division of the road are in constant telegraphic communication with each other and with the train dispatcher. Why, just before our system was introduced on this road there was an accident on the Pennsylvania road that cost the company $25,000 and the lives of two employes. It resulted from the carelessness of a station operator, and could never have happened if both trains had been in communication with the dispatcher. Of course, too, this system obviates the great loss of time entailed upon the freight and gravel and construction trains by the old system.

"Then the advantages to the passengers are very great. Every trip numerous passengers send messages by me. Some of them are of such a nature that it would be quite a serious matter for the sender to have to wait until the next stop to send them. Of course, on some of the fast trains, that do not make any stop at all for hours, the importance is increased. Passengers may send messages from the car to any point reached by the Western Union, and can similarly receive messages from any such point. A lady was taken sick on this train going out to Easton the other day. I used my instrument, and when the train stopped there was an ambulance and a physician waiting for her. We had hardly pulled out of Newark yesterday when the conductor received a message from a lady who had got off there, asking him to look out for her satchel, which she had forgotten to take with her."—New York Sun.

Progress of Yucatan.

An out of the way quarter of the world is the Mexican state of Yucatan, to most travelers, but it appears to have caught the spirit of progress. A recent traveler writes that taxable property of the state is now valued at $3,657,683. The public schools supported by the state number 202, and are attended by upward of 11,000 pupils. Colleges are located at Merida for the study of law and medicine, and Valladolid has an institute, a conservatory of music, and academies. The postal service of the country is good, and telegraph and telephone offices are being rapidly multiplied.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Legends of Serpent Women.

In the early Egyptian hieroglyphics we find representations of snakes' bodies crowned by female heads; and, indeed, this class of serpents seems to have proved equally attractive to all nations, an evidence of which subtle fascination is that the legends of the "snake maidens" still live in the nursery tales of today, perennially young and beautiful as though their birth were not wrapped in the mysteries of a prehistoric age. Of this family came Larnia, the witch of Crete, whose woman's heart rendered her doubly sensitive to the degradation she suffered during her incarceration within her scaly prison; nor did she, on renewing the pristine glory of her human form, completely lose the essence of her serpent nature. Harmonia, the wife of Cadmus, to be a companion in her husband's misfortunes, also took upon herself the serpent's shape, but being devoid of evil intent, never, it is said, shunned, but rather sought man's presence.

Perhaps it is but another form of the classic Harmonia which has become familiar to us under the name of the fairy Gentilla, who, in an adder's shape, sought refuge with Prince Leander from the vengeance of the irate gardeners, but at the end of several days dropped her scaly mantle, and, arrayed in supernatural charms, munificently rewarded her protector. In some of the later accounts of Melusina she is cited as a member of this sisterhood. Jean D'Arras represents her as a serpent "enameled blue and white;" thus also did she present herself to the commander of Lusignan, a fortress which she erected in the early days of her wedded happiness. If there be any who wonder that this union of serpent and woman should have proved attractive to our ancestors, might not the sinuous grace and enigmatical character of our own Elsie Venner plead eloquently for the charms of her myth born sisters?—North American Review.

Colors of the Alpine Sky.

When the Alpine sun is setting, or, better still, some time after it has set, leaving the limbs and shoulders of the mountains in shadow, while their snowy crests are bathed by the retreating light, the snow glows with a beauty and solemnity hardly equaled by any other natural phenomenon. So, also, when first illumined by the rays of the unrisen sun, the mountain heads, under favorable atmospheric conditions, shine like rubies. And all this splendor is evoked by the simple mechanism of minute particles, themselves without color, suspended in the air. Those who referred the extraordinary succession of atmospheric glows, witnessed some years ago, to a vast and violent discharge of volcanic ashes, were dealing with "a true cause." The fine floating residue of such ashes would undoubtedly be able to produce the effects ascribed to it. Still the mechanism to produce the morning and evening red, though of variable efficiency, is always present in the atmosphere. I have seen displays, equal in magnificence to the finest of those above referred to, when when there was no special volcanic outburst to which they could be referred. It was the long continued repetition of the glows which rendered the volcanic theory highly probable.—Professor John Tyndall in The Forum.

The American Club in London.

Among the many burning questions which yet remain to be settled between the United States and Great Britain, none have caused more dissatisfaction in social circles on the other side of the Atlantic than the lack of reciprocity shown by us in the matter of club hospitality. To the English gentleman every club in New York is open; but the citizen of the United States, on arrival in London, finds the portals of the leading clubs in Pall Mall sealed doors. Distinguished men, it is true, are made honorary members of the Athenæum; but it is not every one who can find exuberant joviality within its walls. Our countrymen who have resided in America, struck by the very one sided nature of the club treaty existing between the two countries, have recently started a fresh addition to the many London clubs. The American club aims at affording a meeting place in London for all men interested in the western hemisphere. Here members of the Pacific club at San Francisco, of the Manitoba club at Winnipeg, of the Cercle des Etrangers at Rio, the Knickerbocker at New York and the Turf in Piccadilly meet on terms of perfect equality.—St. James' Gazette.

Preservation of Negatives.

The best way to hold a person or keep track of him is in the possession of a good negative. Or her would do better, as there are more illustrations of the truth of this remark in the case of women. I have had a great deal of experience in this line and have never known it to fail, and for that reason I am always very particular to preserve negatives. They are better than bail bonds. I have negatives of a number of people now who have left the city and who want their friends to forget them, and to that end have very carefully avoided allowing those friends to know where they are or which way they had gone. Yet I hear from them frequently by means of orders for pictures printed off of such and such a negative. I have know of people missing for months, and even for years, and whose friends had given up the search for them, to write to their photographers for pictures off of an old negative.—Photographer in Globe-Democrat.

The Eskimo's Dogs.

Next to his children, the most important members of an Eskimo's household are his dogs, they being essential to his hunting in summer and his traveling in winter. They are very wild, wolfish animals, only half domesticated, and possessing marvelous digestive powers. A pup that Mr. Ashe was rearing, being left to amuse himself in the house one day, did so, very effectually, by devouring stockings, gloves, the greater part of a top boot, and many smaller articles of a similar nature, none of which, apparently, disagreed with him.—J. Macdonald Oxley in American Magazine.

Strictly Anti-Sedentary.

Friend (to congressman's wife)—Is your husband a man of sedentary habits?

Wife—Of course not. He hasn't touched a drop in fifteen years.

IN A SAFETY VAULT.

The Place Where People Keep Their Valuables.

BUILT OF STEEL, IRON AND COPPER.

Guarding Against Fire and Burglars.—Complicated Locks.

What looks like the iron railed door of a cell may be seen just beyond the entrance to the Lincoln bank. It is the passage way to the vault for money and valuables. The cell door is always locked, and in the daytime a man is always in the vault. Besides the open iron railing door, there is a set of others of steel plates, which close in the passage way. The vault is lighted by gas, and except for a small desk, there is nothing to be seen in it besides steel and iron and copper. The floors and walls and ceiling are of steel four and a half inches thick. The vault is on the ground floor, and it is believed that if the building should fall or be burned down by fire, the vault room would remain unharmed and intact. Debris as thick as the layers at Pompeii might fall upon it, but the vault would still be there all right. And the bank people think that with a little defense by guns the place would be mob proof, too.

The room is not much more than twenty feet square, and a tall man can touch its ceiling with his hand. There are 2,500 large and small safes built in its walls. They rent for from $8 to $1,000 a year. People keep bonds, stocks, mortgages, deeds, other valuable papers and jewels and money in them. When a man calls to cut off his coupons or look at his papers, he is identified by the keeper of the vault, who stands by him while he unlocks his compartment. The man takes out the tin box, and is ushered into one of a series of little rooms off the vault. They are about as big as a Turkish bath disrobing closet, and contain a desk and one or more chairs. The minute of the arrival of the man, his name, the box number he opened, and a few other things are recorded in a book kept by the vault keeper. The little closet he is shown to is examined to see that there is nothing in it except the desk and writing materials and chairs. When the man has clipped his coupons and brings back his tin box to put it in his safe, the time of his departure is recorded, and the closet he occupied is inspected to see that he left nothing valuable behind.

Some of the rich men come to look at their papers only once in a month or two. Others go there once in the morning, when they are going down town to their offices, and then stop there again in the afternoon, when returning home. These are the men who leave there whatever extra actual money they have from day to day. But gold and silver and treasury notes are not largely left in the vault. The contents of the boxes are chiefly the papers representing money. However, at the time of the Grant & Ward failure plenty of people got frightened and brought big rolls of bills from down town banks and stuffed them into their compartments. Lots of men who don't rent boxes permanently did hire them then for short periods.

Many of the safes are used by trustees of estates. These safes cannot be opened by one person. For as many trustees as there are there are as many keys, and whenever the safe has to be unlocked all the trustees have to come. Each key performs a different service in opening the lock. The keeper will insert his key, twist it and thus prepare the lock for the insertion of Trustee A's key. Trustee A's key is put in by him and turned, and this makes the lock ready for the key of Trustee B. At last the bolts are turned and the door may be opened. This mechanical device has to be resorted to in order that no single trustee may get access by himself alone to the papers of the estate.—New York Sun.

Hard Work in a Mail Car.

The German makes the best mail route agent, but you very seldom find an Irishman or American who will submit to the severe discipline that is necessary to perfect him in distributing. I have seen beginners, on the run from St. Louis, enter Kansas City with the blood streaming from their hands and the fingernails torn off. The injuries are regularly incurred in working the newspaper mail. The sacks become filled with all kinds of refuse from the floors over which they are dragged. After standing the motion of the cars for fifty miles the papers are frequently coated with particles of iron, steel, glass and splinters, and tear a man's hand to pieces as he dives blindly into the sack for the packages. A few days are always necessary to cure a novice of sore hands. The second day he is crippled, as his fingers are drawn up, and he cannot open his hands without the most excruciating pain.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Knew the Sex.

Wife—What do you mean by coming home at this time of night, George?

Husband—'S all your fault, my dear—hic—'s all your fault.

W. (with a dark frown)—All my fault, sir? All my fault?

H.—Yes. F'lers wanted me to stay longer. Wouldn't do it. Said a man with a wife 's pretty 'n amiable 's mine had no s'cuse for staying out any longer. That's reason why er I come home so soon.

W. (smiling)—Well, you're a great trial to me, George, but I suppose I'll have to forgive you.—Boston Courier.

The house at Appomattox, Va., in which General Lee surrendered to General Grant has been sold for $10,000.

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Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30 .....1891.

Any one who has any doubt about the prosperity of the State will be set right by taking note of the pressure upon the railroads to haul our products to the East. Solid train loads of beans and raisins mean the incoming of a great deal of money into the State.

When Commisioner Geberding said in the Bankers' Convention that "immigration, irrigation and the Nicaragua canal" are the chief needs of California, and have not received the attention they deserve, he condensed much fact and good sense into small compass.

Much as we may dislike the Russian system of government, we must confess that at this juncture it is precisely the kind of power for the day, so far as the European situation is concerned. For that Russia is the great peace conservator of the times is undeniable. Alexander III. has foregone none of the ambition of his nation to extend the borders of its garment, but he is also a firm believer in the doctrine that to the Russian Czar God has committed the office of peacemaker in Europe. He can command or he can forbid war at this time, and either edict must be obeyed.

The encounter between Chilean and American sailors in the streets of Valparaiso, which resulted in the killing of three of the crew of the Baltimore, shows that the feeling against the United States is intense. It is not a new development, however, as the threat of bombarding some of our cities so freely made some years ago amply testifies. The Chileans are unfortunately troubled with the big head. Some of these days something will happen to them which will convince the most ignorant that Chile cannot run the universe.

A short time ago Mr. Herman Leibes of San Francisco returned from Europe and told a Chronicle reporter of the sufferings he had seen in famine-stricken Europe. He ascribed those sufferings as well as our own prosperity to the McKinley bill which he praised as the choicest blessing of Heaven. A few days after that Mr. Leibes was detected trying to defraud the government of $100,000 import duty on a large shipment of tobacco. Naturally as the McKinley bill made other importers pay a heavy duty which he could evade Mr. Leibes regarded it as an unmixed blessing.

The beekeepers have perceived the need of organization for the protection and promotion of their interests. Hence their convention held in Los Angeles last week. The honey product is one of much value in this state, and there are many persons interested in the industry of the bees. Southern California is the great honey-producing section, shipping each year at least four-fifths of the entire honey output of the state. Last year the two counties of Los Angeles and San Diego shipped more than 250 carloads of honey. These stand at the head of the list of honey-producing counties. The total honey product of the state last year was upwards of 300 carloads or more than 3,000 tons. This product represents a large sum of money. California is first among the honey-producing States.

While the second and third rate politicians are insisting that the free coinage question is not, and will not be the real issue in the near future, Henry Cabot Lodge, who forecasts with extreme caution, says in the Forum that "it will be the issue" in 1892. He holds that before the election of 1892 the Democracy will have formulated its tariff views in a platform which the Republicans will assail, putting the Democrats on the defensive. But the silver or money question, he holds, will thrust the tariff issue into the background because of the cry for cheaper money; because it has become a test question of a large number of voters of varied views and interests, and who are "discontented with existing social and financial conditions." The Alliance has declared, not uncertainly, upon the silver question, and the Republicun party, contending that the Alliance is an ally of its enemy, will contest with it openly. Finally, he thinks Congress will pass a free coinage act, but the President will certainly veto it. On that the two parties will go to the country, and free coinage will be the dominant issue, concludes Mr. Lodge.

Stone Coffins.

A discovery of great interest to archæologists has just been made at Malmesbury. In order to enlarge his premises, Mr. J. Moore, of the Bell hotel, has pulled down two adjoining cottages, and the laborers in the employ of the builders while excavating underneath the foundation discovered two stone coffins, the lid of each of which weighed from seven to nine hundred weight. In these were found from sixteen to seventeen perfect skeletons with remarkably fine sets of teeth, scarcely one being missing, although it is supposed the bodies must have been buried over a thousand years.

The dividing wall between the hotel and the cottages was six feet thick, and, on this being removed, underneath the center of it was found a shaft, 14 inches by twelve, beautifully walled up, leading, it is supposed, to a chamber or subterranean passage. We understand that the vicar, who is very interested in the discovery, has expressed his opinion that this is the site of the Malmesbury castle which was built by Roger, bishop of Salisbury, for the purpose of defending the abbey, and that it will help the Archæological society to trace a more correct history of the western part of that grand old building.

On the skeletons being found they were carefully collected by Mr. Moore, and the Rev. G. Windsor Tucker at once visited the spot and gave orders for a grave to be dug near the Russian gun in the churchyard for their interment. Subsequently more skeletons were found and a second grave had to be dug. The discovery altogether has excited great interest.—Wilts and Gloucester Standard.

Voyage of a Bottle.

A few weeks ago a bottle went ashore in Stage harbor, Chatham, near the old wharf, containing a business card of Mr. Ring, a wholesale jeweler, Detroit, Mich., with a statement, in pencil on the blank side, of disaster to the boat and probable loss of the crew, and signed by Mr. Ring, Mr. J. H. Howell of the Standard Oil company, Jersey City, was in the Chatham Monitor office, where the bottle was deposited, and as he was going direct to Detroit opened the bottle and took the card to Mr. Ring to see if there was any meaning in the writing. Mr. Ring was found to be still alive. He was slow to believe that this card came from Cape Cod until convinced that it was the truth.

Mr. Ring says that on the 25th of May he and others were out fishing on the Detroit river, and in a spirit of fun wrote the message, inclosed it in a bottle and cast it to the waves. To get to Chatham it had to travel the length of Lake Erie, over Niagara Falls, the whole length of Lake Ontario, down the St. Lawrence river, through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, into the Atlantic ocean and thence to Chatham, a distance of 2,500 miles, and all in less than sixty days.—New Bedford Mercury.

An Organ Grinder's Sparring Combination

An organ grinder who has been in this city for a month has a scheme which is making him a small fortune.

Instead of the customary one monkey this industrious son of Italy carries two. When he stops the ordinary tricks of climbing and begging are dispensed with, the monkeys are set to fighting and bets are made by the owner with any of the spectators who are so inclined as to which monkey will win.

The owner's bets are freely taken, and they rarely go against him. The result is that where, under the old method, he would probably receive a few nickels he now receives dollars.

A reporter watched the man with the monkeys for nearly an hour in front of the new city hall, where he was surrounded by a large crowd, who were freely contributing their quarters, halfs and dollars to the coffers of the musician.—San Francisco Chronicle.

May Yet Have a Monument.

Interest has recently been revived in the proposed Garfield monument, a fund for which was started in the fall of 1881, shortly after President Garfield's death. The fund was limited to dollar subscriptions, and 604 persons subscribed. Then the affair collapsed, as far as public interest was concerned, and Dec. 11, 1883, H. B. Duncan, treasurer of the fund, placed the $604 on deposit in the Wilmington Savings fund. The interest increments since that time have increased the principal to the sum of $837.05. There is talk now of making an effort to increase the fund to a limit sufficient to admit of the erection of a suitable statue of the dead president in one of the city's public parks.—Wilmington Every Evening.

What One Cow Did.

That a cow has a wonderful appetite when she gets into a neighbor's field was clearly shown in Indiana, where the injured owner proved in court that one ordinary brindle cow destroyed in one afternoon the following property: Two 4-year-old cherry trees, 7 apple trees, 5 pear trees, 1 plum tree, 100 heads of cabbage, 12 rows of beans 5 rods long, 1 row of beets 1¼ rods long, 50 to 150 sweet potato plants, 1 bed of onions, 3 grapevines and 14 blackberry bushes.—Boston News.

Green Soldiers on Sentry Duty.

Early one morning when in camp two Seventh regiment men had adjoining posts. Instead of walking in the same direction, as they should have done, they were plodding toward and from each other. Suddenly the sentry on post No. 5 bawled out as he saw some one approaching from post No. 6:

"Who comes there? Halt?"

The response was quickly given. "Get out, you darned idiot, I'm the sentinel." Then a whispered conversation was held, the result being that the matter was to go no further.—New York Herald.

Before You Tell a Secret.

If you are just on the point of making a confidence it is a good plan to pause before doing so to note the proportion between the times you have regretted giving a confidence and the times you have regretted withholding it. If after this you decide upon making your friend a confidant you must have weighty reasons for thinking him worthy of it.—Murray's Magazine.

The majority of people die sooner than they should. George E. Waring, Jr., says: "Disease is not a consequence of life; it is due to unnatural conditions of living—to neglect, abuse and want." And Dr. Stephen Smith says: "Man is born to health and longevity; disease is abnormal, and death, except from old age, is accidental, and both are preventable by human agencies."

The Bradlaugh Library.

Mr. Bradlaugh's daughter has published the priced catalogue of her late father's library, in the form of a substantial pamphlet. With a view to make it not merely a descriptive list of books but a memento of their original possessor, two photographic portraits are added, together with a fac similie signature. The books number in all 7,000 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets and blue books. They comprise, as his daughter says, only a few rare bindings and comparatively few costly first editions, but such as they were he valued them.

"Twice," she adds, "within recent years he thought he should be obliged to sell them to meet legal expenses. The first time it was to pay government costs during his parliamentary struggle; the second occasion was after the Peters and Kelly case. Each time the sale was happily averted, but the anticipation of the possibility brought extra lines to his face and bitterness to his heart. Last December, when he was feeling ill and in want of a rest and change, which he had no money to procure, I asked him: 'Why not sell two or three of the more valuable books? If you could get health with the money they would fetch, it would be well worth the exchange.'

"'Ah! my daughter,' he answered, with a sad half smile, 'when I have to part with my books'— I was anxious about him and ventured to press him further, but he only shook his head, saying, 'It is of no use arguing the matter.'"—London News.

Electricity and Ice Cream Poisoning.

A new experience of the danger of electricity has to be recorded. Dr. George S. Hull recently conducted some experiments with ice cream freezers, and he finds that galvanic action takes place, which results in the introduction of poisonous salts of copper and zinc into the cream. It appears that the freezer and the paddle are generally made of dissimilar metals, and the cream, especially if mixed with fruits or other acids or even saline substances, forms an electrotyte, which naturally completes the necessary conditions for galvanic action.

With galvanic action there is, of course, chemical action, resulting in the formation of salts of zinc and copper, which become mixed with the cream. Dr. Hull has probably discovered the cause of many mysterious cases of poisoning which have followed the consumption of ice cream. The remedy, however, seems very simple; if the freezer and the mixer were made of the same metal, no galvanic action could take place.—Iron.

The Longest Telegraphic Circuit.

Operator Dan Spencer, of the Buena Vista office of the Mexican Central railway, in this city, was called by the El Paso office, saying that the oldtime telegraph operators, who were having a reunion in Washington, would like to hear from their brethren and friends beyond the Rio Grande. El Paso signaled Spencer to call Kansas City, which he did, and Kansas City in turn told him to call Washington, who was evidently waiting, as the reply came instantly, when Spencer sent the following message:

"T. T. Eckert and the Old Timers: The railway operators and trainmen in the land of the Montezumas send warmest greetings."

The circuit was made by way of El Paso, Kansas City, Chicago, Buffalo and New York to Washington from this city, forming the longest overland circuit in the history of the telegraph.—Mexico Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hysteria and Hypnotism.

At the recent meeting of the French Society of Hypnology in Paris Dr. Berillon astonished his hearers by stating that almost all children could be hypnotized except those who were idiotic or hysterical. The idea that there is any connection between hysteria and hypnotism was strongly disputed. One physician alleged that he had hypnotized sixty-nine patients out of seventy-two under his care for various diseases in a hospital, and said it was absurd to believe that so large a proportion could be hysterical.—Exchange.

The Collection Bag.

In some churches years ago the collection was taken in small, close meshed nets with short handles. The latest thing made for this use, the collection bag, is a modification of the old fashioned net. It is a cone shaped plush bag seven inches in diameter and seven inches deep. It is secured to a hoop to which is attached a handle two or three feet long, as may be desired. The collection bag sells for four dollars. It has been in use about one year.—New York Sun.

Bad Boys and a Turtle.

The boys have been keeping the fire department busy of late. Some boys caught a turtle and poured oil over it, near the city's house for storing naphtha, on Dwight street, then set the shell on fire. The turtle ran up to the door of the house, and in an instant the whole interior was in flames. An alarm was sounded, and the department worked over two hours before the flames were subdued.—Holyoke (Mass.) Cor. Springfield Republican.

Nine persons of royal blood—one emperor, three kings, one queen, two heirs apparent, one emperor's brother and the wife of one heir presumptive (the Countess of Flanders)—slept on French soil on a recent night.

The first large quantity of American sponges ever sent to European markets was recently shipped from Philadelphia. The lot comprised 6,000 pounds each of two kinds of sponges from the Florida coast.

A Mile in Forty Seconds by Rail.

A mile in 39 4-5 seconds, or at the rate of over 90 miles an hour, is the fastest run ever made by a railroad train. This unparalleled feat has been accomplished on the Bound Brook railroad, between Neshaminy Falls and Langhorne, by engine No. 206, drawing two ordinary coaches and President McLeod's private car Reading, which is equal to two coaches in weight. Other miles were reeled off with speed as astonishing as this crack mile, and at the end of the "fly" the world's record was broken. From this out all records must date from the memorable Bound Brook flight. The fastest mile was scored in 39 4-5 seconds. The fastest five miles in 3m. 26 4-5s. The fastest ten miles in 7m. 12s., averaging 43 seconds per mile.—Philadelphia Record.

England and Her Great Men.

The Victorian exhibition of next winter in London is to contain 400 portraits of great men who have adorned the fifty-four years' reign of Queen Victoria. Four hundred great men is a goodly allowance for the reign of one sovereign. On looking through the list, however, the word greatness is seen to be used with a good deal of breadth. Still, they are all so far distinguished, Walter Besant writes, that their names will be known to everybody who visits the gallery and beholds their portraits.

"I wonder," he says, "how many of those who look at the catalogue will ask any awkward question—it will certainly not be asked by her majesty's advisers—as to the connection between honors and honor, between such distinction as can be conferred by rank and title and such as is gained by work and genius. For instance, the real glory of the reign will always be the immense advance of science. What honors have been granted to men of science? None. Charles Darwin, Faraday, Huxley, Tyndall, Stephenson, Herschel, Lyell, Murchison, Wheatstone—these men, in any other country which had such things to bestow, would have been made peers of that country. Here they are tossed a knighthood, in the same list with a country town mayor, a London sheriff or the clerk of a society. Again, there is literature.

"Next to the science of the reign, the literature will be its chief glory. What has been done for the authors, poets, historians, novelists of this reign? What distinctions, peerages, baronetcies or orders of Bath or Garter have been granted to Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Swinburne, Grote, Hallam, Froude, George Eliot, Blackmore, Freeman, Green, Lecky—names taken at random from the glorious Victorian roll? None. Nay, since those men of science and literature have made distinction for themselves which no court could increase, what interest has ever been shown in them and in their work by the court? None. None whatever."

Willing to Fish Himself.

As the train was about pulling out of the Union depot Sunday a most excellent young man handed out slips bearing the title, "Where Shall We Go on Sunday?" A young fellow got one of these and was just entering the car when a lady stopped him.

"Have you read that slip?"

"Yes m."

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"It's all right, mam," said he, politely raising his hat.

"Then you're not going off with this excursion?"

"Most assuredly; yes'm."

"Why not remain at home and attend church?"

"I would be of no use, mam, I cannot sing."

"But others can."

"That's all right, mam? But I can't talk in meeting."

"Others can talk for you."

"And I can't pray"—

"Oh, we'll pray for you"—

"And I can fish—I'm a big success at that."

"Ah, let others do your fishing for you"—

"Ah, no mam! I'm no coward, whatever I am. I want nobody lost on my account. Therefore I'll go and do my own fishing. These poor, ignorant excursionists risk their souls for me? Not much, mam. Never!"

And he politely stepped on board and was gone.—Columbus Post.

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INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
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Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed
Flooring.
sep 11 tf

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce Street, New York

A HANDSOME BOOK.

The new Fall and Winter Illustrated Catalogue of Weinstock, Lubin, & Co., Sacramento, California, which is sent free to any address, far surpasses all their previous price-lists in beauty, volume, and interesting matter. It contains one hundred and sixty pages, printed in the best style on fine paper, and with hundreds of beautiful illustrations, made especially for this edition, and showing accurately the host of new styles in goods for men, women, and children. Each page reveals some new surprise and shows how profitable is Mail Order Shopping.

The following will give some clue as to the general drift of the book:—

CLOAKS AND SUITS.
Seven pages of artistic drawings by first-class artists tell the story of the fall styles in ladies' and children's suits, wraps, and capes. We do not believe that ever before has any such collection of choice new goods been offered the people of the Pacific Coast at any such prices as will be found marked between the various illustrations.

MILLINERY.
Eighteen handsome illustrations of hats and bonnets after Eastern and Parisian fashions are shown, besides liberal representations of birds and feathers, untrimmed shapes, baby caps, etc. It is worth the trouble of sending for the catalogue, if for nothing else than to see the new fashions in this most changeable of all lines of wearing apparel.

FANCY GOODS.
Twenty-five pages are devoted to underwear, neckwear, ribbons, purses, and countless other accessories of the wardrobe and toilet of the modern maid and maiden.

WOOLENS, SILKS, COTTONS.
These, too, are represented in great assortments; but of nearly every thing we in addition send samples if asked for. Blankets, table linens, towels, etc., are also described on these pages.

MEN'S GOODS.
The men folks have not been forgotten. A large part of the book is devoted to the prices and descriptions of the new things for them. The great $3.50 pants, the $10 and $15 business suits, the 50c shirt, and many other specialties, are described at length. Telling values are also offered in soft and stiff felt hats, underwear, neckwear, hosiery, etc.

SHOES.
For men, women and children, and for people who want coarse, stout goods, medium goods, or fine goods, but in every case the very best value possible for the money.

TOILET AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.
Many pages are devoted to the thousand and one things in "Notions," Stationery, Smokers' Articles, Soaps, Perfumes, Embroidery Materials, Zephyrs, Carpets, Curtains, Rugs, Window Poles, Window shades, etc.

SILVERWARE AND JEWELRY.
Twelve pages tell the story of new Jewelry and Silverware. Watches in nickel, silver, gold-filled, and solid gold are also fully described and illustrated.

BOOKS.
Brief but accurate descriptions are given of hundreds of new books for adults and children. Also of bibles, dictionaries, albums, scrap and autograph albums, Christmas cards, art booklets, etc. The prices will be apt to be a revelation to those who have been buying books elsewhere.

TOYS.
Under this head are a dozen or more of as attractive pages as we could devise. In these pages they form a book which the children will delight to look over by the hour. This year a buyer went to Europe for us to purchase many of our toys, so that nearly every thing in these pages will be found new and fresh.

AS A WHOLE.
The book is nearly 10x12 inches in size, one hundred and sixty pages, beautiful cover and gives full directions, so that even a child may order whatever it fancies.

The book is sent free, on application, to any address, and is valuable and interesting to have whether one cares to use it in buying goods or not.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN & CO.,
400 to 412 K Street,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop Cal.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON
Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence . Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SUPERBO NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.
THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12 tf

BIG PINE HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL.
New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

J. W. Murphy.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2 00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-Officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
I. H. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" building, Independence, Inyo county, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the easiest possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday	January 24th
"	February 21st
"	March 21st
"	April 18th
"	May 23rd
"	June 20th
"	July 18th
"	August 15th
"	September 12th
"	October 17th
"	November 14th
"	December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. M. HOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and repaired satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and locked.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John A. Hannah deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 14th day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the town of Independence in the County of Inyo, State of California have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John A. Hannah, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. L. Hacker for the issuance to him of letters of Administration with the will annexed thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.

P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated October 25th, 1891.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo, Inyo county, Cal.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of August, 1891, an assessment (No. 14) of Ten (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of October 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 23rd day of October, 1891 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, 137 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.

D E No. 513.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL., Sept. 3d, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis A. Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, Cal., intends to make proof on his desert land claim No. 513, for the E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of section No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M D M. before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G Sanger, W. Sanger, A. P. Smith and M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, in Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGNACIA ABE HUCO,
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

IDA C. DECKER, Plaintiff, vs. STEPHEN DECKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California and the Complaint filed in said County of Inyo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Stephen Decker, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant; that plaintiff be allowed and decreed to resume her former name of Ida C. Adams, and for general relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, of the County of Inyo, State of California, this 17th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL.] J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ODELL
TYPE WRITER.
$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.
It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine, Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.
Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.
For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 98.
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m. Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach on Sunday at Lone Pine, 10 o'clock a.m.; Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; Independence, 7:00 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

TUESDAY, October 27, 1891.

People vs. L. Baxter—Filed petition for writ of habeas corpus. Writ granted, returnable October 28 at 11 o'clock a. m.

WEDNESDAY, October 28, 1891.

People vs. L. Baxter—Entered order of habeas corpus.

Estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased—Filed order appointing appraisers. Entered same. Issued inventory and appraisement.

Estate of John A. Hannah, deceased—Filed order extending time for giving notice of the time appointed for hearing petition for probate of will.

People vs. S. P. Smith—Filed stipulation continuing time of arraignment.

Mead's Mojave freight team went south Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Anton of Keeler visited Independence last Tuesday.

P. H. Mack Esq., started for the Darwin country yesterday. He will return next Monday.

Now that the Judge and Attorneys have all got home again there is a revival of court business.

P. W. Forbes has been at Bishop during the week on business connected with the District Attorney's office.

Judge Gill and family and Frank Densmore Esq. arrived home from San Francisco last Monday.

S. P. Roberts of Pine Mountain was in Independence yesterday to prove up on his land claim at Big Pine. J. B. Steward and Bob Blake accompanied him.

Joshua Hendy, the well known manufacturer of mining machinery, died in San Francisco on Wednesday of last week aged 74 years.

W. J. Fitzgerald, who taught the last term of school at Independence, writes that he has accepted a position as teacher in one of the largest schools in Los Angeles.

S. P. McKnight C. E. arrived from Bishop yesterday and went over to the Eastside canal to do some surveying there. He expects to be engaged there about three weeks.

A petition for a writ of habeas corpus in favor of Lem Baxter was presented in the Superior Court on Wednesday. The Judge took the matter under advisement until next Tuesday.

Sunol is queen of the turf. Last week she beat Maud S. and set the mark at 2:08¼. The mother of Sunol is a half sister to Arbenton, who has left a number of fine colts in this valley.

Frank Fitzgerald went to San Francisco early in the week on business connected with the Modock mine. He went to Belleville on a special last Monday night and took the regular train there.

L. H. Bell and G. W. Richard and wife of Carson returned home yesterday after several days spent at Independence. The purpose of their visit was to prove up on desert land under the Eastside canal.

We received a communication from Big Pine last Friday, which, had it arrived on Wednesday, we should have been glad to publish. Remember that to secure publication all matter must be received not later than Thursday.

The concentrators were started up at Pine Mountain last Saturday and are working most successfully. Ore is being taken out of one of the mines there that will pay to ship without concentrating. There is no doubt but that this will prove to be a good camp.

Echo, the well known buggy horse owned by the late Judge Hannah, died at Independence yesterday morning of lung fever. He was a half brother to Gibraltar, Victor and other noted horses. He was eight years old but had never been worked for speed though he was a good 3-minute roadster.

Attention is invited to the advertisement of "Wiener's I Street Stores", Fresno, California. Although this house is but a recent competitor for the country trade of the State, they have already established a well deserved reputation for square dealing and low prices. Send them a trial order, and you will find that you can buy cheaper than in San Francisco.

Reports come from Bishop of at least two affrays there this week that may result seriously for the parties concerned. There was a shooting affray in which several shots were fired but no one seriously injured. In the cutting scrape at last account Sheets, the wounded man, was about to die. District Attorney Forbes is at Bishop attending to the matter. No definite news in regard to either affair has been received.

A. K. Eugley takes especial pleasure in supplying his customers with the best medicines obtainable. Among the many excellent preparations on his shelves may be mentioned Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, a favorite during the winter months on account of its great success in the cure of colds. There is nothing that will loosen a severe cold so quickly, or so promptly relieve the the lungs. Then it counteracts any tendency towards pneumonia. It is pleasant and safe to take, and fully worthy of its popularity.

Signs of Prosperity.

There are several matters now on the tapis in Inyo county that are sure to have great bearing upon the future of the Valley. There is no doubt but that a sale of the Soda works at Keeler has been made to a wealthy English company and that the industry will be greatly extended. This will ensure the employment of a large force of men and horses, and as these will have to be fed, a good market will be afforded for farm produce. It is expected that a large quantity of Inyo marble will be used in the construction of the new postoffice in San Francisco. As the present force is kept constantly employed getting out marble for the Mills building, and will be for some time to come, the number of men employed will necessarily be greatly increased. It is said that a telegram was received at Independence on Wednesday stating that the parties who were expected to buy the land and water of the Eastside Canal company for colonization had left New York for Inyo county on that day. It is almost an assured fact that a colony of settlers will be located on the Eastside next spring. The Hillside company of Bishop will have their dam completed and plenty of water for irrigation next spring. There is no better fruit or vineyard land in the State than that owned by this company. The Lone Pine canal company are steadily at work but do not expect to have water at Lone Pine in time for next summer's crops. The work will be pushed as rapidly as possible, however. The fact of all this activity will be to force a railroad connection with Mojave. It is absolutely necessary that the Valley should have a southern outlet. The Los Angeles *Herald* states that the Terminal Railroad company will be running trains over the new line to Salt Lake in eighteen months and that coal from Utah will be delivered in Los Angeles at six dollars per ton. With a connecting line to Mojave it can be delivered here at the same price, thus enabling large reduction works to be erected and all our ores to be worked at home. Of course all this can not be accomplished in a day, but the force of circumstances all tends to its immediate fulfillment.

A Jockey Club.

A public meeting was held in the reading room of the Norman House last Saturday evening to discuss ways and means for raising race purses for the Annual Fair next year. After considerable discussion it was resolved to organize a Jockey Club as being the best means of attaining the desired end. Irv H. Mulholland, P. H. Mack, A.W. Eibeshutz, J. C. Irwin and O. I. Mairs were appointed as a committee to formulate plans, by-laws and rules for the new organization. The committee will report on Saturday, Nov. 7th. A permanent Jockey Club will undoubtedly be the means of much improvement in our horse interests. There are now in the county many fine young horses and a lot of well bred colts. A Jockey Club would be able to offer futurity purses, the best method to insure the breeding of fast horses. This is the best step that could have possibly be taken in the matter.

California beats the world. We hold the yearling, two-year-old, three-year-old and four-year-old records, and the world's record for trotters; the stallion and world's record, both racing and against time, for pacers; the fastest pacing mare in the world. Also the quarter-mile, half-mile, five-eighths-mile and mile and three-quarters, running. All of the above records are held by horses bred and raised in this state. Salvator, the greatest living race horse, is owned here. With the stallion trotting record the list will be complete, and we would like to bet some Iowa man a pair of boots that Allerton's record is beaten by Stamboul before the year is out. Hurrah for California!

Dr. R. L. St. John of Howland, Putnam county, Missouri, takes especial pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, because he knew it to be reliable. He has used it in his practice for several years, and says there is none better. It is especially valuable for colds and as a preventive and cure for croup. This most excellent medicine is for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

As a preventive and cure for croup, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has no rival. It is, in fact, the only remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant and safe to take. There is not the least danger in giving it to children, as it contains no injurious substance. For sale at 50 cents a bottle by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph St.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

INDEPENDENCE

MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, insuring the purity of meat, and every ort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Wiener's
Cash Stores!!

Cor. I & Tulare Sts.,

FRESNO, Cal.

BRANCH STORES,
HOLT BLOCK, VISALIA.
FISH BLOCK, BAKERSFIELD.

We carry an immense and well assorted stock of Gents Clothing and furnishing goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Drygoods, Fancy goods Ladies' Hosiery, Underwear, Etc.

Our terms of trading are STRICTLY CASH.

We positively refuse one cent of credit. We have just one price to all.

This system enables us to sell at a much lower rate than credit-giving stores, who make large bad debts, and a very slight acquaintance with us will prove that our statement is correct.

Our aim is to sell standard goods at cut rates, and the fact that our reputation for LOW PRICES and for STRAIGHT FORWARD DEALING is wider than THE STATE itself, and betokens our success in this direction.

Our stock is always fresh.

BARGAINS INNUMERABLE lie on our shelves and crowd our tables

If you want reliable goods cheap, try us. We fear no trade competitors. All our goods speak louder for us than the blast of a thousand horns, because

They Are Always The Cheapest and Best.

ON APPLICATION we shall be delighted to forward our country patrons a complete bound volume containing catalogue and list of prices. We shall also gladly mail, free of charge, samples of goods if desired.

Our Country Order Department is a specialty with us, to which we devote the closest and most prompt attention.

WE WILL SERVE YOU WELL AND MAKE YOU HAPPY, so remember the address,

Wiener's I St. Stores
Cor. I & Tulare Sts.
FRESNO, CAL.

P. S. Send for our 76 page illustrated catalogue and price list.

PALACE SALOON

LONE PINE, CAL.

—THE FINEST—

WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS.

—o—

☞ This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.
j12-tf

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of Sept. 1891, an assessment (No. 7) of Thirty (30) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company in Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday the 28th day of Nov. will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 26th day December, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,
Independence.
jan 25-tf

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to MRS. REDDY, Darwin, Cal.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to settle on or before October 25th, as after that date I will enforce payment.

F. FITZGERALD.

$3000 A YEAR. I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for

Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:

Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

$2000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much but we can teach you quickly how to earn from cents to a dollar an hour at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages in any part of America. You can do the business at home, giving all your time or spare moments. It only is the work. All is new. Great pay ALMOST for every worker. We send you something worth many times the price of a good book free, publishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

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The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

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HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Inyo Stage Company.

REGULAR LINE

—FROM—

Mojave To Keeler.

FINE COACH
FAST STOCK.

The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful

Redrock Canyon

And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.

Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.

Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m.

A. B. HALL,
Agent.

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Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

☞ Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

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Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for outdoor parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE ARTESIAN.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,
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PROVISIONS,
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A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1 Leave—	Arrives—	To Mound House. No. 2 Arrives—	Leave—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m.		
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:1[illegible] p. m.		
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.	2.50 p. m.		
Hawthorne	5.50 p. m.	11.10 a. m.		
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.		
Soda Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m.		
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.		
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m.	Lv. 7:20a. m.		
	No. 3. Leave—		No. 4. Arrives—	
Belleville	8:20 a. m.		5:25 p. m.	
Benton	11:50 a. m.		1:35 a. m.	
Bishop Creek	2:00p. m.		11:00 a. m.	
Alvord	2:45 p. m.		10:00 a. m.	
Independence	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m.	
Lone Pine	5:10p. m.		7:45 a. m.	
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.		Lv. 7:00 a. m.	

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (20 miles); Bodie (35 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc.

AT

L. WOOL'S

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS
WALNUTS,
TOYS.

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

☞ Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES.
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Bath.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

☞ The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-19 tf

THAT'S IT.

St. Jacobs Oil The Great Remedy

CURES RHEUMATISM.

18 Hill Street, San Francisco, Cal., April 23, 1890.

"Having been sorely afflicted with rheumatism, my mother and daughter with sore throat, we have, by the use of St Jacobs Oil, been cured."
LOUIS IMHAUS.

—FOR—

PAIN,

CURES NEURALGIA.

Ellenville, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1890.

"I suffered with neuralgia, bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and soon recovered. I treated a sprained ankle with same results."
THOS. M. VAN GORDER.

CURES SCIATICA.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19, 1889.

I suffered a long time with sciatic pains in the hips; found no relief till I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured me.
CHAS. A. FULDA.

ALSO CURES

Promptly and Permanently

LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES.

MASTIFF PLUG CUT

Smoking Tobacco.

There is always a best even among a score of good things, and every pipe smoker who has tried the Mastiff brand acknowledges it to be the sweetest, coolest smoking tobacco made. It does not bite the tongue, and is positively free from any foreign mixture.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,

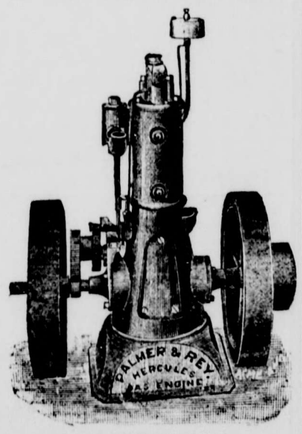
Always Ready and a Boy can Start it at Once.

HERCULES

GAS OR GASOLINE

ENGINE

For Power and Pumping Purposes.



Makes No Smell or Dirt.

NO Carburator to Get Out of Order. Batteries or Electric Spark to Care for. Double or False Explosions, which are frequent with the Unreliable Spark.

Just light the burner, turn the wheel, and it runs all day.

It oils itself from an oil reservoir.

It runs with a CHEAPER grade of GASOLINE than any other engine, and consequently it costs less to run it.

FOR SIMPLICITY IT BEATS THE WORLD. It has fewer parts, and is therefore less likely to get out of order than any other gas or gasoline engine now built.

We are now making from 1-Horse Power to 10-Horse Power.

Prices and Terms Upon Application.

Manufactured by

PALMER & REY,

405 and 407 Sansome St., S. F., Cal and Portland, Or.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A Few Items of Interest to the Fair Sex.

HOW THE BABY SHOULD BE CARED FOR.

Useful Hints Concerning the Care of Clothes.—A College Prize.

As most people like to have their clothes last as long and look as well as possible, a few hints on the care of clothes may not come amiss. All must admit that clothes that are cared for properly will outlast those that are neglected, aside from their also appearing better. It does not matter how fine the material may be of which they are made, if they are dust grimed from carelessness in brushing, or ill fitting from neglectful folding or hanging, they will never make as good an appearance as those made from a cheaper and poorer grade of cloth that has been cared for.

There is no color that shows the dust sooner than black. If a smooth faced fabric, the dust may be easily removed with a brush broom or bristle brush, or if left some time unbrushed, it is not of so much importance, for it may be removed at almost any time before using, but if the cloth is corded or rough faced, it is of the utmost importance that it shall be brushed thoroughly as soon as convenient. After coming in from outside the clothes are very apt to retain a good deal of the dust of the street, and at such a time, if possible, they should be brushed thoroughly ere putting away. First, the hat or bonnet must be brushed well, trimming and all. If of felt or straw a bristle brush, such as is used for clothes, is the best, but if of velvet a finer one, which is made especially for such a purpose, should be used. If it is of cloth a fine corn broom will do very well, and some also use this article for felt, but generally it is too coarse, and is not as good in any way as the bristle brush. In brushing a felt hat or bonnet, always brush one way to keep it looking nice.

After being caught in a rain or snow storm with a felt hat, and it is wet, on coming inside do not put it to dry without brushing. With the brush begin at the rim and go round and round, always the one way, brushing very hard, until the crown is reached, brushing this in the same way until you finish in the center the top of the crown; then put it away to dry and when wanted it will look almost as good as new. Never put a felt hat away while wet without brushing, or it will be spotted when dry. Men's stiff hats may be kept looking nice if treated in this way after being out in a storm.

If the outside garment or wrap is of smooth or corded material, it should be well brushed and hung away, but if rough faced, it will need to be taken into the air and well shaken in addition to brushing, to remove even a part of the dust that is sure to adhere to it. A dress, whether rough or smooth cloth, should be taken out into the air and shaken, owing to its being next to impossible to get into the crevices of the draperies, where the dust is certain to find a lodgment, with a brush broom or bristle brush. Never use a brush of any kind on a silk dress, as a piece of woolen cloth will do the work a great deal better, and will not injure the fabric, which a brush generally does. It is a good plan to hang heavy dresses and wraps on the line once in a while, when a stiff wind is blowing, which will do more toward cleansing than all the brushing that could be given them. To be sure, this not to be recommended for light, delicate material, but only for such goods as hold the dust. It is very important that men's dark colored diagonal clothes should be brushed frequently, for, if neglected, it will be found impossible to remove the dust, and if the clothes are black, they soon have the appearanse of being off color

Never turn a coat inside out when hanging it up, or you will surely ruin the set of the collar. Where convenient, wire frames are the best to use for this purpose, but lacking these, hand the coat by the loop at the collar with the right side out. Never hang a dress up inside out, but if possible allow it two nails, some distance apart. Hang it with front facing out, by the loops usually placed on the waistband at each side breadth. This way of hanging a dress will keep the drapery and plaits, if there are any, in position, and is the mode recommended by an experienced dressmaker. Some have the loops by which to hang up their basques on the waist line inside of the collar, but the best authority advises them to be sewn one under each arm. The same nails used for the skirt are not generally too far apart, but if they should be, one of the skirt nails, and another one driven into the wall the distance wished for the basque, can be used. Hang the basque first and the skirt over it. To be sure, where there is much trimming on a basque, or it is of delicate fabric which will not bear crushing, it may be well to hang it alone away from the skirt, but usually it is best to hang both together. In a room having no closet or wardrobe, always cover the clothes if hung on wall with a cambric or cretonne curtain. This plan is excellent for covering clothes in a closet also, and will save a good deal of wear from brushing, for no matter how close the closet may be, dust is sure to find an entrance, and as it must lodge somewhere, it generally finds a resting place among the clothes.—Boston Budget.

Taking Care of the Baby.

A baby that is not kept perfectly sweet and fresh loses half its charm, and is defrauded of its just rights. It should be bathed in warm water every morning, and, as it grows older, the temperature gradually lowered until at 5 months old, the chill is just taken off the water. Most babies love their bath, and are more apt to scream at being taken out of it than when put into it. If there is a shrinking from the plunge, a small blanket can be spread on the tub, the child laid on it, and gently lowered into the tub. At night it should be held on the lap and quickly sponged with a sponge, wrung out of warm water. Its mouth should be washed with a soft piece of linen dipped in cool water. All creases where the flesh touches should be powdered with pulverized starch, or any good toilet powder. This is most important, and must never be omitted, as the delicate skin easily chafes. Where there is redness, or any symptom of chafing, lycopodium powder should be used; it is most healing, and can be applied even if the skin is broken. When there are frequent discharges, the parts should be washed in thin, boiled starch instead of water. It is criminal neglect to allow a baby to suffer from chafing.

The head requires particular attention. No daintiness in other respects can atone for the disfiguring brown patches which are sometimes allowed to remain there. The top of the head should be well washed with soap and water every morning. If, in spite of this, traces of scurf appear, the spots should be rubbed at night with olive oil, and gently scraped off in the morning. If the application is not successful, it should be repeated until it is. But there will be little trouble if the matter is attended to when the brown flakes first show themselves.

As the baby grows older and the teeth develop, bibs should be provided, if necessary, to protect the front of the dress from the too abundant flow of saliva. Unless carefully watched, kept as dry as possible, and rubbed at times with a little cosmoline, the chin and neck are apt to become chafed.

Even a very young baby can be trained in good habits in a way that is surprising to any one who has not done it. If its wants are attended to at a certain hour every morning, a healthy child will seldom soil a napkin. The training cannot be begun too early, and the habit should be firmly established before it is six weeks old. It saves much trouble to the mother and discomfort to the child.

A little baby spends the greater part of its time in sleep. It is as if nature were preparing it for the battle of life by giving it so much repose as possible before the struggle begins. It should never be awakened unless it sleeps for a long time past the hour for its being fed. To rouse a sleeping child to gratify the curiosity of visitors or friends is extremely injudicious. As it grows older and is awake more, a certain time should be fixed for the morning and afternoon nap, and for putting it to bed at night. If these hours are adhered to, they will generally find a sleepy baby willing to yield to their soothing influence. It is best from the first not to darken the room, nor keep it specially quiet. The child becomes accustomed to sleep through slight noises, and they do not waken it. The eyes should be protected from a glare of light by placing the head of the crib toward the window.

A baby should never be allowed to sleep with an older person. The best bed is a stationary crib, with woven wire mattress, and a thin, soft, hair one placed over it. This should be protected by a square of rubber sheeting; two must be provided, and the one not in use hung in the open air and sunlight every day. If there is the least trace of an unpleasant smell, the rubber should be washed with some disinfectant solution. The covering should be warm and light. A down comforter is the ideal for winter, if it is well aired in the sun every day or two. In summer an ample musquito netting well raised on a pole, or suspended from a hook, should cover the crib.—Elizabeth Robinson Scovil in Good Housekeeping.

Don't Neglect the Finger Nails.

Because you live in the country and do housework, and even some good honest toil on the farm itself, is no reason why you should neglect certain little niceties of life, such as the care of your hands and teeth. You probably will not be able to keep the former white and soft as if you used them only for dainty embroidery, but a few minutes each day spent in caring for them will show at least that they are well kept, and signs of toil that cannot be eradicated you need not be ashamed of. The nails can be kept nicely trimmed; they cannot be even moderately long, but they may be shapely and pointed. Perhaps you cannot afford to buy the outfit of a "manicure," but you undoubtedly have a pair of small embroidery scissors; the file you must replace as best you may with the one in your penknife, or, failing that, with a piece of coarse sandpaper; and the chamois polisher, costing anywhere from sixty cents to $2, you can make yourself. Take a child's block about an inch thick and three inches wide by five long—large enough to grasp it firmly—tack a bit of soft cloth for padding, and over that a piece of the chamois you keep for polishing silver on one of the edges, and you have an article that may not be ornamental, but will answer every purpose.

Soften your hands by washing in warm water with some good toilet soap for a few minutes; then with the small scissors trim the nails, rounding them nicely, and cutting the corners very low. With some blunt instrument (if you have not a file) push back the flesh from the base of the nails, and trim away all the dead skin. Now apply your polisher, and brush vigorously for a few minutes. Do this once a week, and every day spend a few minutes in the use of the polisher, and your hands will repay you in their neat appearance for the time you have spent. A solution of oxalic acid kept in a bottle with a glass stopper will remove all stains of ink or fruit, and a match or a small stick dipped in the solution and passed under the nails will remove any discoloration that does not come off with washing. There is a pink powder sold by druggists for polishing, but this may be dispensed with. If, however, you get any, be sure that you get the best and not a spurious article. You should have a pair of old kid gloves, or, better still, wash leather, to wear when you are weeding in the garden, or doing any housework that will admit of it. I speak with a conviction born of sad experience, for I am a farmer's daughter myself, and never thought of caring for my hands when I was a child. When I was old enough to care it was too late, and I have found out that no amount of after care can make up for that early neglect.—Cor. American Agriculturist.

A Harvard Annex Girl's Essay.

In Harvard university the Bowdoin prizes are the highest rewards attainable for English dissertations, and they range from $100 downward, being accessible to all students of the university, undergraduate or graduate. This, of course, excludes the young lady students of the Harvard annex, which has no organic connection with the university.

By an accident an essay on the subject, "The Roman Senate Under the Empire," written by Miss E. B. Pearson, was submitted to the judges, Professors Torrey and Young. Without the identity of the writer being discovered the judges awarded the essay the first prize of $100. The essay was signed merely "E. B. Pearson." The class and department of the university were not designated, as is required, and Professor Torrey expressed some surprise that the author of so able an essay should not have complied with a provision so simple. He searched the catalogue of the university for the name of E. B. Pearson, and on not finding it somebody gave the suggestion that this person might be discovered in the annex. In this way the fact came out—the author was a young lady.

So the essay of Miss Pearson was necessarily ruled out of the list, and a prize of $75 was awarded to a young gentleman instead, while Miss Pearson dropped at once from the Bowdoin prize of $100 to the humbler annex prize of $50, thus paying $70 outright for the privilege of being a woman.

The Manicure's Outfit.

Another necessary adjunct to the dressing table is the little Parisian box used by the manicure, and which may be bought for a small sum of any chemist or perfumer. It contains a boat shaped implement, covered in chamois leather, and furnished with a handle, and there is a tiny box of fine pink powder of a slightly gritty nature. You breathe on the nails, and then sprinkle them with the powder, and polish briskly on the chamois pad. But before this process is reached, you must first use the other little implement, which is of ivory, with one end shaped almost like a pen, the other fitted with a small brush. In the center is a flat file, on which you carefully shape the tops of the nails, rounding them off at either side to follow the line of the finger. Scissors should never be used for the finger nails, as by cutting them you make the nails coarse and thick. With the ivory point you clean the finger nails, and also gently push back the flesh to reveal the white crescent and to prevent the skin splitting and forming "hang nails," which quickly appear if the skin adheres to the nail.—The Lady.

Following the Fashion Plates.

The patterns sent out by pattern houses are often absurdly elaborate. They are made up to extract trade and they do not represent the best taste of fashionable people. While pattern makers have done an inestimable good in helping mothers to shape the frocks and clothing of their children, saving hours of worry and vexation, they have done a great evil in prolonging in places remote from the great cities the mania for over elaboration in the dress of women and children. Every mother naturally wishes her child to look pretty and neat, and too many mothers lured by fashion plates have spent hours of toil in making elaborate dresses for their children, only to find, when the dresses were finished, that they were ugly and unsatisfactory. There is but one remedy. Let mothers take the goods the fashion makers provide, but avoid all elaborate designs, designs which are put in merely to fill out the books. Make simple clothing for the children, and enjoy yourself a rest from anxiety about their dress, and take the pleasure that comes from a neat, orderly household.—Woman's Work.

The Walk of Woman.

It cannot be out of place here to suggest the advisability of opening classes where children, girls especially, might be taught the science of walking. Mothers should be the natural teachers, but many who are rigidly careful in all other particulars seem absolutely indifferent on this important point. In fact, after showing them navigation by means of their legs, duty is believed to be at an end, and no matter how wretchedly the child moves the parent rests satified with only spasmodic attempts at correction. Whether the ungraceful wabble, the halting step and painful stoop so commonly seen is attributable to carelessness or unnatural dressing, certain it is that six out of every ten women walk abominably. To be upright and easy in one's movements is only as nature intended, and unless deformed there is not the slightest excuse for the absurd locomotion noticed on the streets every day. Why children are permitted to grow up pigeon toed, round shouldered, crooked and awkward is a proposition left open for further discussion.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Family Medical Adviser.

When you choose a doctor, it is well to give him to understand that you are depending upon him, and that you consider him already in a certain sense responsible for the physical well being of yourself and your family. The late Dr. Alpheus Benning Crosby well said that his idea of a wise patient was "one who, having selected an intelligent physician, holds him personally responsible for his life."

Having selected your physician, then make him in reality the medical adviser of every member of your family. Take him into your home and give him the opportunity to become acquainted with the personal and family history and physical condition of every member thereof, so that he may be able to trace their hereditary tendencies, recognize their predispositions, understand their peculiarities, and anticipate their weaknesses—in short, to know their constitution. Having this knowledge, he will be able to give them the wisest advice in health, and the most successful treatment in sickness.—Demorest's Monthly.

Paste for Paper Hangers.

Paper hangers' paste is best made by first heating the water to the boiling point; then add flour, stirring constantly to prevent the formation of lumps. The flour should be sifted into the water through a sieve to insure more equal distribution. Agitation must be continued until the heat shall have rendered the mass of the desired consistency. In order to increase its adhering strength, powdered resin in the proportion of one-sixth to one-fourth of the weight of the flour should be added. Oil of cloves or a few drops of carbolic acid added will keep the paste from souring.—Chicago Times.

After the Bath.

Let me here remark that no bath is perfect in its results without the long and brisk friction of hands or a coarse towel afterward. Friction not only stimulates circulation, but it makes the flesh firm and polished like Parian marble. It is sometimes astonishing to see the change made in an ugly skin by friction, and any lady who wishes to possess a healthy body, firm to the touch and fair to the eye, with the elasticity of youth well prolonged into age, must give willingly of her strength to the daily task of rubbing the body thoroughly.—Dress.

Preserving Natural Flowers.

To preserve natural flowers by the wax solution process, dip the flowers in melted paraffine, withdrawing them quickly. The liquid should only be just hot enough to maintain its fluidity, and the flowers should be dipped one at a time, held by the stalks, and moved about for an instant to get rid of air bubbles. Fresh cut flowers, free from moisture, make excellent specimens in this way.—Good Housekeeping.

To remove the glossy appearance from a diagonal cloth coat, first free from dust, then sponge or brush with warm water and ammonia, a teaspoonful of ammonia to a pint of water, and a small piece of castile soap, then rinse in water and afterward sponge with hot coffee and rinse again in cold water; then hang to dry. Before it is thoroughly dry stretch well with the hands or it will shrink.

The head nurse of the Children's hospital in London says that the six general qualifications for a good nurse are "presence of mind, gentleness, accuracy, memory, observation and forethought." She finds it "a popular female delusion" that every woman is born a nurse.

The prevent flies from spoiling gilt frames and fittings, brush them with a camel's hair brush wet in water in which onions have been boiled. The flies have aristocratic tastes, and will not go where they come in contact with anything savoring of onions.

Lemons will keep good for months by simply putting them into a jug of buttermilk, changing the buttermilk about every three weeks. When the lemons are required for use they should be well dried with a cloth.

If you wish to keep a sharp knife don't put it in hot grease; stir your potatoes while frying, or turn meat with a fork or an old case knife kept on purpose.

Never sun feather beds. Air them thoroughly on a windy day in a cool place. The sun draws the oil, and gives the feathers a rancid smell.

Cabbage is made digestible by first slicing, then putting into boiling water, with a pinch of soda and some salt, and boiling just fifteen minutes.

To clean straw matting, boil three quarts of bran in one gallon of water, and wash the matting with the water, drying it well.

Colors for Fashionable Young Men.

"The color of that cravat is called Paille," said a dry goods clerk to a reporter recently.

"Is it a new shade?"

"Yes; you see it is a kind of straw color. It will be very fashionable in the coming season."

"Are many new shades coming into the market for this spring?"

"About nine. A new light gold color is called Ebenier. Corail is a light shade of coral, as the name would signify. Marine is a bright navy blue. Coquelicot, a bright red poppy. Cardinal is a little darker shade than Coquelicot, and Pompre still darker. Veil-or is a very old gold color, and Pepite a light brownish yellow. These nine will be the most fashionable. There are in all about sixty fancy shades, but a great many of them are old except their names. All the new shades come from Paris.—New York Evening Sun.

Another View of It.

There is, indeed, a positive harm that results from tabooing of the theatre by religious people. Why is so large a proportion of our plays frivolous and vulgar? Because the frivolous and vulgar predominate among theatre goers. If the large number of refined people who avoid the theatre were to attend, this proportion might be reversed, and more of the managers would find it profitable to bring out clean and wholesome dramas.—Henry T. Finck in the Cosmopolitan.

Demand for Tripe.

The much abused but easily digested tripe has at last received proper recognition from quite an unexpected quarter. Dr. Beaumont proved that raw oysters digested in two hours and fifty-five minutes and boiled tripe digested in one hour. Acting on this information, epicures with weak digestive organs have taken kindly to tripe, and the demand for it at the leading restaurants is on the increase.—New York Sun.

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Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

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Most people ask advice in order to secure some confirmation of their own decisions.

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It is to be hoped since the American hog may be exported that traveling on steam and street cars will be attended by less crowding.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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It is not at all likely that Raleigh would ever have set the world a-smoking if he could have foreseen the invention of the cigarette.

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Something should be done to hoop up the clouds. Too many lives from cloudbursts have been lost this season.

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The artist struggled hard and long, yet failed;
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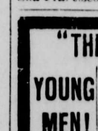

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1891.

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THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

A Few Practical Hints for the Ladies.

TAKE THE ADVICE OF THE ARTIST.

How to Make the Best of an Unhandsome Countenance.

First decide what style you will have—bust, three-quarter figure, or full length. The first two are the prevailing modes, the last implying a more elaborate toilet. Now secure your sitting. It is always better to do so, thus obviating the annoyance of waiting. Before leaving the studio, unless the appointment is made by letter, consult the photographer as to your dress, etc. Let him know what it is to be. You may be undecided which of several to use. It then may be a choice in color or in cut, etc. He will tell you at once which is best. He may request you to try more than one, and in the absence of such invitation you will be expected to pay extra for the experiment.

While you are talking with him about dress he is studying your face, expression and form generally. If he also be an artist, and experienced, he may see at a glance that your customary way of dressing the hair is not becoming, for, strange as it may seem, comparatively few women have the knack of arranging their hair in the mode demanded by their face. While he knows that the portrait must not be ruined by the hair being done up in an unfamiliar way, he may yet give you a few invaluable suggestions. For instance, he may request you to be more careful in dressing the left side than the right, thus signifying that the left side of the face is better. Few have both sides alike. There is often almost as much difference as between two persons. The nose is much or a little to one side; one eye is smaller, because one lid droops more; there is a depression over that spot where a tooth has been extracted. The uneven shaping of the lips alone may decide which side of the face should be prominent. You laugh rather to one side—and, by the by, there is always something pretty about such a laugh—and you have developed a dimple, which, sad experience teaches the photographer, will be demanded of him. But, as it happens sometimes, he may fail to detect the slightest difference between the right and left, but he still requests you to take special pains with a certain side of the hair, as he prefers to show that side of the face. This is because in every atelier the light is better at one end of the room than at the other, and he is accustomed to place his sitters there.

Now, and not when you come to sit, is the time for you to tell him what you prefer. You wish a three-quarter face, or a front view, or a profile; you have studied the idiosyncrasies of your face for years, and have so decided. He listens respectfully, but his eye has searched out all the little secrets of anatomy, and fathomed your hidden reasons for thus and so. You are afraid of that cheek bone; you do not say so, but he knows it, and is studying how to retire it and lose it in the tinting of the background. You are conscious of those ears; they are large, and stand well out. A photographer knows how formidable an antagonist is an ear that projects at right angles from the head; he knows that there is usually but one way to subdue it, and smiles inwardly at your emphatic demand for a full front, which means that both ears shall show equally. When he says "full face" he means a pose that almost or entirely loses one ear.

Perhaps you insist that he do not make you a profile; you often rejoice that you live in an age when silhoutte profiles are out of fashion. The prominence of your nose forbids it, or a long chin puts it out of the question. A side face is just the thing for you; the photographer sees it at a glance for, again, strange as it may appear, the possibilities for a profile do not depend so much upon the features as upon the hair and neck dressing. A slight tip to the head one way or the other lengthens or foreshortens the features, and the photographer, in manipulating his light and shade, may refine or render them stronger at will. He will tell you not to arrange the hair till you come to the studio, for a very short distance, especially in damp or blustering weather, will ruin it. He will probably request you not to dress the neck too high or too tight, or in an exact circle, with the fore part of it lying close under the chin, for, of all things, the present high mode of dressing the neck is distressing to an artistic photographer. It is done because the lady has a short neck or a long one, or it is thin, and the cords must be concealed. It is done, for it is the fashion. This is all a mistake. You are surprised when the photographer says it, for there is a touch of bitterness in his tone. He illustrates his meaning by winding the lapels of his coat tightly around his neck. "You see, madam, the effect on a long face like my own. It overhangs and becomes almost deformed, while a round face becomes button shaped, and none of the little tricks of hair dressing or expression can remedy it. No; it's all a mistake. If your neck is short, as you say, do not lose what you have, lower the drapery, do a little judicious borrowing, and, presto! the face that was round becomes oval. In any case the neck must not be hidden, for all the action and grace of position in a bust portrait centers there."

Never ask your friend to enter the operating room with you. It embarrasses the artist, and is almost certain to ruin your expression; in fact, few photographers will allow any one to enter the glass room with the sitter. Remember that a bright sunlight is the worst light you can have. Choose, if possible, a day with an overcast sky; a snowy day is excellent. The early part of the day is to be preferred, say between the hours of 10 and 12 a. m., and then the light is more actinic, and the photographer has not been wearied by a score of sittings. Black, dark green, crimson, brown and yellow take nearly the same shade. A dress cut low in the neck always seems much higher in a photograph than to an observer. A masculine face is softened and refined by a soft neck dressing, a bit of lace being preferable to the stiff standing collar.—Harper's Bazar.

Gods of the Esquimaux.

The Esquimaux pantheon is pretty well occupied, there being gods to preside over the different natural phenomena, such as the rain, snow, ice, tides and so forth, and others controlling human destiny in the chase, at home and elsewhere. Their explanation of the tides is very naive. The genius of the waters, it seems, wishing to cross the straits dry-shod, caused the water that filled them to heap itself up at one side, and then, when he had passed over, to fall back into its place again, which it did with such momentum as to go on oscillating to and fro ever since. They have no lack of priests, and under their direction make various offerings to propitiate the deities, particularly when the season is bad, and seals are scarce.—J. Macdonald Oxley

RIDING ON A SHARK.

Thrilling Adventure of Prof. Swanson of Sequel Point, Col.

Swimming Teacher Swanson of the Capitol a bath-house at Sequel Point, Col., treated the resorters there to a thrilling spectacle the other day. His feat was nothing less than an exhibition of bare-back riding, the burden bearer being a monster shark, which was captured the same day in the nets of a fisherman and towed into the slip. Its arrival created great excitement among the visitors at that resort. No amount of assurance on the part of the proprietors of the hotels or the fishermen that basking sharks were not man-eaters, and that many had been caught with no accident happening, could entirely quiet the fears of the visitors, and bathing was almost given up. Some ocular demonstration of the fact that a basking shark was harmless therefore became necessary. Swimming Teacher Swanson of the Capitola baths, then determined to give an exhibition with the shark which should convince the most timid. A performance followed, the like of which no man ever participated in before. Swanson put on a bathing suit and swam to the wharf where the partially exhausted monster lay, still partly wrapped in the torn and tangled fishing nets. Slowly approaching the gasping yet enraged monster, a whale in size if not in species, Swanson swam close to his side and then clambered slowly on top, a moderately easy task to accomplish, as the shark lay almost entirely under water. Sitting astride the huge fish like a baby on an elephant, the bold swimmer shouted in triumphant derision at the several hundred people on the wharf, who had gathered to witness the strange performance.

As soon as the shark had realized it had gath red something on his back it commenced to thrash about and threw Swanson off. Women in the crowd shrieked in fear and men held their breath in excitement. It was hardly a minute, however, before Swanson appeared uninjured and laughing outside of the line of foam caused by the shark's struggles. The undaunted swimmer again went to the side of the shark and once more mounted his marine steed. The shark again showed its fear and anger by shaking him off, but not so violently as before. With great persistence Swanson repeated the performance till at last the shark became tolerably tame. Daily exhibitions are

now given and his sharkship has became quite a favorite with bathers who delight in wild, reckless riding. So far no one has ventured a ride out to sea.

Ibsen and His Plays.

There is a funny row about Ibsen and his plays in Australia. In the beginning of June a theatrical matinee was given to raise funds for the Women's College of the University of Sydney, and the play selected was Ibsen's "Dukkehjem." Various dignitaries allowed their names to be printed as patrons of the performance, but when the Countess of Jersey, the Governor's lady, was applied to she refused, saying that from what she had heard of Isben she had no wish to see one of his plays, and that it was impossible that an actress who could play in such a piece could be a lady. This was thought to be a cruel and gratuitous insult to Miss Achurch, who was to play the principal character. Letters have been written to the London newspapers remonstrating against Lady Jersey's narrowness.

Romance of the Cherry.

A young man in Berlin, Germany, stepped upon a cherry, slipped, fell against a window and had his nose almost severed from his face. A young lady came forward and acknowledged that she had carelessly thrown the accessorial fruit upon the sidewalk, and her parents promptly defrayed the bill of the surgeon who stitched on the young man's nose, amounting to 450 marks. Now romance should lead the victim and the cause of his mishap to commit matrimony and give some novelist the cue to "The Romance of the Cherry."

An Outburst of the Sun.

A luminous outburst on the sun was observed by French astronomers on the 17th of June. First appeared a luminous spot of a yellow golden tinge, soon followed by another just above it. The spectroscope showed the first spot to consist of a central eruption, from which volcanic bombs were thrown to heights above the chromosphere, where they seemed to rest as dazzling balls. A few minutes later these were replaced by brilliant jets or diamonds.

Just Think of It.

Miss Hattie J. Chipps, who lives near Budd's lake, N. J., has fashioned portions of hair from the head of over 2,000 individuals into a large wreath of over 1,000 flowers and leaves. This unique oddity is composed of hair of every shade and color known to the anthropologist. The young artist spent over a year in collecting the locks of hair before commencing work on the wreath.

A pair of very economical lovers, in Los Angeles, Cal., hit upon a plan to cheat Uncle Sam of his postage. The young man hired a box at the postoffice, and gave his sweetheart a duplicate key. They exchanged correspondence through the box.

WHIRLING DERVISHES.

Seeking Salvation by Spinning Like Tops.

SOME REMARKABLE CEREMONIALS.

Bowing Low to the Name of the Prophet.—Sad Faces.

But to return to the dervish chapel which I was describing. A deep gallery runs around six sides of the large room. On the side next Mecca, where the high priest sits, is a small but lofty pulpit, reached by a narrow flight of steps. Besides this you observe a portion of the gallery is partitioned off and highly ornamented. This, with the screen of gilded lattice next it, is reserved for the Sultan and his harem. From the lofty pulpit a sermon is delivered on some special holy days, but at such times all "Ghiours" are excluded. Indeed, there is little provision made for their comfort at any time. The space set apart for spectators is separated from that occupied by the brethren by a low railing, and it is a motley gathering that fills this space. The center of the floor is sacred to the brethern, and is worn so smooth by the friction of their bare feet that you would think it had been polished and waxed. There is a narrow strip of matting next the rail, on which the brothers sit and kneel. Against the pillars that support the galleries are hung frames containing passages from the Koran. Above the seat of the chief priest is the name of the prophet in large letters of gold on a dark green ground. The high priest's seat is simply a crimson rug, where he sits cross legged, wrapped in a loose green cloak with wide flowing sleeves. The musicians are stationed in the gallery directly opposite the high priest.

It is an impressive sight when the dervishes enter slowly, in single file, the little gate of the inclosure, with their long light brown cloaks wrapped about them, concealing their hands. They first bow low to the name of the prophet, then with step keeping time to the music from the gallery, which fills the room with its low monotonous strains, they take their places, bend forward and reverently kiss the ground; then, with both hands folded across the breast, seem lost in prayer, their bodies constantly swaying to and fro in time with the music. Now the high priest rises and delivers an audible prayer; the others remain motionless with hands still folded on the breast. At the close of the prayer all bow their heads to the ground, and a weird, barbaric melody peals forth from the gallery.

Instantly the brethren all join in the chorus. The effect is indescribble. Now the sound dies away till it is but as the whisper of the winds among the pines, then it again bursts forth with an energy that appears almost supernatural, followed by another stillness of about a minute for silent prayer. When the low strains are again heard they all rise and slowly follow the high priest three times around the room. With arms still reverently folded upon the breast they bow twice to the name of the prophet—first on the side by which they approach, then on the side opposite—which they manage to accomplish very gracefully without once turning their backs upon the sacred name by slowly revolving upon the right foot.

The procession is closed by a second prostration. When each has gained his place he throws aside his cloak and begins the series of remarkable evolutions which has given them the name of "dancing" or "whirling" dervishes. Meaningless as it all seems to us, to them every rite has a deep significance. Their rapid rotary motion symbolizes the motion of the universe, their low weird music the music of the spheres.

Their dress consists of a loose shirt-jacket and full long skirt of light brown cloth. The right side of the jacket is fastened to the girdle, the left hangs loose. The skirt is laid in deep plaits beneath the girdle. Their rapid revolutions give these full garments a bell shaped appearance, some of the most expert among them making their skirts stand almost at right angles with the body. The spectacle utterly baffles description. Although the space was somewhat circumscribed they never once interfered with each other's locomotion, but round and round they spun, as if impelled by an unseen power; their eyes half closed, their heads bent toward the right, their pale, thin, passionless faces perfectly immobile, though great beads of perspiration were soon standing on their brows.

If for any reason one of them made a sudden pause, his garments wound about him in a singular manner. Three times they all paused for prayer, then resumed the rapid motion, with one hand held upward to receive the expected blessings, the other extended downward to scatter them abroad. Finally they resumed their seats on the strip of matting, bathed in perspiration, when one of the brethren, who had seemed simply a spectator, covered each with his mantle. Then a dervish whose seat was at the left of the high priest's delivered a long prayer, in a solemn but rapid manner, the last word of each section being greatly prolonged. This prayer was for the great ones of their order, the dervishes bowing reverently as each holy name was uttered. When at length the name of the prophet occurred they prostrated themselves on the ground. While they were thus prostrate the chief priest rose to his knees, delivered a short prayer, then took his stand upon the crimson rug. The priests approaching him slowly, one by one took his hand, and pressed it to their lips and forehead. The first that advanced stationed himself at the right of the priest, the second in the same manner saluted the priest and his brother—each in turn performed the same ceremony until all had received the kiss of peace.

As no seats are allowed we stood fully an hour and a half, every moment expecting to see some exhibition of religious ecstasy, but saw nothing of the kind. All the dervishes looked weary and sad and all were very thin except an African, whose extra avoirdupois, together with the violent exercise, soon brought him to a "melting mood" and he retired to his seat looking but little like one inspired with seraphic visions. Another priest who claimed our notice was a beardless youth with features cast in so delicate a mold that you would have turned and looked again and again before fully convinced it was not a young girl in disguise. Another, a slender boy of about 10 years, was remarked by us all because of the look of deep anxiety on his young face, but his rapid motion seemed to fatigue him less than his elders.

Soon the salutations were all over and the chapel was deserted, the whole of the congregation dispersing without a word, as soon as they could reclaim shoes and umbrellas of the porter at the door.—J. A. Ledyard in San Francisco Chronicle.

London Houses Growing More Modern.

For a long while the London houses never changed their appearanc. Now, when a house needs rebuilding, the front of it is apt to be remodeled, not in the staid old style which has prevailed hitherto, but according to modern fashion.

A DIPLOMAT'S DINNER.

A Plain and Cheap Banquet Where Everybody Was Extremely Well Pleased.

Some years ago an accomplished diplomate at Washington, the representative of a power not of the first importance, expressed his regret to a friend that he could not give dinners, "because," he said, "my government is poor, and I cannot afford it." The conversation occurred at the profuse and splendid table of a rich and courteous host, whose feasts were of great fame, and whose invitations were credentials of admission to the best society. A young diplomatic comrade who sat by heard the remark, and smiled as he said: "My government is poorer than yours, and I am but lately arrived. But what is diplomacy without dinners? and I am going to give one. It will not be like this, but the splendor is not an essential part of the feast. I shall give a plain and cheap dinner, to which I invite you both."

His manner was gay, and his invitation was gayly and gladly accepted because he was one of the delightful men in Washington. His colleague, however, who had spoken first, shrugged his shoulders, and said that, for his part, he couldn't do it; he couldn't ask people to come to his house and eat a poor dinner. "Not so fast," replied his friend: "I didn't say a poor dinner, but a plain and cheap dinner. I hope it will be good, nevertheless, although there may be no baked carp or stewed nightingales' tongues. But come and see."

The young minister of the small and poor kingdom was one of the most accomplished men in Washington He was known to have corrected a justice of the supreme court in regard to a decision of a United States court in a western state, and to have made the correction in English, which was a foreign tongue to him, but in English so exquisitely chosen and urbanely expressed that the justice was probably unconscious of the mortification of the correction. The young minister had no foolish, fond reserves. "My government is poor, I am poor, we are all poor in my country," he said, "and I and my secretary work like day laborers here in Washington to acquire and to report necessary information to my government." But nobody was more sought; there was nobody whose coming more surely brought pleasure to any circle than that of the young minister.

The day of the dinner came, and a plainer and pleasanter dinner was never known in Washington. Every guest, from the secretary of state and the English envoy to all their neighbors at table, gave every week, indeed, repasts much more magnificent. But the simple dinner, admirably cooked and served, without display of table service, without the carp and nightingales' tongues, but with the enlivening and inspiring charm of the host and the welcome variety of plainness, after the luxurious extravagance and ostentation of the usual dinner, was so fresh and delightful that the satisfaction and pleasure were universal, and the skeptical colleague who had thought great cost essential to a successful dinner owned himself converted, and the next month ventured upon a similar feast, and with the same success.—George William Curtis in Harper's Magazine.

Lifting a Thousand Pounds.

To lift 1,000 pounds on the health lift is no very remarkable feat for a person of average strength, giving sufficient time daily for a few months to practice. Mr. Blaikie learned in this way, at the age of 17, to lift 1,000 pounds after only six months' practice. Those who prefer to lift an actually measured weight will find it necessary to adopt some such plan as was employed by Topham, preparing a framework to bear the weight and standing in its midst, so as to lift the weight by means of symmetrically attached straps. For the body cannot, when at all aslant, bear such a weight as 1,000 pounds.

Whether such exercise is good for the body as a whole depends a good deal on the opportunities which a man has for correcting an abnormal development of the lifting muscles by means of other exercises, increasing the development of other muscles and giving activity as well as strength to the frame.—Richard A. Proctor.

Georgian and Circassian.

The Georgian has a beauty quite different from that of the Circassian. The Circassian is dazzling, queen like and stately. She has a fair skin. She is elegant in form. She is kindly and gentle in voice, but lazy in movement and without spirit. One of her own sex has said: "There is no soul in a Circassian beauty; and as she pillows her pure, pale cheek upon her small dimpled hand, you feel no inclination to arouse her into exertion; you are contented to look upon her and to contemplate her loveliness." The Georgian is a creature with eyes like meteors and teeth almost as dazzling as her eyes. Her mouth does not wear the sweet and unceasing smile of her less vivacious rival. But the proud expression that sits upon finely arched lips accords so well with her stately form and lofty brow that you do not seek to change its character.—Home Journal.

Origin of Color Blindness.

That the origin of color blindness lies in the brain, and not in the eye, has been suggested by Professor Ramsay. While engaged in teaching in Brooklyn some years ago, the principal of a school insisted in treating every case of the sort as dependent on the will of the pupil. His remedy was the rod. This certainly seemed a tyrannical and unwarranted treatment, but the result was favorable to his theory. Is it possible that a thorough examination will ultimately demonstrate that the fault lies very largely in the shiftless methods of observation which have grown up under the old classical system of education, and which have to a large extent become hereditary?—Science.

The Confectionery of India.

All kinds of India sweetmeats are made of brown sugar, many of them molded into various shapes of birds and beasts. Tubes also are made, filled with honey, and twisted into various forms. Then there are balls of sugar and clarified butter. These confectioneries are soft and melt in the mouth. Those made by the higher caste differ from those made by the lower, so absolute are the laws of caste.—Wide Awake.

THE PASSOVER RITES.

Jewish Doors Left Open for the Expected Messiah.

THE MAKING OF UNLEAVENED BREAD.

Religious Services, Rites and Ceremonies.—Solemn Recital.

In the evening, two nights before the beginning of Passover week, in all orthodox Jewish families, certain preparatory measures are taken. The father, as head of the family, makes his tour of thorough inspection of his domicile, seeking for remnants of leavened bread, first invoking a blessing upon his task, and then preserving a solemn silence until the conclusion of his search. Care is taken that there shall be some scraps left for him to find, and that he shall know where to look for them, but the form of search is carefully preserved, and his wife makes very sure that no other fragments are left but those intended to be found, which are always mere crumbs. These are gathered in a spoon. To them is added the half mizvo left over from the Passover of the preceding year, and all are carefully wrapped in a clean bit of linen and laid aside until the forenoon of the succeeding day—Aref-Pesach—when, about 10 o'clock, the little package is put in the fire and burned.

From the time when those remnants of leavened bread are burned, through the whole of the succeeding seven days no other bread is eaten than the matzos, or thin flakes of dry baked, crisp, unleavened dough, and the orthodox Jew is not supposed to have in his possession any of the things that may not lawfully be eaten by him during that season.

The requirements of the truly orthodox with reference to the preparation of the matzos are very rigid. A committee is appointed from each congregation, whose duty it is to buy in the field before it is harvested, if possible, the grain that is destined for conversion into the unleavened bread. If this cannot be done, they select the best grain obtainable from the merchants. The grinding of it into flour must be done in a mill that has been thoroughly cleansed from every contaminating speck of other flour, and when this work is completed the product is carefully barreled and sealed to be kept until required. In the preparation of the mizvos—about which there is a peculiar sacredness—the grinding of the grain into flour is frequently done in a hand mill that is kept for that purpose and no other. For every step in its progress from the field to the baking oven the flour is sanctified to its uses by prescribed prayers uttered over it. The baking should properly be done by each congregation in its own bakery, the quantities required for each family having been ascertained in advance. In practice in this country, however, the matzos are made generally in large bakeries owned and controlled by Jews, who scrupulously observe in their preparation every requirement of their law, and this is looked upon as sufficient. In the making of the dough, the flour is simply mixed with pure water to the required consistency, without salt, leaven of any kind, or any other foreign substance, is rolled very thin and baked dry.

On the next evening, after religious services in the synagogues, which all Hebrews should attend, each family retires to its home, and there solemnly celebrates the commemorative feast with which the festival begins. Upon the family table is set a great plate—of silver, if possible—covered with a clean napkin, on which are laid three matzos, the peculiarly sanctified cakes of matzo bread set apart for this especial use, and to this end particularly consecrated by the rabbi's prayers. Upon another plate appears the shank bone of a shoulder of lamb and an egg, both roasted upon coals; in a third plate some lettuce and celery, or chervil and parsley, some horse radish and watercresses; a cup containing salt water or vinegar; a small plate of apple sauce and almonds; and glasses of wine, one for each person present, and still another, that stands untouched throughout the ceremonial, as a symbol of the welcome ever ready for the long hoped for Messiah. Each person present is required to drink four glasses or cups of wine during the progress of the rites. All members of a Jewish household, from its patriarchal head down to the humblest servant, sit together at this Passover feast, for all are equal before the God to whom they offer their thanksgivings for his infinite mercies

And the things thus displayed on the table have their emblematic significance. The horse radish and other sharp or bitter herbs recall the bitter servitude in Egypt; the unleavened bread, the hasty preparation for flight to freedom in the desert; and other meanings attach to each of the other articles, as, for instance, the apple sauce, of the consistency of mortar, which is a reminder of the clay from which the Egyptian taskmasters compelled their ancestors to make bricks without straw.

The head of the family takes his place upon a chair, on which a pillow has been laid, to distinguish it as a sort of throne. He is the patriarch, the master, the teacher. Around the board before him gather his family and dependents, all attired as if ready to set forth upon a journey. He and they do not assume the easy attitudes common at the social board, but sit erect as if alert and expectant. He offers up a prayer. Breaking across the middle one of the three mizvos, he lays aside half of it to be kept until the next Aref-Pesach, when it will be burned. To each person seated at the board he gives a fragment of that mizvo and of one of the others, also a small portion of the herbs which are to be dipped into the salt water or vinegar and eaten. Then all take hold of the seder plate, upon which the mizvos have been exposed, and together they sustain it above the table while he utters another prayer. It is then replaced upon the board and one of the younger members of the family asks the father certain prescribed questions as to why they are so assembled with the objects before them that so meagerly furnish forth the family table. In response, the patriarchal head of the family tells the grand old story of Israel's slavery and redemption therefrom by him who with strong hand and mighty arm led them out of the house of bondage, through the Red sea, and humbled the pride of their cruel oppressors. As he recites the ten plagues sent upon the Egyptians, at the mention of each every one seated at the board dips a little finger in the glass of wine before him or her, and scatters a few drops upon the floor.

A prayer follows the solemn recital. Hands are washed and the whole of the emblematic repast that is at all eatable—excepting the half mizvo reserved—is consumed. During part of this ceremonial feast the door of the house must stand open, that if, in the fullness of God's providence, the hour shall have come for the advent of the Messiah—which, according to their traditions, will be in Passover time—his entrance may be unimpeded, and his welcome, symbolized by the full glass of wine left untouched on the table, shall be ever ready. A fervent prayer of thanksgiving concludes the rite, and the rest of the evening is devoted to innocent enjoyment and domestic felicity.—New York Sun.

A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY.

Curious Custom in the Tuscan Highlands. Saints' Bones—Village Lottery.

In the Tuscan Highlands at the village of Cutipliano they keep high feast on the 8th of August in memory of Saint Aurelius and Saint Irenæus, whose bones lie in state in the town church. The sacred remains exhibited on the holiday are preserved in richly gilt shrines, with glass front and sides. The skulls are bare in all their grinning hideousness; the rest of the skeletons are happily hid in rich costumes, the hands covered with silk gloves and the feet with elegant stockings.

After mass is over in the church and the people have been blessed, a priest standing at the altar holds up a reliquary containing the bone of a saint for the adoration of the crowd. One by one the men come up to the altar steps, devoutly kiss the glass that covers the precious bone, and drop a copper or two into the brass tray which is carried by an attendant. After each osculation the glass is carefully wiped with a napkin and then presented to the next in order.

The women come after the men. The faith of these is apparently more lively. They seem fully satisfied that by the act of adoration they have committed themselves to she effectual safeguard of the saint, and they turn away their faces radiant with peace and contentment. Here comes a family group, a mother leading a little girl by the hand with a baby on her arm. It is touching to see the earnestness with which the mother presses the pouting lips of her infant against the sacred charm and the joy with which she broods over him when she has thus secured his salvation; behind comes an old woman, wrinkled, infirm, alone in the world, but the weight of her years and trouble seems to grow light when she has secured the good will and intercession of the saint.

So they come in a long succession of every age and condition, but all believing and devout. Long after the service is over the worshippers remain absorbed in prayer, kneeling in different parts of the church, utterly lost to all that passes around.

After leaving the church the Tuscans repair to the village green, where a lottery is in progress, and every one, from the gray head to the toddling infant invests in a ticket. They are very superstitious about significant numbers. One man chooses eight because his cat at bone has that number of kittens, another twenty-nine because his son fell and broke his leg on that day of the month; still another fifteen because there are that number of letters in the saint's name whom they celebrate.

Every one is in good humor while the drawing takes place, and even if their numbers are unsuccessful they leave with the conviction that it will surely come upon the next feast day.—Foreign Letter.

Water Changed to Blood.

There is an animalcule, sometimes called the englena sanguinea, or the blood red englena, which multiplies so rapidly in some places that the surface of the pool soon resembles a great clot of blood, to the wonder of those who see it for the first time, and do not suspect the cause. The little creature seems to be abundant all over the known world, and Ehrenberg, a German naturalist, who discovered and named it, suggested that the first plague of Egypt, when the water was apparently changed into blood, as narrated in the Bible, may have been caused by a prodigious and miraculous increase of this little blood red infusorian.

Within very recent times an apparent change of water into blood has come to the writer's notice in the White mountains, in northern New York, and in several places in New Jersey. The phenomenon is not very rare. The creature that causes this change has itself a peculiar color habit according to its age. In early youth and middle life its color is a vivid green; in maturity and old age it assumes the crimson hue referred to, and often the same individual may be both green and red as either color reaches the surface during the body's movement, each coming and going in a wave that flows across the little creature, or a minute spot may be rosy red in the general green, or an emeral island may appear in this miniature sea of crimson.—Alfred C. Stokes, M. D., in Harper's Young People.

Cause of Decay in Steel.

It has recently been discovered by a board of naval experts at the United States navy yard, Mare's Island, Cal., that the cause of the sudden deterioration in the steel used in building the new cruisers for the government is not due to the ravages of a worm, as was supposed, but is caused by the fungus peronosporus infestans, so well known as the cause of potato rot.

With the delicate apparatus procured by the government for testing the qualities and detecting fraud in metals intended for government uses, it has been ascertained that the minute spons or suds, which float in the air, are introduced into the metallic body while in the molten state during the process of carbonization. They also find that this form of steel rot is alarmingly epidemic in much of the government material.

A large and profitable field is open to inventors and scientific men who will devise means to arrest the spores of this fungus as they are drawn into the carbonizing furnaces, or who can prevent their growth and spread either in the ingot or manufactured forms of steel.—Detroit Free Press.

Wild Silkworms of India.

For a number of years the deficiency in the production of mulberry silk has drawn the attention of sericulturists to the rearing of the wild silkworms of India, China, Japan, America and other parts, and a great many reports have been published on these wild silkworms, some of which are already bred in a state of domesticity or semi-domesticity. Many of these wild silkworms produce silk of great strength and beauty, and could all be profitably utilized if bred in their native lands on a large scale. Specimen cocoons and carded and reeled silks of about twenty different species have been sent to the Societe d'Acclimatation, and they will be exhibited in the Paris International exhibition of 1889, together with the specimens of the moths and prepared larvæ of the various species.—Public Opinion.

ENGLISH SHOPWALKERS.

The Duties of These Important Individuals.

WATCHING SALESMEN AND CUSTOMERS.

Keeping a Customer at the Counter.—Cantankerous Buyers.

It would appear that the draper has always been a convenient individual to make a joke, and the shopwalker especially has come in for a huge share of the attention of many writers. Whether it is because the duties of this individual make it necessary for him to be a model of cleanliness and politeness, or whether it is because he occupies such a conspicuous position that he receives so much attention, it is hard to say; but certainly in all concerns of any magnitude the shopwalker plays a very important part, and to him is intrusted the carrying out of the rules of the establishment. In some houses, where the business is not large enough to keep shopwalkers and buyers, it is usual for the latter to undertake the duties of shopwalker and buyer; but in the largest houses the buyers have sufficient buying and marking to do to employ their whole time, and then the shopwalker's duties are strictly confined to one routine.

As a rule he is the one to open the shop and see that the "squadders" are all in their various departments at the proper time and that the dusting of the various departments is properly attended to. After an interval for breakfast the shopwalker is found "on the boards," where he will remain all day, with the exception of the interval for meals. In a large concern it requires all the tact and sagacity of the shopwalker to see that each customer is properly served, and there is very little time for him to stand at the door and bow to all the carriages as his compeer did in Queen Anne's time. A clever shopwalker is always on the alert to take up "scraps," and in very many instances he is successful in making a sale where an assistant has failed to do so. And this is often not because of the ability of the assistant, but for the reason of an additional argument in favor of the purchase. During the busy part of the day it requires no little amount of energy on the part of the shopwalker to see that the counters are kept clear, as he knows that it is utterly impossible for customers to be satisfactorily served when the counters are in a muddle.

An important part of his duties, too, is to see that the right assistants serve the most important customers. By long experience the shopwalker soon finds out which are the "tabs" among his customers, and these are handed over to the cleverest of his assistants, some of whom are capable of encountering the vilest "tabs" that come into a shop. As a rule customers know pretty well what they want, but in exceptional cases there are people who enter drapery shops whose minds have to be made up for them, and it requires no little amount of tact to deal with such individuals without getting the "swap." But to their credit be it said, there are saleswomen and salesmen in the drapery trade who are capable of making a sale to the most cantankerous individual, and that not by any set method, but by treating his customers according to their several weaknesses, in something the same manner as Sam Slick treated his horses—by "soothing the fractious ones, encouraging the timid ones and lathering the sulky ones like blazes."

The last method will hardly commend itself to most people, but it often happens that it is necessary to speak very sharply to some customers before they can be got to make up their minds. And when the assistant has used every effort without avail, the word is passed "sign," and this brings the shopwalker to the fore, and then both try their best, and it is almost certain that the sale will be effected. Tales of dodges of shopwalkers with "tabs" are numerous. One very common practice in selling dress fabrics is to put a piece each on four or five chairs in a casual manner, as if to show them to the best advantage, and to barricade the customer so that she can't very well bolt without making a purchase. Another very common practice, and which is frequently successful, is to put aside the articles there is a difficulty in selling, and show something else, returning to the first article at a convenient time.—Warehousemen and Drapers' Journal.

The Scandinavian Way.

There is an American custom that the Swedes do not seem to take to very kindly. This is the custom of "treating." The Swede is too thrifty to find delight in paying over and over again for "booze" which some else will have the benefit—or curse—of. "No," says a gentleman, who has lived in a section of Minnesota thickly populated with Scandinavians, "the average Swede or Norwegian never stands treat like an American. They have, however, what we Americans, living among them, used to call a 'Swede treat,' that is, every man pays for his own drink. A dozen of them will come up to the bar together and drink in unison, and with the best of feeling prevailing all around, but when it comes to settling every one of them goes to the bottom of his pocket for the price of the liquor he has personally absorbed. That's a 'Swede treat.'"—Pioneer Press "Listener."

An Inaudible Laugh.

In one of his letters to the beautiful Theodosia, Aaron Burr implored his daughter to cultivate an inaudible laugh, and that is precisely what fashionable women are doing in Chicago. The training is individual, and may be pursued to suit the face, features and fancy of the anti-laugher, who, mirror in hand, studies her glass continually. If the chin is pretty in contour and modeling and teeth white, the pupil must learn to laugh with her lips, but wear a rigid brow and steady eyes. Are the teeth unsightly, then she will have a woful time, for the mouth must be kept closed, and how to laugh with the eyes and not wrinkle the face is a task. Handbooks and teachers of the art of expression tell the students to train the eyes to smile, and caution them against the habit of tightly closing the eyes when a pleasing sensation is felt, a habit which prematurely wrinkles the lower lids and works crow's feet about the corners of the eyes.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
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At Riverside a length of fourteen miles of canal is to be cemented at large expense in order that none of the precious water may be lost by percolation. Yet in many places where irrigation would accomplish as much as at Riverside rivers of water are allowed to flow unused to the sea. What is lacking in this world is not opportunity to create wealth, but the energy and intelligence to seize upon the advantages at every hand.

The letter of the Government to Minister Egan upon the Chilean outrage has the ring that ought to characterize all papers issued in protection of the rights of citizens. We will command respect abroad in the proportion that we show a determination to make good the claim that an American shall be protected in right doing wherever he resides. The refusal of Chile to make inquiry and reparation complicates matters, and may result in a call for Congress to assemble

Michael Davitt is believed to be the man upon whom the Irish home rule party can unite as a leader, provided he will consent to adopt a conciliatory policy, but there are signs that he will not attempt to placate the minority, but will throw all his weight to the majority side. In that event the followers of Parnell will make it warm for him, and the whole movement for home rule may end in a Kilkenny fight on a grand scale. Conservatism and moderation are the things most needed at this juncture, but they seem to be sadly lacking in the make-up of some of the Irish members of the home rule party.

If McKinley was in earnest, he was laboring under mental aberration, when, in a recent speech in Ohio, he declared that by the tariff we tax the property of other nations than our own—that is, we tax the property of nations seeking a market in our own. This is simply ridiculous. The consumer bears the tax invariably. If Mr. McKinley insists upon his position, then how will he answer the question involved in the tax levied upon the people at home, to raise a bounty in order to involve a tariff tax upon certain products? Is that a process of taxing the property of others? The bounty on sugar adds more than a third to the purchasing power of every dollar spent for sugar. The bounty is raised to enable sugar to come in freed from former burdens. But this also benefits the foreign grower of sugar about four times, in dollars, more than it does our own people. If then, the sugar tariff tax were restored, and the purchasing power of a dollar spent for sugar lessened, as it would be, how could it be claimed that the foreigner paid the tariff tax?

Mr. A. S. Bernard has spent some time in San Francisco for the purpose of collecting information regarding manufacturing industries for the especial use of the Senate Finance Committee Mr. Bernard says that a number of industries that might be expected to do well are languishing badly. He mentions the manufacture of textile fabrics as one branch in which little or nothing is being done. San Francisco has plenty of native wool and is the nearest port to Australia, the raw material is shipped East and woolen goods of all kinds imported. Mr. Bernard is inclined to think that the principal trouble is due to the high cost of fuel and water and high rates of taxation and interest, rather than to any difference in the cost of labor in California and New England. The great drawback to the growth of the State and City is the inability to afford new-comers steady employment. Orchards give employment at good wages a few months in the year but are hardly likely to attract laborers who are accustomed to employment the year around. Agriculture in all branches is a better paying industry in California than in any other State in the Union, but after all it is but one of many branches of industry. It gives employment to a smaller number of people in proportion to the value of its products than any branch of manufactures. With especial advantage in the way of climate it is somewhat surprising that we should send our wool to New England to be made into cloth for ourselves to wear. The greater cost of fuel is an item which we cannot at present reduce. An excessive tax rate, combined with higher interest than prevails in the East are causes which may be removed.

WHAT IS YOUR SON TO BE

A FIELD OFFERED BY THE GROWING ELECTRIC BUSINESS.

The Advance in Electricity Has Been So Rapid That It Has Progressed Faster Than the Intelligence Necessary to Handle It—Good Wages Paid.

Two men were sitting face to face between the car tracks on Park row the other day. It seemed to be a dangerous position, for they could not follow their work and at the same time keep their eyes on the rattling teams on either hand. They had to keep their elbows in, too, or the cars would bump them. They were seated at a manhole, testing cables of wire which were in the subway beneath. Each had the end of a cable in hand and a portable galvanometer—a square box about the size of a cigar box—in front of him.

But a few years ago the man engaged in connecting wires in this way touched the tip of each wire in turn to the tip of his tongue. If there was a current running through the wire he felt a little pricking and a sour taste. He did this the whole day through, and was none the worse for receiving so many slight electric shocks and tasting so much copper.

It was a very primitive test, but a very good one, and old wire testers still use it when in a hurry. But soon a galvanometer was made, which not only finds the current but gives some idea of its strength. The rapid way in which invention has been piled upon invention in the electrical world is marvelous, and it seems surprising that a sufficient number of workmen of sufficient intelligence should be found in such a hurry to practically put these inventions into use.

A question upon this very point was put to a well known electrician who happened to saunter by the two men at work.

BAD WORK.

"It is only surprising in a measure," he said. "As a matter of fact, the business has grown much faster than the intelligence necessary to handle it, and many accidents are due to that fact. The electric light people at first had to rely very largely on the workmen engaged by the telegraph companies, and both had to draft in a large number of new men and train them to the work. Any man with a little knowledge of mechanics and the handling of tools soon makes a good lineman. There is no great skill required, except in care that the wire does not become abraded in handling, while the good wages paid for the work—seventy-five dollars a month—are a great inducement. But the business has undoubtedly suffered in its rapid progress for the want of skilled men, and the market is by no means overstocked yet. Only the other day one of the New York companies had to send to the New England Cable company to borrow men to make joints in city lines.

"Some of the underground work, too, has been badly done, but much of this has been quite as much due to keen competition and the proverbial economy of the unscientific stockholders. When it comes to buying wire, costing from $1,400 to $1,500 a mile, the stockholder has a lot to say about it, and cheap wire is too often a result. One of the electric light companies runs an alternating current, and it now begins to find all over the country, that its wires are already becoming faulty. They cannot stand the strain.

CHANCE FOR YOUNG MEN.

"One of the things absorbing the attention of electric men today is to find an insulator which will stand heavy alternating currents. So the trouble has been as much a matter of cheap material as unskilled labor."

"Have the workmen a union yet?"

"No, not yet. There is an association called the Society of Electrical Engineers."

"And where do the engineers and executive men come from?"

"A good many of the heads of departments have their training at the various schools of technology, such as the Stevens institute, Cornell university, the Massachusetts School of Technology. Indeed, nearly all the universities have classes in electricity now, and they supply a good deal of the talent for the business.

"These young fellows from the schools of technology have started in the blacksmith shop and worked right up, and the only thing about electrical matters they have no knowledge of is the business end of it. They easily find positions at from $60 to $100 a month at the start, and readily get more according to the ability they display.

"It is a great business for a man to get into, whether he is well educated or not. There is such an enormous field for the application of electric power outside of the electric light. See how fast the electric street cars have grown throughout the country! Then there are the other almost innumerable applications of the force which will soon be in demand. No, sir, the skilled workman who goes into the electric business, of whatever grade he may be, need feel no fears of his labor market being overcrowded."—New York Advertiser.

Comfortable Fishing.

An enthusiastic fisherman in Connecticut enjoys the sport without sacrificing any of his home comforts. His residence is on the Willimantic river. From a back window he has strung a wire across to the top of a tree. Just over a very good "fishing hole" he has blocked the wire, and with a carrier and a reel he slides his baited hook, sinker and line down the wire to the block. The contact releases the reel, and as it unwinds the baited hook drops into the water and "fishing" begins. Sitting at home he can feel the nibbles and bites, and a quick motion secures his prey and pulls it along the wire to the house.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fossil Flour.

A deposit of what is known as "fossil flour" has been recently discovered in Maine which will resist the action of acids, alkalies and oils and is a remarkable nonconductor of heat. It will be used in the manufacture of rubber goods. It contains 95 per cent. of pure silica, and when mined it comes out as a fine powder.—New York Times.

A Stay-at-Home.

Mr. Frederick Hardwick, one of South Quincy's well known citizens, is away on a brief trip, and what is quite remarkable is that this is the first time since he has been married (seventeen years) that he has been away from his wife over night.—Quincy (Mass.) Ledger.

His Way.

An incident that is narrated of General McClellan sheds light on the question so often asked Why did his soldiers love him so dearly?

When the Army of the Potomac left Harrison Landing it marched to Newport News, along the north bank of the James river. The advance division began its march early in the morning of Aug. 15, but the rear division did not move out of camp until 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.

Just at dusk a creek was reached. It must be crossed, according to southern custom, by fording or by a single log by the roadside. The soldiers, disliking to fill their shoes with water, were trying to cross on this single log, which of course caused an obstruction to those behind, and really put the rear of the army in danger.

Soon several officers rode up and took in the situation. There was need of more haste. One of the officers called out:

"Wade right through, my men, wade right through."

Some surly fellow from the ranks growled out:

"Wade through yourself, and see how you like it."

No sooner had he spoken than the officer dismounted and waded through the creek. It was then discovered that the officer was General George B. McClellan.

The soldiers gave him a hearty cheer, plunged into the creek, and afterward the point was passed more rapidly four abreast.

The general might have reprimanded the soldier—indeed, he might have had him arrested and dealt with severely. But under the circumstances he did just the right thing—he went where he asked his men to go, and his men were glad to go where he led.—Youth's Companion.

All but One.

A shipload of fine horses was consigned from Calcutta to Bombay, under the charge of a very honest but somewhat dull agent in the employ of an East India company. While the horses were being landed at the ship, they managed to break away from the men in charge, and ran like wild animals through the the city.

The agent caught one of them, and, mounting him, gave chase. After several hours of exciting work, with the help of his men, he had captured all but one of the horses, as he counted them.

Finally he made his reluctant way to the superintendent's office to give an account of the matter. The superintendent came to the door and listened to the story:

"And you say there were 124 horses in, and you have eighty of them in the company's stables and forty-three back in the steamer temporarily?"

"Yes, sir, all safe but one, and we cannot find him anywhere."

"What is that horse you are riding? Have you counted him?" asked the superintendent.

"Well, I am an ass? Of course this is one of 'em!" And the agent rode off in disgust, while the superintendent roared with laughter.—London Tit-Bits.

Superstitious Signs.

Two well known and energetic Detroit merchants, who, though rivals in business, are good friends and fond of each other's society, were coming down town one morning and the conversation turned upon popular superstitions, when one of them stepped off the sidewalk to avoid passing under a ladder.

"What did you do that for?" asked the one who walked right along under it.

"I don't know exactly," replied the other doubtfully.

"Superstitious, I suppose."

"I suppose so."

"Well," banteringly, "I'm not that kind. I don't believe in signs and what they express."

"No kind?" with a faint smile.

"Nary a sign," with confidence.

"I thought so."

"Why did you say that?"

"Because I think so, that's why. And so would any other man who read that great big sign you've got up over your store inscribed, 'The Best Goods in Town for the Least Money.'"

"Oh!" laughed the other one, and he took him in behind the first Indian they met and gave him a fine cigar as a brain tonic.—Detroit Free Press.

How, Where and When Accidents Occur.

To the question as to when, where, and how accidents occur, the only general answer that can be given is: When they are least expected. The commercial traveler who insures because he is exposed to danger while on the rail draws indemnity for an injury received while winding a clock. The dentist who endeavors to protect himself against possible personal injury while using his tools is disabled by a cinder in his eye. It is to be noted, however, that more accidents in proportion to population occur in the south, the southwest and the west than in the northern, the middle and the eastern states. The older and more closely settled portions of the country are the safer ones. As to the times and seasons, midwinter, with its icy sidewalks, and midsummer, with its great variety of outdoor occupations, are especially prolific of accidents.—James R. Pitcher in Forum.

Sawfishes.

Sawfishes belong to the order of rays, although their bodies have the shape of ordinary fishes. They swim wholly with their tails, and the long weapons which adorn their noses are merely prolongations of the snout, armed on either side with teeth in sockets and covered with rough skin of great toughness. With this formidable instrument they attack their prey, tearing pieces of flesh from its body or ripping open the abdomen to feed upon the intestines of the victim. There is something positively abnormal about all these creatures called rays. They suggest the notion of fishes antediluvian, and it is not surprising to find many large and extinct species among the fossils of vanished epochs.—Interview in Washington Star.

We are quite used to circuses that advertise investments from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000 but there is another side to to the picture. In the small railroad towns of New Jersey a circus now making one day stands uses only two cars for its outfit and exhibits only one horse and one rider in the ring.

Few Americans have left richer legacies than James Russell Lowell, though many have left more cash. The valuation of his worldly estate is said to be only $47,000.

DIDN'T KNOW THE MAN.

Two Strangers Ran Up Against Moses Frost and Were Surprised.

Moses Frost stood 6 feet 4 in his socks, and was called "the best man on the river"—a phrase that expressed admiration for his physical, not his moral, qualities. He was, nevertheless, generous, truthful, brave and altogether a fine specimen of the wilder Canadian backwoodsman. The title implied that he had successfully "tackled" all the famous "bullies" of the Upper Ottawa, even the terrible Joe Maufraud, thirty years ago champion of "the French." Moses, in a squeaky, shrill, slow, small treble, that came absurdly from so big a man, used to tell me his experiences.

"Ther' is some use in havin the reputation of bein a purty good man," he squeaked modestly. "I reckon ther' haint been no peaceabler man on the river than me sinst they give up tryin to whale me, 'most three year back. Last time I fit was because two men that never seen me before didn't know me when they did see me."

"Tell me about it, Moses," said I.

"Well, surveyor, it was about New Year's, the time me'n Lilly Ann got hitched. My woman was dead set on seein the fashions down to Portage du Fort. So we started two days after the shindig for to have a weddin trip. She said that was the right way. We stopped at Rattray's instead of Paddy Scully's place—the best ther' was goin wasn't too good for Lilly Ann them days.

"Well, Lilly Ann was mighty took up with the circus picters on Rattray's barn. I'd 'a' took her in, too, on'y it was gone more'n four months."

"But what about your last fight, Moses?"

"Yas—yas—I was disrememberin! Well, it was when me'n Lilly Ann was goin back home. You mind the bridge before you come to the Calumet?"

"The high bridge over Brabyon's creek?"

"Yas, that's it. I guess it's maybe the length of your chain down to the creek in summer. That time the holler was drifted half full of snow. Well, there was the two of 'em on the bridge—one of 'em looked like a good man. Says he to me: 'We're wantin a ride!'

"'I can't give ye no ride,' says I. 'Ther haint room, boys, for I've got the woman, don't you see?'

"With that the big one runs to the head of my pony. I didn't want to get out and hurt the man, but says Lilly Ann, 'Be you goin to stand that, Moses? If you be, I'll get out and whale 'em myself.' She'd 'a' done it, too, surveyor. Mebby you never heard what Lilly Ann done to Joe Maufraud that time he"——

"You'll tell me that story another time, Moses. What did the two men do?"

"Oh, yas. Well, I jumped out and the other one come up, squarin off. He fell easy. Then the big one runs in. Mebby you never see a bull moose comin at you lickety pelt?"

"The fellow ran at you head down, eh?"

"Jesseggsackly. Well, I stood to one side sudden, and give him a trip. Then I takes him by the trowsis and the back of his neck and pitches him over the railin.

"With that Lilly Ann says, 'You're purty good yet, Moses,' and she jumps out, laughing. There we stood and looked over the bridge right down."

"Was the man hurt?"

"Hurted! How could he be hurted, an him fell into seventy feet of snow drifted in the gully? He did have some considible trouble gettin footin to lift out his head. Then he looks up and says he, 'Who in thunder be you, anyhow?'

"'He's Moses Frost,' says Lilly Ann.

"'Murderation,' says he. 'If we'd knowed that we wouldn't have wanted no ride.'"—Youth's Companion.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK ... PROPRIETOR
Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

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MEAT MARKET,
J. C. RUPPE, Prop.
Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including
Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.
A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, insures the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
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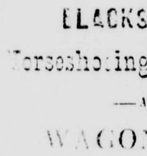
Sang little CONTRYS has been made a work for us by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Ina Benn, Toledo, Ohio. See the Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $5 to $10 a month. You can do the work at home wherever you are. Even beginners are really earning from 75c to $1 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time, big money for work well done. Info free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Box 420, Portland, Maine.

GOLD WARRANTED FREE, OUR NEW 3-5 Solid Gold Watch FREE, Worth $100.00, one 3-5 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and this we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $50 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 819, Portland, Maine.

THE OUTSIDE OF THE NEW STORE.

People who pass for the first time the new store of Weinstock, Lubin, & Co., Sacramento, are apt to pause and look. Its great size and novel architecture make it quite different from the ordinary run of business structures. It stands on the corner of Fourth and K streets, with a frontage of a hundred and forty feet and depth of a hundred and sixty feet. The general design is massive and bold, with abundant decoration in artistic raised scrolls. A noticeable feature of the design is the great number and variety of windows. Some are very narrow and slim, like those seen in the pictures of old castles, while others are broad and low, and four or five times as large as ordinary windows. The central tower contains a projecting balcony, from which an excellent view of the city and surrounding country may be had.

The first story of the building in front rests on a series of arches eighteen feet wide and twenty feet high, the base of the arches being supported on massive iron columns. The plate-glass windows for the display of goods set back ten feet from the arches, permitting of an arcade walk between them and the main sidewalk. The chief entrance to the building is under the central tower. It is thirty-five feet high, and handsomely ornamented.

The house takes special pains with its show-window displays. Something new and interesting may always be seen in them. Some of the windows have floors fitted with revolving disc, so that goods placed upon them are constantly turning and passing in many directions. At present writing, in one of the windows are a dozen or more full-size wax figures of men, women, and children. They were imported from France and are very lifelike. The figures are stylishly attired in the new fashions, and as they pass and repass present a scene of much brilliancy and animation. The advantages which this house offers to customers, and they are certainly many and important, may be fully shared by those living at a distance. A handsome illustrated catalogue is issued free every Spring and Autumn. It sells goods as readily to distant buyers as the best salesmen to a customer at the counter. Why should it not? Clear in its statements, impartial and fair, replete with news,—it includes not, and above all, is complete. The finest cravat, the sensible shoe you should necessitate,—what you need and what you would like to have,—are all there in beautiful illustrations and interesting descriptions. It is a helpful book to young or old, rich or poor, and free for the asking.

If you send an order you may rest assured of getting the same goods, the styles, and same prices, as if present in Sacramento. We know of no way of increasing our trade faster than by doing our very best on every transaction.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN, & CO.,
400 to 412 K Street,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Wearing Apparel for men, women, and children, Household Supplies, etc. Large Illustrated Catalogue Free. 3

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. W. FORBES P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Press P. H. MACK, of Independence Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.
WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON
Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,
Independence, Cal.
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment which has been entirely refurnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SUPERBO NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.
THE BAR
Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of Sour Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.
JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
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BIG PINE HOTEL.
BIG PINE - CAL
New House,
New Furniture.
Low Rates
Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.
Special attention given to the wants of every guest.
Thos Williams,
Proprietor.

J. W. Murphy.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.
Wagons and Carriages Repaired.
HORSESHOEING, $2 00 for CASH
Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-Officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.
Patenting of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
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J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
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F. E. DERSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
I. H. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "Independent" Building, Independence, Inyo county, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel. Prompt and careful attention given to the least possible pain inflicted. Also at
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses, Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891 will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:
Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 1 th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17 h
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th
JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and locked.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

OFFICIAL.

Notice of Forfeiture.

To Dennis O'Keefe, or his heirs, executors administrators and assigns: You, and each of you, are hereby notified that I have expended Three hundred [$300] Dollars in labor and improvements upon that certain mine situate in the Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county California, commonly known and designated as the Phoenix Mine in order to hold said mine as follows, to wit: One hundred dollars for the year 1890; One hundred dollars for the year 1890; and One hundred dollars for the year 1891 as appears by certificate on file in the office of the Recorder of said District.

If within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditures, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interest in said Phoenix Mine will become the property of the undersigned under the provisions of Section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States. JOHN DUNPHY.

Dated November 31, 1891.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John A. Hannah deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 14 h day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the town of Independence, in the County of Inyo, State of California have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John A. Hannah, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. L. Hunter for the issuance to him of Letters Testamentary thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated October 25th, 1891.

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF.

D. E. No. 513.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL., Sept. 3, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis A. Lomond of Bakersfield, Kern County, Cal., if ornia, has filed notice of intention to make final proof in his desert land claim No. 513, for the E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of section No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M. D. M. before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G. Sanger, W. Sanger, A. P. Smith and M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at her residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.
$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $25 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.
It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer with out cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clear, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.
Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.
For Pamphlet giving Indorsements &c., address
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OF ALL KINDS
DOORS,
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LATH,
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MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed
Flooring.
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MONEY Beginners earn from $27 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6 .....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 95¾.
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m. Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach on Sunday at Lone Pine, 10 o'clock a.m.; Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; Independence, 7:00 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

TUESDAY, November 3, 1891.

People vs. L. Baxter—Writ of habeas corpus denied and prisoner remanded.

Estate of William T. Davis, deceased—Filed petition for letters of administration.

WEDNESDAY, November 4, 1891.

Estate of William T. Davis, deceased—Register and index.

Estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased—Filed inventory and appraisement.

Ida C. Decker vs. Stephen Decker—Filed alias summons, affidavit of service, affidavit of publication and request for entry of default.

THURSDAY, November 5, 1891.

Ida C. Decker vs. Stephen Decker—Clerk's entry of default. Filed decree of divorce. Entered same.

G. Sanger of Alvord was in town yesterday.

Mining location blanks can be obtained at this office.

P. H. Mack Esq. and E. Robinson visited Lone Pine last Tuesday.

Silver is steadily going down. The latest quotation is .95¾.

The g. o. p. elephant is now being considerably "shoved" by the Cuckoo.

George Gilliam of Big Pine spent several days in town this week.

There are now three criminal cases pending before the Superior Court, all from Bishop.

Sheriff Gorman has removed from Edward street to the Swan residence on Market street.

It is said that skunks are very destructive to bees. In fact they are not desirable pets anyway.

Mrs. John C. Anton of Keeler and Mrs. Ida Decker of Lone Pine were in town yesterday.

The twenty-seventh anniversaty of the admittance of Nevada into the Union was celebrated at Reno last Saturday.

The stage to meet the southbound train now leaves Independence at 3 o'clock p. m., instead of 3:10 as formerly.

A sister of C. A. Walter of Camp Independence arrived here from Germany last week and will make her home here.

The *Daily Star* is a wide-awake little paper recently started at Visalia. The latter place will keep pace with Bakersfield or "bust."

On Wednesday Evening, November 11, Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach at Keeler. All are cordially invited to attend the service.

They had a sharp shock of earthquake up in Bridgeport last week. It may have been caused by Buck Burnside rolling down hill in Bodie.

S. P. McKnight C. E. came up from Lone Pine to-day. He has been surveying there for parties owning land under the Eastside canal.

It is reported that the proposed buyers of the Eastside canal will arrive in Carson next Tuesday and will come on immediately to Independence.

If Blaine looks anything like the picture presented in last week's *Reno Gazette* he had better not risk coming West. He would be hung on suspicion for most anything.

Head Carpenter George White of the C. and C. railroad was in town Wednesday. He has been making his annual tour along the line of the road attending to necessary repairs.

Wm. W. Yandell returned to Bishop on Wednesday from a visit at Independence with his brother, County Clerk Yandell. His mother accompanied him.

A few arrests for drunkenness were made during the week, but no complaints were lodged, and the hobos were turned loose when sober enough to navigate.

A dehorning liquid has been invented of which one bottle will dehorn 200 calves, and is much less painful to the animal than either the saw or the knife. Any man can use it.

The big plow and scraper used by the Lone Pine Canal company were brought to town on Wednesday for repairs. The work of constructing the canal is going steadily forward.

Frank Fitzgerald returned on Wednesday's train from San Francisco and went on to Lookout. He says that the difficulty with the Melrose company was satisfactorily adjusted.

District Attorney Forbes has returned from Bishop. Reports of the various criminal cases there are very meager. Sheets is said be improving, and it is certain that his wound will not be fatal.

The proposed school drama is well under way. The youngsters are rehearsing constantly and state that they will give their entertainment on Thanksgiving evening. The proceeds are to go toward the purchase of a new school organ.

In the Superior Court yesterday Ida C. Decker was granted a divorce from Stephen Decker on the ground of failure to provide. She was permitted by the Court to resume her maiden name, Ida Adams.

Inyo county, in common with the rest of the State, is blessed with abundant crops this year. There are plenty of potatoes and other vegetables, flour, and grain for feed. There will also be an abundant supply of hams and bacon. The market is kept supplied with butter, but eggs are scarce. Another thing noticeable, and one of much importance, is the supply of prunes and other dried fruits of home production. With the production of raisins, to which the natural conditions here are extremely favorable, perhaps more so than any other portion of the State, a large saving to the county will be made. It may be several years before we can ship to the outside world, but the supply of our home market will mean much to us.

W. M. Stewart is a pretty good kind of a man. The Eureka *Sentinel* says, "Well, if we must have a Republican let it be Stewart. He has voted with the Democrats about half of the time during his present term, and he has therefore been right about half of the time. There is no guarantee that any other Republican from Nevada would be right any of the time."

Following up, the Carson *Appeal* comments as follows: Stewart has always been more of a Democrat than Republican, and if the truth were known, we believe his ticket would show that he voted for Cleveland as against Harrison. Didn't he vote to confirm Lamar, the rankest rebel ever in the U. S. Senate, as well as stand in against his party colleagues on the Federal Elections bill?" Which all goes to prove that Senator Stewart has the courage to stand by his own convictions.

The Preliminary examinations of John Clarke and Val Sherman were held before Justice Dunlap at Bishop on Tuesday and Wednesday. John Clarke was held to appear before the Superior Court on a charge of assault to commit murder. The act was committed by cutting A. W. Sheets with a knife two weeks ago. He was released on $2,000 bail. Val Sherman was held for assault with a deadly weapon perpetrated upon the person of A. M. Buckley during last week. The weapon used was a pair of brass knuckles. His bail was fixed at $1,000, which was given. P. W. Forbes, District Attorney, was present and conducted the cases for the people.

A small hose house has been erected over the fire plug in the court yard and provided with a reel. The hose will be permanently attached to the plug and in case of fire can be utilized without loss of time. Independence needs a well organized fire company and a sufficient quantity of fire plugs and large hose to control any conflagration that may be started. Now, too, is the time of year when the most care is needed. The fall winds will soon be blowing, heating stoves put up and liabilities made greater. Think it over.

No less than fifty head of horses have died in the Valley this year from anthrax. A thorough investigation of the disease should be made. As it is a germ disease no doubt a remedy can be found. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that glanders is reported prevalent in San Diego and Los Angeles. This disease is fatal and should it make an appearance here the infected animals should be destroyed without delay.

Mr. H. G. Hannah, nephew of the late Judge Hannah, arrived at Independence last Monday from the State of Washington. His business here is in the interest of the heirs of the estate. It is understood that an effort will be made to rescue the ranch property from public sale because of the low price of real estate here at present. Mr. Hannah expects to remain some little time longer.

Lieutenant John P. Finley has published a bulletin announcing his relief from duty as Officer in Charge of the Pacific Coast Weather Service. Mr. Finley has performed faithful and useful service and has at all times taken a deep interest in the welfare of the Pacific Coast. He will be succeeded by R. E. Kerkam.

Posterity will never consider Chris Buckley a hog. He evidenced knowledge of the fact that he'd an elegant sufficiency when he he emigrated to Canada. If Canada returns anything on the doctrine of reciprocity the exchange will not be for port.

The committee appointed to draft by-laws and rules for the Jockey Club will meet to night. It is likely, however, that they will have to ask another week's time to report, as printed matter sent for has not yet come from Sacramento.

Dr. R. L. St. John of Hownott, Putnam county, Missouri, takes especial pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, because he knew it to be reliable. He has used it in his practice for several years, and says there is none better. It is especially valuable for colds and as a preventive and cure for croup. This most excellent medicine is for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

As a preventive and cure for croup, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has no rival. It is, in fact, the only remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant and safe to take. There is not the least danger in giving it to children, as it contains no injurious substance. For sale at 50 cents a bottle by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Baiser of Berkely had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Baiser is an accountant in a Fulton street commission house. Baiser's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier Journal*, Nov. 27.

We are Mr. Baiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph st.
Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York.

Wiener's Cash Stores!!

Cor. I & Tulare Sts.,

FRESNO, Cal.

BRANCH STORES,

HOLT BLOCK, VISALIA.

FISH BLOCK, BAKERSFIELD

We carry an immense and well assorted stock of Gents Clothing and furnishing goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Drygoods, Fancy goods Ladies' Hosiery, Underwear, Etc.

Our terms of trading are STRICTLY CASH.

We positively refuse one cent of credit. We have just one price to all.

This system enables us to sell at a much lower rate than credit giving stores, who make large bad debts, and a very slight acquaintance with us will prove that our statement is correct.

Our aim is to sell standard goods at cut rates, and the fact that our reputation for LOW PRICES and for STRAIGHT FORWARD DEALING is wider than THE STATE itself, and betokens our success in this direction.

Our stock is always fresh.

BARGAINS INNUMERABLE lie on our shelves and crowd our tables

If you want reliable goods cheap, try us. We fear no trade competitors. All our goods speak louder for us than the blast of a thousand horns, because

They Are Always The Cheapest and Best.

ON APPLICATION we shall be delighted to forward our country patrons a complete bound volume containing catalogue and list of prices. We shall also gladly mail, free of charge, samples of goods if desired.

Our Country Order Department is a specialty with us, to which we devote the closest and most prompt attention.

WE WILL SERVE YOU WELL AND MAKE YOU HAPPY, so remember the address,

Wiener's Cash Stores
Cor. I & Tulare Sts.
FRESNO, CAL.

P. S. Send for our 76 page illustrated catalogue and price list.

PALACE SALOON

LONE PINE, CAL.

—THE FINEST—

WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS.

—o—

This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. LUECKHARDT, Prop.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26 day of Sept. 1891, an assessment (No. 7) of Thirty (30) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company in Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday the 28 day of Nov. will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 26 day of December, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. P. MACK, Secretary.

BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE AND REPAIRED.

THE BEST MATERIAL.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.

Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to

MRS. REDDY,
Darwin, Cal.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to settle on or before October 25th, as after that date I will enforce payment.

F. FITZGERALD.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any lady (including girls) of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for the business should be sent in advance. I only want easily learned, I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for

Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:

Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

THOMAS & HILL,

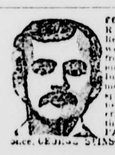
—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.



$6000 or a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from 50c. to $5 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages, in any part of America, you can do the work at home, giving all your time or spare time to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, RAPIDLY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Inyo Stage Company.

REGULAR LINE

—FROM—

Mojave To Keeler.

FINE COACH

FAST STOCK.

The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful

Redrock Canyon

And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.

Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.

Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m.

A. B. HALL,
Agent.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

—o—

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30- RENO, NEVADA.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK

BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPPOSITE ARCADIAN.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,
GROCERIES
MINERS
Supplies

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,

Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out a flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,

Independence, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m.
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2.05 p. m.	2 50 p. m.
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9.55 a. m.
Sodа Springs.....	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m.
Belleville.....	9:35 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville.....	8 20 a. m.	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:00 a. m	1:35 a.m.
Bishop Creek	2:00 p. m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord.....	2 45 p. m	10 00 a. m
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.	8.30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10 p. m	7 40 a. m
Keeler..... ..... Ar.	5:55 p. m. Lv.	7.00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Monday, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Mountain, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOLF'S

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries & canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES,

LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept12tf

The Unprotected Neck Space.

It is ours to warn, and with warning give counsel that shall protect. Between a man's coat collar and hat brim there lies a space of neck that modern hirsute fashion has left bare—exposed to chilly winds, uncovered to cold. If collar be upturned, some help is found, but merciless draughts still play at will about one of life's centers. For beneath this exposed skin lies what anatomists call the cerebro-spinal axis—which is the center of animal as the front brain is the center of intellectual life—whence proceed the nerves that govern both heart and lungs; among others, the pneumogastric and spinal accessory. So, in place of most injudicious exposure, it would logically seem that extra effort should be made to guard this sensitive area.—William F. Hutchinson, M. D., in American Magazine.

A Cold Foot Bath.

"Three out of four colds are caught through the feet," said Dr. Titus Munson Coan in a recent lecture, "and the only sound prevention is to take a cold foot bath. Have it so cold that your bones will ache. It hardens the nerves. People troubled with cold feet will be cured in a week if they take cold foot baths."

St. Jacobs Oil

A SURE CURE A PROMPT CURE

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism
Sciatica
Back Aches
all Aches
Neuralgia.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT IS THE BEST.

MASTIFF PLUG CUT

Is Unrivalled

Put that in Your Pipe and Smoke it

Price ought to be one of the least considerations when buying smoking tobacco. If you want the best and are willing to pay a few cents extra, buy the Mastiff Plug Cut; there is more solid comfort in one package than you can get out of a dozen others. Packed in canvas pouches.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over icety about what is set before him when he is there—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—**August Flower the Remedy.** ⑥

YOU WANT IT!

OUR HOLIDAY CATALOGUE MAILED FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. SEND FOR ONE.

WILL & FINCK, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

"VICTORY"

Dr. W. S. Hall Sole Agent for Pacific Coast, 1170 Market st, room 20, S. F. Dr. H. Sanche, sole owner, 504 10th st., N. W. Wash., D. C.

[Copyrighted.] Pocket Electropathic "VICTORY" will cure any disease quickly, cheaply, naturally, while asleep, without sensation, doctors, drugs, electricity or trouble. Entirely new force; blood is vitalized; absorbs oxygen from air; each disease self-curing. Price, $30; trial, 50 cents.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address P. Harold Hayes, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

$1 FOR EDUCATION!

Lightning System of Calculations and Rapid Rules of Figures, of inestimable value to young people and all classes of business. A perpetual calender presented with each. **Price, $1.00,** post paid.

C. P. BAKER,
610 Kearny Street, - - San Francisco.

LOVE.

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is sweet in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by one,
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know, when upraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear—"For life, for death"—
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behooving and unbehooving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!

—Mrs. Browning.

THE WEDDING BONNET.

Aunt Rhoda Hemenway was about to be married. Having never listened in her young days to a syllable of love and matrimony, now, at the age of 55, she suddenly astonished all her relatives by bidding them to her marriage with Luke Potter, a shrewd, well to do farmer, who had lived a neighbor to her all his life. "With all her property, and her set, particular ways; it can't be possible!" we each and all exclaimed in different keys, dropping our letters of invitation.

I had a special call to present myself a few days before the marriage feast, being considered in the family a favorite of Aunt Rhoda's. Though she had never been quite ready to invite me to the farmhouse on a visit, she had said plainly within the past five years to Job, her cousin on the father's side, who, if any earthly power could be said to influence Miss Hemenway in financial matters, was the one, "I shall leave a good piece of my prop'ty to Mehitable Farrar" (that is my name); I want you all to know it, so as to understand you won't get much," which was distinct if not polite, and earned for me much disfavor in the family.

Now to Cousin John. He was Bathsheba's son, Aunt Rhoda's favorite sister, who married early and went away from the homestead with her husband to settle in what was then the "far west," now a flourishing town in Illinois. Mr. Featherston had the knack of making money, and in a few years wore himself out, but had the pleasure of handing to his wife a goodly amount of stocks and bonds and some real estate. She soon following him, the property was allowed to roll up for little John, the son, who kept pace with it, running a race on his sturdy legs, to find at manhood a nice fortune awaiting him, into possession of which he came, his mind stocked by the grandmother who had the honor of bringing him up with his own importance, and a certainty that every girl he saw was after his money.

He was handsome as a picture, the aunts all declared, and his name and fame went down in the family annals carrying the idea of a being superior to nearly every other creature on this lower sphere. He was now 28. I had always heard of him since I could remember, but had never seen him. That there was a person whom I could dislike more thoroughly than this same Cousin John, I had never believed. Now it was a fact, for we had met, he arriving at the Hemenway homestead the day before the wedding.

Aunt Rhoda was to perpetrate matrimony on the first night of the New Year. It came on Tuesday, snowing, and pitilessly cold. She had allowed me that day to do little services for her, thus showing her favor, so at about 7 o'clock we were none of us astonished to hear her say: "Run, Hitty, and get my bonnet from the spare room cupboard. It's about time to put it on."

I started, glad of something to do, and ran nimbly to the great spare room, reached up on tiptoe and took down from the closet shelf the precious green box containing the wedding bonnet. Half across the room the glare of the candles flaming in their tall silver holders before the mirror of the dressing table in which they stood reflected gave my evil genius an idea.

"Try it on, Hitty; it's good luck."

Quick as thought I drew out the wedding bonnet, and threw it over my brown braids. It was a heavy affair of gray shirred silk, without the scrap of a bow to enliven it, and only one dull, stiff feather, looking for all the world like Aunt Rhoda herself, set straight in the center. And as I pulled it into place with the eager fingers of eighteen on a naughty prank, the old thing settled dismally from its own weight over my light crimps. I laughed aloud, it was so ludicrously the opposite of a festival bonnet, just as a voice struck my ear.

"Very appropriate. Don't, pray, remove it." I turned to see Cousin John in the doorway.

"Much obliged for your opinion, which was unasked," I managed to say, coolly, dashing aside the headgear, where, I did not stop to see, and turning on him. He bowed with that supercilious smile of his, and took himself off. Bursting with indignation, I set about picking up the bonnet. I could not find it. Not with dropping to my hands and knees to search the ingrain carpet could that headgear be brought to light. It was only when a direful smell of something burning struck my olfactories that it flashed upon me where it was. I flew back to the heavy claw-footed dressing table that stood "on a bias" in the corner of the room. How I moved it I never could tell. At last the bonnet was in my hand, the half feather that remained still burning smartly. At sight of it I gave a cry before I could control myself. That I had broken up the marriage I had not a doubt. I knew my aunt well enough to believe her willing to give up her greatest treasure rather than to break one of the proprieties of life. And to be married without a bonnet was, in her eyes, a custom only fit for silly little things not yet escaped from their teens. And there those wedding candles blinked and flared merrily, as if glad they had done it.

To reach the village milliner, Miss Slack, was my only hope. I knew where her little shop was, having been dispatched there the day previous for some extra lutestring ribbon to tie up the pieces of cake. No time to lose. Steps sound along the entry. Even now I may be late!

"Something's burning!" exclaimed a voice, just as I escaped, wedding bonnet in hand, through an opposite door and down a dark, little used passage. It led to the back yard, I knew, and out on the flat stone that served as a step. I only stopped to gather up my long, pretty nun's veiling train before plunging into the snow, then quite a respectable depth. The snow whirled into my face, nearly blinding me. It seemed hours before I could place my hand on the brass knocker adorning the door of Miss Slack's little shop. At last it clanged so sharply as to bring almost immediately a frowsy little girl, who retreated behind a tall pewter candlestick, with terror in every feature.

"I want to see Miss Slack," I cried, "at once," pushing the child aside to hurry into the little entry and shake off the damp snow.

"You can't," said the girl, staring at me and the wedding bonnet, "she's gone."

"Gone?" I cried. "Where?"

"To the weddin'," said the girl. "She went early so's to see the folks, an' get a good place."

I sank down on the lowest stair, bonnet and all, but immediately jumped up.

"See here, little girl," I cried, "I want a gray feather to put on this bonnet. Something has happened to it. and"——

"I know," said the girl, leaning around her candlestick, and answering critically. "It's got burnt. I smell it."

"Well, get another one for me," I cried, impatiently, "as quick as you can, and don't stand there talking. It's gray—dark gray. Hurry up, you must know where she keeps them."

"She hain't got any," said the girl, examining the feather, "not that shade. Hers are all black and white, besides she's got a green one, yes, an' a yellow, but she hain't got a gray one."

"Take me to her box of feathers, and I will look for myself," I cried, turning to the shop door. "I will pay her tomorrow; I'm Hitty Farrar, Miss Hemenway's niece. It's all right. Now open the door." I laid my hand on the knob as I spoke.

"I can't," said the girl. "It's locked and she's took the key. She always does when she goes out, afraid somebody'll get in."

Every particle of blood seemed to desert me at this juncture, and for a moment I felt as if sinking to the cellar. The first thing that brought me to was hearing the girl say: "Ain't you going? I want to lock the door." And I found myself out in the snow again.

A dark object stood in the road, encircled in whirling snow mists. Out of it came: "Cousin Hitty, get into my chaise," and a man sprang out. It was Cousin John.

"Not for a thousand worlds!" I cried, striking out for home and wrapping my soggy dress around the poor bonnet.

"You silly child," cried my cousin. And without further preamble he took me in his arms, hurried out to the carriage and put me therein, the wedding bonnet meanwhile slipping to the ground. "Where is the blasted thing?" cried Cousin John, poking in the snow a bit.

Evidently the horse was displeased with her master for taking her out from a comfortable nap. At any rate, she was determined to start without waiting for his word. And knowing she was naughty and would be whipped for it, she decided to go the whole figure and have some fun out of it. Accordingly, off she bounded with a snort, leaving Cousin John and the wedding bonnet a long distance back in the snow covered road.

My indignation now gave place to a certainty that I should be dashed to pieces. I could hear Cousin John shouting to the creature in a voice that I should have admired had the circumstances been different. I could then see that he was rushing like lightning after us, but no human power now seemed able to stop the beast, whose blood was up, particularly as the reins had been thrown up over her back by the impetuous hand of her master as he sprang out. Yet, knowing that the time should have been spent in prayer, I laughed till the tears rolled down my cheeks and my overwrought nerves had a little calmed themselves.

And now the very thing I thought not possible had happened. The carriage came to a sudden stop. How, I didn't know then; afterward I realized the explanation that the reins had caught in the mare's foot, throwing her against a friendly tree. Here Cousin John rushed up.

"You poor child!" he cried. After seeing that the horse was all right, and possessing himself of the reins, he looked into the carriage. "I should think you could laugh!" he exclaimed, indignantly.

"I couldn't help it," I cried, wiping my eyes. "Have you got the bonnet?"

"The deuce take the thing! Beg pardon, cousin. No, I haven't go it, nor I shan't get it, either." With that he ensconced himself by my side, turned, and drove off toward home.

"Are you wet?" he asked, after a moment's pause, in which he ought have been arrested for fast driving.

"Not much," I said, trying to wring the soft nun's veiling out of my side of the carriage.

"And not a thing on your head," he said, whipping up the horse. "Crazy child, to come out so! I ought to have stopped you instead of getting my horse to follow you."

"How did you know it was burned?" I asked.

"I heard you give a cry, and I turned back, then I saw for myself"——

"And now she never will be married," I cried tragically, "and I have ruined all her plans for life."

"Nonsense!" Cousin John exploded. "Ruined your own, more likely. She'll cut you off from her will before she sleeps to-night. Don't worry about her; she's probably Mrs. Luke Potter by this time—heaven help him."

This was comfort, indeed, and I basked in it, losing sight of what it meant for me to be cut off from Aunt Rhoda's will. No father, no mother, living with Uncle Abiel, who was waiting patiently for that will to pay him up. I could soon see myself, like thousands of other girls, out in the world earning my own support. But I had not ruined Aunt Rhoda's happiness.

"Cousin Hitty!" was it Cousin John's voice? It rounded so low, and he seemed at a loss for words. I turned in the chaise and looked at him through the storm.

"We're almost home; I want to say one thing"——

"Well?"

"I want to say"——

"Well, if you are going to scold me, pray wait," I cried, "I shall have enough of that soon."

"I wasn't going to scold you," said Cousin John, "I was only going to say, supposing you and I have a wedding of our own. Then we can look after your bonnet."

"What do you mean?" And then I laughed.

"I mean," he said, with extra dignity, "that I ask you to marry me. Will you?"

"Goodness—no!" I cried, and reaching the hitching post by Aunt Rhoda's door, I sprang out, before he could remonstrate.

I peeped into the best room as I stole under the window. Yes, Cousin John was right; Aunt Rhoda was Mrs. Luke Potter, there was no doubt, judging from the congratulations now being poured out before the stiff couple standing in front of the fireplace, and I rushed into the house and up the back stairs, glad of that. At the head stood Aunt Matilda Smith.

"Well, Hitty, I must say I shouldn't want to be in your shoes."

"What's the matter?" I cried, a little crossly, for I was wet and shivering to the bone, and the excitement was over.

"Matter? do hear the girl!" cried Aunt Matilda. At that, quite a little company of relatives gathered around me.

"Have the goodness aunt, to let me pass by," I cried.

"Hitty, is that Hitty?" called a voice at the foot of the stairs. "Her Aunt Rhoda wants to see her down here at once."

At this, all the aunts and cousins opened ranks and considerately allowed me to pass through, and watched me descend with mingled satisfaction and curiosity, hurrying after to be at the denouement. I nearly pitched my length down the stiff, old fashioned stairs, but determined to keep a brave front, shut my lips firmly together, hoping no one would hear my teeth chatter. At the foot some one whispered: "Don't be afraid." I glanced up; it was Cousin John.

I don't know why, but I gave him back a look that made the color leap to his cheek that was quite white before, and he said just as truly with his eyes as if he had spoken: "I will never forsake you." Something in my throat choked me; I was conscious that I was half frozen, but even that seemed warm in comparison to the chilling looks I received on all sides; the worst of all I could see as I entered the best room was the expression on the face of Uncle Abiel.

The next moment I was before the bride and groom. The buzz of conversation stopped instantly. It was as still as death throughout the room.

"Mehitable," said Mrs. Luke Potter, in harsh tones, "you thought best to take my wedding night to play pranks with what was given to you in trust. Now I take the same time to say before every one present that you shall never touch a penny of mine. You may start out of this house as soon as you find it convenient. That's all; now go."

I looked at my Uncle Abiel. He was so angry he turned his face away. In an effort to be proud and defy them all, I opened my mouth, but the chill had gained on me so that I set up a violent chattering instead, unable to utter a word. Some one took my cold hand and drew it within his arm.

"Instead of going, we have a word to say," declared Cousin John, at his tallest, and drawing the roomful within his glance, "and will use no hesitancy in airing it now. We are betrothed, Aunt Rhoda," he announced, turning his handsome head toward Mrs. Potter, "and, begging your pardon, don't in the least care for your old money. Now, then, all come on with your congratulations."

I felt a warning pinch on my cold fingers to hold in check the astonishment in my eyes at hearing a bretothal announced that had never taken place. And then such a wealth of peace and strength came into my heart, that I was happy just to be near him. I was in a new world of love and protection, and I forgot to shiver in the cold, while I smiled and blushed in the right places as the relatives trooped around us with their astonished congratulations. Uncle Abiel came as soon as he could extricate himself from his corner.

"Well, young man," he cried excitedly, "you've done well. In short time, too—hey?"

"That's so," said Cousin John, giving the brown hand a hearty shake. (He told me afterward he ached to wring his neck.) "But long enough to know my own mind."

The first moment I could I drew Cousin John out into a corner of the old hall, at least three yards away from any sharp ear.

"Oh, how could you?" I cried. "We've never been engaged. I told you, 'No.'"

"Can't help it; you're eyes said 'Yes.' There's no stopping it now, Hitty. We'll have a wedding bonnet of our own."—Providence Journal.

Grizzly and Buffalo.

When there were buffalo on the plains the Manitoba grizzlies were great hunters of them. When a grizzly and a buffalo met there was always sure to be a contest, but it seldom lasted long, and the buffalo was usually the victim. The buffalo would charge upon the bear, which awaited the onset of his foe erect on his haunches. As the buffalo dashed upon him the bear threw himself aside, and with a blow as quick as lightning with one of his fore paws seldom failed to break his antagonist's neck. A grizzly bear has been known to engage in quick succession four and even five big buffalo bulls, and to kill every one of them. It frequently happened however, that some younger and more active bull than his companions succeeded in evading the fatal blow of the grizzly's terrible fore paw long enough to give in turn a fatal thrust with his horn in the bear's side, puncturing the vitals, and making of the contest a mutual slaughter.—New York Sun.

Educating Arabian Girls.

"Educate a girl!" exclaimed a Mohammedan to Dr. Jessup, a missionary among the Arabs, who was urging him to place one of his daughters in a girls' school in Tripoli. "Educate a girl! You might as well try to educate a cat!" Several aristocratic Mohammedan gentlemen of Beirut were induced a few years ago to place their daughters in one of the Protestant schools there, and one of them remarked: "Would you believe it? I heard one of the girls read the other day, and she actually asked a question about the construction of a noun preceded by a preposition! I never heard the like of it! The things do distinguish and understand what they read after all!" The other replied: "Mashallah! Mashallah! The will of God be done!"—St. Louis Republican.

The Savior Not a Blonde.

A writer well known in Pittsburg some years ago, Albert Rhodes, once pointed out the error of the painters that persisted in giving Christ blue eyes and golden hair. He demonstrated that a blonde in the race of Syrian Jews was unknown. Despite all that has been said and written to correct the error, makers of Sunday school books display equal inconsistency. Of fourteen books designed for boys and girls of 12 or 14, picked up at random from a collection well advertised, not one revealed the grain of human nature as we find it. The good were too good, the bad somehow excited sympathy, and yet we flatter ourselves that we are improving so much in this matter.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

First Idea of Our Flag.

The flag of the United States under which Andred Jackson and Winfield Scott fought in the war of 1812 consisted of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars. The original idea was to add both a star and a stripe for every new state; but in 1818 a New York congressman named Wendover suggested that at the rate the United States were growing soon the tallest pine tree in Maine would not make a mast tall enough to hoist the flag upon.—Chicago News.

Vanity and jealousy are the two weakest passions in the human heart, and, strange to tell, they are the most common.—Uncle Esek.

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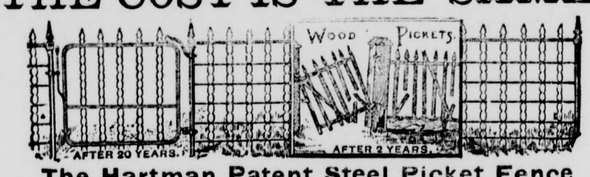

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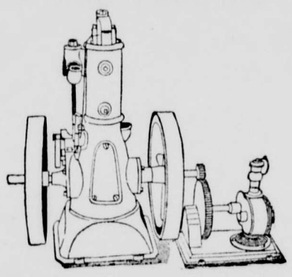

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IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.
Independence, Cal.,
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1891.

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A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

She has no use for Housekeeping Young Men.

THEY PREVENT THE GIRLS MARRYING.

The Effiminate Young Men Who Wash Dishes and Cook.

An elderly country woman, who has chaperoned two charming nieces through the dangers and delights of a gay New York season, claims to have discovered one of the gravest evils menacing modern society, and gave her views at elaborate length the other day. "The ladylike young man is at the bottom of the mischief," she remarked animatedly, "and so long as he is allowed to flourish of course girls can't and won't marry. Who do I mean? Why, that hybrid housekeeping creature.

"Our first encounter with the new fangled specimen was when cards came asking us to tea at Mr. V——'s rooms. I hesitated about accepting, but yielded and went. Still, I felt for the poor fellow's natural perplexities, and bought a nice bag of jumbles, some lump sugar, and took a few extra spoons along to help him out in a tight place.

"Well, bless your heart, when a neat, white capped maid answered the electric bell, and pushing aside long shadow curtains ushered us into an elegant parlor, I began making every apology, being sure we had stumbled into the wrong place. But, no; here came our host, bowing and smiling, begging us to take off our wraps, and excusing himself for preoccupation—just as I have done a thousand times at home—by saying the kettle refused to boil. Well, while he talked to the girls I began looking round for some place to hide those odious cakes and heard the spoons rattling in my pocket.

"With each survey I took that paper bag grew bigger and the silver jingled under the folds of my dress. But the polished mirrors, bowls of roses, embroidered scarfs and charmingly decorated walls were as nothing to a scene over in the left hand corner next the fireplace.

"There sat the tea table, in all its glory, with Mr. V—— hovering round it like a protecting spirit. He had a lady ostensibly presiding, but no old maid could have kept a sharper eye on the tea cups. He discussed the different varieties of tea with warmth, defended the infusion process, gave his reasons for patronizing a particular bakery, and in the meantime handed round bonbons and salted almonds to his half dozen men and women guests. From confectionery the talk drifted to napery, and with a glow of genuine pride our entertainer exhibited a set of exquisite doilies lately added to his linen closet. He advocated drawn work and the outline stitch in white floss as rather superior style at afternoon functions, and then got on the subject of china, which was evidently his hobby.

"Each fragile cup and saucer was dilated upon in turn, the delicacy and beauty of the porcelain naturally leading to a wholesale abuse of servants. Mr. V—— and a man (*!*) friend sitting near agreed that they never permitted Biddy to lay a finger on the properties of their pantry. They laundered every piece of china and plate personally to insure safe handling, and used only pure linen towels in order to avoid lint. As you may imagine I sat aghast to hear such conversation between two bearded creatures, and was scarcely surprised afterward, when a woman of the party ventured an opinion on the subject of sweeping, to hear both of them summarily suppress her.

"Now, I want to know who our daughters, sisters and nieces are to marry?" continued the wrathful lady. "Certainly not those finicky Miss Nancys; and there are no longer any bachelors, it appears—nice, jolly fellows, who couldn't tell a mop from a range or a broom from a lambrequin, who went buttonless, and with holes in their socks, till some nice girl took compassion on them; who were lonely and needed companionship, helpless and wanted a woman's hand to keep a neat hearth and warm their slippers.

"Since that first afternoon I have been to twenty teas of the same sort in as many different apartments. New York fairly swarms with this new type of humanity, and with each exhibition of his effeminacy I grow more disgusted. My girls are athletic—ride, swim, hunt and use the horizontal bar. Naturally, when their hosts talk bread and butter they become painfully embarrassed, feel out of their element and make absurd mistakes."—New York Sun.

Not a Lucrative Office.

The pay of the official watchman of the village of Springstille, in Hessen, has not increased in a century. One hundred years ago this valued official received one cent a day for his services, and "Old Heinrich," the present watchman, aged seventy years, receives the same compensation. Truly the pay is not princely, and the American office holder will wonder how Heinrich manages to live on it after paying the usual assessments to the party.

Plans proposed for irrigation both in Upper and Lower Egypt during the period of low Nile include the building of a high barrage across the river at the first cataract. Great opposition has been excited against this proposition, as it involves the submersion of the beautiful island of Philoe and its magnificent monuments for several months each year.

MAKING A FALSE CONFESSION.

Dr. W. A. Hammond Talks About the Self Accused Criminal.

I proposed to show that no uncommon circumstance for persons to confess to having perpetrated crimes of which they were either certainly or probably innocent, and that there are forces in operation in the human mind which may prompt to the making of a false confession, even though by so doing life, liberty or property be put in danger. Thus there is a difficulty in the minds of some persons who exhibit no other evidence of mental aberration to discriminate between their thoughts or their dreams and absolute facts. They brood over some real or imaginary circumstances until they bring themselves to believe in its reality.

Such a person, for instance, reads in the daily press of some shocking murder that has been committed, the perpetrator of which has escaped unrecognized. He reads it in one newspaper, and in another and another hears it talked up among his companions and begins by wondering whether or not the murderer will ever be discovered. He knows that murders have been committed by persons who at the time were in a state of somnambulism or who were suffering from an epileptic paroxysm. Perhaps he has himself in his youth walked in his sleep or has had a convulsion, as his mother has told him.

Suddenly the idea strikes him that he may be the guilty man. At first the notion is horrible to him, but its very horror renders it attractive. He goes to the Academy of Medicine and reads up on the subject of epilepsy. There is scarcely a disease, especially of the nervous system, of which any person at some time or other of his life has not had one or more symptoms. The quack medicine advertisers are fully aware of this fact and make full use of it to frighten the ignorant into the purchase of their trash. Our incipient self accuser has, therefore, no trouble in finding what he is looking after, and he goes home fully convinced that he has had an epileptic paroxysm, during which he may have been a murderer. The transition from a possibility to a reality presents no difficulties to his mind, and he ends by fully believing himself to be the murderer for whom the police are seeking. He visits the place where the crime was committed, questions the residents of the neighborhood in regard to all the particulars, and even interrogates the police relative to their plans for securing the murderer and the secret evidence they have in their possession.

At last suspicion turns toward him and eventually he is arrested. The accounts that he has read in the newspaper and the gossip he has heard, that, regardless of his original idea that he had perpetrated the crime during an epileptic fit, and therefore in a state of conscientiousness, that forces him to make atonement, he confesses that he perpetrated the murder and gives a full and circumstantial account of the crime. Inquiry soon, however, shows that he could not by any possibility have been the perpetrator, and he is, therefore, after a few days, during which the newspapers have given the most sensational accounts of his brutality and remorse, discharged from custody.—Dr. William A. Hammond.

A Group of Hindoo Pilgrims.

The railway from Calcutta enters Benares over a magnificent iron bridge just completed across the Ganges. It springs by noble spans along great stone piers, the foundations of some of which, I am told, are sunken 230 feet below the bed of the river. We paused at its northern end to let out several hundred pilgrims. A strange sight they presented in their various conditions. There were old women, almost bent double with infirmities of age; there were young women, with half naked babies straddled on their hips and leading others but a few years older; there were proud men, of noble, manly bearing, and poor men, cringing and servile in their poverty; there was opulent comfort, with servants bearing its bedding and its fine gear; there were others so weak that they staggered under the weight of a single basket or bundle which contained their worldly wealth. All, when stepping from the crowded cars, turned wistfully toward the holy city, their eyes betraying the delight felt that now at last they were about to bathe in this holiest spot of the holiest of rivers.—Carter Harrison's Letter.

Smoking Pipes in England.

Perhaps the customs connected with the habit of smoking and using tobacco in America and in England are as interestingly characteristic of the two nationalities as any other traits. There is nothing undignified about smoking a short "briar" or meerschaum along the streets of London, Birmingham, Manchester or any of the great English cities. A gentleman is none the less a gentleman because he does this. Indeed, to smoke a cigar in preference to a pipe argues either expensive tastes or the pecuniary ability to gratify them. What would our ladies think of a well dressed young man coming down Broadway about 4 in the afternoon with a nicotine blackened pipe in his mouth? Horrible suggestion! Yet in this country a man considers it in perfectly good taste to walk into another's office with a cigar stump stuck firmly in one corner of his mouth. Moreover, he does not take it out even to talk. Such behavior in London would give direst offense and would be construed into an intentional insult.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

Many Species of Orchids.

When Sir Trever Lawrence addressed the conference, little more than three years ago, he mentioned that 5,000 species were known and 2,000 were under cultivation. If the figures were true at that time they are vastly too moderate now. Eight thousand and 3,000 are the proportions accepted at this date. If a grower care for the science of his pursuit he will find material for study, for intellectual delight, also, in every one of these. It is not the cultivated varieties which attract him, chosen as they are, of course, for beauty of flower, but those dull in tint or microscopic, which offer such strange problems, such amazing contrivances, such startling anomalies, to employ his mind. But 3,000 species worth a mere gardener's attention give room enough assuredly.—Saturday Review.

Use of the Musquito.

The use of the musquito has been at last discovered. Professor Webster says that "injurious organic matter in the water, instead of decomposing and poisoning people, is changed into 'wiggle tails,' which, in due time become musquitoes, and the winged matter flies away, leaving the water purified to the extent of their ability to remove the impurities. If fish are kept in the water they eat the 'wiggle-tails,' and grow large enough to serve as food for man. Thus the poisonous ingredient of impure water becomes healthful food. Without musquitoes most marshy or swampy land would be dangerously insalubrious."—Boston Budget.

Victoria as a Collector.

Queen Victoria is an autograph collector, and she has recently added to her American department an autograph of Andrew Jackson.—Chicago News.

Dig two graves before cursing a neighbor. —Japanese Proverb.

OREGON WILD CATTLE.

A Strange Breed That Inhabit the Umpqua Mountains.

CHANCE FOR THE AMBITIOUS SPORTSMAN

As Wild as Deer.—Their Peculiar Jet Black Eyes.

"California sportsmen can now go up to Oregon and shoot wild cattle," said John Day, an Umpqua mountain pioneer, referring to the completion of the railroad. "It is a fact that there are hundreds of wild cattle in the high hills skirting the Umpqua valley, and some of them are not more than a couple of miles from the railroad track. Some of these cattle, too, are 25 years old or more. In the mountains near Riddles and Rosebud they are probably the thickest, but they do not venture down in the valley much. They stay in the tops of the hills and get water from the living springs which rise there. For the most part they are concealed in the dense growth of oak and fir in these mountains. There is heavy underbush, too, so that it is a hard matter to get on to them. They go in bands of six or eight usually, but at night a herd of forty or fifty get together and lie down in the same yard—that is, they sleep on the same spot, which is usually a secluded place among the trees. A band of wild cattle have been known to get together on a cleared place like this every night for a couple of years.

"When feeding there are always a few bulls to act as sentinels. While the cattle graze in bands of half a dozen or so, they are nevertheless close to other bands, so that at any alarm from any one of the bulls, which leisurely feed on higher ground, they all run away together.

"The cattle are of all colors and wilder than deer. It is a hard matter to get a shot at them for the reason that their scent is so keen. They can smell a man a long distance off. They got wild in 1853 when the old man Riddles and two or three others of the first settlers came to the valley. Their cows wandered off and could not be found. After two or three years, all the pioneers had to do when they wanted beef was to rig out two or three pack animals and go up into the mountains. The cattle had to be killed on sight the same as deer or bear, for they could no more be driven down than deer could. Once killed they were quartered, packed on the horses, and carried down. They have been hunted a good deal of late years, so that there are not as many as there used to be.

"Some of the cattle are very large and fat. I have caught glimpses of bulls in the top of the Umpqua hills that astonished me. A bull I saw in the fall of '78 on the head of the Rogue river I am certain would weigh 1,400 pounds. There is good grazing in the mountains all the year round. A peculiarity about these cattle is that their eyes and horns are jet black. The retina, iris and the whole apple of the eye are one mass of black. You can't distinguish any difference in any part of it. The horns, too, while being black as ink, are long and very sharp. Brought to bay, the Oregon wild cattle are very wicked fighters."—San Francisco Examiner.

Old Times in Louisiana.

Those "society balls" were conducted with great propriety and reserve. The claim of every person of both sexes to be admitted having been previously determined by the responsible and trusty committee, there was a sort of temporary and conventional equality on the terpsichorean floor, and, therefore, every gentleman had the privilege to invite a lady without the formality of an introduction to figure in the dance as his partner. After it was over he escorted her back respectfully to her seat, without presuming, if unknown and not duly presented, to remain standing before her, or to sit by her side, to continue the conversation or prolong the accidental acquaintance.

During the intervals of dancing the gentlemen walked up and down between the rows of ladies that densely lined the hall, some merely bowing as they passed to those whom they knew and others stopping to converse. No woman, married or single, joined in this promenading with a male companion, as is the custom in these present days, and the eye of a lynx could not have detected the slightest flirtation. The word itself was not known, for the thing it means is for Louisiana a modern invention, which had not then been patented and brought out for public use. In fact, this peculiar pastime would have been impossible to attempt. It would have produced a social earthquake.—American Magazine.

The Color of the Sea.

Artists always seem at a loss to deal with the color of the sea, and few are those who please the public. Professor Tyndall has come to their aid. He recognizes three principal hues in sea waves—blue, green and yellow. Solid particles held in the water act as minute mirrors reflecting the light which penetrates the liquid. The rays which are sent out, after having traversed only a thin stratum of water, preserve their yellow parts; but if the reflections are attenuated the water appears green; and if they do not exist at all, the sea being clear and free from muddy matters, the color is deep blue. In an indigo sea the crest of the waves will appear green on account of their lack of thickness. Seaweed, animalcules and other local or accidental causes may have much influence on the color of the water.—Court Journal.

Not Quite Fitted.

Miss De Peyton—Yes, admit De Smith's quotations are very amusing, but they are not quite fitted for our circle. His saws usually have reference to common people.

Mr. Jones—Oh! I see. His saws are not of your set.—Boston Courier.

Leo XIII always dines alone. No king in Christendom ever receives higher honor than to be invited to partake of a cup of coffee.

Get a German friend to say 1888 in German. Don't say it yourself for you'll dislocate your jaw.

During the year the fashionable walking sticks will weigh five pounds, so it is said.

CALMING WAVES WITH OIL.

Vessels Are Now Fitted Up with Apparatus for This Purpose.

When hydrographic students first suggested to skippers who had sailed the seas for years, that pouring oil on the troubled waters might save both vessel and cargo, the proposition was laughed to scorn. The wise old heads knew better. Some of the younger skippers thought the scheme might be worth trying, and so put the theory to the test. They found it to work exceedingly well; so well, indeed, that in port here they told their brother masters of their success. Stories of vessels having been saved by the method were told at infrequent intervals in the South street resorts, and were received with much of the doubting Thomas spirit. Finally what were looked upon as yarns took on a color of verity with a vengeance, and even the oldest of the skippers began to believe in the oil story.

The result of this has been that there is not a week passes, in fact hardly a day, but the master of some vessel drops into the United States hydrographic bureau and informs Lieut. Cottman or some of his staff of the benefits he has derived during the stormy weather which now prevails from the use of oil. So efficacious has it proved in a number of instances that the attention of shipowners has been called to that they have fitted up their craft with special fixtures for the purpose of fighting huge waves with oil. The British steamship Kate Fawcett is one of these. Tanks are fitted upon deck for the special purpose of carrying oil, and from them pipes lead through the ship's side just above the water line. In case the waves become particularly threatening Capt. Young has the stopcocks in the pipes opened and lets out a bit of oil. He has found the plan to work extremely well, and when running finds it necessary to send out but one gallon in four hours. He uses linseed or varnish oil. The British steamship Earnwell is similarly fitted, and its officers have found that the loosening of even a small quantity of oil has kept the water from breaking over the decks of the steamer.

In cases where vessels are not specially fitted for fighting mountains of water with oil, skippers sling over the bows bags filled with coarse, heavy oils, which ooze through the coarse material of which the bags are made and has a wonderfully calming effect on old Neptune. The only trouble in these cases, say the skippers, is that the oil is apt to clog up the canvas of the bags and so prevent perfect percolation. This, Capt. Lord of the American steamship Advance, found out when he was caught in a severe storm between St. Thomas and the Barbadoes last month. So he rigged up a big water filter over the weather board and treated the waves which threatened to ingulf his vessel, to a copious bath of oil, and so kept the cross seas from washing over the deck of his steamer. Most any kind of oil seems to do the work required, but Capt. Peters, of the British steamship Lyon, has probably used the strangest mixture yet reported, one of cod liver oil and linseed oil, of both of which he happened to have a big consignment in his cargo. A couple of gallons of fish oil, says Capt. Schulz, saved the schooner W. H. Jones from losing a single stick of logwood from his deck cargo while he was trying to weather a severe gale off Hatteras during his last trip to this port.—New York Times.

Harsh Treatment of Jews.

Numerous correspondents of the Jewish papers writing from Jerusalem bear testimony to the exceptionally harsh treatment of the Jews at the hands of the Turkish authorities. "Palestine, the holy mother," as one of the writers says, "is casting out her children who come to visit her from afar, and Jerusalem closes her gates against them." The government has issued orders forbidding foreign Jews who are new arrivals in the holy land from staying there longer than thirty days. "Palestine," say these tyrannical rulers, "is a country of holy places and ancient tombs, and not of commerce," and to visit these places thirty days are considered more than enough. As a result it is said trade falls off and financial affairs suffer; but still the Jewish immigration is discouraged, while the Christians, particularly those of the Greek church, and the Mohammedans are treated very differently. Yet in Palestine, as elsewhere, the Jewish settlers appear to be good subjects and sober, orderly, industrious people.—Chicago News.

Learning English Grammar.

English grammar, the very terror of pupils and the puzzle of masters, is, after all, nothing but the English language; but unfortunately neither master nor pupil knows it or thinks of it. The first and the best elementary lesson that a child learns, whether he will or not, is from the language of the educated people around him. As he grows older he must learn to make his own grammar—that is, to understand his own language; but he must be helped to do it. This help can be given with one of his very earliest reading lessons without frightening him by telling him that he is learning English grammar, a phrase that terrifies him more than the name of any other study in the curriculum.—The School.

Daughters of Working People.

The true Anti-Poverty society is the society of "Toil, Thrift and Temperance." One of the articles of its constitution demands that the principles of intelligent economy shall be learned by patient study and followed in daily life.

Of the many worthy ways in which the charity that we call Christian is being exercised none seems to me more worthy of that appellation than the movement in industrial education, of which teaching the daughters of working people how to do housework and how to select food and cook it forms a part.—Professor W. O. Atwater in The Century.

Snow on Fire.

Some artificial snow that was used in representing a winter scene in an Elmira store window caught fire, and but for timely discovery would have caused considerable damage. The snow was made of cotton.

The collection of old and rare coins is now said to give employment to a number of traveling men from each of the large cities of the country.

FIELD FOR FEMALE TALENT.

School of Industrial Art in Philadelphia.

THE RESULT OF ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

How Women May Earn Their Own Living.—The Subjects Taught.

About the time of the closing of the Centennial exposition in 1876, a committee was formed and provided with $30,000 in cash, for the purpose of securing from foreign exhibitors specimens of their best handicraft in industrial art subjects, to be used as a nucleus for an educational museum in this city, the same to eventually comprise a department of a school of industrial art. This was one of the practical methods adopted to render the Centennial exposition of permanent benefit. It was successfully carried out through the efforts of one woman—Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, who is a grand niece of Benjamin Franklin. She worked in season and out toward the accomplishment of her plans.

The result of her labors is the magnificent collection of art works that now fill the Memorial hall in Fairmount park, part of which were purchased and the balance donated by foreign and native exhibitors. These works are employed as models, from which are drawn art inspirations, that eventually find their way into the carpets, china, calico and the thousand and one other things of art, as well as domestic economy.

It is to the city of Philadelphia and the state of Pennsylvania, supplemented by the generosity of a few public spirited citizens in the eastern states and in Philadelphia, that this important art movement has been made in this country. The best features of the South Kensington Art school have been localized, and the methods of the French, German and Belgian designers have been freely utilized. The progress made by the latter country is something wonderful, many of the best suggestions coming from there.

Among the subjects taught are designs for carpets, rugs, wall papers, in which there have been a progress within the past five years that is simply marvelous; oilcloths, calicoes and all sorts of textile fabrics, two-thirds of all the "genuine Smyrnas," are made in Philadelphia. In clay modeling for the decorative art trade instruction is given. A particularly important branch is the china decoration. The advancement made in pottery manufacture has brought into demand hand painters of all descriptions, as well as designers who can make the patterns that are printed upon our more common stone china by machinery. China decoration has kept pace with china manufacture, and now American goods successfully compete with those of both England and Holland.

The purpose of the school is to furnish such instruction in drawing, painting, modeling, carving and designing as is required by designers, superintendents and workmen in the various decorative arts, and to serve as a training school for teachers of these branches. In the pursuance of such instruction the pupil is taken through each successive branch of practical art to which he or she is adapted. No knowledge of drawing is required in beginning, and all studies are directly from objects and from nature.

As the pupils advance they are taught to make their own designs, the character of the designs being confined as closely as possible to work that could be applied to practical use. Even if the life classes, where copies are made from the seminude, the models are posed in attitudes that could be applied to architectural designs. In fact, in no department is the industrial feature lost sight of, and from the first attempt in geometrical drawing to the highest perfection in copies from life this object is kept steadily in view.

An important feature of the instruction is that of compelling the pupil, after having made the designs, either in textile or in a purely art department, to work them out in real articles. Looms exactly like those used in New England and Pennsylvania manufactories are provided and the pupil makes a rug or a piece of carpet from his or her own pattern.

In an institution owing its existence almost wholly to the indomitable pluck and push of one woman, there are naturally a large proportion of women students, but they are by no means the majority of those benefited. Ambitious artisans in the hundreds of industrial mills of the city find here immense advantages for self improvement. Women find the same, and they are availing themselves of the privilege, both here and in the older institution for industrial and art advancement—the School of Design for Women. The latter was a pioneer in this country in the task of providing congenial and profitable employment for women.

Within a few months art schools in three large western cities have sent representatives to this city to ask after the feasibility of industrial plans. It is recognized that women must be provided with the means of earning a living, and the vast field of industrial art furnishes a broad and hitherto uncultivated and unoccupied one. The number of women now filling remunerative positions in the mills as designers attest the claim of industrial art education to notice.—Eugene M. Camp in San Francisco Chronicle.

Finishing a Buffalo.

I saw an old Indian, over 60 years of age, apparently, following a buffalo that was just able to drag himself along with three arrows in his side. The old man's quiver was empty, and he was impatient to finish him. He slid cautiously from his pony, and, stealing up behind the buffalo, sprang forward, snatching one of the arrows from his side and sending it quick as a flash into his heart.—L. B. Platt in The Cosmopolitan.

Separate Pieces in a Watch.

The average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upward of 2,400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance has 18,000 beats or vibrations per hour; 12,960,080 in thirty days. 157,680,000 in one year; it travels 1 43-100 inches with each vibration, which is equal to 9 3-4 miles in twenty-four hours, 292 1-2 miles in thirty days, or 3,559 3-4 miles in one year.

ASTOR LIBRARY'S "GUARD."

Watching for Petty Thieves—Some Very Strict Rules—The Dishonest.

"What's the matter with you? Are you bilious?"

"If I am, you can't cure me!"

This was the only reply that a fashionably dressed man could draw from the tall, slender, white whiskered guard in the entrance hall of the Astor Library yesterday, who had silently taken the man's cane away from him and given him a check in return. The guard's name is Morse. He is reticent, severe and strictly polite, especially to women. So much petty thieving in former years was going on the trustees were obliged to create the guard's position, and the present incumbent has many curious experiences. Sitting in the classic atmosphere of the marble corridor, beneath the gaze of marble busts of Socrates, Aristophanes, Senaca and the Cæsars, he daily watches the modern world with a sharp eye. No one is permitted to carry a satchel, reticule, lunch box, shopping bag, book or bundle of any kind, cane or umbrella up stairs; and in cases already detected it has been proven that it would be an important additional protection to the library if overcoats were laid aside also before entering the dignified portals of the upper rooms, where the priceless collection of books is open to public perusal.

This indispensable functionary down stairs who enforces the rules must be an expert, for cranks are frequent and irascible representatives of the alleged gentler sex difficult to be quieted when their parcels are taken away. The reason and necessity of writing a description of any book that is carried in does not appear on the surface, and nine out of ten patrons require an explanation. "It is easy to take up a ten cent book and walk out with one worth as many dollars," said the guard to a reporter. "Fifteen out of every twenty men will leave their canes and umbrellas up stairs, and then come back to find them lost if I did not keep them here with checks on them. There would be no end of talk and confusion inside to disturb the readers. Hand bags are too convenient for concealing volumes when the patron takes his departure. Some put books under their coats but are likely to be caught, because I scrutinize every one. Hundreds of dollars a year are saved in this way, and still, with all precaution, you cannot stop the thefts entirely. The ladies do not like it, but we have to put every one through the same inspection, so as to make sure of finding the dishonest." —New York Tribune.

Charitable Fair in Switzerland.

After dinner we went to the vente, or charitable fair, which the young ladies of the town were holding in one of the public buildings. It was bewilderingly like the church fair of an American country town, socially and materially. The young ladies had made all sorts of pretty knick knacks, and were selling them at the little tables set about the room; they also presided, more or less alluringly, at fruit, coffee and ice cream stands; and—I will not be sure, but I think—some of them seemed to be flirting with the youth of the other sex. There was an auction going on, and the place was full of tobacco smoke, which the women appeared not to mind. A booth for the sale of wine and beer was set off, and there was a good deal of amiable drinking. This was not like our fairs quite; and I am bound to say that the people of Aigle had more polished manners, if not better, than our country town average.—W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine.

Street Car Conductors and Drivers.

"How often do street car conductors and drivers miss their cars in the morning?" "Not often, I tell you," said an employe. "When we miss our car we go to the foot of the list and take our chances with the new men. Sometimes it is nearly a year before we can get another car regularly. I have seen the boys running to the barns in the morning half dressed. Once I saw a driver in the winter rushing through the snow in his bare feet, his boots in his hands, yet, poor fellow, he was two minutes late after all. He had a big family, and I noticed he went around behind some cars. I was a good friend of his, and slipped around at the risk of missing my own car to comfort him a little, and found he had broken down and was taking a good cry. Luckily, he got back in two weeks."—Chicago Tribune.

Safety of Building Associations.

The co-operative banks, sometimes called building associations, although they never build directly, are the very ingenious outgrowth of an endeavor to make the savings of men of moderate means yield a higher rate of interest than savings banks pay, and also to distribute these savings in small loans among the same class. They have proved eminently safe and successful in both respects. But here, also, the borrower must have a "margin," albeit a smaller one will pass muster than in the savings banks. This is no indication of insecurity, for the loan is at its maximum and the "margin" at its minimum only at the outset, for the monthly payments immediately and constantly increase the latter and decrease the former.—Boston Herald.

Grave of Alexander the Great.

Saida, the town at which has been discovered the sarcophagus supposed to contain the remains of Alexander the Great, who died in 324 B. C. from a fever contracted while surveying the marshes around Babylon, and to which he was the more susceptible because he had just got over a protracted drunk, is about twenty-four miles from Beyrout, in Syria, and is the ancient Sidon or Zidon. In 1850 gold coins of the time of Alexander, valued at $40,000, were unearthed there, and it was while at the head of the French exploring expedition there in 1860 that M. Renan picked up a good many of the points which he used in his famous "Life of Christ." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Rolling Out Rifle Barrels.

By means of recently invented processes in the manufacture of rifles as many as 120 barrels can now be rolled in an hour by one machine. They are straightened cold and bored with corresponding speed, and even the rifling is done automatically, so that one man tending six machines can turn out sixty or seventy barrels per day. With the old rifling machines twenty barrels were about the limit of a day's work, but the improved machines attend to everything after being started, and when the rifling is completed ring a bell to call the attention of the workmen.—Chicago Times.

When a Rogue Reforms.

"We frequently take a man's picture out of the Rogues' gallery and cancel his record," said Inspector Byrnes.

"When he dies?"

"Yes, and when he reforms also. When we have evidence that a man is trying to live straight we are always ready to help him, and will remove his picture from the Rogues' gallery when requested. These pictures and the accompanying records are filed away where we can reach them should we need them.—New York Sun.

The Constitutional club of London has a membership of 6,400.

THE VIRTUES OF LAUGHTER.

Joyous Country School Boys Turned Loose.

AN OVERFLOW OF ANIMAL SPIRITS.

Childred Should be Encouraged to Laughter.—Prevents Disease.

Now go to a school house in the country where the youngsters are let loose pell mell. Out they come with a rush, and every throat is doing its utmost to add to an uproar of sounds. Part of it is a bedlam of words, part a pure set of yelps like my dog. They run hither and thither, and stand on one leg. They turn handsprings, and do a dozen impulsive things that have no other purpose than to express happiness. I do not think it is any disgrace to the chaps so say it is an overflow of animal spirits, and in a way very much as my dog expresses himself. I should be glad if my own condition could be more generally of the same sort. Only there is no denying that if boys be allowed to shout as they will they become shocking nuisances. Yes, young gents, you are a legitimate product of vitality, but one can't let you shout the top of his head off. On the whole, if they will let you loose, you will soon run quiet. Boys are a good deal like spouting geysers—noisy and quiet by turns. But if we had never outgrown this boy period, and could get on without philosophizing, and printing, and editing newspapers, and doing so many other exhausting things! Ah, yes—if. But we did not stop at the right point, but went on into what we call ripe years. There has been too much evolution. We should have been satisfied at the shouting happy point.

The object of language of all sorts seems to be to express satisfaction or distress, joy or grief. Far back of primitive man, indeed at the very origin of life, there was some method of expressing satisfaction and dissatisfaction. When the head was established and vocalization achieved a great deal of language was left distributed all over the body. When a person is thoroughly happy the tongue is altogether insufficient to tell of it. Laughter is a remnant of the old sort of language, only we have a facial laughter that often supersedes a real all over laughter. But I know a few men who always laugh from top to toe. There is the shaking laugh, that is likened to the quiver in a bowl of good, thick set jelly. When it begins it goes in ripples from side to side, and perpetual motion seems absolutely to have set in. And there is the roaring laughter that throws the practitioner into convulsions until he must hold his sides and gasp for breath.

A really good laugher is a healthy man. I have seen many a patient cured by a good story. I have in mind one who was in a despondent melancholy that had brooded over him for weeks. A cat had nestled by his side, and he involuntarily had stroked it. Pussy turned up her nose to touch his hand, when a flash of electricity leaped from it, and pussy was both shocked, confounded and insulted. Drawing back in great dignity, and with an appearance of vast intellectual amazement, she gave him two cuffs of a decided sort and stalked off. The man instantly broke into a laugh, and, as he expressed it, "couldn't stop." His whole system reacted from depression. He laughed till he was sore; and was cured. Of course there is liable to be a touch of the hysterical about such a break up; but it will do no harm. I recommend laughter as a preventive against disease, and as a cure for illness of both body and mind. Children should be encouraged to laughter. They should be taught to laugh loudly, strongly and all over. Laughing can become a matter of education as well as talking or singing. Have them stand up, with their hand on their hips, and begin. It is a capital exercise. You need only start the roar. It is catching. As soon as one urchin has exploded the rest will be at it. It will run up and down the line, and you will end by having all your pupils on their backs, shouting happy.

So if you ask me what I consider most essential to health, vigor and longevity, I answer a plenty of laughter and a plenty of shouting. We should never check children from a reasonable amount of noise making, and never get beyond it ourselves. If possible have some place, a grove or, if no better, a barn, where you can shout as loudly as you please and blow out good full draughts of the purest air. We ought never to get beyond play. A good game of quoits, or tennis, has half its advantage in letting our lungs have full play. We can laugh as loudly as we please and shout with the young folks. Nearly all old age is folly, a useless drying up, owing to false notions of manhood and propriety. Mark this, my friend, don't outgrow the shouting happy point.—M. Maurice, M. D., in Globe-Democrat.

The Food Question.

The subject of food has never yet received a common sense consideration. There is no doubt but a vast amount of wholesome food products are yet overlooked. During the grasshopper invasion it was proved by Professor Riley and some of our normal school teachers that such creatures may serve as an excellent article of food, yet the people preferred semi-starvation to even tasting them. Snails are luxuries in France. It was long before frogs found a market in this country. Mr. Wallace tells us eggs are never eaten by Pacific Islanders. Strawberries are rejected by some of the tropical races. Esquimaux reject all vegetable food. The people of New Guinea pronounce bread a detestable affair. Milk is used very little in some of our southern states, as it is seldom tasted by tribes in Africa that keep large herds. One tribe in New Guinea abhors sugar, but devours salt. Snakes are an article of diet quite largely in Asia.—Globe-Democrat.

During 1887 eleven and a half tons of postage stamps—nearly 170,000,000 in number—were sold at the New York postoffice.

It is said that for consumptives nothing is better than raw or half cooked snails.

De Brazza, the African explorer, says the upper Congo teems with ivory.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13 .....1891.

The Los Angeles Herald of the 4th inst. contained the following article, which will be of much interest to the people of this county:

Ex-Mayor Workman has returned from his trip in the interest of the Terminal railroad, of which he is one of the chief directors. Mr. Workman is very enthusiastic about the outlook for the road, and says there is no longer the peradventure of a doubt that the road will be completed on the projected Utah line to eastern connections. He assures us that the means for the extension of the Terminal road are secured, and that between the 20th and 30th of this month a number of Eastern gentleman in financial interest with it will visit Los Angeles.

On his return from the east Mr. Workman made a trip into Southern Utah and satisfied himself about the character and extent of the coal measures in that region. These fields will be tapped by the new road, and coal will be laid down in this city at the rate of five dollars per ton. The coal is of a very superior quality, and the measures are exhaustless. He entered into one mine which is reached by a tunnel into the mountain and the tunnel opened into a chamber where teams could turn, and which was walled, floored and roofed with solid layers of coal of the finest quality. These mines are now valueless for the want of transportation, and the people of the vicinage drive their teams to them and get all the coal they can carry away for nothing.

We look upon the fact that the new enterprise will lay this coal down in Los Angeles as one of the most, if not the most, important benefits the Terminal company will confer upon Los Angeles. It at once solves the manufacturing problem, and opens to our city the prospect of becoming one of the most prosperous manufacturing communities in the country. In connection with the vast mining region it will place practically at our door, the fact that we shall also have cheap fuel will make Los Angeles an incomparable center for smelting and reduction works. But the benefits of the opening of the new road will not stop here. It will pass through a country in which iron ore and magnetic steel have been found in great quantities. With cheap coal these will form the basis of great iron and steel furnaces, which will give employment to thousands of operatives.

No wonder that our ex-mayor is jubilant and enthusiastic—that he sees in the near future an impulse given to the industry and prosperity of Los Angeles that will soon force her forward to the foremost place on the Pacific coast.

Is it not time that our people should wake up to the great advantages which this new road is to bring our city? Heretofore we have merely given it pleasant words. When its financial backers and representatives come here in a couple of weeks, we should be prepared to treat them in a way that will show them that we are fully alive to the stupendous importance of the work they are promoting.

The radical friends of the McKinley blunder, who find just now so much good in the operation of the new law, do not refer to the spirit that gives it such virtue as it has—that is, the clause which enables reciprocity to be set up even though to a limited extent. Under the bill in its original form reciprocal trade agreements with foreign countries, to the advantage of our manufacturers, farmers and dealers, were not provided for. There was no possibility, even limited, for the government to abandon duties levied or restrictions placed upon our export trade. The idea of protection of home producers by the stimulation of the export trade was not a part of the McKinley protection scheme.

The boodlers are making a stout fight against justice. They have a better chance of winning too, than the public probably suppose. If the Southern Pacific finds itself unable to defend its servants and agents in one way, it tries another. There are a great many ways of defeating justice, and not one of them will be left untried in the cases at issue. Judge Wallace has made no mistakes, but he cannot attend to every detail of the campaign himself.

Andrew Carnegie gave $5000 to help McKinley in Ohio, besides subscribing liberally to the Pennsylvania and New York Republican campaign funds. He could afford it, having recently reduced the wages of his employes.

A Metropolitan Merchant.

The boy was not more than 2½ feet high. But he was intelligent and energetic, and he hawked his newspapers with a zeal that would have been creditable to a high proof drummer. He was not unmindful of his dignity, and when one Broad street purchaser accompanied his tender of payment for a newspaper with a frivolous chaffing remark, the brisk little fellow embarrassed him with a sharp glance from two snapping black eyes, remarking the while: "Here is your change, sir. I have no time for fooling."

"Keep the change," said the purchaser, dropping the facetious and assuming a serious air; "will you tell me how long you have been selling papers?"

"I have been in the newspaper business three years," replied the diminutive merchant somewhat coldly.

"Three years!" exclaimed the man with unfeigned surprise, "why, my lad, you do not look big enough to carry a bundle of papers."

"Notwithstanding," said the mite, with unruffled dignity, "I have been in this business for three years, and for two years before I sold papers I was in the clothing business."

"Is it possible?" commented the questioner with increased surprise. "See here, my little man, how old are you?"

"Nine years old," calmly responded the little fellow. "I had to get out and hustle to help support the family when I was four years old. I belong to a family who waste no time."

The lad spoke the truth. He was born in East Broadway, and went to work in a clothing store when but four years old as cash boy. And there are many more like him in this large and progressive town.—Exchange.

Surprised the Young Preacher.

Robert Collyer, the preacher, said that when he was a young man preaching in Rockford, Ills., he was waited on by a delegation to ask him to speak at the county fair. They would pay him fifty dollars. He told them that he knew nothing of farming. "I couldn't raise a hill of beans and a turnip would stump me." But the committee said they had had speakers for years who knew all about such things, and they came to him especially because they thought he was not particularly well informed upon agriculture. He accordingly went, and had a royal good time.

"I should have called my speech, if the word had been coined at that time," proceeded Dr. Collyer, "sheer rot. When I sat down I felt ashamed of it. The thought of meeting the committee again was dreadful to me. At last one of them approached me. He began by some commonplaces, which sounded to me very forced, upon the interesting nature of my address.

"'This,' thought I, 'is only the "taffy" with which he prefaces his announcement that they can't pay me fifty dollars for such drivel as that.'

"'Yes,' he went on, 'we liked it very much. But we hardly think it right to keep our original contract with you—my heart sank into my boots—instead we will pay you seventy-five dollars!'"—Cor. New York Times.

English Oysters.

The English system of oyster cultivation is still what it has been for hundreds of years in that country, and there are two parts to it. The dredging of the small oysters, or brood, on the open grounds near shore, and the subsequent planting of them on the fattening beds of Essex and the Thames estuary, and the culture of larger beds in deeper waters beyond the ordinary fore stages.

On the southern coasts of England the first system prevails, and the Thames oysters, which are the product of it, are by Englishmen esteemed the best in the world. They are, at any rate, rare and costly. The shell is delicate and the flesh plump. The Thames beds are for fattening and for breeding, and receive great care. Fattening oysters do not really yield much spat; and if any fails it is left to its natural fate in these beds. The nourishment the oyster gets there is "largely from diortomacæ and minute spores of conferræ, the latter giving that prevailing delicate green tint" which the English connoisseurs delight in. Bushels of perriwinkles are scattered over the beds to keep back a too excessive growth.—Joel Benton in Drake's Magazine.

Monkeys and Troches.

As I was lingering before the monkey cage in the Dresden Zoological garden, a slight tickling in the throat, a chronic trouble with me, induced me to take out of my pocket a box of bronchial troches and to put one of them in my mouth. Instantly a large monkey of manifestly aspiring nature thrust out his hairy arm and palm with a beseeching look that I would give him one. Why should he, too, not be allowed to enlarge his terrestrial experiences and share the joys of the superior being before him? So I gave him a troche, which he at once clapped in his cheek.

"Scarcely did the bitter taste strike him than he snatched it out with his fingers and began rubbing it violently on the hair of his arm, as if to rub off the bad taste. Seeing, however, that the superior being continued to suck his troche serenely, he soon put his own back in his chops to give it a fuller trial. It proved too much for him to stand very long and so out he pulled it a second time and began rubbing it on the sanded floor of the cage.

"Over and over the process was repeated; but each time as his reverential eye fell on the superior being outside still peacefully sucking his own, a reflective expression came over his face which as much as said, 'Surely if that manifest god out there enjoys this nasty thing there must be some desirable quality in it that I am not developed enough to appreciate.' So patiently the aspiring simian went on till he had dissolved the last particle of his troche."—Boston Herald.

A Foolish Question.

One of the peculiarities of human nature is to ask a question that is exceedingly foolish. For instance, if one sees a friend knocked down by a coal cart, the first question that he is apt to ask is, "Did you get knocked down?" At Troost park one evening a gentleman was standing on the edge of the lake when he slipped and fell in. Naturally his temper was at a white heat. He glared about savagely, when a stranger, who was standing by and who had seen the accident, asked, "Did you fall in?" The fellow paused, and while his eyes were snapping fire remarked sarcastically: "No, I didn't fall in. The lake walked up on me."—Kansas City Times.

MECHANICAL FLIGHT.

There Is a Possibility That Men Will Fly Through the Air Before Long.

Above us is the great aerial ocean, stretching over all lands, and offering an always open way to them, yet a way that has never yet been thus trodden. Can it be that the power we have always lacked is at last found, and that it only remains to learn to guide it?

Let me, in answering, compare the case to that which would present itself if the actual ocean had never been traversed because it was always covered with fields of thin ice, which gave way under foot, which indeed permitted vessels to be launched and to float, but which compelled them to move wherever the ice drifted. Such vessels would resemble our balloons, and be of as little practical use; but now suppose we were told, "The ice which has always been your obstacle may be made your very means of transport, for you can glide over the thinnest ice, provided you only glide fast enough, and experiments will prove not only how fast you must go to make the ice bear, but that it is quite within the limits of your strength to go with the requisite speed."

All this might be true, and yet, if no one had ever learned to skate, every trial of this really excellent plan would probably end in disaster, as all past efforts to fly have done. Indeed, in our actual experience with the air, men have come to the same kind of wrong conclusion as would have been reached in supposing that the ice could not be traversed, because no one had the strength to skate, while the truth would be that man has plenty of strength to skate, but is not born with the skill.

The simile is defective so far as it suggests that man can sustain himself by his unaided strength on calm air, which I believe to be impracticable; but it is the object of experiments to prove that he has now the power to sustain himself with the aid of engines recently constructed as soon as he has the skill to direct them.

If asked whether a method of flight will soon be put in practice, I should have to repeat that what has preceded is matter of demonstration, but that this is matter of opinion. Expressing then, a personal opinion only, I should answer, "Yes." It is hardly possible that the secondary difficulties will not be soon conquered by the skill of our inventors and engineers, whose attention is already beginning to be drawn to the fact that here is a new field open to them, and though I have not experimented far enough to say that the relations of power to weight established for small machines will hold for indefinitely large ones, it is certain they do so hold, at any rate far enough to enable us to transport, at speeds which make us practically independent of the wind, weights much greater than that of a man.

Progress is rapid now, especially in invention, and it is possible—it seems to me even probable—that before the century closes we shall see this universal road of the all embracing air, which recognizes none of man's boundaries, traveled in every direction, with an effect on some of the conditions of our existence which will mark this among all the wonders the century has seen.—S. P. Langley in Century.

A Remarkable Deaf Mute.

One of the most remarkable inmates of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb is Richard Clinton, who, though deaf, dumb and blind, has in the fourteen years he has spent in the asylum acquired an education and a self supporting trade. He was born in Dublin with the senses of sight and hearing perfect. One eye was destroyed in childhood by an explosion, and an attack of scarlet fever cost him the other eye and his hearing.

He was for a time in a school for deaf mutes in Ireland, but it was not until he entered the New York institution that he derived benefit from the instruction given him. Here he has been taught the ordinary branches of education and has acquired the trade of bottoming chairs. He learned to write by using a rule to guide his hand. Of late he has learned to use the typewriter and has discarded the pen.

Clinton uses the sign language in conversation, and reads the replies of his companions by touching their hands. His touch is abnormally sensitive, as is often the case with the blind. By touching the hand of a friend he recognizes the person, and he recalls an old acquaintance from whom he has been long separated by feeling his face, hands and form.

The other boys in the institution treat Clinton in their play as roughly as if he had sight. He never resents such treatment. He is only angered when he is pitied. When he is pushed he recognizes the persons attacking him by the manner in which they touch him. Many tricks have been played upon him, but it rarely happens that he gets caught twice by the same trick.—New York World.

Affected Locomotion.

Grace lends a fascination to an ordinary figure which the most symmetrical proportions cannot exercise without it. But unfortunately a great many ladies entertain mistaken ideas as to what constitutes the poetry of motion. Neither the demonstrative swing nor the high tragedy gait with which some of our Hebes and Junos endeavor to show off their different styles of person approximate it at all. The tall and stately creature with trailing garments who moves, or tries to move, as if she trod on necks and liked that sort of pavement is not nearly so Junolike as she may think. Such styles of going are affectations; and affectations of every kind are an abomination to people of correct taste. A lady should neither amble nor strut, but glide along as if unconscious that anybody was looking at her. Walking should be an unstudied act, not a performance. All the world is not a stage, in the common acceptance of the term, nor is it necessary that ladies should tread in streets like tragedy queens, or genteel comedy misses, or skipping soubrettes.—New York Ledger.

The historical gray coat of Napoleon I, which was stolen from a museum was found recently by the police in the Quartier du Temple in Paris. An old clothes dealer had given the thief three shillings for it.

T. C. Kennelley of Lebanon S. D. has sold his eight legged calf to a museum man for $1,000. The monstrosity is the proud owner of two heads, two tails and eight legs.

England and Her Great Men.

The Victorian exhibition of next winter in London is to contain 400 portraits of great men who have adorned the fifty-four years' reign of Queen Victoria. Four hundred great men is a goodly allowance for the reign of one sovereign. On looking through the list, however, the word greatness is seen to be used with a good deal of breadth. Still, they are all so far distinguished, Walter Besant writes, that their names will be known to everybody who visits the gallery and beholds their portraits.

"I wonder," he says, "how many of those who look at the catalogue will ask any awkward question—it will certainly not be asked by her majesty's advisers—as to the connection between honors and honor, between such distinction as can be conferred by rank and title and such as is gained by work and genius. For instance, the real glory of the reign will always be the immense advance of science. What honors have been granted to men of science? None. Charles Darwin, Faraday, Huxley, Tyndall, Stephenson, Herschel, Lyell, Murchison, Wheatstone—these men, in any other country which had such things to bestow, would have been made peers of that country. Here they are tossed a knighthood, in the same list with a country town mayor, a London sheriff or the clerk of a society. Again, there is literature.

"Next to the science of the reign, the literature will be its chief glory. What has been done for the authors, poets, historians, novelists of this reign? What distinctions, peerages, baronetcies or orders of Bath or Garter have been granted to Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Swinburne, Grote, Hallam, Froude, George Eliot, Blackmore, Freeman, Green, Lecky—names taken at random from the glorious Victorian roll? None. Nay, since those men of science and literature have made distinction for themselves which no court could increase, what interest has ever been shown in them and in their work by the court? None. None whatever."

Willing to Fish Himself.

As the train was about pulling out of the Union depot Sunday a most excellent young man handed out slips bearing the title, "Where Shall We Go on Sunday?" A young fellow got one of these and was just entering the car when a lady stopped him.

"Have you read that slip?"

"Yes m'."

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"It's all right, mam," said he, politely raising his hat.

"Then you're not going off with this excursion?"

"Most assuredly, yes m'."

"Why not remain at home and attend church?"

"I would be of no use, mam. I cannot sing."

"But others can."

"That's all right, mam. But I can't talk in meeting."

"Others can talk for you."

"And I can't pray"—

"Oh, we'll pray for you"—

"And I can fish—I'm a big success at that."

"Ah, let others do your fishing for you"—

"Ah, no mam! I'm no coward whatever I am. I want nobody lost on my account. Therefore I'll go and do my own fishing. These poor ignorant excursionists risk their souls for me? Not much, mam. Never!"

And he politely stepped on board and was gone.—Columbus Post.

Was It a Coincidence?

It isn't worth while to worry over the cause and significance of strange happenings, especially when they are of the following character: A Detroit lawyer promised his wife a sum of money ($100) on a certain day, and when that day arrived he found, just before the close of banking hours, that he must pay in that money to save a note from being protested.

Accordingly he went home with a story elaborated as to the whys and wherefores, to receive a letter which had been delivered at his house and which contained a check for $100. The odd thing about this fact is that the check came from a client who had sent the lawyer scores of letters before and never before did he address one to the residence. The wife got the money without hearing of the other $100.—Detroit Free Press.

Muddy Liverpool.

Liverpool is rather a muddy place. The other day after a spell of wet weather a man walking along the pavement espied a hat floating on the surface of the roadway. He carelessly switched it aside with his stick when, to his astonishment, a head appeared beneath. "Well, you've chosen a nice place to stand in," remarked the owner of the stick to the owner of the head. "I'm not standing," replied the latter, in an injured tone; "I'm sitting on top of an omnibus." Yes, Liverpool is distinctly a muddy place.—London Globe.

A curious white frog has been on exhibition in London. It is a full grown specimen of a pure white color, its ruby eyes fringed with a golden hue, strangely contrasting with its pink iris and milky cuticle.

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MEAT MARKET,

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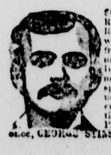
Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef, Mutton, Pork, Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, insures the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons. j19-f



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MISCELLANEOUS.

Wiener's Cash Stores!!

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HOLT BLOCK, VISALIA.

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We carry an immense and well assorted stock of Gents Clothing and furnishing goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Drygoods, Fancy goods, Ladies' Hosiery, Underwear, Etc.

Our terms of trading are STRICTLY CASH.

We positively refuse one cent of credit. We have just one price to all.

This system enables us to sell at a much lower rate than credit-giving stores, who make large bad debts, and a very slight acquaintance with us will prove that our statement is correct.

Our aim is to sell standard goods at cut rates, and the fact that our reputation for LOW PRICES and for STRAIGHT FORWARD DEALING is wider than THE STATE itself, and betokens our success in this direction.

Our stock is always fresh.

BARGAINS INNUMERABLE lie on our shelves and crowd our tables.

If you want reliable goods cheap, try us. We fear no trade competitors. All our goods speak louder for us than the blast of a thousand horns, because

They Are Always The Cheapest and Best.

ON APPLICATION we shall be delighted to forward our country patrons a complete bound volume containing catalogue and list of prices. We shall also gladly mail, free of charge, samples of goods if desired.

Our Country Order Department is a specialty with us, to which we devote the closest and most prompt attention.

WE WILL SERVE YOU WELL AND MAKE YOU HAPPY, so remember the address,

Wiener's Cash Stores

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FRESNO, CAL.

P. S. Send for our 76 page illustrated catalogue and price list.

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Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.

WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r.

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Cor Edwards and Market Streets,

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THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of Pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

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HORSESHOEING, $2 00 for CASH.

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(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
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Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 28th
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th

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Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and repaired satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and keyed.

A trial from any part of the country will be promptly attended to at the most reasonable charge. At the old stand "McClure Hall," L. P.

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NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD
Supt. Modoc Con. Mining Co., Modoc, Cal.

OFFICIAL.

Notice of Forfeiture.

To Dennis O'Keefe, or his heirs, executors administrators and assigns: You, and each of you, are hereby notified that I have expended Three hundred [$300] dollars in labor and improvements upon that certain mine situate in the Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county, California, commonly known and designated as the Phoenix Mine in order to hold said mine as follows, to wit: One hundred dollars for the year 1889; one hundred dollars for the year 1890; and one hundred dollars for the year 1891 as appears by certificate on file in the office of the recorder of said district.

If within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditures, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said Phoenix Mine will become the property of the undersigned under the provisions of Section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States. JOHN DUNPHY.

Dated November 31, 1891.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John A. Hannah deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 14th day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the town of Independence in the County of Inyo, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John A. Hannah, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. L. Hunter for the issuance to him of Letters Testamentary thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated October 25th, 1891.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.

D. E. No. 513.
LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL., Sept. 3d, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis A. Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 513, for the E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of Section No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M. D. M., before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G. Sanger, W. Sanger, A. P. Smith and M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, in Independence, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo, State of California.

YGNACIA DE HUCO
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891.
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINE LEGRANY, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Administrator of the estate of Pauline Pourcheny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 21st, 1891.

WM. F. MATLOCK,
Administrator of said Estate.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters and $25 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer with out cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
88 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

FORBES & TOBEY,

HAWTHORNE, NEV.,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER

Matched and Dressed Flooring.

MONEY

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13 .....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 95¾.
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13 70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20@ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m. Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach on Sunday at the Fort at 10 o'clock a. m.; Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; Lone Pine, 7:00 p. m.

Mr. Osman will preach at Independence at 7:00 p. m. Concert Tuesday evening.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

WEDNESDAY, November 11, 1891.

Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased—Filed claims of John Keegan, H. P. Cartier, J. D. Blair, Winnifred Hines and P. Partridge.

THURSDAY, November 12, 1891.

Estate of John Lucas, deceased—Filed petition for order of sale. Order appointing time and place for hearing application to sell personal property and directing notice to be given etc. Filed return and account of sales of personal property and petition for confirmation and approval.

Filed claim of R. C. Spear.

E. H. Edwards of Lone Pine was in town on Wednesday.

Redfield Proctor, Secretary of War, resigned on the 5th.

See the advertisement for the sale of a quartz mill near Benton.

Regular meeting of the F. and A. M. tomorrow evening.

Mrs. T. J. Goodale of Fish Springs visited Independence on Wednesday.

What's the matter with a ball on Thanksgiving evening? Don't all speak at once.

Mrs. A. R. Conklin and her daughters expect to return to Bakersfield next week.

Ben Lusky came up from Lone Pine yesterday. He reports all quiet in that section.

H. B. Boland of Cerro Gordo is in town. He came up yesterday and will return today.

About $5,500 has been paid in up to date for the year's taxes. The total amount will be about $30,000.

Jerry Mairs returned home last Monday from an extended trip through the Southern counties.

Last Monday Lem Baxter paid the balance of his fine amounting to $171 and was released from the county jail.

There was a marked change in the weather yesterday. The sky has since been overcast with clouds and the atmosphere much colder.

Constable Murphy has enjoyed considerable traveling around this end of the Valley during the week. He wasn't traveling for his health, either.

Martin Mee has returned from the springs in Kern County and is much improved in health. He looks brighter and better than at any time during the last two years.

R. J. Laws, D. A. Bender, John Forbes and G. P. Rixford passed over the line of the C. and C. to Keeler on a special last Monday. They returned north Tuesday evening.

Under Sheriff Holland reports a very rough trip into Saline Valley, but he got there and supposed his witnesses. His brother, Jim Holland, accompanied him on the trip.

J. W. Bacon has returned to his home in Tulare county, leaving a Mr. Long and wife to attend to his interests in the 8-mile property. He expects to return next spring and locate permanently in Inyo county.

Taxes continue to come in steadily, and it is more than likely that the delinquent tax list will be a small one. In the majority of cases tax payers do not avail themselves of the installment privilege but pay the entire amount at once.

The sleeping car service over the V. and T. will be continued. At first it was only intended to run through the summer to accommodate tourists to Carson and Lake Tahoe. It has proved such a benefit, however, that it will be run indefinitely.

Under-Sheriff Holland went to Saline Valley early in the week to serve subpœnas upon Indian witnesses there to appear at Bakersfield on November 24 and give testimony in the case of the Indian to be tried for the murder of Powers and McCoy.

S. A. Densmore has a fine lot of dried fruit for sale. The variety includes prunes peaches, apples and others. The closest care was observed in drying that the fruit should be neat and clean. It is packed in ten and twenty pound sacks, a most convenient for market, and sold reasonably. Carson and Virginia City dealers should try a sample lot and it is a certainty that the order will be repeated.

Captain H. G. Hannah left Independence for his home at Friday Harbor, Washington, last Saturday, after a week spent here on business connected with the estate of his uncle, the late John A. Hannah. He expressed the warmest appreciation of the kindness extended him by Mr. W. L. Hunter, executor of the estate, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown. He also stated that he left with the utmost confidence that the estate would be carefully handled by Mr. Hunter. He expects to visit the Valley again next summer.

The committee appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for the new racing organization met on Tuesday, performed the necessary work and will report at a meeting to be held in the reading room of the Norman House to morrow evening. It is earnestly desired that all persons having the interest of horse breeding at heart will attend the meeting. The object is a most worthy one and will work great benefits to the horse breeding industry. There is no better method of encouraging the breeding of fine stock than clean, legitimate racing, and it is to this end that the organization is to be formed. The Association is not to be local, and all residents of the Eastern District are invited to become members.

A Benefit to All.

In conversation with a prominent business man of Bishop recently, he stated that money was easier to obtain in that vicinity this fall than for several years past. Although but very little coin may be in actual circulation or spent freely, still people who have obligations to meet have less difficulty in fulfilling them. Interests on mortgages, notes due and taxes can be paid without pressure. He attributes this fact, in great measure, to money spent in the Valley by sheepmen. They have plenty of cash and checks and pay bills on the spot. They buy all their supplies from local merchants and rent a large amount of fall pasturage from farmers. Sheepmen have purchased ranches about Big Pine, and it is said that about 9,000 sheep will winter there. The owners will thus pay direct tax upon their bands in this county, and the sentiment is general that no license tax shall be levied upon them next year. As to migratory bands, it is but just that license should be exacted from them, as they pasture upon all open range in the county. But if owners will winter here and pay direct taxes, it is safe to say that no license tax will be demanded.

Meteorological Summary.

Following is the report of the Weather Bureau Station at Keeler for the month of October, 1891.

Mean barometer	29 978
Highest barometer	30 263
Lowest barometer	29 271
Mean temperature	64.0
Highest temperature, 8 n	83.
Lowest temperature, 1st	35.
Greatest daily range temperature, 31, 34.	
Least daily range temperature, 9 h, 17.	
Prevailing direction of wind, East.	
Total movement of wind, 3292 miles.	
Extreme velocity of wind, direction and date, 26 miles N. E. on 31.	
Total precipitation, 0.01 inches.	
Number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell, 1.	
Number of cloudless days	19
Partly cloudy days	9
Cloudy days	3

H. E. WILKINSON,
Weather Bureau Observer.

Change of Owners.

W. K. Miller of Lone Pine has purchased the stage route from Keeler to Mojave. Under his able management the service will be greatly extended and improved. Fine horses will be used on the stages instead of two, as formerly, and consequently much better time can be made. Thus, with a fine new coach, will make the ride out that way a pleasant trip. The stage will leave Keeler at six o'clock in the morning and arrive at Mojave before six o'clock next morning. Leaving Mojave at six o'clock in the evening, it will arrive at Keeler at six o'clock the next evening. Mr. Miller states that better time than this will be made, and that not more than twenty hours will be occupied in making the trip. All light freight will be hauled at very low rates, and will arrive here fully as quick as by rail from San Francisco, and much quicker from Los Angeles.

Salt Lake to Los Angeles.

The Salt Lake and Los Angeles papers state that the money for a railroad from Salt Lake to Los Angeles, via the southeastern part of Nevada, has been raised, and that the road is a sure thing. Ex-Mayor Workman of Los Angeles, who spent a month in Salt Lake looking to the furthering of the project, has returned to the former city, and says that $5,000,000 has been raised for the road. The route has not been settled upon yet, but the one most favored passes through Pooche and traverses about eighty miles of Nevada. If the road goes that way that section of the State will be greatly benefited; in fact, the prosperity of Nevada will be increased generally. The beginning of the construction of the road will be awaited with considerable interest.—*Enterprise.*

Dr. R. L. St. John of Howland, Putnam county, Missouri, takes especial pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, because he knew it to be reliable. He has used it in his practice for several years, and says there is none better. It is especially valuable for colds and as a preventive and cure for croup. This most excellent medicine is for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

As a preventive and cure for croup, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has no rival. It is, in fact, the only remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant and safe to take. There is not the least danger in giving it to children, as it contains no injurious substance. For sale at 50 cents a bottle by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

HEIR TO $500,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—A dispatch was received yesterday from Baltimore announcing that George F. Beiser of Brooklyn had become heir to a vast estate there valued at $500,000. The property came through relatives who emigrated from France in the days of the Huguenots. Mr. Beiser is an accountant in a Fulton street clothing house. Bruce's Law and Inquiry Agency, of Chicago, Ill., prosecuted his claim.—*Louisville Courier Journal*, Nov. 27

We are Mr. Beiser's lawyers and by him seeing our advertisement, became the agent of his good fortune. If your ancestors came from the old country write to us, and enclose $1 for our list of heirs. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain and Germany, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

BRUCE'S LAW AND INQUIRY OFFICE,
164 and 166 Randolph st.
Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26 h day of Sept. 1891, an assessment (No. 7) of Thirty (30) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company in Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday the 28 h day of Nov. will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 26 h day December, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

WHY NOT THE BEST?

When you employ a doctor you generally want the best skill and ability that you can get. Why not in other things?

If you are in need of wearing apparel or household supplies, why not buy of the house that has the *right* goods, the *right* prices, and ability and willingness to render the *highest* sort of service?

People who know—and they are numbered by tens of thousands—say that house is Weinstock, Lubin, & Co., Sacramento, Cal. Certain it is that they have by far the largest mail-order trade on the coast, and that it is steadily growing year by year. They have made the business a science, and have the special experience and special people necessary to success in the fullest term of the word.

A beautiful illustrated catalogue, containing full descriptions and prices, sent free to any address.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN, & CO.,
400-412 K Street,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST. 6

For Sale Cheap

A two stamp mill in running order, with abundant water power, near railway. [Benton, Cal.] Apply to

F. W. FARWELL,
148 Market St., Chicago.

PALACE SALOON

LONE PINE, CAL.

—THE FINEST—

WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS.

—o—

☞ This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention to the wants of my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.

BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS.

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to

MRS. REDDY,
Darwin, Cal.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to settle on or before October 25th, as after that date I will enforce payment.

F. FITZGERALD.

$3000 AVAILABLE! Hundreds to be easily made by any active intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for the unemployed. Address, I will prove what I have stated. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 each. It is EASY and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.

Real Estate Agents,

Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

BLACKSMITHING,

Horseshoeing, General Iron

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP

Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. F. MATLACK ..... PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash

For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

Snug little FORTUNES have been made at work for us by Ant. Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bean, Toledo, Ohio. See our. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $50.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from 50 to $1 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 PORTLAND, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for

Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:

Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

For Sale!

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE

Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,

C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

QUEEN OF THE LIGHT

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

FREE. OUR NEW $25 Solid Gold Watch FREE. Worth $100.00. Finest watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, solid GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and this we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $50 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Inyo Stage Company.

REGULAR LINE

—FROM—

Mojave To Keeler.

FINE COACH

FAST STOCK.

The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful

Redrock Canyon

And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.

Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.

Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m.

W. K. MILLER,
Propr.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

☞ Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

—o—

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
RENO, NEVADA.

m30-

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK

BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜

☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

A NEW DEAL!

LONE PINE

Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.

A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.

OPEN ART U.

Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GROCERIES MINERS Supplies

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,

Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m.
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2.05 p. m.	2 50 p. m.
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9 55 a. m.
Sodа Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m.
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m.	6:25 p m.
Hawton	11:50 a. m.	1:5 a m.
Sandy Creek	2:00p. m.	11:0 a. m.
Alvord	2 45 p. m.	10 00 a. m.
Independence	4.20 p. m.	8:20 a. m.
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.	7.40 a. m.
Keeler	Ar 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7.00 a. m.

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturday

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downieville, Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma Allida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOL'S

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

☞ Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES,
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

☞ The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles, and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O

St. Jacobs Oil

A SURE CURE A PROMPT CURE

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism
Sciatica
Back Aches
all Aches
NEURALGIA.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT IS THE BEST.

'The song that touched his heart.'

A pure Virginia plug cut smoking tobacco that does not bite the tongue, and is free from any foreign mixture. More solid comfort in one package of Mastiff than you can get out of a dozen others. Packed in canvas pouches.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior. (9)

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

YOU WANT IT!

OUR HOLIDAY CATALOGUE MAILED FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. SEND FOR ONE.

WILL & FINCK, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PATENTS FOR ALL COUNTRIES

The Leading and Oldest PATENT SOLICITOR. (Established 1862.)

CHESTER W. M. SMITH Removed to 217 Sansome St., San Francisco.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet.

Send for Free Sample of Garfield Tea to 319 West 45th Street, New York City.

GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores Complexion; cures Constipation.

HERCULES

GAS ENGINE

For Simplicity it Beats the World. It has Fewer Parts, and is therefore less likely to get out of order than any other Gas Engine now built.

It Oils Itself from a Reservoir. Just light the burner, turn the wheel, and it runs all day. No Carburetor to get out of order. No Batteries or Electric Spark to care for. Always Ready, and a Boy can start it at once. No Double or False Explosions, which are frequent with the Unreliable Spark.

It runs with a Cheaper Grade of Gasoline than any other Engine, and consequently it costs less to run it.

For prices and terms apply to

PALMER & REY, 405 & 407 SANSOME ST., S. F.

THE HAUNTED GUITAR.

It rings no more in roundelays,
And blithe ballades of other days;
Its voice is hushed that once could lure
The love of maid and troubadour;
The slender hands that soft did stray
Across its strings are dust today,
And dust the heart that throbbed to hear
The chanson of the cavalier!

Of old, in fair Provence, where song
Is sweet, and life and love are long,
The mystic music in these strings
Once thrilled with heart imaginings.
A woman, from her casement wide,
Soft clad and slender, starry eyed,
Leaned out, with parted lips, to hear
The love song of the cavalier.

A sob! that stifled the sweet song.
A cry! the river sped along,
Fleet flooted, bearing on its way
A mantle, crimson dyed, a gray
And upturned face whose lips would frame
The soft words of a woman's name.
While o'er the waters echoed long
A fragment of that broken song.

This the story, this recalls
The old guitar upon my walls,
And in the dusk I sometimes hear
The fingers of the cavalier
Stirring among the strings and keys
Strange horror haunted harmonies;
And through the gloom there glides along
The ghost of that unfinished song!

—Ernest De Lancey Pierson in The Curio.

A DREAM FANTASY.

There is no doubt that John Gorham often felt bored when I tried to draw him into discussions that he was pleased to term "purely speculative;" in fact, he often gave very plain and blunt expression to his annoyance. He was a physician, and prided himself on being "practical." This quality no doubt has its uses, but it need not necessarily include an utter lack of sympathy with everything that cannot be absolutely demonstrated. However, I have no intention of railing at John's peculiarities, for he was an excellent fellow. We occupied a suite of rooms together in a desirable part of the city, and to the post of the outer door was a sign reading "John Gorham, Physician and Surgeon." Neither of us was married.

One evening I pinned him down to a discussion on the subject of dreams. I had lately been reading some interesting articles on those mysterious activities of the mind which come into play only when the other faculties seem to be shrouded into oblivion. It was a cold November night, but we sat in comfortable easy chairs before a glowing grate fire. I had lain down Bulwer's "Zanoni," and compelled John reluctantly to suspend his perusal of a medical report.

"Dreams," I said, "are often so extremely vivid."

"So is the toothache," was John's rejoinder.

"No doubt," I replied, with no sign of irritation; "but have you never had a dream that seemed for the time being to be a reality?"

"Occasionally; that is a common experience."

"Still further: Have not the occurrences of a dream even been so vivid that you were afterward unable to distinguish their impressions from memories of actual facts?"

"Never," replied John, emphatically.

"On the other hand, have not actual experiences left such dim recollections that you have afterward confounded them with visions of a troubled sleep?"

"Certainly not," said John, with derision as well as decision.

"Well," I replied, "you are so excessively matter of fact in everything that you can't be expected to share the experiences of ordinary mortals."

"And you," retorted John, "are so anxious to discover something new and wonderful that you believe everything you hear and read, and then build up the most outlandish theories."

"I am not theorizing; I am simply trying to make you understand that dreams may be so vivid as to be confounded with actual events, and vice versa."

"And I say that a man who finds himself the victim of such an uncertain condition of mind needs to change his diet and take exercise. But don't bother me any longer. I want to finish this report and then go to bed." And he immediately became absorbed in the pamphlet, his perusal of which I had interrupted.

Thereupon I betook myself to a couch, stretched myself out comfortably, and opened "Zanoni" at the chapter on "The dweller of the threshold." The book, for once, failed to interest me. John Gorham's stubbornness was exceedingly irritating. I longed to convince him that he was wrong. Testimony would not do it, for he would reject any testimony tending to corroborate my claim as the vagary of a disordered brain. The only way was to appeal to his own experience. How was this to be done? Long I pondered over the problem, with eyes half closed.

All at once a plan for convincing John flashed upon me. It was this: Wait until John was asleep; wake him up; get him out of bed; take him into the street; conduct him on some pretext to a distant part of the city; bring him back; give him an opiate in a glass of wine; put him to bed; in the morning deny that either he or I had stirred from our apartments; and finally make him believe that the whole thing was nothing but a dream.

The plan struck me as being well conceived and feasible, and I resolved to put it into immediate execution. Affecting to be sound asleep, I looked cautiously out of the corner of one eye to make sure of observing John when he should retire.

His chair was empty! I looked around, listened, and heard snoring. Could it be possible that John had gone to bed without my knowing it? I arose and found this to be a fact. My reverie had been so profound that his movements had not disturbed me.

So much the better. I observed him carefully and saw that he was sound asleep. Then I opened his drawer of medicines and took therefrom a vial containing a peculiar and powerful drug of whose sedative qualities I had often heard him speak. He had said that it was a dangerous thing to administer except by one thoroughly understanding its properties; but its effects (as he had described them) were precisely those which I wished to produce; and without scruple or hesitation I poured a few drops into a wine glass and set the glass in a particular corner of a tray on the sideboard. I would thus know precisely where to find it on our return from the expedition which I had planned.

John was still sleeping soundly, and everything was ready except the pretext on which to awaken him and lead him forth. This was quickly settled upon. I touched an electric button which communicated with a livery stable, the effect of which would be to bring a horse and buggy to the door within five minutes.

Then I approached the bed and roused John.

"Come, John, you're wanted. An urgent case. Horse at the door. Hurry up."

"Who's sick?" he growled.

"I don't know the name. Jump into your clothes. "I'll go with you and drive."

"All right." And amid much stretching and yawning, John dragged himself from the bed and dressed as speedily as possible. We were soon out of doors and seated in the buggy, with robes drawn closely about our legs, for it was a cold night. I took the reins, but was as yet totally undecided as to what move to make next. I started the horse, however, trusting to luck or some happy thought to determine our further proceedings. Luck settled the matter. We had not driven a dozen rods before a boy came rushing up the street. He halted on meeting us and panting for breath, exclaimed:

"Be you the doctor?"

"Yes," I answered, hastily, discerning an escape from the embarrassing situation into which I had so recklessly rushed.

"How lucky! You're wanted just as quick as possible. Drive to ——"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted. "You know the way, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, jump in with us and drive."

The boy did as requested, and we rattled through the streets at a lively gait. Thus had a most fortunate circumstance come to my aid, in the form of an actual call for a physician, and we were now proceeding to a definite destination. John seemed to think the proceedings a little irregular, but I managed to quiet his uneasiness by various devices of prevarication.

We soon left the lighted portion of the city, and plunged into dark and narrow streets. Nothing could be distinguished in the gloom but the towering shade trees on either side, and an occasional night lamp gleaming dimly from a window.

"Here we are," exclaimed the boy, drawing the horse up so suddenly that we all pitched forward. We alighted, and the urchin conducted us from the street into a narrow alley, on each side of which solid brick walls loomed up. They were barely discernible in the darkness, and I had not the remotest idea of the quarter of the city to which we had come.

Suddenly we turned, in obedience to our small sized guide, and halted before a low arched door set in the brick wall. The boy gave a peculiar knock, which elicited a whistle from within, this in turn being replied to by another and slightly different knock. We were ushered within, and the door was closed behind us.

Inky darkness was all about. A voice commanded us to move forward, and we did so cautiously. The dark passage was not of great length. It led to another door, which, on being opened, led to a dimly lighted apartment. Into this we proceeded, and peered cautiously around, at first being unable clearly to discern the contents of the room. Becoming accustomed by degrees to the semi-darkness, we at length observed that the place was one where poverty, if it did not actually reign, at least had obtained a strong foothold. The furniture was scanty, the walls were dingy and hung with cobwebs, and a sickly flame from a tallow candle sent forth faint and uncertain rays of light.

"There's no money in this job," growled John.

Then came, in a sorrow laden voice, from an obscure corner of the room:

"Oh, my daughter!"

The place had been profoundly quiet up to this point. I was indignant at John's heartless remark. It was not at all like him. I also was somewhat disturbed in mind, for there was something so decidedly real about our night adventure that I began to fear it would be impossible to pass it off as a dream.

"Oh, my daughter!"

The words broke on the silence with startling distinctness. John advanced to the quarter from which they proceeded, and I followed him.

"Bring the light," he said.

The tallow candle was set in an old bottle, and this I seized and carried with me. The light disclosed an aged woman, on whose face were the unmistable lines of struggle and hardship. She was miserably clad. She sat in a rocking chair by the side of a cot. On the cot, covered with an old shawl, lay a girl whose age might have been 10 years. Her face was in startling contrast to its surroundings, for it was fair and excessively white. Her eyes were large, dark and brilliant and her hair was jet black. She took no notice of our presence, but seemed to stare into vacancy.

"Is this your daughter?" asked John.

"Yes, sir; can you save her?" The sharpness of an intense anxiety was in the woman's voice.

John, without replying, placed his hand on the child's brow. He was always very deliberate, and for a moment his touch lingered while he studied the young face.

"She can make so much money for me if she lives," whined the old woman.

This surprising remark caused both John and me to look at her inquiringly.

"She is my seventh daughter, and I am my mother's seventh daughter. She can look into the future and tell all you want to know!"

"Yes," responded John gravely; "I thought there was something peculiar about her."

"Ho, ho! John Gorham," thought I, "do you believe in any such nonsense as that—you, who are so very practical and level headed?" But I kept my thoughts to myself.

"Tell me, can you save her?" repeated the mother.

"I'll try," replied John. "When did you first observe her peculiar gifts?"

"There was no need to observe them. She's the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and that's enough. Why don't you give her some medicine to bring down the fever?"

"She has very little fever. Her trouble is a low state of vitality. I will not conceal from you that her condition is serious."

As John spoke he took the child's hand in his own.

"Upon my word," he exclaimed," she has a surprising amount of nervous strength. Her grip is as strong as a man's. I cannot loosen it without hurting her."

At this juncture the child looked at him attentively and intelligently. I was still standing slightly in the rear, holding the candle over John's shoulder.

"Hush!" exclaimed the old woman, in a warning whisper. "She is going to speak."

A faint voice from the bed now spoke these words:

"Beware of the man with the light! Let me think. He does not seem to be your enemy, and yet he is trying to deceive you. But he will not succeed!"

I was thrown into consternation by these words. Of course they meant me. How had this strange child penetrated my designs? I was about to protest that she was delirious, when she relinquished her grasp of John's hand, turned her gaze from him, and relapsed into her former state. As for John, he favored me with a single, swift and searching glance, which threw me into a state of guilty confusion. But if he had any suspicions, he gave no expression to them in words. He opened his medicine chest, selected some remedies, and gave the old woman directions for administering them.

"There will be no need of my calling again," he said. "If the child is no better by to-morrow, take her to the hospital. See that she has perfect quiet, and, above all things, do not let her exert her peculiar powers until she is fully restored to strength. Such things are a great strain on the nervous system, and the girl cannot afford for the present to waste an atom of energy. The medicine I have left will help her, and perhaps successfully bridge over this period of depressed vitality."

The old woman thanked him, and then to my astonishment produced a shining $10 gold piece from some recess of her tattered garments, and tendered it to John. He accepted it gravely, and then we withdrew from the apartment. Once in the open air, the voice of the small boy was heard:

"Jump in," he said, "and I will drive you home."

We obeyed, and were conveyed through the streets at a rapid rate.

"What do you think of the case John?" I asked.

"The child may not live until daylight, or she may grow to womanhood and have a brilliant future."

"What! do you really believe in that nonsense about her gifts as a fortune teller?"

"Don't you?"

I could not answer. I recalled the strange speech which seemed to indicate that the girl had penetrated my designs on John, and was abashed. The ride was continued in silence, and in twenty minutes we had reached our destination. The boy volunteered to take care of the horse, and in another moment John and I were in our own apartments.

John immediately proceeded to undress. In five minutes he was ready for bed. Without delay I prepared for the further execution of my plot.

"John," said I, "there's a pint of champagne left in my closet. It strikes me that it would be just the thing with which to top off this night's adventure. What do you say?"

"A most excellent idea," was John's reply.

How smoothly everything was working! I opened the closet, drew forth the bottle and wrenched off the wire with which the cork was bound. I then glanced furtively at John. He was winding his watch, with his back turned toward me.

I quickly filled the glass which contained the drug and extended it to John. He quaffed the contents with great relish, I meanwhile watching him over the rim of my own glass. He smacked his lips critically after his glass had been drained.

"It seems to me that there is a singular flavor to that champagne."

I felt a guilty thrill and affected not to hear him.

"How sleepy I am," was his next remark. "It must be the effect of riding in the cold."

Then he tumbled into bed, and the next minute had sunk into a deep sleep. The drug had taken effect with surprising, not to say startling, promptness, and I listened to his heavy breathing with satisfaction.

I now began to give serious thought to the situation, and to deliberate on the necessity of removing every trace by which the reality of our night's adventure could be proveh. I knew that John could by no possibility find the place we had visited, for the route was a long and circuitous one and had been traveled in darkness. Ah! There was the $10 gold piece which the woman had paid him. Without hesitation I removed it from his pocket and placed it in my own. Was the trail covered? I thought so. In the morning I would declare that we had not stirred from the house during the night, and after persuading John that the whole thing was but a dream—making him commit himself fully to that view of the case—tell him the truth and thus confront him with a demonstration of my theory!

I smiled with satisfaction. But hold! There was the boy! Suppose he should turn up. I must find him and purchase his silence. I was so intent now on the success of the plot that I would have expended a hundred dollars rather than see it fail. I decided to go to the livery stable in search of the urchin who had driven us to the abode of the sick child.

First, I approached the bedside to make sure that John's slumber was so sound that he would be sure to take no notice of my departure and return. He lay perfectly quiet, but there was something singular in his appearance.

I gazed at him more closely, and was horrified at a change that had come over him. He no longer breathed deeply, but in a quick, convulsive and exhausted manner. His lower jaw hung down, his eyes were half open, and he looked like one vainly struggling for a hold upon life.

I was paralyzed with dismay, and stared at him in an agony of fascination. More faint, rapid and spasmodic grew his breathing; more distressing the heavings of his chest; more ghastly the pallor of his countenance.

Spellbound, as if in a nightmare, I still gazed upon him. The ebbing of vitality proceeded with frightful rapidity; there was at length a mere flutter of breath; and then came that awful repose, that unspeakable silence, that dreadful calmness of the untenanted clay!

Then the full horror of the situation burst upon me. The drug had done its work too well; John Gorham was dead! I was his murderer!

"John!" I shrieked.

And then, with rapidly scattering senses, I staggered and fell heavily to the floor.

* * * * * * *

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

What mocking laugh was that ringing through the air? Consciousness was returning, and with it the sound of harsh, discordant merriment.

Again came a peal of laghter. Was it my own voice, and was I a lunatic?

I opened my eyes and looked about. I was still lying on the floor, but not by John's bedside. John seemed to be sitting in a chair with a book in his hand. I stared at him in a state of bewilderment.

Again the laugh. It was his voice. Then he spoke:

"Do you want me to come and help you up?"

"Where am I, and what has happened?" I asked.

"You appear to be sprawled on the floor, and it is quite evident that you fell asleep and rolled off the couch," he answered.

At these words I hastily rose and pulled my wits together. The truth was soon apparent. Following our discussion of dreams, I had read "Zanoni" until sleep had stolen upon me, and both the conception and carrying out of the plot to convince John were but the visions of a dream. I was somewhat mortified, but at the same time immensely relieved, for John was alive and well, and still held in his hand the medical report which he had been perusing when our discussion began.

We soon retired for the night, but neither at that time nor on any subsequent occasion did I relate my dream to John, for in it is the keynote of an experiment I mean to try some day for his benefit. It is the only way in which he can ever be convinced that the phenomena of dreams involve possibilities beyond those dry, matter of fact realities that now form the boundaries of his experience and mental vision.—O. S. Adams in The Epoch.

"Inspection" in the Regular Service.

"But I want to tell you it isn't alone the musket carrier who shirks. That's a faculty which creeps in once in a while over in the officers' quarters. If this were not true, the privates couldn't 'soldier' so successfully.

"How?"

"Well, take it on 'inspection,' for instance. I'll venture to say that knapsacks are not carefully inspected more than once out of fifty inspections made at the various posts in a year. I had a knapsack which I packed in the spring of 1876, and I never unpacked it until I left the army."

"Where did you keep your clothes?"

"In my box."

"What was in your knapsack?"

"Old togs. It's an old gag, and works beautifully. You take a pair of trousers and a pair of drawers. Fold them together with the legs alternating. Then you take an overcoat (of course these are old clothes which have been cast aside) and leave out the cape and possibly the sleeves. The idea is to use as little material as possible, but fold it in such a way that the colors—blue, white, gray, etc.—will 'show up' regulation fashion. Take an old pair of shoes and cut them down until only the soles and counters are left. Polish up the counters and shove the things down into your knapsack and there you are. When your knapsack lies on the ground open she looks all right and snug and not worthy of more careful examination."

"But if you're caught at it?"

"Yes; I've been there. It was in the fall of '69, during my first term of service in the regulars. I forget now all about the punishment, but I know I was put in the dump—they were grading off a portion of the parade ground—as long as the work lasted, then I had police duty as a regular thing for about three months, and during the whole time had no passes to town."

"And yet you tried it again?"

"Of course. It's a sort of satisfaction to realize that you're getting the best of your superiors. It's funny when you don't get caught at it."—Detroit Free Press.

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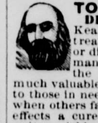

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1891.

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FREAKS OF FASCINATION.

Fortunately, the Tastes of Men Differ.

BEAUTY, THE COMMON OBJECT OF LOVE.

The Infatuation of Tallyrand.—Each Man has his Ideal.

Dame Nature plays strange freaks with men's minds. If one of the many enterprising newspapers of the day was to inaugurate a competition in which every man had to give an accurate description of the kind of woman most prone to fascinate him, many readers would, I think, be astonished.

Noah Webster's definition of the word fascination is, "The exercise of a powerful or irresistible influence on the affections and passions," and he gives as secondary explanation, "Unseen, inexplicable influence, witchcraft, enchantment." In the words "inexplicable influence" the learned doctor seems to have summed up neatly the whole question. Who can explain what is frequently the case, that of two men of as nearly as possible the same cast of mind, the one will find a woman irresistibly fascinating, while on the other she might not exert the slightest attractive influence? Such a problem is as hard to solve as why the guileless rabbit, instead of putting his best leg forward and making a bolt, circles round the snake, which he knows only too well intends to make a meal of him.

The wise heathen Aristotle said: "No man loves but that he is first delighted with comeliness and beauty, and beauty is for the most part the bait which lures a victim into the meshes of the snare, but not always." Dr. Webster, too, seems to imply by his definition that in the power of fascination, whether exercised by man or woman, there lurks a certain sexual affinity. Yet one of the most fascinating women of history was Germaine Necker, afterwards Mme. de Stael, though contemporaneous record tells us that she was anything but a beauty, and that her dress was not only hideous, but sinned against every principle of good taste.

Women, however, whose names will be handed down to posterity as having founded noted salons, or having provided the magnetic influence to gather a brillant coterie of wit and talent, have, for the most part, been beautiful. "Beauty is the common object of all love: as jets draw a straw, so doth beauty love." Beauty will always attract, at any rate momentarily; but most men, if they find that a lovely face is but a mask covering a void cranium, will cease to flutter around the flame. There are, however, striking exceptions to this rule on record.

Perhaps the best instance is that of the infatuation of Prince Maurice de Talleyrand, once Abbe de Perigord and bishop of Autun, for that lovely blonde, Mme. Grant, afterward Mme. Talleyrand. Her gross stupidity was proverbial, and furnished amusement for the salons of Mme. de Stael and others, which her husband frequented.

But in the majority of cases something more is necessary than comeliness of face to really fascinate men, especially such men as the "Prince of Diplomats," and this something is the instinctive faculty which enables a woman to adapt her mind to and enter into the spirit of her companion for the time being.

Thus, in my own experience, I have seen a learned professor discoursing eloquently on the scupture of ancient Greece to a young lady whose tastes were in reality centered in dogs and horses. Had he known her true proclivities, he would have stood aghast at such utter barbarism; yet such was her genial, sympathetic influence on his mind that he pronounced her the most charming of her sex—second only, of course, to his stout and learned wife. Had the intercourse been indefinitely prolonged, doubtless the potency of the spell would have vanished; for, in reality, there was little or nothing in common between the two minds.

The power of fascination inherent in woman may, however, be divided into two kinds. All of us have seen the old lady, generally white haired, with kindly, pleasant features, on which time has set no unfriendly mark, who still retains all her attractiveness. Note how the boys and girls adore her; they will go to her and confide their sorrows, their hopes, their ambitions, even when they would not breathe a word to their mothers. The kindly, living interest in a lad's affairs by such an one has time and again first implanted the impulses in his heart which eventually led him on to an honorable career. Quickly, almost by stealth, the good is done by such, and the good seed sown which will ripen in after time into a rich and abundant crop.

On the other hand, we have most of us seen, perhaps in real life, certainly on the stage, the fascinating adventuress who, by her enthralling beaute de diable, enslaves men's souls and leads them (on the stage) to dare all for her sake. Such is directly opposed to the sweet old lady in her old fashioned chair, and these two form the opposite poles between which the women who fascinate vary.—Francis Trevelyan in Saturday Review.

The trombone player was fitting a mouthpiece to his instrument with a good deal of care, and a young woman was heard to ask, "Mamma, what can that man be doing?"

"I don't know, my dear," answered the mother, as she leveled her glass upon the musician in question, "unless he is winding his horn. You often read of players doing that, you know."—Boston Post.

A New Shoe Blacking.

A patented shoe blacking, which contains no acid, is made in Germany by dissolving casein in a solution of borax or soda and adding resinate of iron, besides the usual boneblack, grease and sugar. A brilliant luster is imparted by casein, and the resinate of iron gives a deep black color.—New York Telegram.

PTOMAINE POISONING.

Cases of Considerable Rarity in the History of the Healing Art.

The husband and two children of the poisoned family in Highlands are better. It is a case of ptomaine poisoning, and the fact that that kind of poisoning is exceedingly rare makes it most interesting. It comes from putrid meats and vegetables, and also exists in cheese. It is a poisonous salt developed in the process of putrefaction, and a case of this kind of poisoning is rarely seen so marked as this case, because it is seldom that people eat meats that are pronouncedly tainted.

In this case the meat was in the most dangerous stage, and all that ate it were very sick. An evidence which shows that this was a case of ptomaine poisoning resulting from the meat is that the family upstairs ate some of the same meat, which was cooked, and were very sick for two days, but recovered. Symptoms of this kind of poisoning, according to Dr. Lutze's statement, are violent vomiting and purging and a pinched expression of the face. This is often mistaken by the best physicians for other troubles, and such a mistake is not surprising when the best chemists do not thoroughly understand the nature of these cases and the poison.

It is a blood poison by absorption, and its effect is first upon the blood, producing tissues of the capillary circulation. In reality death commences at the surface and continues inwardly until the heart is reached. Its secondary effect is on the vasomotor nerves which regulate the circulation. Dr. Lutze called Dr. Sowers in consultation on the case, and both are satisfied that this is a clear case of ptomaine poisoning.

Regarding the rarity of such cases Dr. Lutze says he has in his practice never seen but one, and that was the case of a man in New Jersey. In that instance the cause was putrid fish. A whole family was stricken down and five died. Dr. Sowers says he never saw a case with fatal results before. In giving the peculiar effects of the poison he cited a medical work which is compiled from the best authorities over the world:

"No characteristic post-mortem appearances are recognizable. The body is emaciated and the skin bleached and parchment-like. Rigor mortis begins early and continues longer than usual, and putrefactiqn is delayed in some cases, but very rapid in others. The mucous membrane of the mouth and pharynx is often white, dry and parchment-like or horny. The mucous membrane is frequently congested and sometimes cachymatic. The spleen is sometimes enlarged, congested and extremely soft and friable. The blood, as a rule, is dark and contains no foreign organisms or elements. The corpuscles are unaltered. The lungs are frequently congested and œdematous."

"Often," says Dr. Lutze, "the symptoms are the same as in the case of arsenic poisoning, but this is not always so."—Denver News.

Eyes of Different People.

Eyes have always been regarded as a sure tribal characteristic. Tacitus, for example, describes the Germans as "fierce, with blue eyes and red hair." The Celts are mentioned as being swarthy skinned and black eyed; the Gauls are red haired and light eyed, while the Nubians, the Turks, the Egyptians and the Italians have always been spoken of as "the dark eyed races." These peculiarities have not changed. Even today the people of the temperate zones have generally light colored eyes, while those of the torrid and the frigid zones are usually dark, or even black. Of the races in particular, the only one that can be said to be "light eyed" is the Caucasian, and even in this race the eyes are by no means uniform in point of color.

The whole period of human history goes to prove that the light haired, blue eyes races are capable of the highest degree of civilization, but it does not by any means follow that the highest degree of civilization is confined to people of blonde complexion. There was a time when a blue eyed person was rarely seen, and today seven-eighths of the world's inhabitants have dark eyes. Lavater, when discussing the eye as a feature in national physiognomy, gave the following as the results of his observations: "The Italians have small eyes; the Germans, light colored eyes surrounded by many wrinkles; the English, strong, open, steadfast eyes; and the Swiss, eyes that are very dull looking."—St. Louis Republic.

He Had a Friend at Court.

A laugh was raised in the United States district court by the testimony of John Boye, a resident of Lewiston, N.Y. Boye is old and somewhat deaf, and gave his testimony with an air of childlike innocence. The following dialogue took place on cross examination: "Did Rich ever sue you?" "Yes." "Did he beat you?" "No." "You beat him?" "Yes." "He caused you trouble and expense?" "Yes, a little." "You had to hire a lawyer?" "No." "Did he hire a lawyer?" "Yes." "You did not have one?" "No." "Are you a pettifogger and try cases yourself sometimes?" "No." What did you do when you were sued, if you did not get a lawyer?" "I got the magistrate." The laugh that followed this reply indicated that some of those present appreciated the importance of having the favor of the court.—Utica Observer.

A Very Careful Man.

William Brown, of this place, has a pair of old fashioned fringed mittens. They were knit for his father, Gilman Brown, forty-six years ago. They are knit in three colors, red, white and blue. Mr. Brown also has a pocket knife that he has carried for twenty-eight years.—Cor. Dexter (Me.) Gazette.

Danger of Agreeing.

Clara—That handsome stranger appears to have taken quite a shine to you, Maud.

Maud—Y-e-s; I can't imagine why.

Clara—Nor I.

Maud—I'll never speak to you again, so there.—New York Weekly.

THE SHOP GIRL.

Great Improvement in her Condition.

PAID A PERCENTAGE UPON THE SALES.

How the Girls can Take a Rest.—An Ingenious Seat.

It will be remembered that about eight years ago there was a popular demand upon the storekeepers that their women clerks should be treated more like human beings than as mere automatons, that they should be given seats behind the counters on which they could rest themselves, and that they should have some apartment wherein they could retire and secure occasional rest from the constant strain upon their nerves and their bodies. The general clamor for reform in this direction led to a most marked improvement in the way in which these young women were treated. The change came slowly, but it came at last, and now the proprietors of the great stores have made admirable provisions for the comfort of their employes.

It may have been observed by shoppers that there is a marked improvement in the personnel of the girls employed in the big stores. Purchasers are treated with more courtesy, and the interest in the purchaser is so manifest sometimes as to be almost amusing to persons who have been in the habit of shopping in other cities. This is based upon very sound financial reasons. Several of the big shops have entered into an agreement with their employes to give them a certain percentage on their total daily, weekly or monthly sales, small, it is true, in each sale, but in the aggregate a very handsome addition to their salaries. The result of this is a decided eagerness on the part of the clerks to wait upon the customers and an anxiety that they shall be pleased. This is an improvement founded upon the interest of both employer and employes, and gives the latter an interest in their work which deprives it of much of its drudgery.

The question of seats in the stores has been always an important one because of the necessity for room in the aisles between the counters and the confined space within which the clerks are obliged to work. But an ingenious inventor solved the problem by providing a queer little stool, which resembles an artist's sketching stool in many respects, though more solid and comfortable. This in many stores is hinged to the lower part of the counter, and the rules of the store permit any clerk when she is not actually engaged in a sale to use these stools at will. As most of the shopping is done between 11 a. m. and 4. p. m., this would seem to give the clerks five full hours during which there is little chance for rest, but this is obviated in this way: The clerks in each department are divided into what on shipboard would be known as "watches." During the busy hours in a department where there are fifteen clerks not more than twelve are, with few exceptions, behind the counter at once. But these twelve are understood to do the full work of the fifteen, so that at hourly or fifteen minute intervals they may in turn have a rest.

Formerly the clerks were compelled to get a bite to eat whenever they could between the customers' demands. Now, however, things are changed so that each girl or set of girls has a half hour in which they may eat their meal in quiet. Not only thie, but in the big stores a room is provided for them with tables and condiments where they have almost as many comforts as they would have at home. These rooms are usually in the basements, for the employers are compelled as a rule to utilize every bit of space above ground that they can secure, but they are kept clean and comfortable by women who also care for the cleanliness of the main store. There is, however, one exception, in a great store in Fourteenth street, in which the clerks are not obliged to go below ground to eat their luncheons. Here they are given a big apartment upstairs, where they have all the fresh air they desire, and also the opportunity to obtain warm food from the adjacent restaurant.

So far as the accommodations for storing wraps and any little valuables which the clerks may have some desire to keep in safety while they are attending to their duties, they are provided in most stores by small rooms where these things may be kept under lock and key, and which answer at the same time as dressing rooms, where the clerks may keep a store dress, and in the morning change their street costume for it, to a very manifest saving of the latter.

The routine of the employment of persons in the great stores is based to a great extent upon civil service principles. The department chief is selected because of his or her peculiar fitness for the position. But none of these vice regents of the proprietor is given power of dismissal over an employe who has been more than a year in the store. Each one of these has the right to be heard, and if the excuses are satisfactory the person complaining must give good reasons before they are discharged. Another thing that goes far toward making the shopgirl more content with her lot is that in several of the stores her wages are yearly increased in proportion to her time of service.—New York Times.

If we visit Egypt and examine the pyramids, temples and tombs on either bank of the river Nile, they will be found to be composed of minute petrifactions. The pyramids of Ghizeh, opposite to Cairo, are composed of stones formed entirely of the remains of mummulites.

Ornithologists tell us that when feeding the stride of the ostrich is from 20 to 22 inches; when walking but not feeding, 26 inches, and when terrified 11 1-2 to 14 feet, or at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour.

Mosquitoes of California.

Glowing accounts induced us to try the southern mines, and a passage to Stockton was secured on an old tub of a schooner at the rate of three ounces of gold, or thirty-six dollars per head. The deck was crowded with men of every nationality. The rolling hills, tawny and flecked with green trees, bounding the bay of San Francisco, Suisun and San Pablo, were novel and interesting. The very color of the earth, covered with wild oats or dried grass, suggested a land of gold. The sight was inspiring. But when we reached the mouth of the San Joaquin our miseries began.

This river has an extraordinarily tortuous course, almost entirely through tule or marsh lands, that in 1849 produced bushels of voracious mosquitoes to the acre. I had never known the like before. It seemed as if there was a stratum of swarming insect life ten feet thick over the surface of the earth. I corded my trousers tight to my boot legs to prevent them from pulling up, donned a thick coat, though the heat was intolerable, shielded my neck and face with handkerchiefs and put on buckskin gloves, and in that condition parboiled and smothered. In spite of all precautions our faces were much swollen with the poison of numberless bites.

To escape the hot sun we took refuge below deck, and to drive away the pests a smudge was made on some sand in the bottom of the boat, which filled the hold almost to suffocation. The mosquitoes were too ravenous to be wholly foiled by smoke. I think I never endured such vexation and suffering. Sleep was impossible. The boat had to be worked by hand around the numerous bends, and half the time the sails were useless for want of wind. It was a burning calm in the midst of a swamp. But even in our distress there was a humorous side, provoking grim smiles at least.—E. G. Waite in Century.

To Improve the Lungs.

A device recently invented for the promotion of deep breathing is likely to be of value to flat chested, round shouldered and weak lunged people. The device is a small belt or cord which encircles the chest at the point of its greatest expansion, and a take up mechanism to which the ends of the belt or cord are attached. The take up mechanism consists of a coiled spring, adapted to tighten the belt at intervals, and a train of wheels, by which the speed of the spring in taking up the belt may be regulated. Upon the exhalation of the breath, after the full expansion of the lungs, the chest returns to the size natural to it in ordinary breathing, thus leaving the belt loose. Immediately the take up mechanism begins to gather in the slack of the belt, which it continues to gather, and finally it tightens the belt about the chest until the pressure is uncomfortable to the wearer, and compels him to take another full inspiration, thus lengthening the belt.

This lengthening is accomplished by the withdrawal of the strap from the case, which act again coils the spring. The spring in turn, when the breath is exhaled and the chest resumes its natural size, again begins to gather up the slack of the belt. These processes continue as long as the device is worn. It is claimed that the device induces full breaths at intervals, and thus naturally strengthens and enlarges the lungs and chest.—New York Telegram.

Our Would Be Aristocrats.

Thousands of American young men of fair education and excellent possibilities, captivated by the pictures of English aristocratic life drawn in English novels, are learning to despise the simple, rational, useful life of the worthy American citizen, and to court consideration and vulgar popularity by adopting the habits and leading the useless lives of English lords. As is usual in such cases the copy is a caricature of the original. The untitled American lord proves usually to be a vulgar creature, having to assert his self-conferred lordship by all that is most unattractive, most inhumane and most un-American—and that is a good deal—in the English aristocrat.

In England aristocracy has no need to display or to obtrude itself; in America it can exist only by display and obtrusion. For this reason the American would be nobleman must necessarily court attention and try to strike the vulgar imagination by the mere accidentals of aristocracy, such as any boorish Dives can command—houses, horses, turnouts, yachts, opera boxes and the like. And the vulgar are impressed by such things, bow down in servile reverence before them and do their best to make a similar diplay.—Professor Thomas Davidson in Forum.

The Silent Boatman.

"Who can swim? Who can swim?" shouted a man who wanted to cross a river in a boat. A crowd of boatmen gathered round him, crying, "I can, signore, I can!"

Only one was silent and remained in his boat all the time.

"And can't you swim?" inquired the stranger.

"No," was the man's curt reply.

"Then you shall take me across."

The gentleman had adopted this method to escape the importunity of rival boatmen in that part of the country; perhaps also he shrewdly suspected that a man who could not swim would be the safer pilot.—Capitan Fracassa.

Saurian Degeneracy.

The average Florida crocodile brought north by the tourist is seven inches in length, and he has sea room enough in a cigar box. We look at the little cuss, and then, thinking of his ancestor whom we saw pictured in the geography of our boyhood days carrying off an ox in his jaws, we conclude that the Augustan age, for crocodiles, is past.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

An Observing Child.

Little Boy—Mamma says you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth.

Homely Heiress—That means I was born rich.

Little Boy (after closer inspection)—Was it a tablespoon.—Good News.

HOW MACARONI IS MADE.

An Interesting Trip Through a Factory.

IT IS CONSIDERED AN EXCELLENT DISH.

A Business Controlled by Italians.—Funny Things in the Soup.

Have you ever eaten macaroni, grated up with fresh Parmesan cheese and served with gravy, Italian style? If you have not you have missed a great treat. In years gone by it was a favorite dish in restaurants in this city, but it has given place to newer dishes, and now is not to be found on any bill of fare in Chicago. We have all wondered at the funny things we sometimes find in our soup at these high toned restaurants, where everything is judged by appearance as well as by smell and taste. Our plate of mock turtle has appeared like a sort of miniature ocean, in which all kinds of swimming things were to be found. There were quaint star fish, miniature, it is true, but perfect in shape and appearance. There were long, straggling things like thread worms that required a good deal of sound reflection on the part of the novice to get them down without a qualm.

There were the letters forming our own initials, and oh, wonder of wonders, the initials of that dear fellow destined to be our future husband! How in the world did C. K. happen to get into our soup? There must be magic in it! There were shells of various descriptions and a strip of ribbon seaweed. There was also a hairpin, which must have been dropped out of some fair one's head as she leaned over the side of a vessel. But our soup is getting cold as we lose ourselves in the study of its wonderful possibilities, and it is not till our more experienced friend to the left whispers, "Macaroni, you goose!" that we realize that all the slimy sea things we have found are only imitations of the same, made in flour and water.

How is it done anyway? You want to know. Well, come with me to the north side, and there, at 101 Indiana street, you shall find the largest factory of the kind on the continent, where macaroni in thick strips and macaroni in thin strips, and vermicelli in true love knots, and noodles that are not human, and condensed flour and water in the shape of worms that do everything but crawl, and neck frills that look as if they only needed to be put round your neck and fastened with a pin, and pockethandkerchiefs half unfolded, and imitation pumpkin seed and rice, and wedding rings and nutshells and various parts of machinery, such as cogwheels and nuts, are all displayed in neat boxes, with glass lids.

The obliging proprietor, Signor Canepa, is waiting to show us over, and we will descend with him into the basement where all the machinery is at work and see how it is done. First, there is the steam flour sifter, that sifts it out so fine that hardly a grain of dust can get through with the flour. The latter is then mixed with water to the consistency of very thick dough. This is also done by steam in a pan where two curved scythes in perpetual motion keep the flour and water ever moving and mixing. The dough is then transferred to the kneading machine, which consists of a great vat, around which a huge steel wheel perpendicular to the trough is ever moving round and round like the cycles of eternity.

The material is now ready, and all that remains is to put it in shape. For this purpose there are several machines, consisting of upright steel cylinders, of which the bottom plate is a sieve containing holes of various sizes to suit the various grades of macaroni, spaghetti and vermicelli. Into these cylinders a stated quantity of dough is placed, when a colossal weight, representing a pressure of ten tons to the square inch, is slowly screwed down upon the mass, forcing it through the holes of the sieve bottom in the desired shapes. The common tube shaped macaroni and vermicelli, also the hairpin and stovepipe varieties, are forced through in endless length, as many strings as there are holes, till the dough is exhausted.

It is then cut into the required sizes and laid out to dry. The fancy shapes are made in a horizontal cylinder, forced through plates containing holes of the desired shape. As the dough passes through these holes it is cut off short in quarter, half or inch lengths by a revolving knife. The dough has to be of different consistency for all the various varieties. Great care is needed in this respect, for if the dough is a shade too light or too heavy the machinery will not work.

Once through the cylinders, the perfected comestible falls into the metal trays provided for it, and all that is now necessary is to dry it. It is now taken by young girls and laid out in even rows upon canvas trays, which are sent up on the great elevators to the floors above. Three stories are required for this process. Great experience is needed in the drying, for the whole success of the "brew" depends upon whether or not this is done successfully. Macaroni which appears drier than Saratoga chips to the novice is known by the experienced operator to be quite damp, and if it is put away in this condition mold and destruction will surely follow. The three floors hold about 3,000 trays, each three feet square. An exception to this process is the hairpin variety, which is hung upon poles till about half dry, and then laid on the trays. The drying process in fine weather takes about seven days. In "mean, damp weather" twice that time.

The establishment was beautifully clean throughout, as indeed a place devoted to the manufacture of food always should be. The operators are all Italians, the machines being operated by men, the drying arrangements by young girls. The latter earn from $4 to $5 a week. This is not magnificent, but unskilled labor is rarely remunerative. The men, of course, earn mechanics' wages. Whether there is a trust among them or not I did not learn. They all seem very happy and satisfied with their work.—Resurgam in Chicago Herald.

AN ANIMAL WITH A BIG NAME.

The Heliodermа Horridum Which Is Held Captive by a Chicago Man.

"Let me introduce you to the Heliodermа horridum," said C. K. Giles, the State street jeweler, pointing to a glass case which stands in a conspicuous position in his wholesale department. The object referred to by such a resonant title was a little mass of black and gold beads stretched on one corner of the case on a heap of sawdust. Presently the mass became movable, a leg stretched itself out at one end, and the helio, etc., stood revealed as one of the largest lizards ever hatched.

The animal is about sixteen inches in length and of genuine Falstafflan girth. The skin is covered with beautifully shaped scales, and, like Jacob's ewes, spotted and ring streaked. The shape of the spots is wonderfully regular, bearing a strong resemblance to the black and gold wall paper of a dado. The tail is long and thicker than that of most lizards. Round it run three or four rings of gold. The head is broad and flat, with protuberances which conceal the tiny eyes when viewed from above.

"You are not obliged to call him Heliodermа horridum all the time," said Mr. Giles. "Some people call him Heliodermа suspectum and other the Gila monster. I call him Tommy. Here, Tommy."

Mr. Giles clutched the reptile affectionately between his finger and thumb and sat him on the floor. He moved as leisurely and dignifiedly as if he were at home on the sands of Arizona. His forked tongue flashed incessantly in and out, his eyes rolled and he looked altogether as if he might be an uncomfortable customer to deal with were he to take a notion in that direction. For three years he has lived in Chicago, and has succeeded in growing fat on two eggs per week for nine months out of the year, and a Lenten fast the remaining three. The eight hour day has no charm for Tommy.

He only asks for three months' sleep, and then he is ready to enjoy himself for the rest of the year. When he is at home he is the subject of more hair raising tales than any beast of his dimensions, but Mr. Giles will not even concede the fact that he possesses a drop of poison in his whole anatomy.

"He is especially interesting," said his owner, "for he forms the link between the lizards and the crocodile genus. He is probably the only specimen in captivity besides a brother in the Smithsonian Institute, and his race is almost extinct."—Chicago Globe.

The Soldiers of the Plains.

Our frontier cavalryman is the beau ideal of an irregular. The irregular horseman of all ages was recruited from among roving, unintelligent classes, and had, except in his own peculiar province, as plentiful a lack of good as he had a superabundance of bad qualities. Our trooper is intelligent and trained in the hardest of schools. Few civilians, who find it so easy to criticise the operations of the army in the west, would make much of a success in hunting a band of a few hundred Indians in a pathless wilderness or a waterless desert bigger than New York and New England combined; and yet, thus handicapped, what splendid work our cavalry has done!

While one civil department of the government has for years been busy sowing the seeds of strife and furnishing the red man arms of precision, the best of cartridges and plenty of them, how ably our handful of bluecoats, under orders of another, have managed to quell the Indian uprisings! A force of 50,000 men constantly on foot would have been none too great to do justice to our Indian problem since the war. The actual force has been less than a third of this number. Let whoso is tempted to criticise the army make himself familiar with some of the deeds of heroism of the past twenty years by our soldiers on the plains. Criticism blenches before their recital. But the soldier is no boaster. You must seek his story from other lips than his.—Colonel T. A. Dodge in Harper's.

Suppressing the Press.

The arrest of two editors for printing an extract from another paper questioning the validity of the anti-lottery law is certainly carrying things pretty high in this land of free speech and liberal government.

The *Post* has no objection to the stamping out of the lottery companies, but the line should be drawn, it thinks, at that point where irresponsible underlings of the government attempt to stamp out the press.

On this line the Atlanta *Constitution* says that "this policy will not work. If lotteries cannot be destroyed without also destroying the freedom of the press, the people will be in favor of letting the lotteries alone. We cannot afford to yield our right to speak and publish fair criticisms of public measures. If we yield the right in one instance we may expect to be forced to keep silence whenever it suits the government to demand it. Fortunately it is no easy matter to bulldoze the newspapers of America. The menace of fine and imprisonment will intimidate very few. No matter what Federal officials may hold, the newspaper men of the country will not change their convictions that an honest criticism or discussion of the provisions contained in the anti-lottery law cannot with any show of justice be held to be a violation of that law. If they are mistaken in this belief, then the law will have to be repealed or modified. In this republic the government cannot array itself against the press and have the support of the people."

It is the policy and practice in some of the monarchies to inhibit criticism by the press of the acts of government, but until the enforcement, or the alleged enforcement, of the anti-lottery law no one dreamed that such a thing would be attempted in the United States.—*Houston* (Tex.) *Post*, Sept. 16.

POETESS AND AUTHORESS.

Over Three Score Years of Active Life.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY'S LITERARY WORK

Her Songs and Stories.—Pure and Wholesome.—A Review.

There is slight consolation to an author to be reminded that posterity will undoubtedly reward his labors. Fortune comes tardily if it finds him under the sod and the dew. It is present day appreciation that affords most satisfactory food for agreeable reflection, rather than uncertain anticipations of possible post mortem fame. The returns need not be, indeed often are not, made at the clearing house, but these are by no means to be disregarded; but come in the thousand and one ways that express esteem and an abiding recognition of service for Song and Story. And not in the least, nor least gratifying, among the many methods of showing this estimate, which cannot fail to warm the heart and quicken the pulse, is that delightful custom of suitably observing the birthdays of our popular sons and story writers.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, whose birthday occurred Sept. 15, is one of those rare, healthy, hearty American authors whose writings have done so much to sweeten homes, light up gloomy nooks, and make happier and more fragrant lives that, but for her and those of her pure school, would probably have never conceived, not to say joined, the better half of their being. Adeline Dutton Train was born in Boston, Sept. 15, 1824. Her father, Enoch Train, was extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, owning and managing fleets of vessels that sailed to the most distant lands under the Southern Cross as well as to the widely scattered parts of the realms of the Czar of all the Russias, while he founded and maintained a line of craft that whitened and plowed the stormy Western ocean between the Mersey and the Hub. Every advantage that Boston enjoyed in the matter of a careful, thorough education was at the command of the future author, as may be guessed from those who were her teachers, Mr. Emerson and Miss Dwight, and her friends, Dr. Lyman Beecher, Dr. Lowel, and Dr. and Mrs. Bartol. With such guides to form her character and mold her mind, she grew into a graceful, cultured womanhood. At the early age of 19 she became the wife of Seth D. Whitney, of Milton, which is near Boston, and where her home has been ever since, although for some time she has spent he summers at Alstead, N. H.

For over a third of a century Mrs. Whitney has been a contributor to the best of America's magazines, as well as an author whose writings, both prose and verse, have found thousands of appreciative readers. In the year 1857 her first published work, a poem, appeared, entitled "Light in the Sea." The remainder of her more important works are In 1860 "Mother Goose for Grown Folks" was issued; in 1862, "Boys at Chequasset;" in 1863, "Faith Gartney's Girlhood;" in 1865, "The Gayworthys;" in 1866, "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life;" 1868, "Patience Strong's Outing;" 1869, "Hitherto;" 1870, "We Girls;" 1871, "Real Folks;" 1873, "The Other Girls;" 1876, "Sights and Insights;" 1880, "Odd or Even;" 1885, "Bonnyborough, 1886, "Homespun Yarns" and "Holy Tides;" 1887, "Daffodils" and "Bird Talk." Of these, "Mother Goose," "We Girls," "The Other Girls," "The Gayworthys,"

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

and "Patience Strong's Outing" are probably the choicest.

All her writings are pure, wholesome and sparkling. Her poems are bright, and running through them all is a golden thread, like that which led the classic hero out of the labyrinth—always leading out into the light.

THEY WONT ENLIST.

Sioux Indians Not Fond of Infantry Service.

Says one late from the Pine Ridge Agency: "The effort to enlist a company of Ogallala Sioux in the United States is the personification of failure. First they are opposed to being what they are pleased to term 'walk' soldiers, and are aggrieved at the fact that the government raised a company of cavalry among the Brules at Rosebud. The Brules are not regarded as friendlies. They resent the imagined preference for the Brules, and look upon the 'walk' soldier as an uncalled-for distinction. They are possessed of the idea that the 'walk' soldiery get the worst of things, and cannot be convinced of the idea but what they will be compelled to carry on their backs a Sibley tent and stove. After two months of hard labor Lieut. Kinsey has succeed in enlisting but four in the company, with no prospect of any more."

Mrs. General Grant.

Mrs. General Grant is the object of much solicitous devotion at the Grand Union hotel, Saratoga, and the guests watch here reverently and strive to avoid annoying her by too close observation, as she comes and goes.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20 .....1891.

The United States and Great Britain have agreed upon the basis of arbitration of the Behring Sea difficulty. It only remains now for the Senate to ratify the tearms of the treaty. When that is done the arbitrators will be named and the examination begin. It is possible for the matter to be settled before the new Congress adjourns.

The Examiner says that under the treaty Canada is not obliged to return Buckley, but expresses the hope that the comity of nations may induce the Dominion to do so. Canada is in no kindly mood with this country at present, and Buckley probably understands the situation thoroughly when he says he will come back to California when he gets ready,—he thinks about January He doubtless has made his calculation that Judge Wallace's term as presiding judge of the superior court of San Francisco, will expire on the 1st of January. But there ought to be a strong enough desire to see Wallace complete the good work he has been at to continue him in the position of presiding judge for another term.

The decision of Judge Swan, of Detroit, in the case of a Chinaman who had crossed the Canadian boundary and was in the United States, will settle the Chinese question and allay the fears of those who anticipated a Mongolian invasion from Canada or Mexico. The Court held that under the Exclusion Act the prisoner should be deported to the land whence he last came, and the United States Marshal was directed to send him to Canada. Heretofore there has been some doubt as to whether or not the elusive Heathen should be sent to China, but this latest ruling is the most satisfactory yet made. Canada will look to it hereafter that her territory is not made a highway from the Orient to the United States for law-defying Mongolians. Mexico will probably take the hint also, and we shall be spared the trouble of maintaining armies of detectives along our northern and southern borders.

The United States District Court at Los Angeles has disposed of the chief Itata cases by dismissing them. It is held that there is no evidence that the ship was to be armed in violation of the neutrality laws. The arms sent out in the schooner were for insurgents in Chile and not for the Itata's armory as a cruiser or to commit hostilities. The decision we believe to be sound. The defendants, Trumbull and Hart, could not be held unless it could be shown that they attempted to arm the Itata. The arms were put aboard on the high seas to be conveyed to Chile and not to be used on the sea in hostility to any one. The decision will go far toward cooling Chilean wrath against the United States and will tend to convince the people of Chile that prejudice is not held against them and that in our courts even-handed justice is done even those who manifest animosity against them.

Brazil is again in the throes of revolution. It appears from the dispatches that President Fonseca, upon slight pretext, declared himself dictator, and ordered out the troops to maintain his authority. Riots ensued, the troops fired upon the people, and many lives were sacrificed. The dictator has issued a decree dissolving Congress, and declares that he will maintain the dictatorship until the country is tranquil, which means, of course, until his usurpation is established, or as long as he wants to govern. It is a question whether he can retain the reins of power, as already there are signs of revolution in populous cities of Brazil. That country was scarcely ripe for republican government, when Dom Pedro was given his walking ticket. The people of the States of South and Central America seem to be in love with the name republic, without possessing sufficient self-restraint and stability to maintain a representative form of government Such revolutions as occur in South America would be impossible in the United States. It would be madness in any President at Washington to declare a dictatorship. Instantly he would lose all power and authority, and his impeachment and punishment for treason would quickly follow. There is no man so popular as to successfully undertake to override the Constitution of the United States. Our people are more attached to liberty and their form of government than to the fortunes of any leader.

THE CROCUS' SOLILOQUY.

I waked ere bluebirds 'gan to trill—
When peony bulbs in slumber lay,
And wild winds whistled loud and shrill
Across the sunset bay!

I rose, for then I longed to see
Again the friends I loved; but, oh,
My thorny neighbors hindered me;
That's why so frail I grow!

Red roses my proud neighbors are,
And one old hypocritical plum!
They rake my breast, and is it fair
That they so near should come?

But though they build their tangled bowers,
Not one of every prickly elf
Can catch a sunbeam for their flowers,
Ay, quicker than myself!

In early spring their stalks are bare,
And through them glance the sunbeams bright;
By rising earliest, my share
I get of life and light!

I love the world! my friends I love!
But, oh, I never wrong my neighbors!
On those who strive their worth to prove,
Fortune bestows her favors!

—Arthur E. Smith in Arkansaw Traveler.

A Jeweler's Story.

A jeweler relates this surprising story: "Some time ago Mr. A. came to my place and bought a pair of diamond eardrops for his daughter, a girl of seventeen or eighteen, who was attending school. Her teacher was struck with the gems and asked leave to borrow them and take them home. This permission was readily given. A few days later I went into a lapidary's shop that I was in the habit of visiting to get jobs done once in a while, and there I saw a pair of earrings beside the cutting wheel. 'Hello,' said I, 'where did these come from?'

"The lapidary said: 'Oh, that's a job that came in this morning from Funkenstein, down the street. He wants the diamonds taken out and paste put in their place.'

"'Well,' said I, 'you'd better save your labor. Don't do any work on those until you hear from me.' I went to Mr. A., brought him to see the earrings, then we went to Funkenstein's together and asked how he came by them—for they were the pair that I had sold a few days before. He said that they had been brought to him by Mrs. ——, a school teacher, who had concluded to sell the stones and replace them with imitations. We decided to spare the woman, and of course the diamonds were returned, but I never learned how Funkenstein squared accounts with her."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Latent Diphtheritic Germs.

I might mention many physicians' families that have been desolated by diphtheria contracted from them. The occasional latency of diphtheria, and the necessity of a more frequent inspection of the fauces of children who have been exposed to the disease, so as to be able to detect and isolate these walking cases, was forcibly shown by the following instance:

I was once called to a boy with diphtheria, and it occurred to me to examine his sister, who had left the call at my office. She was then in the street with some playmates, and was apparently as well and cheerful as they were. On inspecting her fauces a small but characteristic grayish white patch was observed over one tonsil.—Dr. J. Lewis Smith in Babyhood.

Funny Speeches.

Grose relates that Caulfield, meeting Mr. Thomas Sandby, said: "My dear Sandby, I'm glad to see you. Pray, is it you or your brother?" It was a Spaniard who remarked ingeniously that an author should always write his own index, let who will write the book. Edgeworth relates the story of an English shopkeeper who did pretty well in the direction of the bull proper, when, to recommend the durability of some fabric for a lady's dress, he said, "Madam, it will wear forever and make you a petticoat afterward." This is quite equal to the Irishman's rope which had only one end, because the other had been cut away.—Temple Bar.

A Sufficient Epitaph.

It were a pity that the good sayings and witticisms of Lowell should be lost. I send you one of which he was the author at a medical dinner given in London a few years ago. In his speech he alluded to a distinguished surgeon whose fame was so great that no marble monument was required to commemorate the name. The doctor's friends, said Mr. Lowell, thought it sufficient to lay him in the country churchyard with the simple and famous epitaph on his grave:

Si monumentum quaris circumspice.

(If you seek a monument, look around).
—Cor. St. James' Gazette.

A Simple Cure for Consumption.

An American physician, Dr. Helmer, asserts that a dose of peroxide of hydrogen, twenty drops in water every day, will do more toward curing consumption than anything previously used for that purpose. He further states that sixty drops will sterilize a quart of milk and render it harmless to children. This is applying peroxide of hydrogen to nobler uses than bleaching hair, for which purpose it has been principally used.—New York Recorder.

An Apt Reply.

"What is that," said an oriental ruler at his banquet, "which did not come last year, has not come this year and will not come next year?" An officer, unabashed, replied, "It must surely be our back pay." Instead of being punished for his humor the man received what was due him and was promoted to a higher position.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Figured in the Rebellion.

It has been stated that the last horse that sniffed the powder of the great rebellion died a short time ago, but George Mortimer, a farmer, who resides near Arlington, Va., says he can bring reliable neighbors to prove that the old bay horse which he owns and every two weeks drives into town not only followed the Union army for some time over the hills and through the valleys of Virginia, but was captured and branded by the Confederates and remained in their possession until the battle of Berkeley Springs was fought, when the involuntary renegade was recaptured by the northern boys.

Then the four footed warrior went through the remainder of the struggle with the stamp of two armies on his side. His owner states that when he was purchased in 1861 he was 10 years old, so that forty summers and forty winters have passed over his now toothless head. His partner in harness is reputed to be 35 years old, but his life has been only an ordinary one, and in personal appearance he is far below the war horse.—Washington Star.

The Girl Who Teaches.

Sound health is a prime necessity for any worker in the world, no matter what the line of work may be, but it becomes of the greatest importance if the work is to be carried on in the schoolroom. There not only the physical, but the nervous and mental forces are taxed to their utmost. The young graduate has hitherto gone to school to sit comfortably at her desk; to stand occasionally for recitations, to use her voice but little; to have constant variety in her work; to enjoy her recess with perfect freedom and in congenial companionship. As a teacher she goes to school to stand upon her feet all day long; to use her voice incessantly, perhaps, too, in a large room filled with the tumult of the street; to keep noisy, and very likely, rebellious and disobedient children not only quiet, but interested, and to spend the recess in care of them in the halls and the yard.

Besides this she is to stimulate their brains, and a certain amount of time—usually prescribed by a board of education, the members of which know little of the capacity and possibilities of the youthful mind—is allotted her, in which she must, somehow or other, succeed in teaching them a certain number of facts—no allowance being made for the slowness, stupidity or disorder, which increases the friction of the work and delays the doing. No matter how complete the education or how enthusiastic the spirit, the power for physical endurance is absolutely necessary.—Caroline B. Le Row in Ladies' Home Journal.

Hard and Soft Water.

The difference between "hard" and "soft" water is that the former contains in greater or less degree earthy salts, while the latter is nearly free from them and in a greater state of purity. The earth most frequently occurring in natural waters is lime. The quantity of earthy salts varies considerably in different instances. It is observed that when they exist in the proportion of five grains to a pint such water will be hard, and will be unfit for washing and many other household uses and manufactures. The solvent properties of water are the true causes why we never obtain this universal and important fluid in a state of absolute purity. It constantly participates in the properties of the manifold sources whence it is derived or through which we obtain it.

Whenever water is in contact with the soil it invariably dissolves the soluble constituents, and hence it follows that water springing from rocks which are only slightly soluble, as sandstone and granite, is very pure and is called soft water, while that which is derived from calcareous formations is termed hard water, and contains lime, which produces an incrustation on the sides and bottom of the vessel wherein it is boiled.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Law Case That Has Cost $50,000.

The Cathcart case has been one of the longest trials of our time, and, when everything has been "totted up," will prove to have been one of the most expensive. Sir C. Russell had 150 guineas marked on his brief, besides a special fee of 100 guineas, and fifty guineas a day during the sixteen days the inquiry has lasted. Sir Henry James' fees have been on the same scale. Each of the learned leaders has, therefore, taken 1,050 guineas in fees for court work. Apart from this, Sir Charles has had two guineas for each consultation and he has attended one at least every day. Mr. Bucknill, Q. C., and Mr. Inderwick, Q. C., have had fifty guineas marked on their briefs and nearly seventeen guineas a day. Two grants of £1,000 each have already been made out of the estate by the order of Lord Justice Lopes, sitting in chambers, for the conduct of the case, and every farthing of these sums has been spent. Fortunately, Mrs. Cathcart is a rich woman. Ten thousand pounds will probably have been swallowed up in the course of this inquiry.—London Tit-Bits.

Invention of the Typewriter.

The typewriter was invented as long ago as 1714 by one Henry Mills, who in that year obtained a patent in this country for a device that "would write printed characters one at a time, or one after the other." There is no description of this device to be had now, but there is no doubt that Mills' invention was the parent of the present typewriter. In 1833 a French patent was granted to M. Progrin (Xavier), of Marseilles, for a typewriter, which is called a typographical machine. The account of the machine is somewhat obscure, but enough is given to show that it was an operative one by which typewriting could be fairly well executed. M. Foucalt sent to the Paris exhibition in 1855 a writing machine for the blind, and several typewriters were invented by Wheatstone. After successive improvements a manufacturer in America contracted to construct 25,000.—New York Press.

Fooled the Clergyman.

There is a minister in Brooklyn who told the writer a harrowing tale of deception of which he was the victim. After he had performed the marriage ceremony for a young couple at the parsonage, the bridegroom slipped a fat envelope between the leaves of the family Bible, nodding pleasantly, as if to say: "You've well earned it." The clergyman nodded thankfully.

"When I opened that envelope," he said, "what do you suppose I found in it?"

"A goodly sum in bills?"

"No, sir! No, sir! Twenty sheets of copy paper such as reporters use. And on the last sheet was written: 'Economy is wealth. Please don't squander this. Wipe your razor on it.'"

"I think," said the dominie, "that ministers should be empowered to declare some marriages void."—New York World.

The treatment owls receive from man evinces no recognition of their value, no gratitude for their services. Large and small, they are shot wherever found, to serve as ornaments to the parlor or to do brief duty for a season on a fashionable hat, then to be cast aside and forgotten.

The wealthiest insane asylum in America is said to be the Sheppard asylum in Baltimore It was endowed in 1857 with $560,000. Since that time the trustees using the interest alone, have expended $880,000 in buildings and land, and still have a capital of $600,000.

The largest tuning fork ever manufactured was made at Hanau for the Physiological institute at Leipzig, and weighs twenty-seven kilogrammes, or a little over seventy-two pounds, and gives fourteen double oscillations a second.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wiener's Cash Stores!!

Cor. I & Tulare Sts.,

FRESNO, Cal.

BRANCH STORES,

HOLT BLOCK, VISALIA.

FISH BLOCK, BAKERSFIELD.

We carry an immense and well assorted stock of Gents Clothing and furnishing goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Drygoods, Fancy goods Ladies' Hosiery, Underwear, Etc.

Our terms of trading are STRICTLY CASH.

We positively refuse one cent of credit. We have just one price to all.

This system ennables us to sell at a much lower rate than credit-giving stores, who make large bad debts, and a very slight acquaintance with us will prove that our statement is correct.

Our aim is to sell standard goods at cut rates, and the fact that our reputation for LOW PRICES and for STRAIGHT FORWARD DEALING is wider than THE STATE itself, and betokens our success in this direction.

Our stock is always fresh.

BARGAINS INNUMERABLE lie on our shelves and crowd our tables

If you want reliable goods cheap, try us. We fear no trade competitors. All our goods speak louder for us than the blast of a thousand horns, because

They Are Always The Cheapest and Best.

ON APPLICATION we shall be delighted to forward our country patrons a complete bound volume containing catalogue and list of prices. We shall also gladly mail, free of charge, samples of goods if desired.

Our Country Order Department is a specialty with us, to which we devote the closest and most prompt attention.

WE WILL SERVE YOU WELL AND MAKE YOU HAPPY, so remember the address,

Wiener's I St. Stores

Cor. I & Tulare Sts.

FRESNO, CAL.

P. S. Send for our 76 page illustrated catalogue and price list.

INDEPENDENCE

SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner

WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,

Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt an furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

BIG PINE HOTEL.

BIG PINE - CAL.

New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates

Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.

Special attention given to the wants of every guest.

Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

J. W. Murphy.

BLACKSMITHING

—AND—

General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

OFFICIAL.

ORDER FIXIMG TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING OF APPLICATION TO MORTGAGE CERTAIN REAL ESTATE AND DIRECTING NOTICE TO BE GIVEN.

In the Superior Court of the County of Inyo State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased.

Thomas J. Goodale and Maggie P. Goodale, Executor and Executrix respectively of the last will and testament of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order authorizing and empowering and directing them to mortgage the south half of the south-east quarter of section 22; south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section 23 and the north-east quarter of the north east quarter of section 27, all in Township Eleven South, Range 34 East, Mount Diablo Meridian, or some part thereof, for the purposes and for the amount stated in said petition, or for such lesser amount as to the said Court may seem meet; it is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Judge of said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 23rd day of December, 1891, at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Chambers of said Superior Court, at the Court-house, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executor and Executrix authorizing, empowering and directing them to mortgage the real property belonging to said estate, to wit: The south half of the south east quarter of section 22; south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section 23 and the north-east quarter of the north-east quarter of section 27, all in Township Eleven South, Range 34 East, Mount Diablo Meridian, or some part thereof, for the sum of $900.00, or such lesser amount as to the Judge of said Court shall seem meet; all of which more fully appears by the said petition now on file in the Clerk's office and two which reference is here made for further particulars.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Inyo Independent, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Inyo.

Dated November 18th, 1891.

GEO. M. GILL.
Judge of the Superior Court.

[Endorsed.]

SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF INYO.

In the Matter of the Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased.

Order fixing time and place for hearing of application to mortgage certain real estate and directing notice to be given.

Filed November 19th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Executors.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 18th day of November, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased, the undersigned will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, good coin of the United States, at any time before the 25th day of May, 1892, at the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property, to wit:

Eighteen head of horses in lots to suit.

Bids or offers in writing will also be received at the office of the undersigned, in the said town of Lone Pine.

Dated November 18th, 1891.

F. H. EDWARDS,
Administrator of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of Sept. 1891, an assessment (No. 7) of Thirty (30) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company in Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday the 28th day of Nov. will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 26th day December, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John A. Hannah deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 14th day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the town of Independence in the County of Inyo, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John A. Hannah, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. L. Hunter for the issuance to him of Letters Testamentary thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.

P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated October 25th, 1891.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGANACIA ABECHUCO,
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegrini, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

Notice of Forfeiture.

To Dennis O'Keefe, or his heirs, exectors administrators and assigns: You, and each of you, are hereby notified that I have expended Three hundred [$300] Dollars in labor and improvements upon that certain mine situate in the Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county California, commonly known and designated as the Phoenix Mine in order to hold said mine as follows, to wit: One hundred dollars for the year 1889; One hundred dollars for the year 1890; and One hundred dollars for the year 1891 as appears by certificate on file in the office of the Recorder of said District.

If within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditures, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said Phoenix Mine will become the property of the undersigned under the provisions of Section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States. JOHN DUNPHY.

Dated November 3d, 1891.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
I. H. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the 'INDEPENDENT' Building, Independence, Inyo county, Cal

IRVING J. WOODIN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel
Prompt and careful treatment given and the easiest possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday	January 24th
"	February 21st
"	March 21st
"	April 18th
"	May 23rd
"	June 20th
"	July 18th
"	August 15th
"	September 12th
"	October 17th
"	November 14th
"	December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and locked.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine, Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed Flooring.
sep 11-tf

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to settle on or before October 25th, as after that date I will enforce payment.

F. FITZGERALD.

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to MRS. REDDY, Darwin, Cal.

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. DAVIS,
Independence.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.

D E No. 513.

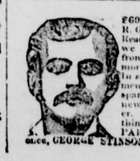
LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL. Sept. 3d, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis A. Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 513, for the E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of section No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M D M, before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G. Sanger, W. Sanger, A. P. Smith and M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

Some little FORTUNES have been made at work for us, by Anna Pepe, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Benn, Toledo, Ohio. See our offers and do as they do. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Follow the beaten path to them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 PORTLAND, MAINE.


$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N. Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages, in any part of America, you can earn your entire at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay $5 to $10 for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20 .....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 95¾.
Lead, 4 37
Copper, 13.70
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05½
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 13 @ 19.

Religious Services.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m. Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach on Sunday at the Fort at 10 o'clock a. m.; Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; Lone Pine, 7:00 p. m.

Mr. Oman will preach at Independence at 7:00 p. m. Concert Tuesday evening.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

MONDAY, November 16, 1891.

Estate of Wm. F. Davis, deceased—Letters of administration issued.

Estate of Wm. A. Bolinger, deceased—Letters of adminstration issued.

Estate of John A. Hannah, deceased—Will admitted to probate.

TUESDAY, November 17, 1891.

Estate of V. Huckaby, deceased—Petition for letters of administration,

WEDNESDAY, November 18, 1891.

Estate of John A. Hannah, deceased—Filed bond of W. L Hunter as Executor. Issued letters testamentary.

THURSDAY, November 19, 1891.

Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased—Filed petition for order authorizing Executors to mortgage real estate. Filed order fixing time and place for hearing application.

Estate of C. D. Begole, deceased—Filed decree of settlement of account.

People vs. S. P. Smith—Filed stipulation continuing time of arraignment.

Estate of B. F. Theban, deceased—Filed decree of settlement of account. Filed final account.

Cloudy and cold yesterday, but no storm.

Social dance at Mairs' Hall next Thursday evening.

Mr. Roberts, the Saline Valley borax man, is in town.

There was a total eclipse of the moon early last Sunday evening.

Fred Holbert left for the lower country last Tuesday by way of Mojave.

Mrs. T. J. Richards of Lone Pine spent several days in town this week visiting with friends.

See the notice given by the Executors of the estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased in this issue.

Inyo County beef sold by local raisers to J. N. Evans, will be sold in the Chicago market.

S. G. Sueden Esq. of Bishop was in town several days this week. He returned on yesterday's train.

Remember that if your taxes are not paid on or by the 30th of this month fifteen per cent will be added to them.

Any body wanting to buy a good quartz mill cheap should apply to F. W. Farwell 146 Market Street, Chicago.

Alex Clark has a small quantity of oak wood for sale at ten dollars a cord. If you want some speak quick.

Mrs. Fred Barkhardt of Lone Pine has been very ill for some time past. Dr. I. J. Woodin is in constant attendance.

E. Robinson has built a large feeding corral with hay racks and will fatten quite a number of beef steers this winter.

T. C Boland of Keeler and A. C. Harvey of Lone Pine were in town last Saturday to attend the meeting of the Masonic Lodge

Dr. A. Eaves and son formerly of Lassen county are traveling through the Valley. They arrived at Independence yesterday.

E. H. Edwards of Lone Pine was in Independence on Wednesday on business connected with the estate of John Lucas, deceased.

Now is the time to get your winter's wood. There are a number of wood choppers cutting in Mazourka canyon and plenty of wood can be bought reasonably.

A concert was given by the choir at the M. E. Church on Tuesday evening. The selections were well chosen and afforded much enjoyment to a large number who attended.

The Independence Silver Cornet Band will give a social dance at Mairs' Hall on Thanksgiving evening, Thursday next. The music will be the best that can be obtained and a good time assured. Every body invited. Don't fail to attend or you will miss a good time.

A. N. Bell's Oak Creek Flouring Mills are filled chock-a-block with grain and he informs us that he will be kept busy until Christmas. He is turning out a fine brand of flour. The grain is not worked to give as large a percentage per ton as formerly, and consequently the flour is much better.

John Lewis was admitted to practice law in the Superior Court of Inyo county by Judge Gill on Monday last. He passed a very creditable examination and earned his shingle in a meritorious manner. Good boy, John. Hope you may have as good luck before the Supreme Court soon.

There are two Indian witnesses in Saline Valley subpoenaed to appear at Bakersfield on the 23rd in the trial of Wampai Jiggers. Neither of them have means to take them there and it is almost a certainty that a bench warrant will have to be issued from the Superior Court of Kern county to secure their attendance.

There is a plant growing on the Mojave desert which has a gourd like fruit the same size and shape as an orange. It is said that the leaves of this vine are a sure cure for snake bite. The method of use is to take these leaves, mash them into a poultice, and apply to the wound. Also steep them into a tea and drink it.

Union High School.

While high schools are being organized in nearly all sections of the State, under the Union High School Bill, we think it high time that the citizens of this vicinity take advantage of the law and esiablish a Union District with the location in Independence. Independence is the most central point for the several surrounding districts and takes a deep interest in all matters pertaining to education. The schools of this vicinity, for the advantages they possess, are doing quite well, but there is a general want felt by the most intelligent people for a higher educational standard. Wherever the Union high school has been established it has produced favorable results, and has brought high school advantages to the very doors of the pupils, and enable them to pass through the preparatory grades to the State University without leaving home We hope the school trustees of Independence, the Fort, Georges Creek etc., will take action and avail themselves of the privilege of the Union High School Bill.

A Good Business Opening.

There is a fine opening for a business venture in Owens Valley that would yield s large return to the parties who would take hold of it. This is the establishment at some central part of the Valley of a large packing house making a specialty of hams and bacon. Every year large quantities of this staple are shipped here from the East. There is nowhere any better country where hogs can be raised and fattened more economically than here. Until the pigs are old enough to fatten the cost is only nominal, as they feed entirely on alfalfa, of which a small field will pasture a large number. If a firm should start business here making a specialty of daring hams and bacon their success would be assured. It would no require a great deal of capital to erect the necessary buildings. They would be in a position to buy live hogs from farmers, as with the better facilities of the firm it would not pay the raiser to cure his own hogs. There is a steady market year in and year out at good prices—18 to 20 cents per pound—and there is no industry that would yield such good returns on the capital invested.

"There's a gude time coming"

In an address before the Chamber of Commerce at Los Angeles last Friday, ex-Mayor Workman explained the great benefit that Southern California would derive from the construction of the new railroad from Salt Lake to that place. The money has already been raised to build the road and Mr. Workman is endeavoring to get the support of Los Angeles in regard to right of way, etc. Too strongest argument he used was that with the importation of cheap coal Los Angeles would become a great manufacturing center, and that large reduction works would be built there. With the road completed, which it will be early in 1893, it is only a question of a short time when Owens Valley will have a railroad connection with that place. The cost of construction will be greatly reduced by the home manufacture of rails from Utah iron, and the vast resources of this county would make such a road a paying institution.

There were four cases in the Justice Court at Independence this week. A. J. McCarroll, tried on a charge of burglary, was discharged. E. J. Rose was held in bonds to keep the peace. A. J. McCarroll, on a cearge of assault, plead guilty and was fined five dollars. George Brady, known to old timers as "Walking Brady", was arrested in Lone Pine on a charge of selling whisky to an Indian. He was tried by a jury on Wednesday, found guilty and sentenced to a fine of one hundred dollars, in default of which he is now confined in the jail. After the conviction he confessed to the charge.

Just at noon to-day Dr. J. D. Blair met with a serious mishap. He had just returned from his daily trip to the County Hospital, and coming into town his horse became frightened and ran away, heading for the corral where he is kept. There is quite a gully to be crossed and on reaching it the buggy was upset throwing the doctor out. He was cut about the head and severely bruised but no bones broken. For a man of his age such a severe shaking up is a serious matter. The horse was caught before he had caused any further damage.

Dr. R. L. St. John of Howland, Putnam county, Missouri, takes especial pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, because he knew it to be reliable. He has used it in his practice for several years, and says there is none better. It is especially valuable for colds and as a preventive and cure for croup. This most excellent medicine is for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

As a preventive and cure for croup, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has no rival. It is, in fact, the only remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant and safe to take. There is not the least danger in giving it to children, as it contains no injurious substance. For sale at 50 cents a bottle by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

The apple crop has been very large in the Valley this year, and the fruit is of superior quality. The ruling price is two cents per pound, but this will raise as the fall apples will soon be all gone.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.

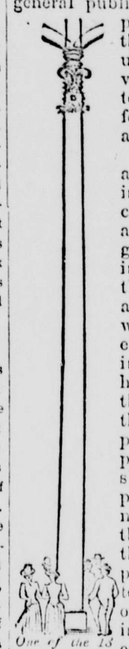
PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing .....$2.00 for Cash

For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

AS WE SEE IT.

From our office-chair, the view of the new store shows a large part of it devoted to the filling of out-of-town wants. Often as we look out upon the busy scene, we wonder if people realize that mail-order shopping has become an institution of general public good, quite as important, in its way, as the post-office, free education, and other advantages of this nineteenth century. Try for a moment, to look at it as we do.



One of the 18 high columns in the new store.

People everywhere are working from morning until night, from childhood to old age, and it is largely a struggle for food and clothing. Every one needs these in order to exist, and it is that necessity which keeps the world ever at work. How important, then, to humanity at large that these great needful things should be supplied on the best terms possible,—that goods should go as nearly as possible direct from the mills and factories to those who actually use them. If a number of profits are to be added to the cost of an article or articles, then it is impossible for hard-earned dollars to buy as much as they ought to buy.

It is just here that the great stores of to-day step in. They are based largely on this modern idea of buying in bulk from first hands, and turning over the goods to the consumer at a small profit. Such stores require large capital and trade to succeed, and naturally are found only in large cities. But for Mail-order shopping, out-of-town residents would be shut off from the great advantages they undoubtedly confer.

Few large stores have a Mail-order service, although with us that has grown to be a leading feature of our business,—due, perhaps, to the fact that people have learned to know that they can write to us for what they want, and be as well served as if they came in person Mail-order shopping puts before the residents of small towns the chance to get the same goods and prices as city trade. To our mind, the value to them of that privilege cannot be overestimated.

Thus it is pleasant to know that customers are reaping as much or more benefit from the various transactions of this business as the business itself. The profits made from their trade may be seen concentrated in the beautiful new building with its great stock, but what the business has done in return is only known and appreciated in the tens of thousands of homes where its goods have gone.

To those who are interested in Mail-order shopping we will send free a large descriptive catalogue with prices and complete information.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN, & CO.,
400-412 K Street,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

For Sale Cheap

A two stamp mill in running order, with abundant water power, near railway. [Benton, Cal.] Apply to
F. W. FARWELL,
148 Market St., Chicago.

PALACE SALOON
LONE PINE, CAL.
—THE FINEST—
WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS.
—o—
☞ This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.
j12-tf

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,
J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including
Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, insuring the purity of meat, and every ort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

$3000 A YEAR. I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. W. Eibeshutz
Independence, Cal.
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

For Sale!
ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, THE CHOICEST TRACT OF LAND UNDER THE
Eastside Canal.

There are irrigating ditches on each subdivision of forty acres, and the tract touches the canal so that no long irrigating ditches will have to be kept in repair. The land is in a nook sheltered by the foot hills of the Inyo Mountains. Mr. McIver, the Superintendent of the canal, kindly advised the selection of the location, and to him reference is made for the truth of the description. Six dollars per acre will be accepted for the tract. Address,
C. MULHOLLAND,
Independence.

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL,
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
THOMAS & HILL.

FREE. OUR NEW $85 Solid Gold Watch FREE. Worth $100.00. Incased in a watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $60 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Inyo Stage Company.
REGULAR LINE
—FROM—
Mojave To Keeler.
FINE COACH
FAST STOCK.

The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful
Redrock Canyon
And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.

Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.

Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m.

W. K. MILLER,
Propr.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,
INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDIS
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC
☞ Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and pric before purchasing elsewhere.
E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.
—o—
The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.
PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.
☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Address orders and packages to
HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30- RENO, NEVADA.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.
A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.
☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜
Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

Pioneer
Livery & Feed Stables,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and
Livery Accommodations
in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.
O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

A NEW DEAL!
LONE PINE
Livery. Feed & Sale Stable.
A. C. HARVEY, Prop'r.
OP) ART U .
Transient Stock Carefully Tended.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,
GROCERIES
MINERS
Supplies
PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.
Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements o our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully
Equal to the Best
Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.
A. N. BELL,
dependence, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R

TAKING EFFECT
Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p m.		5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:65 p m.		2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.		9.55 a. m.
Soda Springs.....	8:05 p. m.		9:15 a. m
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.		7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10.00 p. m		Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3.		No. 4.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Belleville.....	8 20 a. m.		5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a m.		1:35 a.m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p, m.		11:00 a. m
Alvord.....	2.45 p. m		10:00 a. m
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10 p. m.		7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar. 5:55 p. m.		Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Mountain Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

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All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.
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How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

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HEROES.

We hear it said that great men tread no more
The sod of this dull earth, and that the past
Entombs th' heroic dead, whose deeds will last
When our poor century is dust. Such store
We set upon the ancients!—they who bore
The honors of the fight. Still we hold fast
Traditions old, nor think our warriors cast
In the heroic mold of those of yore.
Yet this "degenerate age" has its great men;
As great as those illustrious Greeks of old;
But we, unjust, withhold our praises when
We see about us valorous deeds and bold—
And so we wrong a brave age when we say
That "heroes do not tread the earth today."
—Marcia Davies in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

JOE PAID THE INTEREST.

The clock in the kitchen had just struck 9, but still little Joe Petersham, who usually dropped asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, lay with wide open eyes staring into the darkness in his little bedroom just off the kitchen, where Mr. and Mrs. Petersham were sitting talking. Joe's ears were wide open too, for he felt a great interest in the subject which was being discussed.

"It's no use, Mary," he heard his father say in a low voice. "The place has got to go. Morrison says we must either pay the money or he will foreclose. He won't wait any longer. We might just as well talk of flying as of raising $100 in two weeks, and if this strike keeps on we will have to use the little we have got saved up." And Mr. Petersham brought his hand down upon the table so heavily that the dishes rattled.

"It is hard to think of our pretty little place being taken from us," said Mrs. Petersham, with a sigh, "but I suppose it must come to that, for I don't know where the money can be raised."

"It can't be raised, and that's an end of it," said Mr. Petersham, getting up and walking back and forth across the room. "We must just grin and bear it, and there'll be worse than this to bear if our side doesn't win. There's not a cent coming in this month. I'm sure I don't hold with them who try to wreck the trains. They've no right to do that; but it comes pretty tough to a man to see his family needing clothes and food and not a cent in the house. It's not much wonder that some of them get desperate and go too far," and then Joe heard his father tramp heavily up the stairs, his thick boots making a great clatter. Presently his mother blew out the light, and with a weary sigh she also went up to bed, and Joe was left alone with his thoughts.

Six weeks ago his father, a brakeman on the Central railroad, had come home one day with his dinner basket unopened to tell his wife that a strike had been ordered, and that he would not go back to work until the Central came to terms.

Week after week had gone by and still the strikers were not gaining ground and some of them were beginning to be desperate. The Central had found men to fill the vacancies and the Pinkerton men were on hand to prevent their being interfered with. One day Joe and two or three other boys had walked up the track all the way to the city to see the tiny boxlike houses put up at intervals along the track as a shelter for those who guarded that section of the road.

At first everything seemed bright and the strikers felt confident of success, but of late, with their money gone and no more coming in, they did not feel as hopeful, and even ten-year-old Joe felt oppressed by the general gloom. But tonight a worse trouble weighs upon him. He could understand enough of his father's conversation to know that unless a hundred dollars could be raised at once their pretty house and garden would be taken from them. He wondered if they would take Topknot too, his pretty little black rooster, that jumped upon the fence in front of his window every morning and woke him up at just the right time; and as he thought of this he could hardly swallow for the great lump in his throat, and he rubbed his eyes hard with a corner of the sheet. A hundred dollars! What a pile that would be! If he could only think of some way to earn it; but there seemed no chance to earn even a single dollar, let alone a hundred of them, and poor little Joe lay there puzzling his brain over the matter until he dropped asleep.

"Rat-a-tat-tat." "Rat-a-tat-tat," and Joe woke suddenly out of a sound sleep to hear some one rapping loudly at the outside door. A moment after his father opened the upper window and called out loudly, "Who's there?" and then Joe heard old Mrs. Jenkins, their nearest neighbor, say, "Jim is growin' worse, an' I come over to see if you or Joe would go for the doctor."

"Don't you worry yourself, Mrs. Jenkins," was Mr. Petersham's reply. "My rheumatism is that bad this damp weather that I don't dare to go out myself, but it won't hurt a boy like Joe. He can go down in no time and ride back with the doctor." Mrs. Jenkins murmured her thanks and hurried off, while Joe, in response to his father's call, tumbled out of bed and into his clothes with all haste. It was about three miles to the village by the road, but by going down the railroad it was only a little over two miles. Joe was a brave boy, but the prospect of a two mile walk down the track in the pitchy darkness did not look at all enchanting to a sleepy little fellow, and it was not without some grumbling that he started out. He went down through the garden and out the back gate, and then, climbing down the steep bank, he found himself upon the track, down which he started on a brisk walk, whistling cheerily.

Everything was so still about him that he soon ceased to whistle, and no sound was heard but the shrill chirp of the crickets and now and then the baying of a dog somewhere in the distance. Not a star was to be seen, and the trees and bushes loomed up grim and black on either side of him. He buttoned up his jacket closely, for the damp night air was chilly, and trudged on.

He had gone about a mile when, as the road makes a slight bend, he saw something on the track just ahead. It looked big and black, and he could not make out what it was, so he prudently halted and stared forward into the darkness with all his might.

Presently the object moved, and then he saw that there were three men bending over something. He was almost afraid to move lest they should hear him, but he was also afraid to stay where he was, so he crept softly up the low bank and lay flat down under the bushes.

The men were talking, but in such low tones that he could not hear what they are saying. What could they be about? They seemed to be lifting up something heavy, and to be placing it upon the rails, but this was all he could see. Joe knew enough about the trains to know that the down express train would soon be along; and he shivered with the thought that perhaps it was a man's body that they were putting on the track.

Oh, if they would only go before the express comes! And, as if in answer to his wish, they did finally start up the hill and were soon out of sight. He dared not move for some time lest they should return, but at last he summoned up courage, and scrambling down the bank crept along to see what it was that the men had left.

It was not the body of a man lying there, but some railroad ties which had been fastened upright in a cattle guard, with large stones wedged securely about them. Then he knew that these men had planned to wreck the express.

He tried desperately with his puny strength to move the timbers, but they were fixed so firmly that he could not stir them in the least, and he gave it up in despair. He looked around him fearfully, for the men might come back again for aught he knew, but he could not bear to leave the express to its fate, and tried to think of some way by which he could give warning.

If he only had a lantern to swing back and forth across the track! But of course that was impossible, and he tried to think of some other signal. As in his perplexity he thrust his hands deep down into his pockets, at the bottom of one of them he felt some matches which were left from a bonfire, and in a minute he decided to build a fire in the middle of the track, up by the curve, where the engineer would see it and stop the train in time. But he soon found this was not easy to do. There was great difficulty in finding any materials, but after groping about for a while in the darkness he managed to get a few little sticks together, and lighting a piece of paper which he found in his pocket he tried to start his fire. But to his dismay the sticks were so damp they would not burn, and after using all his matches but two in vain attempts he gave it up.

He put his ear down to the rails and listened intently. Yes, the train was coming, but it was some distance off yet. Oh, if he could only find something dry enough to burn! Now on the damp night air comes the low rumble of the approaching cars. In another moment they will be in sight, and on the impulse of the moment he snatched off his jacket, and hastily striking a match applied it to the lining.

It burned feebly a second and went out, and then more carefully he lighted the last one and the coat began to blaze; and not a moment too soon, either, for he could see the headlight as the express came thundering along.

Springing upon the track he waved his blazing signal frantically back and forth to attract the engineer's attention. There he stood, right in the path of the huge monster as it rushed fiercely toward him with its great fiery eye glowing fiercely through the darkness, and his little arms kept on steadily swinging his jacket, in his excitement never feeling the flames as they crept over his little hands.

But he has been seen, and brakes were applied, and the wheels reversed, and the engine brought to a standstill just as it was almost upon him, and then the little fellow sank down, overcome by excitement, and there, a moment later, they found him curled up in a heap on the ground. Carefully the fireman lifted him in his strong arms, while the engineer and one or two others ran forward and discovered the obstruction. The passengers, aroused by the commotion, began to make their appearance, and soon he was surrounded by a crowd, and found he had become a hero.

The big fireman still held him in his arms as Joe answered the questions which were showered upon him, while a physician who was among the passengers bound up the poor little burnt hands.

Joe's hearers shuddered as they thought of their narrow escape, and when they found it was his jacket that furnished the signal some man pulled off his hat and dropping a bill in it said, "To pay for Joe's coat," and passed it around to the others. Pocketbooks were taken out, and bills and silver rained into the hat until it almost took Joe's breath as he realized that it was all for him.

Soon the train is ready to go on and they all got aboard, and Joe is taken on to the next station, where they stopped to let him off. The doctor's house was close by, and as they saw Joe run up the stoop and ring the bell, the train moves off amid cheers and the waving of hats.

Joe was a happy boy when, an hour later, he rushed into the house, and stumbling into his father's room, threw a small but heavy package upon the bed.

"Father! father! wake up!" he cried excitedly. "I've earned the money for Mr. Morrison and now we can keep the house. Do wake up!"

It did not take long to get a light, and when the money was counted there was as Joe had said enough for the interest and more too.

Joe was a proud boy when he saw his father the next morning start out to Mr. Morrison's with the $100 in his pocket. Joe often goes out into the yard to play with his pet, Topknot, and then he thinks how glad he is that Widow Jenkins wanted him to go for the doctor that night.—Lewston Journal.

Prince Wilhelm's Deformity.

If the throat trouble of the crown prince of Germany causes his death soon, the heir to the throne will be his eldest son, Prince William, of whom the Countess von Krockow writes: "The Germans cannot forgive an heir apparent of the throne having been born mediocre in figure and imperfectly formed. Prince Wilhelm has a crippled arm. The fingers are mere knobs. In the Hussar uniform there is a pocket, and he wears it because the three fingers of the helpless member can be hung in the pocket. Otherwise it hangs awkwardly and helplessly in its sleeve. His horses are especially trained, and before the prince is to mount are ridden three-quarters of an hour to wear them down. He can just manage to hold the reins. We were together in a country house. I looked with our hostess at the fork with which he eats. It is of silver, and not conspicuously different from others, but fixed to the under tine there is a sharp, small blade. What the prince cannot cut with the one hand and with this blade he does not undertake to eat. The right hand and arm are large and of extraordinary dexterity, but the little finger is deformed by a growth which the prince only imperfectly conceals by wearing rings up to near the third phalange."—New York Sun.

Victims of Rattlesnake Bites.

Either the reptiles of Florida are more deadly than those of Arizona, or else nerve and coolness have a good deal to do with human self preservation. A resident of Key West, Fla., while deer hunting the other day, was bitten by a rattlesnake and died in four minutes. It is believed that fright contributed to his quick taking off. In contrast with this is the case of Joe Chavez, a plucky ten-year-old of Gila City, A. T. Recently he was bitten by a rattler. He never whimpered while the flesh around the wound was cut away. The finger was corded near the hand and the arm near the shoulder, and the child made to drink considerable brandy. He was put on the train and sent to Yuma, when the doctor applied such remedies as the case demanded. Although an hour and forty minutes had elapsed from the time the lad was bitten, the case yielded promptly and the boy is well. The snake was four feet six inches in length.

"Who Was Shot Last Week?"

In 1851 Mokelumne Hill was one of the worst camps in California. "Who was shot last week?" was the first question asked by the miners when they came in from the river or surrounding diggings on Saturday nights or Sundays to gamble or get supplies. It was very seldom that the answer was, "No one."

Men would race up and down the thoroughfares in single file, as boys play the game of "follow my leader," each imitating the actions of the foremost. Selecting some particular letter in a sign they would fire in turn, regardless of everything but the accuracy of the aim. Then they would quarrel over it as though they were boys playing a game of marbles, while every shot was likely to kill or wound some unfortunate person.—Dr. C. B. Gilles pie in Century.

Twice Blessed.

Briggs—Well, I must call upon my tailor.
Griggs—You are fortunate.
Briggs—How so?
Griggs—My tailor usually calls upon me.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Dandies of the Time of Charles I.

When Villiers, James I's and Charles I's favorite, went on his mission to Paris in 1625 he had no fewer than seven-and-twenty suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold and gems could contribute, one of which was a white uncut velvet, "set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at four score thousand pounds, besides a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds." "It was common with him," says a contemporary, "at an ordinary dancing to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond button, and to have diamond hat bands, cockades and earrings; to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearl; in short, to be manacled, fettered and imprisoned in jewels."

To the prevailing extravagance in dress the satirists again allude in the severest terms. "I have much wondered," says Henry Peacham, "why our English, above other nations, should so much dote upon new fashions, but more I wonder at our want of wit that we cannot invent them ourselves, but, when one is grown stale, send presently over into France to seek a new, making that noble and flourishing kingdom the magazine of our fooleries, and for this purpose many of our tailors lie leger (i. e. reside) there, and ladies jest over their gentlemen ushers, to accouter them and themselves as you see. Hence came your slashed doublets (as if the wearers were cut out to be carbonadoed upon the coals) and your half shirts, piccadillies (now out of request), your long breeches, narrow toward the knees like a pair of smith's bellows, the spangled garters pendant to the shoe, your perfumed perukes or periwigs, to show us that lost hair may be had again for money with a thousand such fooleries unknown to our manly forefathers."

The reader may find it a pleasant change to turn to the rhyming moralists. Here to the fore comes John Taylor, the so called water poet, launching his shafts—not too sharply pointed—at the excess of those who wear:

A farm in shoestrings edged with gold,
And spangled garters worth a copyhold;
A hose and doublet with a lordship cost,
A gaudy cloak (three manor's price almost,)
A beaver band and feather for the head,
Prized at the church's tithe, the poor man's bread.

—Gentleman's Magazine.

An Unknown Land.

Washington has her great unknown land, like the interior of Africa, says The Seattle Press. The country shut in by the Olympic mountains, which includes an area of about 2,500 miles square, has never, to the positive knowledge of old residents of the territory, been trodden by the foot of man, white or Indian. These mountains rise from the level country, within ten or fifteen miles of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca in the north, the Pacific ocean in the west, Hood's canal in the east, and the basin of the Quinault lake in the south, and, rising to the height of 6,000 to 8,000 feet, shut in a vast unexplored area.

The Indians have never penetrated it, for their traditions say it is inhabited by a very fierce tribe, which none of the coast tribes dared molest. Though it is improbable that such a tribe could have existed in this mountain country without their presence becoming known to the white men, no man has ever ascertained that it did not exist. White men, too, have only vague accounts of any white man having ever passed through this country, for investigation of all the claims of travelers has invariably proved that they have only traversed its outer edges.

The most generally accepted theory in regard to this country is that it consisted of great valleys, stretching from the inward slopes of the mountains to a great central basin. This theory is supported by the fact that, although the country around has abundant rain and clouds constantly hang over the mountain tops, all the streams flowing toward the four points of the compass are insignificant and rise only on the outward slopes of the range, none appearing to drain the great lakes shut in by the mountains. This fact appears to support the theory that streams flowing from the inner slopes of the mountains feed a great interior lake. But what drains this lake? It must have an outlet somewhere, and, as all the streams pouring from the mountains rise on their outward slopes, it must have a subterranean outlet to the ocean, the straits or the sound. There are great discoveries in store for some of Washington's explorers.—Exchange.

A Numerous Family.

There are some good sized families in Maine today, but probably none so large as one mentioned in the histories of old colonial days. It is told on the authority of Cotton Mather that the first royal governor of Boston was one of a family of twenty-six children, and was born in the woods of Maine near the mouth of the Kennebec in 1651. His mother was left a widow when he was a child, and is said to have had all she could do to provide for the wants of her family. It is hoped that when the governor got $100,000, a knighthood and a goblet valued at $5,000 as a reward for finding a Spanish treasure ship that had gone to the bottom half a century before, he remembered his mother and made her last days easier than her earlier ones had been.—Exchange.

A Living Lantern.

South American fireflies have been called living diamonds. In the same part of the world is also found a pale gray or a particularly disagreeable looking moth which may be called a living lantern. Kept inclosed in a box for twenty-four hours, it will be found when the box is opened that the body of the moth is giving forth sufficient light to enable one to read plainly any ordinary type. A number of glass fronted boxes containing these moths—Fulgaria conternaria naturalists call them—when placed around the room afford nearly as much light as so many wax candles.—Chicago Times.

Slang and Simile.

Will some one kindly point out where metaphor and simile leave off and where slang begins? There are many expressions about which sometimes cause cultured people to turn up their noses or raise their eyebrows, and yet they are to be found in the Bible, in Shakespeare and in other excellent places, while there are about as many expressions which people use with a great deal of reverence, thinking that they come from the Bible, which really are to be found only in such works as Sterne's "Sentimental Journey Through Italy."—New York Continent.

Ready to Sell.

M'Prune, the grocer, was never known to acknowledge that he was out of any article without calling attention to some other article that he did have.

A bet was made by Johnson that he could ask M'Prune a question that would cause him to omit the usual addendum.

Said Johnson, as he entered the shop, where the conspirators had already gathered:

"Mack, do you think it will be Liberals or Conservatives at the next election?"

Mack replied with some asperity:

"Oh, bother! I am out of politics!"

Johnson was on the verge of giving vent to his delight when Mack added:

"But I've got some of the best cheese you ever put your teeth into."—Exchange.

In the Hotel Business.

"James, I don't see you waiting at table any more."

"No, sah; I'se been promoted. I'se entry clerk now."

"You an entry clerk! I never knew you were a bookkeeper."

"Oh, I ain't. I jes' keep my eye on de umbrellas, hats and things de boa'ders leave in the entry."—Kate Field's Washington.

SERIOUS DANGER

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and the most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria; but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretion are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Constitution and physique are thus defended against the inroads of malaria by this matchless preventive, which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

We have noticed that the more impracticable and hopeless an ambition is, the more energy a fool will put in it.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

Either—He—Shall we try the tricycle or buggy this morning, Laura? She—Either, George. I'm yours for wheel or for whoa.

CATARRH CAN'T BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

It is often said that the devil goes to church, but he has never been known to take a nap while there.

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING!

That ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are approved by the leading medical men in the country.

That they are the original and genuine porous plasters upon whose reputation imitators trade.

That ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the highest result of medical science and skill.

That in ingredients and method they have never been equalled.

That ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have never yet failed to do their work quickly and effectually.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

He owned a gun—in it he blew.
The gun went off and he did, too.

Those complaining of Sore Throat or Hoarseness should use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" The effect is extraordinary, particularly when used by singers and speakers for clearing the voice. *Sold only in boxes.*

One element of shrewdness is to realize that the man you are dealing with may be shrewder than yourself.

The Electric Alarm Clock will ring until you get up and stop it. People who over sleep should have one. For particulars address Imperial Jewelry Co., 26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell

Try Germea for Breakfast.

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$1200 FOR 40 ACRES
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Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

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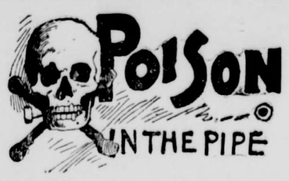

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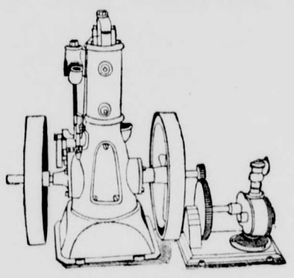

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

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TO RETURN FROM EXILE.

Titled Ladies Who Once Shown in the Realm.

AGAIN THEY WILL LEAD LONDON SOCIETY.

Stories of the Exclusion and Why They Will Return.

THE COMING gay season in London will not be augmented by the usual number of debutantes. Such will be especially the case in the court circles and among the nobility.

English court society, fond parents say, has become too weak in its character for them to cast their daughters upon its bosom. The late bacarat scandal has had such an effect.

This refusal of parents to allow their daughters to go into court society has already resulted in startling rumors, one of which that the old castaways of the court will come out form their retirement again and that hereafter the "upper" of English society will rest upon just what it is.

Lady Colin Campbell, so long deprived of admission to the circles in which she took her first false stept, they say, will again resume the leadership. The Duchess of Sutherland will also come out from her obscurity. So will Lady Beaumont. Court society will no longer have false pretensions. It will be known to the world as what it is, nothing more, nothing less.

The circumstances connected with the exclusion of these ladies from select circles are not forgotten.

Lady Campbell became the plaintiff in a divorce case. The developments

The Duchess of Sutherland.

did not actuate solely in her favor. Some of the court secrets came out and she was forthwith excommunicated.

In one word, Lady Colin Campbell, although still the sister-in-law of Princess Louise of Great Britain, fell to the social level of Sutherland and of Lady Beaumont.

Lady Beaumont is the daughter of the well-known German milliner, Mme. Louise, in Regent street, London, and of her husband, Mr. Isaacson, a member of parliament, who has been the central figure in more than one scandal. Lady Beaumont, just as Lady Colin Campbell, has been the respondent or defendant in some very horrible legal proceedings and although Lord Beaumont, like Lord Colin, has been unable to secure a dissolution of his marriage, yet the evidence put forward against his wife has been fully sufficient to deprive her of the social prestige ordinarily enjoyed by a peeress of the realm.

The Duchess of Sutherland, who as Mrs. Blair was the traveling companion of the Duke on several of his visits to this country, has been subjected to a severe ostracism by the members of her husband's family, by the court, and by English society in general. Although mistress of the most magnificent residence in London, her salons are deserted, and the portals of Stafford house, which formerly opened to all that was noblest and grandest in the land—the Queen was a frequent visitor there, and the Prince of Wales was running in and out of the house all day—are no longer entered save by such women as Lady Beaumont, Lady Colin Campbell, et le reste.

The new Duchess did everything in her power to secure social recognition, but all in vain. Early in the season she leased a splendid place in the neighborhood of Windsor in the hope of establishing some kind of an ac-

Lady Beaumont.

quaintance with the castle and with the colony of persons more or less connected with the court who reside in the vicinity. Day after day she so arranged her carriage outings as to meet the Queen taking her afternoon drive in the home park. Her majesty, as a rule, makes a point of graciously bowing or smiling in return to every salutation that is addressed to her, no matter whether it be by a Duke or a day laborer, by a peeress or a washerwoman.

In the case of the new duchess of Sutherland, however, the sight of whose liveries in the distance brought her most forbiding expression to her face, an exception was made and she received the obsequious reverence of the duchess with a most frigid and icy stare and without the slightest response. The duchess exposed herself daily to this public humiliation, apparently hoping that her majesty would at length relent. It was not until certain privileges in connection with the park ordinarily granted to Windsor

LADY BEAUMONT.

residents were pointedly refused to the duchess by the castle authorities that she realized the uselessness of remaining any longer at Windsor.

It can be easily seen that the coming season will witness a revolution, so to peak, in the highest society of England. The immoral tone of the court will not even be tolerated by the most lowly. Perhaps an exception might be made by the cheap class of Americans who find our own society so pure and wholesome that they must set up residences in London.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

A Cincinnati Divorce Case Leads to Startling Disclosures.

A divorce case was begun in Cincinnati the other day which introduces some startling features. Among other disclosures it throws light on the hitherto deep mystery surrounding the death of Billy Fee, whose body was found in the Ohio river at a point near Lawrenceburg, Indiana, less than a year ago. The plaintiff in the proceedings is Eva Keys, whose marriage to John Keys at Cincinnati last September caused quite a flutter in society there.

There was a swell wedding, and when the carriage containing the bride and groom left the residence of the bride's parents those who bid them good by and threw the traditional slipper after the bride thought the happy couple were on their way to an Atlantic coast watering resort. But John was not that kind of a man, and when the hackman was dismissed Eva found herself on an Ohio flat-boat destined for St. Louis. This was not all, for the benedict had introduced to his newly made bride, under an assumed name, Billy Fee and Bert Rusk. The quartet went down the river on the boat.

In her complaint Mrs. Keyes says that when the boat reached Lawrenceburg, her husband John and one of the men did kill and murder one of the party. Her husband threatened to take her life if she divulged the crime. She perjured herself at the trial and Keyes and his companion were acquitted. Their whereabouts is at present unknown.

SHE DIDN'T LOVE HIM.

And Sought Death Rather Than a Marriage.

Beautiful Anna Cohrs is dead.

The once bright, winsome face is rigid in the pallor of the grave. The sweet, musical voice is no more.

She died for love, or rather for a lack of love. She did not love the man her father wanted her to marry.

Anna Cohrs lived in Chicago, where she had shone in society for two seasons.

She met Warren Beckwith, a young Milwaukee business man whose wealth runs up around the millions. He showed her marked attention and proposed marriage. She declined. Her father actuated by Beckwith's wealth commanded her and the wedding day was arranged. That was in June.

ANNA COHRS.

Anna went to visit her uncle in Lyne, Conn., pending the ceremony which was to make her the wife in name of Warren Beckwith. Last week news came from there of her suicide by drowning. The night before the day on which she took her life she wrote and mailed two letters, one to Warren Beckwith of Milwaukee, her betrothed, and the other to her father. They probably contained a notification of her intention to make the marriage they insisted upon an impossibility.

A Stupid Maid.

Miss Clara—"Horrors! What in the world are you doing?"

Maid—"Film' up these books, ma'am."

Miss Clara—"Oh, you stupid, stupid thing! You are not fit to be in a respectable family. Those are my novels."

Maid—"Yes'm."

Miss Clara—"Oh, how could you? You're enough to drive any one wild. Don't you know that some of them I've read and some of them I haven't?"

Maid—"Yes, ma am."

Miss Clara—"And here you've mixed them all up, so I can never separate them."

Two Girl Horse-Thieves.

Marshal McIntire of Marshalltown, Iowa, arrested two female horse-thieves last week, who gave their names as Ruth Downey and Lillie Hill, the latter being dressed in male attire. The horse stolen belongs to Mr. McWorth of Hinckley, Ill., and was taken from Sandwich and driven to that city. The girls are about 16 and 17 years of age.

Earning His Grub.

Jinks—What's Winkers doing for a living now?

Blinks—Oh, anything that his rich wife tells him.

AT THE SUMMER DANCE.

A Place Where Man's Importance is Recognized.

GIRLS STRUGGLING TO FIND PARTNERS.

Half Grown Boys and Callow Youths in Great Demand.

This is the age of woman's triumph. She has demonstrated her ability to administer functions of honor hitherto relegated to man's dominion with dignity and sagacity. It is safe to predicate from her attitude that the coming woman will rule the nations while the coming man rocks the cradle, and to prophesy from her success that the nations will be governed more wisely and the cradle swayed less scientifically than at present.

But notwithstanding all this there is one place where the scepter has not departed from Israel, where man rules triumphant in all his pristine superiority, where the smallest boy out of kilts and in trousers is at a higher premium than the fairest, wisest lady in the land, who might, with her beauty, put Venus to the blush, and with her knowledge cover senior wranglers with confusion. And this place where old traditions are restored and man is acknowledged master is at the summer hotel dance.

The sweetest kind of a woman's woman, who is full of love and sympathy for her sex, to whom girls delight in confessing their secrets and women confide their sorrows, finds little profit or pleasure in dancing with a woman.

There is something solemn in the atmosphere of the summer dance, something pathetic in the air of feigned and hysterical hilarity among the women who wabble round the hall in pain, like mechanical tops when the spring is broken or the works need mending.

Thrice blessed the woman who has a husband whom she can coax out of tennis shoes and into pumps, out of the smoking room into the ballroom. How that man is smiled upon, victimized, cajoled into making a martyr of himself, and dancing himself into a fit of apoplexy with all that woman's friends.

Happy is the girl with a younger brother, even if his mustache is in the pin feathery stage, and his voice as little to be depended upon as a worn out accordeon, if only he can sprawl through a waltz and maintain an upright position.

Envied indeed is the woman whose little son, in sash and knickerbockers, has been taught to step a measure in time and order due.

Somebody announces a lanciers or quadrille, and there is confusion among the ranks of dancers. The one self sacrificing young man who dances dashes about the room, out in the office, down in the billiard room, mopping his brow and seeking the persuadable man to come and fill out the sets. The girls familiar with the figures tie handkerchiefs about their arms and invite other girls to dance, the mothers hunt up their small boys, and after a while the procession moves with an average of one man and one small boy to a set.

Little questions the fair dame who at home deliberates most carefully before establishing the most formal of friendships with new acquaintances the history or present station of the man who is presented to her as a partner for a waltz. There is a relief in the steady clasp of the manly arm, the firm touch of the masculine hand, that renders it immaterial whether he weighs out butter by the pound or handles a tailor's goose and shears when vacation is over if only he takes the step she learned in waltzing, and will give her one or two good turns about the room before all the other girls who cannot get a man to waltz with.

Little does it concern her to investigate in any way his claim to her regard if he lead her through the figure of the mazy dance when older women are depending upon partners of their own persuasion flying white handkerchief signals to avoid mistakes.

How the gracious, gratified lady smiles upon her unknown partner, waits for him if he is stout, helps him if he is awkward, teaches him if he is forgetful, and answers in all sincerity to his conventional thanks at the close of the figure, "The gratitude is on my side, I assure you."

Even the girl who can dance independently is looked up to after a little by the girls who cannot take the masculine part, and when little cliques form, as they invariably do in a summer hotel, each clique jealously guards the girl man almost as seriously as they would the genuine article from appropriation by the other factions.

The summer hotel dance is an admirable vantage ground from which to study the terpsichorean art as modified and influenced by different climates and localities—the wild swoop and rush of the Colorado girl, with the freshness and freedom in its movement that suggests the broad, unbroken prairie and billowy, waving grasses tossed and swayed by the strong wild breezes. There's strength and speed and life, like the swift dash of wild, unbridled horses with sinewy flanks and flashing eyes and widespread nostrils!

In sharp contrast is the slow, stately glide of the Boston belle, subdued and steady and joyless. It speaks of a long line of stern faced ancestors, repressive, taciturn, grave, of spectacled schoolma'am grandmothers who were married late in life, and trained their children with inflexible rods of iron according to Scriptural traditions.

The sensuous, dreamy, willowy grace of the southern beauty, with the dusk of the midnight in her eyes, the warmth of the summer in her smile. Not for nothing did Spanish knight and veiled lady land upon her coasts and leave as her inheritance all the passion and the pride of a nation famed for duels of love and war. As the supple, swaying figure, gently yielding to the encircling arm which supports it, floats softly past in a melody of motion, half forgotten Byronic meters, dim traditions of impossible romance return and are verified.

As the kiss of sunbeams on the crest of the waves, the poise of the humming bird upon the breast of a rose, the dart of the swallow through the glow of the sunset, is the dance of the New York girl, merry and dainty, airy and free, like the tripping of elves in the sheen of the moonlight or the revel of naiads in the spray of ancient sylvan fountains.

There is nothing more picturesque and fascinating than the New York girl dancing, unless it is two New York girls dancing together like a pair of swinging orchids with delicate petals fluttering on their supple stalks.—New York Sun.

It will occasion less surprise that ill weeds grow apace when it is known that a single plant of purslane produces 388,800 seeds; the thistle, 95,866; the plantain, 42,200, and the burdock, 33,068.

MOTHERHOOD.

She softly sings, and paces to and fro,
Patient, unwearied, bearing in her arms
The fretful, sickly child, with all its harms,
Deformed and imbecile, her love and woe,
Croons, with caressing intonation, low,
Some sweet, old minor melody, that charms
The ear that listens, and the sufferer calms,
And her own sorrow soothes with silver flow.
O holy tenderness of motherhood!
Most pitiful and patient to the child,
Foolish, unlovely, seemingly defiled
By powers of death and darkness. The All Good
Alone so loveth and remembereth,
And, like a tender parent, pitieth.

—Abby S. Hinckley in The Century.

MEDICINE FOR THE IMAGINATION.

How Paralysis May be Cured—A Hypnotized Subject—Paraplegia.

We must be permitted to dwell for a moment on this medicine for the imagination, which is entitled to the name of suggestive therapeutics. The process is as follows: Influenced by a persistent idea, suggested by external circumstances, a paralysis is developed. The physician makes use of his authority to suggest the idea of an inevitable, incontestable cure, and the paralysis is cured accordingly. This cure, as well as the development of functional disturbance, was directly effected by an idea. An idea may, therefore, be, according to circumstances, a pathogenic and a therapeutic agent. This notion is not new, but, since it was misinterpreted, it has remained unfruitful.

The most important of the organic disturbances produced by an idea is an experiment on vesication, performed by Focachon, a chemist at Charmes. He applied some postage stamps to the left shouler of a hypnotized subject, keeping them in their place with some strips of diachylon and a compress; at the same time he suggested to the subject that he had applied a blister. The subject was watched, and when twenty hours had elapsed the dressing, which had remained untouched, was removed. The epidermis to which it had been applied was thickened and dead and of a yellowish-white color, and this region of the skin was puffy and surrounded by an intensely red zone.

It was in 1869 that Russell Reynolds first noted the existence of motor and sensory disturbances, developed under the influence of an idea. The motor disturbance sometimes consists in spasms, in ataxic or incoordinated movements, and more frequently in paralysis which affects the upper limbs. Erb gives to these symptoms the name of imaginative paraplegia. The type of this paraplegia is afforded by Reynold's first observation, which concerned a young woman who was affected by paraplegia under the following circumstances: She lived alone with her father, who had undergone a reverse of fortune, and who became paralytic in consequence of protracted anxiety. She supported the household by giving lessons, which involved long walks about the town. Influenced by the fatigue caused by so much walking, it occurred to her that she might herself become paralyzed, and that their situation would then be terrible. Haunted by this idea, she felt a growing weakness in her limbs, and after a while was quite unable to walk. The pathology of the affection was understood by Reynolds, who prescribed a purely moral treatment. He finally convinced his patient that she was able to walk, and, in fact, she resumed the practice.—MM. Binet and Fere in Popular Science Monthly.

Need of a Technical School.

When the Pittsburg father of a bright boy wishes to make of the lad a man skilled in mechanical matters, a mechanical engineer competent to be his father's right hand man in the big workshop or factory or mill, the boy must be sent 500 miles from home to receive the education desired. This busy, industrial city is full of men with muscles and eyes trained to mechanical work. But their knowledge is superficial and their brains have not been developed as have their muscles and their eyes. They can carry out but not evolve mechanical ideas. That power must be conferred by institutions way off at Troy, at Boston, or at New York. There is not even a good industrial school in Pittsburg, a place where the sons of mill owners can acquire practical knowledge of the processes which in after life he will be called upon to superintend, or be set down as knowing less than the cheapest mechanic in his employ. There are bright boys whose fathers do not care, for many reasons, to send them to a distant institution. The alternative is to let him go right out among the workmen, and there plant his feet firmly upon the lower rounds of the ladder leading to mechanical expertness.

One such boy, a few months ago, determined to obtain a practical mechanical education, and was encouraged by his father in so doing, and his first week's experience was among colored workers in a steel mill. He is now foreman of one department. Most boys would find this a debasing companionship, and most fathers would find it impossible to permit a son to acquire information in such a way. Meanwhile, home institutions teach boys everything except practical knowledge of their father's business. They can, leaving adjacent colleges, boast of thorough knowledge of the dead languages, but they do not know the difference between crucible and Bessemer steel, and to design an improved furnace or bit of machinery would be harder for them than the integral calculus. The founder of a school of technology in Pittsburg would rear unto himself a better monument than if he gave a costly library building to each city.—Chicago Bulletin.

Effects of the Climate.

Tradition tells of a young English recruit who was sent out to garrison duty in Ceylon soon after his enlistment, and beheld with great amazement (having never seen a colored man before) the first native who boarded the transport when she cast anchor in Colombo harbor. "Who's that black chap, Bill?" asked he of a comrade. "What! don't you know him again?" answered the other, who was a bit of a wag; "why, that's our old chum, Harry Thompson, that you used to know in the old country. He's been out here five years, you know, and the sun's toasted him black." "The sun's toasted him black?" echoed the greenhorn, staring in open mouthed horror at the supposed transformation: "Do you mean to say that I'll be like that when I've been here five years?" "Of course you will, Dick," replied his tormentor, with heartless cheerfulness, "and so'll I too, and so'll all of us. Look at that chap," (pointing to a passing Chinese boatman,) "he's only yellow you see, because he hasn't got more than half toasted yet; but in another year or two he'll be as black as your boots."—David Ker in New York Times.

A Substantial Tidy.

Flimsy white chair tidies, that are always becoming unfastened and getting torn, to the mortification of visitors, have at length succumbed to the storm of abuse and are now being discarded by sensible housekeepers. A substitute for them, that is at once a protection for handsome furniture and an ornament, can be made of two broad bands of plush, say deep ruby color, with a puffed and gathered band of rich satin (marigold shade) inserted between and bordered with heavy lace. This can be fastened to the back of a chair, and as it is substantial it will remain secure.—Woman.

THE RIVER OF LOST SOULS.

How a Mexican Stream got its Name.

EXPLORERS MARCH INTO OBLIVION.

Hundreds of Men Whose Death will Always Remain a Mystery.

Over three centuries backward, and before the inquisitive De Soto had lighted his camp fire on the banks of the Mississippi, the Spaniards had achieved two settlements in this land of the Occident—Santa Fe and St. Augustine. They had no knowledge of the country which lay between these points or its inhabitants. As to what might be the dangers and deadfalls of a journey from one place to another they were as blindly ignorant as of the history of the moon. But this ignorance affected them not, and full of the uneasy spirit of the hour a military party in Santa Fe resolved on an overland expedition to St. Augustine. They knew the distance, for they could figure the latitude and longitude, and they could get the direction of the compass; but this was the sum of their knowledge.

The expedition, numbering some hundreds of men, left Santa Fe late in the summer, and crossing the mountains at the Raton pass, the present route of the Santa Fe railroad, they camped that winter on the present site of Trinidad. The grass was long in the valley, the game was plenty on the hills, their own stores were ample, and sending back to Santa Fe for minstrel and glee maiden, these gentlemen of the sword got in as gay a season as they ever have since. Those old dons were lads of spirit, and possessed high hearts as well as a taste for travel. Before them to the eastward as far as the eye could sweep spread the desert unconfined. What was to be met there they knew not, but their lack of knowledge was coincident with an equal lack of care.

With the melting of the snows in the spring sunshine their women and camp followers returned to Santa Fe. The last hand was waved goodby, the last adios were uttered and the explorers turned their resolute faces to the work in hand. They marched down the valley of the little muddy river, which flows as you read this through the town of Trinidad. The ones who were to return to Santa Fe watched them for miles, assisted by the light of the sun on steel cap and harness. At last they were hidden in the willows far down the valley, and this was the last that was ever known of them.

With the last flap of the last banner it was as if they had marched out of existence, and whether they sunk in rivers, perished in the drifting snows, or were done to death by Indians was never told. No sign or trace of this expedition or its people was ever found. There was something so eerie and mysterious in the complete disappearance of this band, something so dark in the silence of their fate, that the superstitious Spaniard made the sign of the holy cross when he recalled it. With that effort at commemoration which was the spirit of that time the little muddy torrent in whose valley the lost explorers last were seen was called El Rio de Los Animas—"The River of Lost Souls."

This was the Spanish name when Soubtette, Chouteau, Bent, Carson, St. Vrain and other representatives of the French Fur company, of St. Louis, first saw it. Knowing nothing of the story and assisted only by their inferences drawn from the name, these translated the appellation into Purgatoire. When the jocund bullwhacker of the overland trail got to it in his free and easy French he called it "the Picketwire." Every brand it ever had still sticks, and today you will find the little vagrant of a stream pursuing its glistening mission to the sea.—Kansas City Star.

Harmless, but a Dreadful Bore.

A laughable and sort of harmless nuisance is the man who strolling about wanders into the theatre. He picks up a stray seat. He has not much of an idea what the play is about. His thoughts are rather slow, but he listens intently, and endeavors to put this and that together. Before the combination is quite complete he hears an uproarious laughter from every one around. He turns to the lady or the gentleman in the seat next to his own and asks, "What was it that he said?" He is told, and then he has a good laugh to himself.

Just as he thoroughly digested that witticism something else causes laughter. He heard it all but the last word. He can't laugh without that, so he turns to the occupant of the next seat again and says, "What was that last word?" Again he is told. How he does enjoy it. He laughs until the tears almost come—all by himself again. And so he spends the evening, giving strict attention to the play, but never knowing just when to laugh until warned by the audience, and then he has not caught the "last word." He comes alone. He hears the last word alone. He laughs alone. He goes home alone.—Chicago Herald.

How to Take Care of the Brain.

The brain stands most abuse of any organ in the body. Its best tonic and stimulant is success. The worst and most depressing thing to it is failure. The most injurious effects come by using stimulants in early life. Young people should never use liquors, tea, or coffee. The latter two may not exactly do harm, but they are conducive of no good. They act mostly on the brain and injure its growth very materially. Abundance of sleep is necessary. Eight hours is not more than enough. Sleep is the time of relatively lowered expenditure and increased repair.—Exchange.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

A flour and feed dealer on Third avenue hangs out a printed sign, which, in big capitals, assures the public that "all the glutton" is retained in his favorite brands of flour.

His original mode of spelling gluten recalls the orthography of the policeman whose memorandum averred that a woman had committed suicide by swallowing "horsnrick." Not everybody would recognize arsenic in that disguise.—New York Telegram.

A Use for Paper Bags.

Paper bags, in which many articles are sent from the grocers, should be saved for use when blacking a stove. The hand can be slipped into one of these, and the brush handled just as well, and the hands will not be soiled.

To Slaughter the Sparrows.

It is stated that corn meal mixed with strong brine or moistened with salt, dried, exposed to the ravenous appetite of the sparrows, is as sure as electricity, therefore not a cruelty to animals.—Philadelphia Record.

STEELE MACKAYE'S TABLE.

He Had Some Difficulty in Getting the Aged Carpenter to Make It.

Steele Mackaye, the dramatist, can tell a good story as well as write a good play. At Wormley's he was relating some of his experiences in the little village of Concord, N. C., where he spent some time.

"I wanted a table made," he began, "and was directed to the village carpenter. He was an aged man, and when I finally found him he was leisurely engaged in the manufacture of a coffin. It looked as if he had been at work upon the coffin for a week. I asked him if he could make me a table. He 'allowed' that he could when he 'got at it.' 'And when will you get at it?' I asked. Suddenly he parried my direct question with another. 'What kind of a table do you want?' he asked me, with the air of a man who has got the enemy cornered.

"I described the table, and the old man again fell into deep thought. At last, when I showed some impatience, he told me to come again next week.

"A week later I reminded him about my table. Yes, he remembered the conversation, but he really did not think he could go to work upon it until he had seen some of his relatives. He did not exactly know whom he had to see, nor where they lived, but he was positive that they had to be seen before my table could be begun. Besides this he hadn't any lumber.

"'Where can I get the lumber?' I asked in desperation. Well, he thought it could be obtained at the mill. And where was the mill? Twelve miles away. So I mounted my horse and started for the mill. I found it after a long search. It was a dilapidated affair, and the saw was half way through a log. But the saw was rusty, a sign that it had not been in use for a week. A woman came out of a house nearby and answered my shouts. I told her that I wanted to see the owner of the mill.

"'What do you want to see him for?' she drawled. I told her about the lumber which I needed, and her husband came out. He was a long, lean, lank fellow, and he was sucking a yam. It was the funniest sight you ever saw. All during his conversation he sucked this yam and spoke in slow, deliberate sentences. He finally concluded that he did not care to take the trouble to cut the lumber, and I rode twelve miles back to town."

"And did you ever get the table?" asked the reporter, who listened to the story.

"Down by the railroad was a factory," said Mr. Mackaye. "Nobody in the town had mentioned it, although fifty people had told me of the aged and work deferring carpenter. I found the factory by accident, gave my order for the table, and had it delivered to me within twenty-four hours.—Washington Post.

A Railway Mistake.

A man went to a certain railway station in New Jersey to buy a ticket for a small village named Morrow, where a station had been opened only a few days previously.

"Does this train go to Morrow?" asked the man, coming up to the office in a great hurry, and pointing to a train on the track with steam up and every indication of a speedy departure.

"No; it goes today," replied the ticket agent, curtly. He thought the man was "trying to be funny," as the saying goes.

"But," rejoined the man, who was in a great hurry, "does it go to Morrow today?"

"No, it goes yesterday, the week after next," said the agent sarcastically, now sure that the inquirer was trying to make game of him.

"You don't understand me," cried the man, getting very much excited as the engine gave a warning toot; "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, then," said the agent sternly, "why don't you go tomorrow, and not come fooling around here today? Step aside, please, and let that lady approach the window."

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed the bewildered inquirer, "it is important that I should be in Morrow today, and if the train stops there, or if there is no train to Morrow today"——

At this critical juncture, when there was some danger that the mutual misunderstanding would drive both men frantic, an old official happened along and straightened out matters in less than a minute.

The agent apologized, the man got his ticket, and the train started for Morrow today.—Youth's Companion.

The Boy with a Bottle.

A boy about ten years old was going up Second avenue with a quart bottle in his hand labelled "Black ink" in big letters, and he was handling it so carelessly that a fat and fussy man, coming down the avenue, stopped him to say:

"That's just exactly like a boy! Why on earth don't you carry that bottle as you ought to?"

"I am!"

"No, you ain't! You are just aching to have it drop on the sidewalk and spatter all over some one!"

"I guess I know how to carry a bottle!" growled the boy as he swung it around.

"No, you don't, nor no other boy! What are you doing now? If you let that bottle drop and spatter me with ink I'll cane you!"

"Who's lettin' any bottle drop?"

"You are!"

"I hain't neither! I guess I can play catch with a bottle without killin' anybody!"

"Look out!"

"There hain't nuthin' to be alarmed about. Anybody can toss up a bottle and catch"——

"I knew it—I knew it!" shouted the fussy man, as the bottle came down with a smash and he jumped half way across the street. "Boy, you ought to be licked 'til you couldn't get home. I told you"——

But eight or ten people were laughing at him. It was an empty bottle which the boy had let fall!—New York World.

The Restaurateur's Device.

One of the newest of the swell restaurateurs in town has hit upon a novel way for securing high class customers. His plan is to ask the rich men and gourmets who dine at his place what dishes they are especially fond of and in what way they have them prepared at home. He then has his chef make the dishes, and he calls them after the customers who recommend them, as if, for the sake of example, he should stew crabs in cream and call the dish "crabs a la Chauncey Depew," or as if he should put a crusting of baked powdered cheese on stewed cauliflower and should name it "cauliflower a la Colonel Fellows."

It takes in nine cases out of ten. Men who like good living nearly all have a knowledge of cooking and are proud to have it recognized.—New York Sun.

A Despairing Cry.

Auntie (sympathizingly)—What's the matter, Bobby dear?

Bobby (sobbing)—Mamma whipped me. I jus' wish I'd a been born a orphin!—Kate Field's Washington.

AN ODD GHOST STORY.

"Shawley," the Grocer Boy's Spirit.

MISS KINGSLEY SCARED HIM TO DEATH.

Now She Sees Him in Every Boy That Brings her Groceries.

Miss Emily Kingsley, a most respectable maiden lady, who lives in a dainty little flat on Throop avenue, near Hancock street, Brooklyn, is being pursued by the outraged ghost of a German grocery boy.

Miss Kingsley has a snug little fortune, and for years she has maintained an independent establishment with the aid of a dignified colored person named Martha. As Miss Kingsley and Martha never kept late hours nor gave card parties, they led, on the whole, a very happy, if uneventful, existence, until within the past year. Then the "hant" came into their lives.

Fifteen months ago Miss Kingsley was living in a flat on Madison street, Brooklyn. Most of her supplies in the provision line were drawn from a corner grocery in the neighborhood and delivered by a little German grocery boy. He was a jolly fat chap, with a stupid face and prodigiously red cheeks, full blue eyes and hair that gained him the title of "cottontop" with all the children of the neighborhood.

HIS BOSS CALLED HIM "SHAWLEY."

His trips to Miss Kingsley's flat were a never ending source of delight to "Shawley," whose correct name, by the way, was Karl. Like many other maiden ladies, Miss Kingsley detested children, and though "Shawley" did the work of three or four men, still, on account of his size, and particularly on account of his actions, he was nothing but an intensely disagreeable boy in the eyes of "die alte jungfrau," as she was known at "Shawley's" store.

One day, while the poor lady was suffering from a particularly bad state of nervousness, "Shawley" came thumping up the stairway with a big basketful of potatoes for the Kingsley household. He had been told scores of times to send his goods up by the dumbwaiter; but, like a true grocery boy, he did just the opposite, though it caused him a good deal of extra trouble. With an exclamation of rage Miss Kingsley flew out into the hall just in time to see the boy mounting the last step. Startled by the sudden appearance of his angry customer, and completely taken by surprise, "Shawley" stumbled and, losing his hold, tumbled down the stairs, with the big basket on top of him.

Miss Kingsley, grimly observing that it served him right, bounced back into her sitting rooms. As for "Shawley," he lay wonderfully still for a German grocery boy. It was dark in the hall, otherwise it might have been seen that his usually red cheeks had very suddenly lost all their color. After a few minutes, however, during which the people on the floor stood by laughing, "Shawley" managed to get up. He gathered in as many of his potatoes as he could find, though it gave him a queer pain to stoop, and then he tried to carry the basket up again. But he couldn't.

HAUNTED BY THE BOY.

So he left it where it was, and, still with that queer pain which almost made him cry with every step, he slowly walked back to the store. Next day it was said that "Shawley" was sick in bed, and a week later a hearse drove up to the side door back of the grocery and carried the little "cottontop" away to the Lutheran cemetery.

Miss Kingsley, who is a thoroughly good hearted lady, was inexpressibly shocked. And then came the "hant." Not at midnight, nor even after dark, but in broad daylight. Every grocery boy who delivered her groceries was a living image of "Shawley." They called themselves "Ernest" and "Yake" and "Hiney" and "Willie," and they all smiled at Miss Kingsley's startled looks when she first saw them, but the good lady knew that they were all "Shawley."

At first Martha waxed pathetically earnest in trying to dissuade her mistress from believing in this illusion.

The doctor found that his patient was suffering from hysterical mania, caused by incessant worrying over poor "Shawley's" death. In this state it was not unnatural that she should imagine herself haunted by the appearance of the other grocery boys, who generally resemble one another as closely as two peas in a pod. The doctor, like Miss Kingsley's friends, tried to show her that she was deceived by this resemblance, but so far he has not succeeded, and unless a change comes soon he will order his patient from the city.—New York Continent.

Gas Man—Humph! Something queer about this meter. Do you use all those lamps standing there in a row?

New Girl—No, indeed, sir, we don't use any. I guess they wants mending 'cause the missis tole me to leave 'em where you cud see 'em.—Good News.

Against the Eight Hour Law.

"Mercy me!" said Miss Passee, "I sincerely hope they will not pass the law making a day of eight hours."

"Why not?"

"Just think how rapidly we shall age! Just three times as fast."—Harper's Bazar.

An excellent cough mixture is composed of the following: One pound of figs chopped fine, one pound of loaf sugar, one pint of Jamaica rum poured over the figs and sugar. Let it stand twelve hours. Then strain and bottle. A teaspoonful every hour or two.

The British novelist Blackmore is a hearty and well preserved man of sixty-five years. He looks much like a typical back country squire and rarely appears in society, preferring to live the life of a literary recluse. He is an Oxford graduate and a lawyer.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
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It is not hard to see how the man who has wrecked his life could have avoided the rocks of perdition—and yet men go on wrecking their lives in the same old way.

The failure of a number of national banks in the East of late has increased advocacy of the postal banking system, under which depositors would be absolutely safe from loss, as the government would be responsible for all sums paid to its officials. There is a system of this sort in Austria, and it is said to give excellent results.

The very amusing spectacle is presented in Chicago of arrested anarchists pleading their constiutional and natural right of free speach. Yet these same rascals in preaching anarchy deny all law, challenge the right to set up constitutions, and to enact laws. In other words, they preach "no law; no exercise of authority; no officers; no restriction;" yet when brought up for abuse of the national right of free speech guaranteed by the Constitution, these same desperate men and women appeal to the law for protection. If this is not facing two ways at one and the same time we cannot conceive what the attitude is.

We are receiving some remarkable news dispatches nowadays, and they do not come through the bureau of American Republics, either. A telegram received from Shanghai states that the American warship Charleston had left for Honolulu for the purpose of taking charge of the Sandwich Islands in the name of and for the use of the United States. Another telegram from London states that the Chinese government is not going to pay anything for killing Christian missionaries; that it is the policy of Li Hung Chang to embroil the powers one with another, and then, with the assistance of the Japanese Navy, to wipe them all out. And after that is accomplished the man in the moon is coming down to persuade the Irish to dispense with the shillalah as an argument in politics.

The persons under indictment by the Grand Jury are using every possible effort to prevent a fair inquiry into the charges against them. They are formally accused of infamous crimes, and instead of affirming their innocence and daring their accusers to the proof, they are pleading that said accusers are not the proper persons to bring the charges! Among men, outside the courts, such an attitude is usually regarded as tantamount to a confession of guilt, and so it is now and should be regarded. The indicted persons and their friends seem to be under the impression that if they should succeed in baffling the Grand Jury and Judge Wallace, they will have secured quite a triumph. Their triumph will be like that of the pursued malefactor who escapes from the police by superior agility and more intimate acquaintance with certain alleys and back fences.

Secretary Foster's speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce is the first official declaration that body has heard that "gold alone is too narrow a base upon which to build the world's financial structure." A gold paper in New York has kept standing in its editorial colums quotations from Secretary Windom's speech before the Chamber last year, but it is not probable that the opinion we have quoted from Foster will be honored in the same way. Foster argues that the present silver act, if not interfered with, will bring silver up to parity with gold. Mr. Foster says that if the price of silver should be advanced from $1 an ounce to $1 29 all the silver in the world for sale would be attracted to this country. So it would, if the advance should be made by law. But if it comes gradually through the natural appreciation in price consequent upon an increased use of the metal there would be little or no silver for sale. If there could be an assurance that silver would rise to $1 29 an ounce within three years, none would be offered at a less rate except by speculators who might hope to profit by fluctuations. The bulk of the world's silver would be held for the ultimate price of $1 29 an ounce. The remark may be made, however, that it is not possible to advance silver by law to $1 29 an ounce. Free coinage, which would seem to do so, would be neutralized by appreciation of the price of commodities corresponding to the difference between the market price of silver and of gold.

THE POCAHONTAS TALE.

TRUE VERSION OF THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL LEGEND.

Pocahontas Did Not Save John Smith's Life, but Interceded in Behalf of One of Her Lovers, Who Was Doomed to Die and Whom She Did Not Marry.

"It is strange and incomprehensible, nevertheless a fact, that raconteurs, from the time of the first liar down to the present age of Munchattons and Munchausens, with a wonderful unanimity persist in falsifying and twisting the truth into an unrecognizable quantity," said Colonel George as he gazed at the wondrous landscape panoramically coming into view.

We were speeding over the beautiful sea green waters of the Chesapeake bay on the steamer Ariel from Norfolk to Richmond. I made the acquaintance on board of the gentleman who gave utterance to the above sage remark. When the colonel spoke the boat was on the eve of passing historical Jamestown, and the passengers had grouped themselves together on the lee side to catch a fleeting glimpse of the ivy clad front wall of the old church, standing sentinel-like on a peninsula formed point of land.

As we rounded the wide bend of the river, and the church, the sole remaining relic standing on the scene of the romance of Captain Smith and Pocahontas, hove into view, the colonel resumed his conversation, or rather monologue:

"You must have noticed in your lifetime how a story will grow as it is repeated from lip to lip—how the truth becomes distorted and subjected to innumerable alterations of fact. In illustration of this," said the colonel thoughtfully, "I will relate you an Indian legend recalled to my mind by that old ruin," pointing to the church wall which the boat was just then gliding by. "The story, as I heard it, was told me by an old farmer, well known in the neighborhood, on my last trip up the James river, just before the war."

POCAHONTAS' REAL NAME.

Jamestown vanishing from sight, the colonel and I returned to the cabin, sought seats away from the crowd of passengers and I settled myself comfortably to listen to the tale.

"When Captain John Smith made the first settlement in Virginia, the white and red man lived on terms of amity and confidence," began Colonel George. "Caucasian and Indian mingled with each other and were held in mutual esteem. Until the outcropping of the greediness and avariciousness of the Englishmen became apparent, peace and prosperity smiled on the hardy settlers.

"In the village ruled by Powhatan there dwelt a lovely Indian maiden. Her skin was the color of polished copper, her hair of raven's hue and her eyes sparkled as the morning star veiled behind a gathering storm cloud. Warriors from far and near sought her hand in marriage, but her heart remained invulnerable to all vows of love and devotion. However, when the white man invaded the habitations of the Indians, among their number was a youth comely to look upon, famed for his courage and manly qualities. Tetehee, in the course of her many visits to the newly founded village on the James river, cast her eyes on handsome Homer Castalwain, and, lo! the little Indian god of love pierced her heart with his arrow, and she loved him with all an Indian maiden's fierceness.

"Now, Chief Opechancanough, one of Powhatan's tributary rulers, had a son who was madly in love with Tetehee, the Morning Star. Bankee (Black Bear) was a cruel and vindictive Indian, and when he learned that Tetehee's heart belonged to a despised white man he swore vengeance upon his tomahawk against Homer Castalwain.

THE TRUE VERSION.

"In the soft Indian summer, with nature aglow with variegated colors, Tetehee, in company with the other maidens and squaws of the village, was gathering the golden ripe maize for winter use from the fields of the king. While the maidens were at work Bankee raided the cornfields of the powerful Powhatan, carrying off to his own village the object of his savage affections. He meant to coerce Tetehee into marriage while in his power, raise a war party, attack the settlement of the white men and exterminate it.

"Castalwain, upon hearing of the threatened danger of his lovely Indian bride-to-be, accompanied by Captain John Smith, supplicated King Powhatan for aid to rescue her. This was granted. So, with a war party composed of Indians and settlers, under the leadership of Smith, Opechancanough's village was surprised in the midst of his son's wedding festivities, Tetehee rescued and Bankee captured and carried before King Powhatan.

"Then it was that his fate was decreed—death by beheading, so to speak. As Bankee's head lay on the stone, a huge Indian standing over him, Pocahontas rushed between the upraised club and prostrate man and begged her father, the king, for his life—not from love, however, but simply through pity and weakness of heart.

"This is the true version of the world wide famous legend of Captain Smith and Pocahontas, which poets and historians have handed down for generations. It is a sample of what a truth undergoes—how it is garbled as related by one and another in the course of narration. The accuracy of the story is undoubted in my mind, as it is a well authenticated fact in the neighborhood in which the old farmer lives, that he is the last living descendant of Homer Castalwain and Tetehee, the Indian maiden."—Atlanta Constitution.

Lightning in and Near a Church.

Two hundred persons were assembled at divine service in the Mower Hightower church, near Osborn, Ga., when a bolt of lightning entered the edifice. Some of the people were rendered senseless, others had their clothing torn from their bodies, several were burned and every one bore more or less serious marks of the lightning. Although no person was fatally injured, a horse that stood outside the church was instantly killed by the electric fluid.—Yankee Blade.

Novel Matches.

A new method of obtaining a light has just been patented in England. Instead of the old fashioned safety match, the stick is tipped at both ends, one end with the usual composition and the other with that found on the scratcher outside the box. Light is obtained by breaking the match in the middle and rubbing the two ends together.—Exchange.

MONKEY ACTORS.

A Trainer Must Become a Monkey to Be Able to Teach Them Tricks.

The training of monkeys for stage performances demands peculiar talents and a curious psychological ability on the part of the instructor. Brockmann, probably the most successful monkey trainer that the world has seen, once described thus the necessary method of approaching a monkey pupil:

"To the monkey man is a strange and incomprehensible being. I therefore must adopt as far as possible the monkey's way of regarding persons and things. The monkey must find in me one of his own kind—a monkey like himself, only a much stronger monkey, whom he must obey. Then he has something which he can understand; he accustoms himself to it, and he voluntarily takes more pains to comprehend me than he would take to comprehend a being who made on him about the same impression that a monster from another world would make on us. I adapt, therefore, all to his mode of life. When he disobeys and rebels against me I do not strike, because he does not strike; but I bite because he bites."

The behavior of a troop of monkeys trained by Brockmann would undoubtedly strengthen the convictions of the Russian Duroff, who gave up teaching in a high school to instruct pigs and geese, and who holds that, of all pupils, human pupils are the least docile. A man once behind the scenes of Brockmann's monkey theater wrote:

"I have always regretted that Brockmann did not give his performances on a perfectly open stage, so that the audience could see the waiting performers. The conduct of the quadruped actors while awaiting their parts was much more fascinating than their best acting before the audience. Like a company of gnomes or lilliputians the little performers sit there dressed and made up, perfectly well behaved, each in the proper human attitude on his tiny chair, each following with undivided attention and eager anxiety the progress of the play so as to be ready at the exact moment for his appearance. No person is near them, no servant or attendant to distract them, and no prompter to whisper at the proper time:

"'Fraulein Lehmann, look out! You come on immediately;' or, 'Herr Schulze! Where is Herr Schulze? Quick! Quick! You must go on.'

"Every one knows his part perfectly. Every one is acquainted with the progress of the plot and with the stage of the development at which he is expected to appear. Without a catchword or motion he hurries down from his tiny chair and out on the stage, plays his little part, and without a bow for the approval of the audience turns back to his place, not to leave it before duty calls him again before the footlights. Here all alone and unwatched these little fellows never forget their roles so far as to settle down on all fours, cower in monkey fashion, or indulge in the pranks of their mercurial natures."—New York Sun.

Lively Fly Paper.

Unfortunately we are all familiar with the sticky fly paper, which, despite its nastiness and horrible appearance when covered with its victims, holds its own purely by its undoubted efficacy in riding a room of these most annoying pests. One household's experiences with this very heroic remedy were most amusing. "Good gracious! what is the matter with that paper?" said "Auntie," jumping up suddenly from her chair as the family were seated at luncheon and pointing to a piece of fly paper that was circling wildly around in the middle of the room, apparently blowing this way and that in the most lively breeze, there being not a particle of wind stirring.

A dash at the lively sheet on the part of one of the children explained the mystery—underneath it and quite concealed by its size was a tiny Maltese kitten, who was too astonished at her predicament even to mew; but her protestations were loud and vehement when they tried to pull off the firmly attached fly paper, and her situation for a day or two was most uncomfortable despite her repeated cleanings, as she stuck to the floor whenever she went to sleep and had to be "unglued" every time.—New York Tribune.

The Sunday Breakfast.

Among the many practical methods devised by kindly Christian people to reach and help the poor and criminal classes, one of the most effective is the Sunday breakfast in Philadelphia.

At 9 o'clock every Sunday morning a room is opened in one of the most degraded quarters of the city within easy reach of sailors, emigrants and that unnumbered class who are homeless and hungry.

The room is clean and warm, a pleasant refuge in stormy weather. The table is set, and each man or woman who enters, no matter how filthy or degraded, is heartily welcomed. The breakfast consists of two substantial sandwiches and a cup of strong hot coffee.

After the meal is over there is music, and one or two hymns are sung, while the hosts—men and women of all sects—go quietly about among their guests and try to find out the special misery in their lives, and to make them their friends.—Youth's Companion.

Lovers in Mackinac.

Mackinac is a perfect heaven for lovers. The Grand hotel has its front all dotted with little balconies, one to every other window and each strongly suggestive of the prettiest scene in "Romeo and Juliet." On a distant balcony I have seen a lovely girl appear to hold a long whispered conversation with her beau three times after leaving him for the night below stairs—once when she reached her room, again when she thought of another thing to say before disrobing, and yet again in her wrapper, after she had made herself otherwise ready for bed. And at that time there were other lovers talking from one balcony to another, others in the grove in front of the great hotel, others on the board walks leading to the village, and still others, I doubt not, everywhere that the moon shone and the breezes fanned the island.—Julian Ralph in New York Sun.

The Ivory Nut.

The vegetable ivory nut of commerce is the albuminous seed found in the drupes of a dwarf palm. From these nuts European turners fashion the reels of spindles, small boxes, and many other little fancy articles, which can be colored with sulphuric acid.—Chambers' Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wiener's Cash Stores!!

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This system enables us to sell at a much lower rate than credit-giving stores, who make large bad debts, and a very slight acquaintance with us will prove that our statement is correct.

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If you want reliable goods cheap, try us. We fear no trade competitors. All our goods speak louder for us than the blast of a thousand horns, because

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ON APPLICATION we shall be delighted to forward our country patrons a complete bound volume containing catalogue and list of prices. We shall also gladly mail, free of charge, samples of goods if desired.

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In the Superior Court of the County of Inyo State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased.

Thomas J. Goodale and Maggie P. Goodale, Executor and Executrix respectively of the last will and testament of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order authorizing and empowering and directing them to mortgage the south half of the south-east quarter of section 22; south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section 23 and the north-east quarter of the north east quarter of section 27, all in Township Eleven South, Range 34 East, Mount Diablo Meridian, or some part thereof, for the purposes and for the amount stated in said petition, or for such lesser amount as to the said Court may seem meet; it is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Judge of said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 23rd day of December, 1891, at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Chambers of said Superior Court, at the Court-house, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executor and Executrix authorizing, empowering and directing them to mortgage the real property belonging to said estate, to wit: The south half of the south east quarter of section 22; south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section 23 and the north-east quarter of the north-east quarter of section 27, all in Township Eleven South, Range 34 East, Mount Diablo Meridian, or some part thereof, for the sum of $900.00, or such lesser amount as to the Judge of said Court shall seem meet; all of which more fully appears by the said petition now on file in the clerk's office and two which reference is here made for further particulars.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Inyo Independent, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Inyo.

Dated November 18th, 1891.

GEO. M. GILL.
Judge of the Superior Court.

[Endorsed.]

SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF INYO.

In the Matter of the Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased.

Order fixing time and place for hearing of application to mortgage certain real estate and directing notice to be given.

Filed November 19th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Executors.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 18th day of November, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased, the undersigned will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States, at any time before the 25th day of May, 1892, at the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property, to wit:

Eighteen head of horses in lots to suit.

Bids or offers in writing will also be received at the office of the undersigned, in the said town of Lone Pine.

Dated November 18th, 1891.

E. H. EDWARDS.
Administrator of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of Sept. 1891, an assessment (No. 7) of Thirty (30) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company in Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday the 28th day of Nov. will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 26th day December, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John A. Hannah deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 14th day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the town of Independence in the County of Inyo, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John A. Hannah, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. L. Hunter for the issuance to him of Letters Testamentary thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated October 25th, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGANACIA ABECHUCO,
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

Notice of Forfeiture.

To Dennis O'Keefe, or his heirs, exectors administrators and assigns: You, and each of you, are hereby notified that I have expended Three hundred [$300] Dollars in labor and improvements upon that certain mine situate in the Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county California, commonly known and designated as the Phoenix Mine in order to hold said mine as follows, to wit: One hundred dollars for the year 1889; One hundred dollars for the year 1890; and One hundred dollars for the year 1891 as appears by certificate on file in the office of the Recorder of said District.

If within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditures, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said Phoenix Mine will become the property of the undersigned under the provisions of Section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States. JOHN DUNPHY.

Dated November 3d, 1891.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
☞Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.☜
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK.
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
I. H. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
☞NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.☜
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given on the east possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday	January 24th
"	February 21st
"	March 21st
"	April 18th
"	May 23rd
"	June 20th
"	July 18th
"	August 15th
"	September 12th
"	October 17th
"	November 14th
"	December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and loaded.
☞All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine, Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.
DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.
Matched and Dressed Flooring.
sept 11-tf

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to settle on or before October 25th, as after that date I will enforce payment.

F. FITZGERALD.

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to MRS. REDDY, Darwin, Cal.

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATE AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select List.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce Street, New York

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable
A. [illegible]
nov-30-tf Independence

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.
D E No. 513.
LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
Sept. 3d, 1891
Notice is hereby given that Der[illegible] Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 513 E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M D M, before Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of [illegible] 1891.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of the land: G. Sanger, W. Sanger, A. P. [illegible] M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.
C. W. CRAIG

Sang HIS FORTUNE made at work for us, by [illegible] Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bo[illegible] Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others doing as well. Why not you? Earn over $500.00 a month, can do the work and live at home wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning [illegible] a day. All ages. We show you and start you. Can work in time or all the time, big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Sell part[illegible] H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, PORTLAND, ME.

$6000.00 a year is being made by R. Goodwin, Troy, N. Y., at work for the leader; you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to make from $5 to $10 a day at the start, more as you go on. Both sexes, in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your spare moments only to the work. Some new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnish everything. EASILY, QUICKLY LEARNED. PARTICULARS FREE. Address, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27.....1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 94¾.
Lead, 4.17
Copper, 11.15
Tin, 26.40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20@ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 11 @ 14.

Religious Services.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m. Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Winsor will preach at Lone Pine on Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.; at Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; at Independence at 7:00 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

FRIDAY, Nov. 20, 1891.

Annie Harry vs. Robert Harry—Action for divorce. Complaint filed and summons issued.

MONDAY, November 23, 1891.

F. and H. Strohmeyer vs. estate of Wm T. Davis, deceased—Filed complaint and issued summons.

Estate of Wm. Ischinger, deceased—Filed petition for letters of administration.

TUESDAY, November 24, 1891.

Estate of John A. Hannah, deceased—Filed inventory and appraisement.

WEDNESDAY, November 25, 1891.

Estate of B. F. Theban, deceased—Filed petition and account of sales of personal property and petition for confirmation and approval.

FRIDAY, Nov. 27, 1891.

Estate of Benjamin F. Theban, deceased Filed return and account of sales and petition for order confirming sale.

Estate of James Ward, deceased—Filed final account and petition for discharge of administrator.

Estate of John C. Eddy, deceased—Filed petition for sale of personal property.

Annie Harry vs. Robert Harry—Filed Summons.

A. C. Harvey of Lone Pine was in town yesterday.

Tom Webb went to Big Pine yesterday after cattle.

R. Hessian was down from Big Pine during the week.

The date set for the school entertainment is Saturday, December 5th.

L. Wood has just received a fine lot of tin-ware. Call and see it.

See the notice to creditors in the estate of John A. Hannah, deceased.

Miss Maud McDonald of Bishop is visiting friends at Independence.

Arlie Mairs visited Bishop early in the week. He reports al quiet up there.

E. Crocker and W. H. Uhlemeyer of Big Pine were in Independence on Monday last.

Send to A. J. Weiner, corner I and Tulare streets, Fresno, and get one of his fall and winter catalogues.

On Sunday, Dec. 6th Dr. Van Deventer, Mission Superintendent, will be with us. Full particulars next week.

The *Enterprise* says that Tom Cara got badly done up by Tom Murphy in a restaurant at Virginia City the other day.

L. A. Anger has gone to the lower country on a canvassing trip for an Eastern nursery. He will be gone about a month.

It is reported that Gus Stevens has opened a livery and feed stable business at the old stand recently occupied by Curt. Harvey.

According to the instructions of the Board of Supervisors Sheriff Gorman has his boarders at work upon the county wood pile.

A. C. Harvey has quit the stable business at Lone Pine but he still continues the mail and stage line over to the Lone Pine depot.

Dr. Blair received a very severe shaking up last Friday, and one rib was broken, but he has been around attending to business all the week.

Bert. Rhine left for San Francisco last Tuesday to purchase a stock of holiday goods. He is expected to return on Wednesday's train.

Who ever saw such delightful weather at this time of the year? During the day the sun shines out bright and warm, and the nights are not cold.

E. Robinson has commenced his regular fall pig killing. He had seven beauties strung up the other day, just for a starter and to get his hand in.

We heard a man say the other day that it was a pleasure to travel up the Valley because of the courtesy and attention he invariably met with at the Big Pine Hotel.

A concert was given at Lone Pine last evening for the purpose of raising funds for the proposed new church there. It was conducted by Rev. H. J. Winsor.

A terrific cyclone burst over the city of Washington last Monday. Several persons were killed, and an immense amount of property destroyed. No definite news could be obtained as the wires were blown down and communication cut off.

William Ischinger died at Bishop last Friday after a short illness of typhoid fever. He was an exemplary young man; quiet and unassuming and well liked by all. He had been engaged in the butcher business for several years past and made many friends who deeply regret his untimely death.

The preliminary arrangements have been completed for a Miners' Home, or hospital, at Shasta. The scheme originated with Dr. Stevenson, so we understand, and will be conducted on the same plan as the railroad hospital at Sacramento. Every miner or millman who will contribute $1.00 per month will be entitled to attendance at this hospital.—*M. & S. Press.*

Bench Warrants Issued.

On Monday last Sheriff Gorman was telegraphed bench warrants for the arrest of Tom McDonough and the two Indian witnesses in the case of the People vs. Wampai Jiggers. Mr. Gorman appointed O. I. Mairs as Deputy Sheriff and the latter at once started for Saline Valley. He will take the parties through to Bakersfield. The reason for the non-attendance of the witnesses is that they are all in indigent circumstances and unable to provide ways and means for making the long journey. It is not likely that anything will be done with them under the circumstances. The entire expense of the trip will, of course, fall on Kern county. Mr. Mairs is expected to arrive here from Saline Valley tomorrow and will go right on to Bakersfield.

Reciprocity.

The regular annual Indian fandango has been in full blast at Georges Creek all the week. The entire Owens Valley branch of the Piute tribe was represented and the business of the year brought to a satisfactory conclusion; a sort of Indian Grand Lodge, as it were. Mr. Lo has a wonderful faculty for acquiring the ways and doings of his white brethren. One of them strolled into town the other day and said: "White man hab fair up Bishop Creek; Injun hab fandango Independence; pretty good. Injun he pay um four bit see um fair; white man he hab pay um four bit see um fandango; you bet; bueno." And accordingly they held their dance inside a big corral and the curiosity seekers had to come up with their four bits.

The Bridgeport *Chronicle-Union* of the 21st contains the following items:

R. S. Miner, our young attorney, has a suite of rooms with his physician, Dr. Page, on Market street, San Francisco, where he has been preparing to argue the great water suit of Kirman & Rickey vs. N. B. Hunewill, before the Supreme Court on Monday next. Mr. Miner expects to return to Bridgeport in December.

"The suit pending for the past two years between the Bulwer Con. and the Standard Con. has been compromised and the former will commence getting out the rich ore which was in dispute."

Last evening one of the pleasantest little parties that has been given in a long time took place at Mairs' Hall. There were between twenty-five and thirty couples present—just enough to fill the hall without crowding. A midnight supper was announced at the Norman House, and Thanksgiving turkey supper was spread. The band boys are to be congratulated upon the success which always attends their affairs.

The dramatic entertainment to be given at this place on the 5th of next month, for the benefit of the public school, promises to be a grand success. An immense audience will undoubtedly greet the young performers, and as the object is a worthy one, tickets have been placed as follows: Admission, 50 cents. Reserved seats, 75 cents.

Dr. R. L. St. John of Howland, Putnam county, Missouri, takes especial pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, because he knew it to be reliable. He has used it in his practice for several years, and says there is none better. It is especially valuable for colds and as a preventive and cure for croup. This most excellent medicine is for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

As a preventive and cure for croup, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has no rival. It is, in fact, the only remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant and safe to take. There is not the least danger in giving it to children, as it contains no injurious substance. For sale at 50 cents a bottle by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Allen Hannah, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, William L. Hunter, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Allen Hannah, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said William L. Hunter, at the office of P. W. Forbes, in the town of Independence County of Inyo, State of California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate, in the said County of Inyo, State of California.

W. L. HUNTER,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of John A. Hannah, deceased.
Dated at Independence, Cal. Nov. 18, 1891.

For Sale Cheap

A two stamp mill in running order, with abundant water power, near railway. [Benton, Cal.] Apply to
F. W. FARWELL,
148 Market St., Chicago.

PALACE SALOON
LONE PINE, CAL.

—THE FINEST—
WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS.

—o—

☞ This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT,
j12-tf Lessee.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for the novice successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

A BIG BUSINESS.

The growth and present size of the great retail business of Weinstock, Lubin, & Co., Sacramento, shows on the face that it possesses *a distinct character* of its own. It has done much to introduce many important reforms in storekeeping, which have been widely copied. There are people who have never heard of the big establishment, but who, through its silent influence, are being served by local dealers better than they otherwise would be.

It has done more than any other ten stores to give the "One Price System" firm and substantial footing on the Pacific Coast.

It has shown people living in small towns that they can deal through the mails with as much security as if they bought in person.

It has, by constantly raising its own standard of qualities, had an influence in raising the standard everywhere. The average grade of goods kept upon the Coast grows better each year.

It has been prominent in bringing west as stylish and desirable goods as are kept by merchants in New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago. Indeed, the manufacturers who supply them supply it. The goods are the same; and the Sacramento prices, while never higher, are sometimes considerably less. This is explained by the fact that the cost of conducting business in large Eastern cities is far greater than in the Capital City, the extra expense of overland freight being but a comparatively small item.

It has made it possible for out-of-town people to enjoy quite as satisfactory shopping facilities as do those living in large cities.

There is no desire on the part of the firm to take any special credit for whatever influence for good the house may have exerted. They have sought simply to build up a business on fair and just principles; to buy and sell as low as they can; to deal as far as possible only in the very best goods; and neither to fear nor favor any one, but to treat every customer as they would their most favored friend.

Whatever of success has come, they attribute it to the faithful carrying out of these aims and principles.

A large illustrated catalogue, giving full information about goods and prices, how to order, etc., sent free to any address.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN, & CO.,
400-412 K Street,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The Tomato Season.

The season of the tomato is short, yet being essentially a plant of the tropics, it can not be ripened often in England, except under glass. As a hot house plant, however, it is widely used there, certain varieties developing special adaptation to these conditions. In the short but fervent summer in New England, on the contrary, it finds itself quite at home. Though the plant like many others of tropical origin is highly susceptible to injury from frost, the seeds are very hardy, sustaining no harm from remaining in the ground throughout winters.

If left to come up of themselves they do so freely from such accidental plantings of the previous season, and here in Massachusetts will begin to ripen fruit about the last of August, while plants which are started early in the hot bed or window box will begin nearly a month sooner. A large field of tomatoes in the vicinity of Boston commenced ripening fruit one summer about the 10th of July, at which time they brought twelve dollars per bushel in the market.—Boston Transcript.

Seeds Used for Ornaments.

The seed called Job's tears is used in Siam and by the Naga and other Assam tribes in the construction of earrings and other simple and elegant articles of personal adornment. Necklaces of these seeds are frequently worn, and baskets and other ornamental articles are occasionally decorated with them, especially those made in Nepal. The Angame Nagas construct elegant earrings in which a rosette of these seeds surrounds a greenish beetle wing. These grains seem to stand a good chance of coming into more general use in Europe in the construction of artificial flowers, laces, bugle trimmings and other such purposes for which glass beads are now used, and possibly also in Catholic countries for the manufacture of rosaries.—Chambers' Journal.

A Turkish Bank Note.

The bill is on imperial green paper, a color held sacred in Turkey, which the government alone is permitted to use. On the top and sides are the following words in Turkish, "To be paid to the bearer, without interest, twenty piasters." At the top of the note is the sultan's toghra, surrounding which is a quotation from the koran. Underneath are the words, "Twenty piasters, paper money, to be used in the place of gold at the Bank of Constantinople." At the base of the note is the seal of the mint, and on the back the seal of the minister of the treasury. The toghra is considered sacred, and is guarded by the three highest officials of the mint, whose sole duty is to watch it.—New York Advertiser.

A Big Bed of Coal Aglow.

There is a mountain of coal in Wild Horse valley, Wyoming, which has been burning for more than thirty years. It sends up dense volumes of smoke, and at times the gas from it is almost suffocating, even at a distance of fifty to seventy-five miles from the burning coal bed.—St. Louis Republic.

An author in a manual on horsemanship has succeeded in putting into print the peculiar cluck used in starting horses, which is made by thrusting the tongue against the roof of the mouth. He spells it "Klk."

Dr. George Turner states that a cat fed with the refuse food of some children sick with diphtheria also suffered severely with what seemed to be the same disease.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.,
We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.
THOMAS & HILL.

FREE. OUR NEW $85 Solid Gold Watch FREE. Worth $100.00, best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases, both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and this we are regald. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $60 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Inyo Stage Company.
REGULAR LINE
—FROM—
Mojave To Keeler.
FINE COACH
FAST STOCK.

The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful

Redrock Canyon

And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.

Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.

Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m.

W. K. MILLER,
Propr.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.
Bee Keeper.
Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.
Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS Extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE
....Consisting of....
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS
Tobacco, Cigars,
WINES AND LIQUORS
FLOUR & GRAIN
Together with an Assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING
ETC., ETC

☞ Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal. March 9, 1884.
n476tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR
—Is constantly supplied with the finest—
Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.
Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

—o—

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30 - RENO, NEVADA.

BIG SHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.
Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.
O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,
L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP
Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing .....$2.00 for Cash
For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

INDEPENDENCE MEAT MARKET,
J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, insuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

A. K. EUGLEY,
BIG PINE, INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,
GROCERIES
MINERS
Supplies
PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S Flouring Mills,
A. N. BELL, Prop.
TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
dependence, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p. m.		5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2.05 p. m.		2 50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.		9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs.....	8:05 p. m.		9:15 a. m
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.		7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10.00 p. m		Lv. 7:20a. m.
	No. 3.		No. 4.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Belleville.....	8 20 a. m.		5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.		1:35 a.m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p. m.		11:00 a. m
Alvord.....	2.45 p. m.		10:00 a. m
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10p. m.		7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar. 5:55 p. m.		Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. & C. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stages for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles
OF
Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc
AT
L. WOOD'S
CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS
WALNUTS,
TOYS:

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,
Independence, - Cal.

New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

☞ Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON
KEELER, CAL.
In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES,
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.
J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of
WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CGARS

☞ The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!
Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 tf

In 15 Minutes.

I suffered severely with face neuralgia, but in 15 minutes after application of ST. JACOBS OIL was asleep; have not been troubled with it since. No return since 1882.

F. B. ADAMS, Perry, Mo.

"ALL RIGHT!

ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

"German Syrup"

Croup. We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLITS, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

MRS. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs. ®

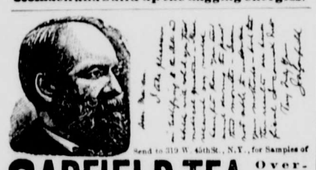
A pure Virginia plug cut smoking tobacco that does not bite the tongue, and is free from any foreign mixture. More solid comfort in one package of Mastiff than you can get out of a dozen others. Packed in canvas pouches.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

IF YOU HAVE no appetite, Indigestion, Flatulence, Sick-Headache, "all run down" or losing flesh, you will find

Tutt's Pills

Just what you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies.



GARFIELD TEA

Over-comes of any ailment; cures Sick Headache, restores Complexion; cures Constipation. Send to 39 E. 60th St., N.Y., for Samples of

JUDSON Dynamite & Powder Co.

18 California St., San Francisco.

If you want POWDER for Mining, Railroad Work, Stump Blasting or Tree Planting, send for Price List.

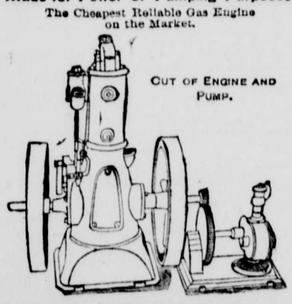
AGENT made 871 in four days on my Electric Corsets and Specialties. 100 per cent Profit and Cash Prizes. Sample free. Dr. Bridgman, Broadway, N. Y.

Hercules Gas Engine

(GAS OR GASOLINE)

Made for Power or Pumping Purposes.

The Cheapest Reliable Gas Engine on the Market.



CUT OF ENGINE AND PUMP.

For Simplicity it Beats the World.
It oils itself from a Reservoir,
No Carburetor to get out of order.
No Batteries or Electric Spark.

It runs with a Cheaper Grade of Gasoline than any other Engine.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO

PALMER & REY, MANUFACTURERS,
405 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

CONTENT VS. DISCONTENT.

One, satisfied with what must be her lot—
"Twas not a corner lot—serenely meant
Never to wander from her humble cot,
Made beautiful by wise and sweet content.

And one, dissatisfied with all he had,
Roved from his place into the world's mad whirl.
What did he find? Well, it was not so bad—
The fellow found that cottage and that girl.
—"A. W. R." in The Century.

THE LADY'S MAID'S STORY

"Yes, miss, certainly, I lived with Mrs. Birch—Miss Grigg that was before she married Mr. Birch. I knew all about that affair. It was very singular indeed—very. I'm not sure that I ought to mention it, for if a lady's maid can't hold her tongue she can't find good places. Dear me, I'm no talker. I'm as mum as a mouse. Bushels of pearl powder and quarts of rouge have I applied with my own hands, and never so much as hinted at. As for cotton, bless your heart I've never breathed about it, and I did live with a lady once that took arsenic regularly for her complexion. That's no secret, for she took too much one day, by accident, and died.

"There was an inquest and it all came out. It's well it did, for suspicion pointed to her husband. Somehow, it always seems to strike a jury that a husband is the likeliest person to wish a wife out of the way. But this isn't anything about paint; Miss Grigg, being on the stage, made no secret of that. She played queens and such, miss. I've often had tickets given me and gone with my young man to see her act. And when she was haughty and curled her nose like, miss, and looked at other folks over her shoulder, and talked away down in her throat like a pigeon gurgling, she was splendid, miss. It made me think how nice it would be to be a queen and to take airs over everybody.

"Well, Miss Grigg was engaged to be married. Mr. Birch had fallen in love with her when she was playing Hamlet's ma. Perhaps you have seen the play, miss? The young man objects to his ma getting married the second time, so I seemed to make out, and acted most impertinent, giving sass to his ma and his step-pa, and carrying on awful. And there was a poor young lady quite out of her mind that afterward got drowned.

"Well, she was playing Hamlet's ma, and Mr. Birch fell in love with her and sent her a letter, and called and made an offer, all in no time. She accepted him, of course, and the preparations for the wedding began. I don't think any lady ever had so many dresses before. Silks and satins, and velvets and laces. Dear, dear; Mme. ——'s whole establishment was hard at work for a month, and if I'd had twenty fingers, instead of only ten, I'd have had use for them all.

"At last everything was finished. The trunks were packed, fifteen of 'em, miss, and fourteen were to go on that afternoon, and one—the one with the wedding and traveling dresses—was, of course, to be left and go with the bride when she started next day. She was to be married at 10 o'clock in church and then drive home, have a splendid breakfast, change her dress and catch the 3 o'clock train. Of course I saw to the trunks, and I was very careful, but just when I was needed most, just as the trunks were going down stairs, Miss Grigg called me.

"Miss Grigg was a lady who didn't like to wait. I went to her at once, miss, as was my duty, and I said to Bridget Duster, the chambermaid:

"'Bridget, watch that black trunk and see that the men don't carry it off!'

"Bridget understood with her elbows, of course, miss, and after I had been to the land's end for two yards of blue ribbon of exactly such a shade as she wanted, and got back, I found that she had sent off the black trunk first of all, and was very proud of having been so careful. The trunks were all miles away by that time. There was nothing for it but to tell Miss Grigg. She flew at me, miss. I don't blame her for being angry. I would forgive her in such a case. She flew at me violent, miss; and then, miss, she had spasms. She beat the sofa, she tore her hair, she screeched, and me all the while saying:

"'Remember your eyes, miss. Think how you'll look. Your nose is swelling dreadful, miss.'

"Finally she came to and bathed her face. And says she:

"'Flora, what—shall—I do?'

"'I don't know, miss,' said I, 'unless you put off the wedding until you telegraph for the trunk.'

"'No,' said she, 'that unlucky; besides, one never knows. None ain't to be depended on.'

"'You might borrow a dress,' said I.

"'As if I'd be married in one that didn't fit,' said she. 'Stop, don't speak a word. I've an idea.'

"She sat with one finger on her lips for a while. Then she said:

"'My embroidered dressing gown. The white one! That's here?'

"'In the bureau, miss,' said I.

"'Very well,' said she. 'I'll be married in that. Telegraph for the trunk, Flora.'

"'The white dressing gown, miss?' said I, nearly astonished out of my senses.

"'Yes,' said she, 'the white dressing gown, goose, you don't think I'm going to be married in church in that. I won't put off the wedding, and I won't stand up before a crowd in anything but my white satin dress! But I'll be married at the appointed hour, for all that. So telegraph for my trunk and come back soon.'

"When I came back I found Miss Grigg in bed and the doctor sent for. He was puzzled, I could see that. He couldn't tell what was the matter, and Miss Grigg was too faint to speak. He questioned me. I said she had been very much agitated. He prescribed something and went off, bidding me send for him if she seemed worse. The evening paper published the report that Miss Grigg was dangerously ill, and Mr. Birch came to the hotel in a terrible fright, as pale as a sheet, to ask how she was. I took him down 'Her love, and she was very ill.'

"Then Miss Grigg said to the ladies who had come in: 'Leave me with my faithful Flora,' and we were left alone. I can't say that I was surprised when she sat up in bed and said briskly;

"'Lock the door, Flora. I'm sick of lying on my back. I've taken them in, haven't I? You see what I am about now?'

"'Exactly, miss,' said I; 'to be too ill to be married when the time comes.'

"'No,' said she; 'to be ill enough to be married in the white dressing gown. I'm going to be married on my dying bed, Flora.'

"I gave a screech and she laughed, and then she made a supper of sardines and biscuits and wine, and she threw the medicine out of the window. Early next day the doctor came. I answered his question as to what sort of night his patient had passed by saying she had been 'much the same.' And then I took a little note she had written to Mr. Birch.

"I knew what was in it. She told him 'that rather than leave the world without keeping her vow to him she would be married on her dying bed.' I powdered her up well, miss, and I dressed her in the embroidered dressing gown, with tube roses at the throat. I pulled down the green shades and darkened the room. She fixed the pillows to prop herself up with, and then skipped into bed.

"'Give me my pearl bracelets,' she said, 'and the handsomest of those handkerchiefs, and all my rings; and Flora, mind you must sob all through the ceremony, I'm going to be calm.'

"We hadn't five minutes more, but just as the first knock came to the door she whispered:

"'Oh, dear! if I only could have slow music. Couldn't you catch that "Traviata" organ, Flora, and get him to play for half an hour outside the window? He's always on the corner. Flora, I'll leave you something handsome if you do.'

"I did it, short as the time was. I caught that man and he ground out his quarter's worth.

"The clergyman was a very nice, neat, near sighted old gentleman. Mr. Birch was the dreadfulest sight—pale as a ghost and shaking from head to foot. The groomsman looked dreadfully sorry; the four or five intimate friends looked as though they were at a funeral; and to see her, with her calm smile and powdered face, one hand against her heart, the other in his—I was glad I'd been told to sob; I had to do something. And so they were married.

"'I feel,' said Miss Grigg, slowly, 'that this, perhaps the last moment of my life, is very sweet. To die thus, with my hand in yours—ah! Dear friend, adieu. Flora, my faithful maid, take this ring.' I saw her pick out the cheapest; but no matter. 'Remember me by it. Now—leave us.'

"Then everybody kissed her and went out of the room sobbing.

"In a moment more there was a scream; Mr Birch had fainted away. It took an hour to bring him to.

"The reporter of the evening paper was waiting outside for the news. It was published all over that night, but the next afternoon the traveling dress came back in the black trunk.

"Yes, miss, of course—Miss Grigg—I mean to say Mrs. Birch—recovered at once. And that's the whole story. I'm the only one that knows it, and I wouldn't mention it to any one but you, ma'am."—New York News.

Advice to Young Writers.

Don't give up your occupation, from which you derive regular income, until you are sure that were you to give your whole time to writing you could produce enough articles, and articles of the proper kind and quality, to bring to bring to you cash returns large enough to supply such wants as you believe must be filled. Until that time comes—and when it does come you can tell much better than I—keep on writing, reading and thinking. Accumulate all the ideas you can. Accumulate all the articles you cannot sell, and accumulate all the customers you can. Do your writing early in the morning whenever possible, and always keep your eyes on the future.

This last is very important in one particular that I am afraid young writers too often neglect. You must expect what seems curt and often harsh treatment from editors. Take this always as a matter of course, as one of the crosses of the profession, and never lose your temper. Do not allow your sensitiveness to put you on bad terms with any editor. It is like flying in the face of Providence. You may forget what you considered an insult at his hands, but he never forgets if you resent it, and if, years after, you offer him an article, it will most likely be returned without regard to its merits. Never argue with a bull, a mad dog or an editor.—C. M. Hammond in The Writer.

"Courts of Conciliation."

"For years there has existed in Denmark," said a well known lawyer in the Hoffman house the other day, "what are called fonligelsis kommission, or 'courts of conciliation,' which have worked to a charm and are well worthy of imitation everywhere, and especially in this country, where all our courts are crowded to repletion with business. These are not courts of arbitration, but are conducted on this plan: There is one judge and two assistants, none of whom are professionals, but are taken from among citizens the same as we take jurors, by consent of all parties. Every case to be acted on must be brought before these courts of conciliation before it can be taken into a regular court of law. The plaintiff comes without counsel, none being allowed on either side, and states his case plainly, and the defendant is summoned to appear on a certain day, either in person or by proxy, otherwise he is fined if the case has to be taken to a law court. Then each party is heard and questioned by the judge, who tells them of the legal rights and duties of each and gives advice or suggestions. The parties are not obliged to take this, but if they do, and agree to settle, the judgment is without appeal and final.—New York Evening Sun.

A Pretty French Girl.

One of the prettiest girls I saw in France was selling flowers on the grand balcony. Her beauty won her many buyers as well as admirers. Her hair was as dark as the raven's wing, her eyes flashed and softened by turns, her features were as clean as from a sculptor's chisel, her cheeks red roses. However she might be addressed she answered with a smile, a melodious laugh of pleasure following if she were pleased, a frown clouding her face but adding to her beauty if she would reprove. But she did not lose the evenness of her temper. "I do so want to sell all ze genteelmen flowers," she would say in broken English, with a delicious French accent that stole right through the hearts and into the pocketbooks of some American gentlemen, I knew, and to whom she often turned during the evening, "but I want them to buy for my own goot, not mine. I love ze flowers. They are sweet flowers, lovely flowers," and her face ran red with blushes like her roses. I gave up thinking of her when I heard next morning that she had a husband whom she regularly whipped twice a day.—D. A. Orr in Chambersburg Spirit.

Clubs of All Sorts.

There are clubs of all sorts and character in New York. The tall men have a club called the Titans. The men who wish to show themselves superior to superstition have formed themselves into a club of thirteen. The southerners club together and so do the New Englanders, the fat men and the Scotchmen. The athletes and the artists all meet together in associations for their own encouragement and improvement. It is even reported from Paris that a near sighted club has been formed there.—N. Y. World.

The Worst Yet.

"Jones, I hear you said I was carousing around town last night. Now you've got to contradict that statement. I left the club just after 12; stopped into the oyster saloon where I met you, ate half a dozen raws and went directly home. Now you've"——

Jones—That's what I said, and now you own up to it.

Brown—I'd like to know how?

Jones—You acknowledge that you were a midnight raw oysterer, don't you? That's what I said.—Judge.

Appraised.

First Passenger (standing in car)—I'm going to make that man move up and give me half of his seat.

Second Passenger—Go slow; that's old Specie. Do you know what that man is worth?

First Passenger—If pork is eight cents a pound, live weight, I should think he ought to be worth $16 easy enough.—Exchange.

Fond of Music.

Fond Mamma—Oh, uncle, you should see our darling baby when I play the piano. He listens by the hour, and when I cease playing the nurse has to take him away, he cries so awfully. Cynical Uncle—Perhaps—aw—my dear, he—aw—weeps for—aw—joy!

How to Use a Meerschaum Pipe.

I am an incessant smoker, as all my friends know. I get tired of cigars occasionally. Not long since I concluded to try the pipe, and as I had always heard so much about a meerschaum I bought one. When I was taking it away the salesman told me not to smoke it too much or I would burn the wax and ruin the thing. I smoked it very little for the first few weeks and saw no indications that the thing was ever going to change. I went into the place where I bought it and told the fellow who had sold it to me about my progress, or lack of progress. He said, after I had told him how much I had smoked, that I had not smoked it enough.

I smoked it for several weeks after and saw no perceptible change. I again went in and made a mechanical complaint. The young man said he guessed I kept it in the case too much, and that he had forgotten to warn me against that. He said it kept the pipe too warm to keep it in the case too much. Soon after I went into the place again. The man looked at it, and said that he guessed I handled it too much; that I ought not to take it out of the case too frequently, as it made splotches on it to handle it too often. Then we had a talk all around on meerschaum pipes. I found out that the meerschaum is a great pipe, and will give satisfaction if you observe the following rules:

Don't smoke it too much.
Don't smoke it too little.
Don't take it out of the case too often.
Don't leave it in the case too much.
Don't lay it down to cool off after you have smoked it, for in that case it will crack.
Don't carry it in your pocket, for then it will not cool fast enough.

I have returned to the cigar.—Chicago Tribune.

The Mustard Crime.

Nature in her abundant, ever doting thoughtfulness has so provided that there grows a-forest, a-fell and a-field a certain branching plant with dainty yellow blossoms, from the rich fruitage of which is wrought a condiment, piquant, permeating and fascinating to the good liver. It is this which brings sometimes the epicurean tear, beside which that dropped by some peri at the gate of Paradise is but as phosphorus is to flame. The name of this fair plant is mustard, and its blessing is prepared or marred in different ways.

Enter the restaurant, order the pink boiled ham or red roast beef and call for mustard, and note what comes to you. Pitiful it is to say, but three times out of four the more or less pampered menial puts beside your plate a lilliputian vessel containing a brownish substance appearing to the taste a combination of burnt flour and doubtful vinegar. You raise your voice in earnest protest, and are informed that you have been served with genuine French or German mustard, as the case may be, and that there is none other in the house. You make the best of a lunching situation which may not be improved and try to use the lifeless stuff and fail, and no white stone may mark the memory of the stomach's feast. Your palate has been to the play, and the performance has been found lacking.

There is a mustard, the pure, golden powder of the fiery seed, which is alike an appetizer and an inspiration. It is the very soul, the other half, the very doppel ganger of certain things we eat. It is known vulgarly as English mustard, and is the condiment of heroes and of patriots.—Chicago Tribune.

A Mother Bird's Trial.

While the east side of Broadway, just below Fulton street, was filled with people the other forenoon a pretty little incident caused a blockade of pedestrians.

A mother sparrow, flying over the street with one of her young in her bill, dropped the wee bird in the thoroughfare near the curb and flew frightened to a high window seat.

An alert messenger boy picked up the feathered mite, and while he held it kindly in his hand the mother bird chirped in distress.

"Take the bird into the churchyard," said a sensible man in the throng, pointing to St. Paul's. His suggestion was acted upon by the boy, who cuddled the bird in his palms and scooted, followed by a dozen other urchins.

When the young sparrow was laid in the grass of the churchyard the mother took wing from her perch. Her flight was watched with interest and satisfaction, for she descended to the spot where her young was nestled.—New York Herald.

A Yankee "Swapper."

A New London expressman is about as good a specimen of Connecticut Yankee as has recently come to light. He recently ran across a useless old harness which he didn't want, and so he traded it with a colored man for a watch. He then sold the watch to a man for $9.50, to be paid in installments. He got four dollars of it, when the man went "broke," couldn't pay any more and gave up the watch. The conditions were that if he couldn't pay the full amount he would forfeit what was already paid, so the expressman had the watch and the four dollars. In a little while a man came along who owned a sulky that he didn't want, and who was glad to trade it off for the watch. The expressman accommodated him, and considers it the best bargain of the lot. At this rate of progress it won't be long before that sulky will be worked by easy stages into a house and lot.—New London (Conn.) Telegraph.

Art in a Bank.

It is not often that an art gallery is found in a bank. Persons who visit the Lincoln National bank in Forty-second street, however, will see a number of fine oil paintings—some of them quite large—hanging upon the walls. They are the works of Albert Bierstadt, some twenty in number, which were deposited with the bank a year or so ago for safe keeping. A full length oil portrait of Abraham Lincoln, by Marshall, has been added to this art collection. The Hon. Thomas L. James, the president of the bank, has an eye for the beautiful as well as a genius for finance, and he wants his patrons to enjoy with him all of the good things that he can get hold of.—New York Times.

Bad Temper Largely Involuntary.

Many people consider that "bad temper" is entirely voluntary on the part of the person who displays it. As a matter of fact, it is often to a very great extent involuntary, and no one is more angry at it than the bad tempered person himself. Of course every one, whether he is born with a bad temper or has acquired one from habit, or has been visited with one as the result of disease or injury, should at least try to control it. But his friends should also bear in mind that temper may be, and often is, an affliction to be sympathized with, not an offense to be punished.—New York Ledger.

Friday Superstitions.

Friday, called of old "Black Friday," has been the day of ill omen since the Christ was crucified thereon. Criminals are always hung on that day. Friday night dreams are looked for to come true; and many really sensible people will not begin a journey, a piece of work, or any undertaking whatsoever on Friday, fearing some disastrous result on account of its luckless repute.—Detroit Free Press.

A Market Naturalist.

Fair Customer—Those last oysters you sold me tasted fishy.

Dealer—I'm very sorry, mum; but fact is, mum, oysters are very sociable creatures, mum, and spends most of their time gallivantin' around with fishes.—Good News.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.....

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

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Whose age was one and seven;
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He'd not be now in heaven.

SERIOUS DANGER

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and the most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria; but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretion are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Constitution and physique are thus defended against the inroads of malaria by this matchless preventive, which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

The meanest things an angry man says are usually those he mumbles to himself just as he is going out of the door.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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Sold by druggists, price 75c.

She—When lies are made from whole cloth what cloth do they use? He—The political canvass is the most common material, I think.

COUGHS.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and Bronchial Affections. *Sold only in boxes.*

Judge—How old are you, madam? Witness—I've seen eighteen summers. Judge—And eighteen winters—thirty-six, Mr. Clerk.

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of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. Children enjoy it rather than otherwise. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER it is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

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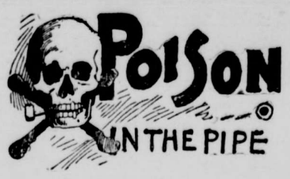

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Tobacco like liquor can only be *improved by age.*

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INYO INDEPENDENT.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

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MARRIED IN FRANCE.

The Gower-Nordica Romance and its Sad End.

MME. NORDICA'S SUCCESS AS A SINGER.

Gower's Phenomenal Success in Telephony.—His Disappearance.

Lilian Norton, the famous singer, granddaughter of Campmeeting John Allen, was born in Farmington, Me. Her father, Edwin Norton, was a prosperous farmer in that town. Both her father's and mother's families were excellent singers. Lilian attended the Conservatory of Music in Boston to receive a musical education. The excellence of her voice introduced her into the concerts of Gilmore, where she took a prominent part. Thus a way was opened for her to visit Europe and a more complete musical education.

Accompanied by her mother she went to Italy, and was placed under the discipline of the most accomplished musical teachers of Europe. Having finished her course of study and become notable for her power of song, she received an invitation with liberal salary to sing in the Royal opera at St. Petersburg. She went with her mother to Russia.

The manager of the Grand opera of Paris was so pleased with her singing that he gave her an invitation to become the prima donna of the highest seat of song, and by liberal pecuniary rewards sought to obtain her release from her St. Petersburg engagement, but the Russians preferred her voice to the money offered. After she had completed her engagement in the north, she accepted the overtures made her in Paris and made an engagement to sing in the Grand opera.

THE MARRIAGE.

During her residence in Italy her name was changed to Lilia Nordica to suit the Italian style of pronounciation. It was during her appearance as the great American singer in the Grand opera that she became acquainted with her second cousin, Frederick Allen Gower, grandnephew of Campmeeting John Allen. He said: "It was not a case of love at first sight, for it was full seven minutes before I became enchanted with the lovely singer."

The history of this young man is fully as romantic as is the success of Mme. Nordica. He was the son of the Rev. H. B. Gower, a Baptist clergyman, who died in Farmington, Me., leaving a widow and three sons, the eldest 10 and the youngest 6 years old. As the family were left in destitute circumstances, Frederick, the second son, was kindly received and freely supported for a year at the Abbott family school. He had given proof of his activity as an infant by leaping from his nurse's arms, before he was a month old, through an open window without breaking his neck.

As a scholar he was more noted for vivacity than quiet study.

After a year's sojourn at the family school Frederick and his brothers, by the energy and ability of their mother, were gathered into a family home in Providence, R. I. The two elder brothers were fitted by their mother to enter Brown university, and were supported by her at college till they graduated.

George, the eldest brother, became a lawyer, and has served by repeated elections as clerk of the Rhode Island assembly.

Frederick entered upon the profession of journalism, and became city editor of The Providence Journal. He wrote to Professor Bell, the inventor of the telephone, to deliver a lecture at Providence on the new invention. By invitation young Gower went to Boston to assist Bell in the preparation of his lecture.

MR. GOWER'S SUCCESS AND END.

His active and ingenious intellect became intensely interested in the new invention. He contrived to simplify the machinery and to increase the intensity of the magnetic power, using one instead of two batteries, and introducing circular instead of horseshoe magnets, with other devices now used in the Gower-Bell telephone.

Having obtained patents and established the Bell Telephone company, Gower went to France and formed a telephone company there, of which he was president, with a salary of $25,000. He also obtained patents in Germany and England. In England a company was formed, but the English government took the telephone, as they had the telegraph, as a part of their postoffice service, purchasing of the company a million dollars' worth of telephones for their use.

After a brief acquaintance these two American celebrities were united in marriage, and Mme. Nordica was released from her engagement at the Grand opera. She came with her husband to America.

Their married life was not a happy one. For sufficient cause Mme. Nordica sued for a separate maintenance, but never for a divorce. While the suit was in progress he left suddenly for Paris, where he had been deeply engaged studying out an invention to employ magnetism in the control of balloons. This he considered the greatest invention of the age, both for military and commercial purposes.

To test the efficiency of some of his plans he undertook in a balloon, alone, to cross the Straits of Dover. Since his disappearance from the view of the spectators who witnessed his ascension he has never been seen.—Lewiston Journal.

Full of Enterprise.

A boy with a mowing machine called at a house on Second avenue the other day, and asked the woman if she wanted the grass cut.

"Mercy, no!" she replied. "No one cuts grass at this season."

"I'll contract for next spring," continued the boy.

"But—I may be dead by that time."

"Then I'll contract to see that your grave is kept green!"—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Wakeman and Her Work.

The Society for Political Study was formed about five years ago, its object being the study of municipal government. After the first year a course of historical study was undertaken by the advice of the committee, but it was unsuccessful, and when Mrs. T. B. Wakeman became its president the current topics of the day were taken up, and the society has flourished ever since. It holds weekly meetings at the house of one of its members, Mrs. Johnston, on Stuyvesant square, and after the reading of a paper a discussion follows. Mrs. Wakeman is eminently fitted to be the president of this wide awake society, for she is a strong advocate of women's clubs and keeps up with the newest ideas on serious questions. Formerly a member of Sorosis, Mrs. Wakeman resigned some years ago, finding her household duties and family cares required her exclusive attention, but now that her children are grown she has resumed her interest in various public questions, and besides being president of the Society for Political Study she is a member of the Woman's Suffrage league and the Ladies' Health Protective association, and, with other energetic and philanthropic women, is trying to form a bureau of justice for the purpose of having women present at the trial of women in court.

The bureau when fully organized will hire respectable women to be present on these occasions, so that no woman will be tried alone without one sympathizing woman by her side. Mrs. Wakeman is a member of the old Ludlum family that has lived on the same land at Oyster Bay, L. I., for about 200 years. Since her marriage she has lived in this city, part of the time in Harlem, but she now lives in a cozy, homelike house in West Nineteenth street. She has three children—a married son and two daughters, one of whom is a clever artist. Mr. T. B. Wakeman is a brilliant lawyer, and takes an active interest in the scientific temperance question, and is a member of the Nineteenth Century club.

Mrs. Wakeman has a sweet, bright face, with deep earnest eyes and dark hair that is just beginning to turn gray. She is an earnest advocate of clubs for women, and says that she wishes every woman might belong to at least one. They give woman something to think about besides mere material necessities, enlarging their minds and making them more companionable to their husbands and brothers.—New York World.

Gloves and Veils.

Will gloves go back to the Renaissance for styles, as the cloak has done? You know they wore these gloves all covered with embroideries and precious stones; the cuff, widening as it reached the arm, was an incrustation of gold and silver and precious settings. It was a heavy gauntlet, not a glove. It is not likely that these will take, as we say in fashion parlance. Women will have the good taste to cling to the plain kid glove, which shows the perfect shape of the hand. The buttoned glove is now in as much favor as the musquetaire. It is owing to the very long sleeves worn with every gown, except with full dress.

The tan colors are worn less and the light shades more. Did you not often wonder where the kid skins come from to make all the kid gloves in the world? When I see the mountains of gloves sold at the Louvre and the Bon Marche in the bargain season I wonder if there isn't a way of manufacturing skins, or if there are not kids which, like sheep who are sheared every year, can be skinned and have a skin grow on again for next year's flaying.

Veils are no longer worn down to the tip of the nose, but all over the face. The kinds of tulles and nets sold for veiling are innumerable. The beauty spot veiling is the most becoming; not the spots, but the netting itself. Everybody wears it here. Then there is fancy netting, studded with steel, gold and silver beading and espangles. Some of them are as thick as the old fashioned Chantilly veil which our grandmothers wore. French women have never taken kindly to the white veil. They are one of the indications by which we single out a foreign woman. Nor do they incase the front hair with an illusion to keep it down or to keep the ringlets from uncurling. That, I think, is an American fashion.—Paris Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

Columbia College Certificates for Women.

Under the direction of the school of arts of Columbia college examinations will be held at Barnard college from June 1 to 6. These examinations will bear the same relation to Columbia and Barnard colleges which the Harvard university examinations for women bear to Harvard college and the "Harvard annex." They will be identical with the examinations for admission to the freshmen classes of Columbia and Barnard colleges, and will be held at the same time and place and on the same terms of notification.

The certificates granted will be of two kinds. To a candidate who passes satisfactory examinations in at least three subjects a certificate will be given, signed by the dean of the school of arts. To a candidate who passes satisfactorily the whole examination a certificate will be given, signed by the president of Columbia college.

It is believed that these examinations will be of great value and assistance to the schools for girls in New York and its neighborhood, as a means of proving the thorough work done in them by both the teachers and pupils. That the faculty of Columbia college have decided to offer them has been due chiefly to the efforts and expressed wishes of the teachers in several of the larger schools for girls in New York city.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The late Mary Cash Cheairs, of Bolivar, Tenn., predicted two years ago that she would die on her ninety-fourth birthday, and she did so. She was a remarkble woman in many ways, being able to play the harp and sing ballads almost to the day of her death, and to quote long passages from the Greek and Roman poets, with whose writings she was quite familiar.

HE CAUGHT ONE OF THEM.

A Boy's Adventure With Three Burglars.

THE THIEVES INDULGE IN A FREE FIGHT.

The Boy's Employer Kicks Because he let two Escape.

At about the age of 15 I went to clerk in a country store in Indiana, and among my other duties was that of sleeping in the store nights as a protector. It was a great big barn of a store, standing at a crossroads, four miles from a town, and the owner lived about forty rods away. The idea of my being any real value as a protector was absurd, but the understanding was that I was to sleep there, and I did. I had a room upstairs, one corner being partitioned off, and I never got into that bed that I did not cover up my head and shake and shiver with fear until sleep got the better of me.

One Saturday night, after several hundred dollars had been paid in, the proprietor hid the roll in a tea chest, locked up the big safe and went home, leaving me to close up. When this had been done I got to bed, but about midnight was awakened by some noise down stairs. After listening for awhile I became sure that some one was in the store, and I crept out of bed under the belief that the big, dark floor room would be safer for me in case any one came upstairs. There was a hatch or opening in the center of the room, and I crept softly to this and looked down upon the heads of three men working at the safe. They could not have known that I slept in the store, as no one had been up, and as they were taking matters as cool as you please. It was an old fashioned safe, and they had stolen tools from a blacksmith in town to open it.

"How much do you figger on?" asked one.

"Four hundred," replied another.

"What's that apiece?" asked the third.

All began to figure, and after ten minutes they made it out that each would get $250. This tickled them and they began work. It was wonderful how that old safe held out. For three long hours they hammered and banged and pounded, taking turns as they tired out, and about 3 o'clock in the morning they got in. They almost had a fight to see who should first pull out the money, and when it was discovered that an old sixpence, with crossed marks on it, and a $1 bill on a busted state bank constituted all the wealth behind the iron door there was a moment of awful suspense. Then they began at each other, and each robber, his father, mother, brothers and sisters had to take it. They called each other liars, thieves, swindlers, barn burners and everything else they could think of, and finally a three cornered fight began. In the struggle one of them was knocked unconscious, and the other two left him and skipped out. It was getting daylight now, and I went down, found the fellow quiet, and tied his hands and feet with a clothes line. I had just concluded when he opened his eyes, realized the situation, and worked a sweet smile to his face as he said:

"Say, bub, I'm awful glad to see you. I'm the Rev. Stephen Baker, of Lafayette, you know, and have wandered out here in my sleep, and got into this place somehow. I often walk in my sleep, but hardly ever go as far as this. My! but what will my congregation say if I'm not back on time. Just throw the ropes off, bub, and I'll be going as fast as I can. The Lord and me love little boys. Can't you come to my Sunday school?"

But I ran and told the merchant, and the "Rev." was ultimately landed in state prison. As a reward for my efforts the owner of the store said to me, as he surveyed the ruined safe:

"Look at that wreck, and it's all your fault! What in thunder do I pay you $2 a month for, except to keep robbers off, and here you've went and let two of 'em git away!"—New York Sun.

Blood Oranges.

The blood orange is a mere variety of the sweet orange, obtained by cultivation, and appears first to have been raised by the Spanish gardeners in the Philippine Islands, from the capital of which (Manila) it, together with the well known cigars, formed at one time one of the chief articles of export. On its first appearance in Europe it excited a considerable sensation, and in the last century very high prices were demanded for the tree which bore the wonderful fruit. None, however, now come to us from Manila—our supply being derived almost entirely from Malta, where great pains and attention are bestowed upon their cultivation. It was for a long time supposed, and indeed the idea is not yet quite extinct, that blood oranges were produced by the grafting of the orange with the pomegranate, but there is not the slightest foundation for this belief.—Chambers' Journal.

Rare Fortitude in a Dog.

Many of the sportsmen of Wilmington will perhaps remember Sailor, the fine pointer dog of Mr. J. A. Brown, of Chadbourn. He was an extraordinary hunter and retriever, with almost human tact, and his owner valued him at several hundred dollars. A few days ago this fine dog was run over by the train at Chadbourn, and his left fore leg was crushed off, leaving a piece of the bone protruding.

Mr. Brown hated to kill his valuable and faithful dog, so he got Dr. A. McKinnon to amputate the crushed member. When the operation was performed Sailor obeyed the command to lie down, and never even gave a whimper when the work was done. The poor animal's muscles were contracted with pain, but with a few sympathetic caresses from his master he lay perfectly still until the amputation was performed.—Wilmington Messenger.

Too Good to Sell.

In his life of Horace Greeley, James Parton tells of an old newsdealer who could not be persuaded to sell the last copy of The Tribune remaining on his stand until he had had time to read it. A similar measure of independence appears to lie in the character of the Italian who trundles his fruit truck to the curb in front of The Sun building every night. For a week or two he has been selling the California imitation of Tokay grapes, and his boxes are emptied very soon after dark. The other evening three customers stood at the curb waiting their turn. One asked for half a pound, and the Italian snipped a cluster in two and placed it in a brown paper horn which he rolled deftly over his hand.

The second customer also took a half pound and got the second half of the cluster. That cleared the cart—save for one luscious, heavy cluster lying against the back rail. It was perfect in form, richly ripe, and untouched by decay on even a single grape. The third customer reached over and picked it up. He was about to say "How much?" when the Italian angrily exclaimed:

"What are you doing with that? Put it down!"

As the customer was not speedy in obeying the vender seized his arm and took the cluster away, after which he laid it gently upon a piece of brown paper.

"But I want to buy it," protested the customer, feeling for his silver.

"You can't do it," said the Italian bluntly. "Think I no want any grapes? That's for me." And he pushed his truck away from the curb and started down Park row toward Mulberry street.—New York Sun.

Queer Seed from a Crane's Craw.

A truly wonderful plant is at the Allegheny conservatory. No one knows to what class it belongs or anything about it. It is the subject of much speculation among botanists, and they anxiously await the development of a bud that is forming. Then, they say, they can place the plant. The botanists have a suspicion that the plant is a tropical one, and Superintendent Hamilton is treating it on that supposition.

The history of the plant so far as known is a unique one. During the summer one of a party of gunners brought down a crane. It was a beautiful specimen, and the taxidermist of the party set to work to mount it. In the bird's craw were found several seed. With a view to learning if the seed was killed by the bird eating it they were placed in water. In a few days the seeds sprouted. They were planted in loam and kept in a warm room. Edward V. McCandless took charge of it. The plant was an object of interest to Mr. McCandless and his botanist friends, and its development was closely watched. Last week it was transferred to the conservatory. The leaves are long and broad and heavy, not unlike a species of palm.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Dangerous Bugs.

I have noticed with some surprise the number of people who have been bitten recently by spiders, and the case of the death of a girl in Jersey City from this cause is fresh in mind. Within a week I have met three acquaintances suffering, as they told me, from spider bites, and one of them had a hand so badly inflamed that he was afterward obliged to have it lanced. In this connection a housekeeper has shown me two specimens of "thousand legged" bugs that were found in his house.

They were each over an inch in length and had twelve legs on a side and two long feelers. The body and feelers were striped, zebra like, in black and white. I suppose they will be given to some entomologist for examination, and while these particular varieties may not be closely enough related to centipedes to be poisonous they are at least unpleasant companions for a lady to find running about the house, and make her think she has seen a centipede or tarantula.—New York Star.

The Ballot Law Helps the Printer.

One of the most appreciable effects of the new Australian election law is the remarkable boom it has given the job printing business. Never before in the history of elections have the printers been called upon for such vast quantities and varieties of campaign cards and campaign literature generally. Under the new system the personal canvass is the most likely to tell, and hence the use for cards of all dimensions. The confusion existing as to boundary lines of wards and districts has been of benefit to the printer in supplying cards with maps on the back, and best of all is the rage among the candidates to have their portraits printed on their cards.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Joke Saves a Life.

George Busch, of Newark, N. J., was overcome by coal gas a few nights ago while in the cellar attending to a furnace. Two friends who called at the house for him the next morning could not gain admittance. Thinking that he had overslept himself they concluded to get in the back way and play a joke upon him. They opened a cellar window and discovered Busch lying in his night clothes on the floor. He was resuscitated with difficulty.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Value of Cigar Ends.

A man called Auguste, surname unknown, has just died in Paris, leaving behind him the respectable sum of 100,000f., or £4,000, the whole of which comfortable peculium would appear to have been amassed from the profits earned by picking up cigar ends in the streets of the French metropolis.—London Telegraph.

The Handy Man.

Wife—That pane of glass has been out all summer, and now a freezing cold day has come and we need it in. I've told you forty times to send a man here to fix it. Why in the world haven't you done it?

Husband—Because I can fix it myself.—Good News.

WAS IT PROVIDENCE?

How a Railroad Accident was Averted.

THE MYSTERIOUS RINGING OF A BELL.

A Few Feet More and 150 Passengers Would be Dashed to Death.

A dozen railroad engineers and conductors met by chance the other day and an old gray haired veteran of the cab told a story. He had been an engineer with a big reputation as a "runner" in the days gone by, but on account of failing nerves and eyesight was now enjoying an easy berth around the shops. He said:

"It was when the old Y. M. and B. was first opened up," he began. "I was pullin' passenger, and took the first coach over the road. I got a good run—all day work—and was holdin' her down as a good thing. 'Bout a year after we'd got to doin' a good business I had some extra runnin' and lost my turn for a while, and run nights all of the time. It was my last trip before I'd get back to my own run, and I was feelin' glad to get on to the day 'trick' again.

"We'd had some mighty bad weather and lots of water fell. Our track was in pretty good shape, though, and we didn't much fear washouts, so we kept up with the 'card' pretty well. On the night I spoke about I was on No. 2. We had a heavy train, but the machine I had was able to 'get there,' and I was on time till we struck a freight that couldn't take the siding. They 'swung us down,' and we side tracked until the freight got away. I was pretty warm over losing the time, and when we lit out of there I pulled her right up to the notch and she went for all she was worth.

"We were making about forty-five miles an hour, and when we reached the 'fill' east of Wildcat I worked steam all the way down. We were 'bout half way to the creek when the bell rang. I worked mighty quick, but it was down hill and the rails were wet and I didn't get stopped until the pilot was almost over the bridge—or where the bridge ought to be—'cause when I stopped the headlight was shining over a chasm. The bridge was washed away. Gad! You can tell just 'bout how I felt. My fireman nearly fainted, and I wasn't far behind him. Well, after we stopped the conductor, a smart chap with a fancy lamp and a rubber collar, came arunnin' up wantin' to know why I stopped.

"'Cause the bell rang. What did you pull the rope for?' I says.

"'I didn't,' says he.

"'Well, who did?'

"'No one,' says he, hot like.

"'Well, some one pulled it or I wouldn't a stopped,' says I.

"The 'con' looked at me a minute, and just then the brakeman came up.

"'Did you pull the rope, Joe?' said the 'con.'

"'No,' says Joe.

"Just of a sudden a thought struck me, and I told the 'brakey' to ask the porter. The 'coon' hadn't pulled the bell, and the passengers in his car were all asleep until I jerked them endways with the 'air.' I took the conductor around to the front end and showed him the bridge. He was scared to death, and we went back together through the train to see who pulled the bell rope, but every mother's son of them swore it wasn't touched. I began to get scared again and told them about the bridge, and everybody came out to look at it.

"We couldn't find any one who gave the signal, and after we'd flagged back to the station I got to thinkin' more and more, and I came to the opinion that the bell was rung by Providence. There was 150 people on the train, and if that bell hadn't rung I'd a took them all over into the Wildcat, and dropped them about one hundred feet into the water. There wouldn't be anybody left to tell about it, either.

"The superintendent looked into the thing after I reported, and had me and Joe up 'on the carpet' twice, but we both heard the bell, and swore to it. Some chap got out a long explanation that the bell rope was tight stretched, and we struck a low joint coming down the hill, when one end of the coach sagged, and the rope being tight it rang the bell, but I don't believe it. It was Providence that did it, and I know it, and I've never swore an oath since, and never will."—Kansas City Star.

They Parted to Meet No More.

A clergyman called on a man who had just lost his wife to offer him consolation. "Don't fret, my friend," the clergyman said; "the time will soon come when you will meet her never to part again."

"But parson," said the man, "I've been married twice, and what I want to know is which wife am I to meet 'never to part again?' Or am I to meet both of them 'never to part again?' It strikes me that, if so, it will be a bit awkward. Besides, I hated my first wife, for she was a regular vixen."

The clergyman was puzzled what to say, when the man suddenly brightened up and exclaimed, almost cheerfully:

"I think it will be all right, parson. My first wife was such a downright bad 'un that I don't think there's much fear of my meeting her in heaven."—London Tit-Bits.

Wild Horses of the Sierras.

There is said to be a large band of wild horses, led by a thoroughbred known to the stockmen as the "Outlaw Stud," ranging between Truckee, Nevada county, and Peavine, Nev. Years ago the stud, a fine racer, escaped to the mountains and has since defied capture. By desperate riding stockmen manage to get into the band and drive out the colts. The horses range on the highest peaks, beyond where cattle or sheep often go. They only go to water once a day, and then in single file down the mountain trail as fast as they can run. They go back at their leisure, feeding by the way.—Grass Valley Tidings.

Manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home."

The death of Mrs. Asa Jackson in Athens, Ga., has brought up once again the much talked of mystery of the whereabouts of the original of John Howard Payne's "Home, Sweet Home."

Mrs. Jackson was a near relative of Miss Mary Hardin, who was much admired by John Howard Payne. For a long time Miss Hardin had the only known copy of the famous song in the handwriting of its author. When she was dying several years ago in Athens it was rumored that in one of her eccentric moods she had willed the copy to be buried with her, but when asked on her deathbed if this were true she told Mrs. Jackson that she had not done so, but had left the manuscript, as well as all her other earthly goods, as a bequest to her.

After Miss Hardin's death the manuscript was searched for by Mrs. Jackson, but was not found. Only a few days ago a reporter called on Mrs. Jackson and asked if nothing had ever come of the search.

"Nothing yet," was the reply, "but I hope to find it before I die. Mary kept the copy concealed all the time while she lived. John Howard Payne sent it to her when he was consul to Algiers, and between the lines were written little love messages. They were sweethearts once, these two. Mary was offered tempting sums for the manuscript in her lifetime by publishers, but would never part with it.

"Several lawyers have lately been to me to get my permission for them to ferret out the whereabouts of the manuscript, but I have refused to let them take the case. I feel certain that it will come to light before I die."

It is generally believed that the manuscript will some time be found. Some think that the copy, which was known to be the only one extant written by Payne himself, was stolen from the house by a servant.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Little Georgia Volcano.

Mr. Henry Gartrell, living about ten miles from Ellijay, Ga., says there is a tree on the mountain above the large cliff of marble on the line of the Marietta and North Georgia railroad that has been burning for five months.

The latter part of last October the woods were being burnt off, and an old hollow tree caught fire. About three weeks thereafter he saw the fire and found that the tree had been almost consumed, and the ground appeared to be ablaze. He has watched it continuously ever since, and can see the fire better on a rainy night.

Sunday he took a long rod of iron and some water and poured the water in the hole, but it did not extinguish it. He then ran his iron rod down about five feet through the cinders and got some out. The whole mass in the hole is red hot, and the material when taken out is very much like shop cinders, but after being exposed for a few hours it slacks like lime. It is very strong with alkali, and smells like sulphur. Gilmer county may have a young volcano.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Government in Competition.

It is perhaps not generally known that Montreal has the cheapest telephonic service on the continent today. But so it is, and the increase in the number of persons now having telephones in their residences and offices has been exceedingly large since the rates were lowered to twenty-five dollars in both residences and offices by the Bell Telephone company. The Federal Telephone company has at present almost 6,500 city subscribers, their prices being thirty-five dollars for offices and twenty-five dollars for private residences, while the Bell, in the city alone, have about 5,000. The latter company are increasing their subscribers at about the average rate of over a hundred a month, while the Federal company's list of patrons is also steadily on the increase. Think of it, twenty-five dollars a year when we here in Boston pay $125 a year, or five times as much.—Boston Transcript.

A Big Estate and No Heir.

The estate of the late Mrs. Wilson C. Swann, of 1,512 Walnut street, will amount, it is said, to $5,000,000, and for this vast wealth there appear to be no heirs. The magnificent property at 1,512 Walnut street, with its inestimable wealth of paintings, sculpture, carvings and curios, will be sold at an early date. The house was planned by Dr. Swann and built in 1857. In past years it was the scene of many princely entertainments, and although Mrs. Swann was afflicted with a form of nervous prostration which confined her to her apartments and prevented her attendance to social duties, it was her wish that these entertainments should be continued. Probably no establishment in Philadelphia was maintained on a more lavish scale during Dr. Swann's life.—Philadelphia Record.

Death of an Editor.

Frank Campbell, a noted character of Victoria, B. C., died recently. For more than twenty-one years he carried on a store, and was known to every person in the city for his good humor and widespread charity. But he was better known as editor of the "Bulletin." This was not a paper, but was a big blackboard, on which was placed every bit of local news as soon as it was known. The people of Victoria consulted the Bulletin with as much confidence as they did their newspapers.

Pain and Imagination.

A Wiscasset man discovered a big gash in his boot where he had cut his foot while in the woods, and just managed to get home, feeling himself growing fainter from loss of blood all the way, and fainted on arriving, when somebody discovered that the gash only went through his boot and the red color was not blood, but only a woolen stocking.—Bath (Me.) Independent.

In the Lodge Room.

Jim—How did you get in? You haven't the password, and are not a member anyhow.

Jack—Avaunt there! Haven't I got the grip?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A VAST CEMETERY.

The Entire World Could be Buried in California.

WOULD BE PLENTY OF ROOM FOR ALL.

Calculations on the Extent of the Earth Which run into big Figures.

Here is a man who has taken the trouble to calculate how much land it would take to bury the population of the world for 6,000 years or 100,000 years. He finds that the former could be buried in half of Texas and the latter in the territory east of the Mississippi river.

In 6,000 years you have sixty centuries. In each century you may count three generations of mankind, or 180 generations in all, each being a generation of 1,560,000,000. Now lay out a cemetery for one generation. It will be a huge estimate to give to every man, woman and child a grave five feet by two, or ten square feet. A square mile contains something less than 28,000,000 square feet. You want, then, a graveyard not 55 miles long by 10 wide for your whole generation. Now multiply this by 180 and you have your burying ground for 6,000 years of mankind. That is, a strip of land 1,800 miles long by 55 miles wide will be ample. In other words, a cemetery containing 100,000 square miles would be sufficient for the entire human race to lie side by side. The estimate which I have given you of the continuous population is obviously enormously large. The estimate of the size of each grave is very large. A strictly correct estimate would reduce the size of the required cemetery more than one-half. But enormous as it is, you could lay out your burial ground for all men who have lived on earth, so that they could lie side by side, in Arizona or in California, or you could lay it out in Texas large enough to accommodate the race of 6,000 years past, and also the race for 6,000 years yet to come, all sleeping in the soil of that one state of this union.

But some one says the race of man has been on earth 100,000 years. That is a pure imagination and there is not, so far as I know, a fact on which to rest it. But suppose it is true, and the population always what it now is. You have provided for 6,000 years of it. You want nearly seventeen times as large a cemetery for the generations of a thousand centuries. That is, you want 1,700,000 squares miles in it. Lay it out whenever you please, 1,700 miles long by 1,700 miles wide. It is but a part of the United States. And so enormously large have been the rough estimates thus far used, it is safe to say that if the human race has been in existence 100,000 years, a separate grave could be provided for every individual of the race within a part of the United States east of the Mississippi river."

Estimating that a large man can stand on two square feet, and the average standing room of a crowd of men, women and children is one and a half square feet, he calculates that 18,000,000 people can stand on a square mile. According to this the population of the world could stand on 84 square miles.

Then he makes this curious suggestion:

"Carry your arithmetic still further. You laid out a cemetery for the 1,500,000,000 of mankind now living. Build a city for them to dwell in. Average families at five persons to a family, and give each family a house and lot 20 feet by 100. Your cemetery gave five persons fifty square feet for graves. Their city lot is forty times as large. Your city lot must therefore be forty times as large as your cemetery. Add 20 per cent. for good streets."

On this basis the population of the world could live in a city 100 miles wide and 220 miles long, and have twice the space per capita now being occupied by the majority of people in our great cities.—Dr. Prince in Journal of Commerce.

The Right to Thackeray's Life.

For convenience sake a man is permitted, within certain limitations which vary in various countries, to say who shall have his property when he dies. He can bequeath his houses and lands, his stocks, bonds, money, books, cattle and bric-a-brac. But he cannot bequeath his wife or his grown children, for they belong not to him but to themselves. No more can he bequeath the story of his life to any one's exclusive use or to disuse, for that is not his either. That is part of history, and belongs to any son of Adam who cares to investigate and use it. The notion that the world's acquaintance with the man Thackeray is to be only so intimate as Thackeray might have chosen to permit is not sound.

What is told or said of a man while he is alive he is permitted to resent, if he doesn't like it, but if he tries to bind posterity not to explore his record after he is dead, he tries to control what is no longer his. What he did in the world he left in the world, and it belongs to the world; and, if it is worth while exploring, the world is perfectly at liberty to look it up at its convenience. History is the record of human lives and their results. Considering what Thackeray got out of history, he was the last man who should have objected that history should get its own from him.—Scribner's.

Lots of Old Folks at Home.

There are now living in one house just outside the village of St. George a family of four persons whose combined ages foot up 374 years, as follows: Miss Lizzie Mann, 100; Robert Mann, 90; Deacon John Mann, 92; Miss Catherine McBean, 92. These four people are in excellent health.—Kennebec Journal.

The Shrine of Love.

Charlie—What church do you attend service at, Fred?

Fred—I-er—I say, Tom, what church is it Miss Sweete goes to?—Epoch.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4 ..... 1891.

Thanks to irrigation, Kern county is fast developing her resources. The first carload of raisins has left Bakersfield for the East. This is the precursor of many thousands of carloads from that point.

The speakership of the next House is now narrowed down to the contest between Crisp and Mills, with the former in the lead. Mr. Crisp is a gentleman altogether suited, both by temperment and experience, to make a most successful presiding officer.

The reason that nothing particularly wicked has taken place since the elections occurred is that Senator Quay and ex-Sentor Mahone are on a fishing excursion to St. Lucie, Florida, and the Devil can't watch both of them and attend to other business at the same time.

The supreme court of California has declared the appropriation of $300,000 by this State for the world's fair valid. This decision shows that that tribunal can emancipate itself from hide-bound traditions and come up to the exigencies of the hour. California's representatives will now be able to show themselves responsive to public expectations

The Call assumes that Russia wants to buy $100,000,000 worth of silver. If she does, and goes into the market to procure it, she will undoubtedly have to pay more than $70,000,000 in gold for it. Just as soon as she shows that she wants and must have that much silver, there will be no surplus in Germany, and silver will approximate at once to a parity with gold. Great Britain wants all the silver she can get to pay for her bread-stuffs from India. France has both metals in use and reserve, and the United States will glide into free coinage without an effort.

The statement in a speech by Ex-Mayor Hewitt of New York that the electoral vote of Louisianu was offered to him for money in 1876 and was afterward sold to another party is again drawing public attention to the monstrous fraud by which Samuel J. Tildon was robbed of the presidency. One of the men engaged in the Louisiana fraud was Henry C. Dibble, now a Republican leader in San Francisco. This man has served two terms in the California assembly, and was among the most notorious members of the infamous body which assembled in Sacramento last winter and put up the senatorship and legislation at auction. He is a fit instrument of the Burns-Crimmins Kelly combine.

The recent earthquake in Japan was one of the greatest catastrophes ever known, resulting in awful loss of life and widespread destruction of property. In this country the Johnstown disaster ranks as the most frightful calamity in the nation's history, but that was a small thing compared with the loss of 40,000 lives in Japan through the recent earthquake disturbances. Distance makes a wonderful difference in the interest taken by American readers in news of catastrophes involving loss of life. The drowning of hundreds of thousands of people in China by a flood from the Yellow river received less attention from our people than a comparatively small matter in our own country excites.

Senator Stewart introduced into the Mining Congress that recently met at Denver a resolution urging the National Congress to pass laws restoring silver to parity with gold. It is quite within the power of Congress to declare a 412 1-2 grain silver coin a dollar. It may make such a dollar legal tender for all debts which have not been made payable in gold by contract, and may make it the dollar of general business. But it is not in the power of Congress to make the 412 1-2 grain silver dollar worth as much in the commercial world as the 25.8 grain gold dollar. It cannot prevent the holder of the gold dollar from refusing to part with it as an equivalent of the silver dollar. In the event of free silver coinage the owner of gold dollars will hold them at a premium Until there should be an appreciation in the commercial value of silver bullion, the premium would be equal to the present discount on silver, reckoning on the gold basis. It is hoped and believed that the present law requiring the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver each month will, within a few years, bring silver to a parity with gold.

PAYING THE BLOOD TAX.

PEASANTS PAY MONEY FOR MURDERS COMMITTED IN 1375.

A Debt Which the Inhabitants of the Pyrenees Have Religiously Paid Annually for Over Five Centuries—The Ceremony Described by a Witness.

The Independent des Basses-Pyrenees publishes a very interesting description written by M. Alfred Cadier, a French Protestant clergyman at Pau, of a ceremonial which he witnessed on the frontier of France and Spain. This consisted in the payment of a blood tax, and it appears that there are two or three places in the Pyrenees where the custom, founded upon the belief that "a murder committed by the inhabitants of a village or canton upon those of an adjoining village or canton must forever remain a burden upon the descendants of their descendants," is still observed.

Thus, about the middle of the Fourteenth century, the inhabitants of the valley of Lavedan, having massacred the defenseless residents of Aspe, were condemned by the pope to pay a perpetual tax of thirty sols, which was levied upon twenty-two villages and paid up to the time of the revolution. In the Thirteenth century, if not earlier, a similar crime was committed between the valleys of Baretons, in French Navarre, and Roncal, in Spanish Navarre.

The blood tax which the inhabitants of the former were ordered by the pope to discharge is paid still, the ceremony taking place annually on July 13 in the mountains, about seven hours' march from Osse, at the pass known as La Peyre St. Martin. It is thus described by M. Cadier:

A GALA SCENE.

A crowd of people is to be seen making their way to the rendezvous. The shepherds of the Baretons valley, with their red waistcoats interspersed with dark threads, the mayors and delegates of the villages of Arette, Laune, Aramits and Issor, the foresters of the mountain, the custom house officers without their guns, the clergy, represented by the priest of St. Engrace and two curates, and a few English tourists from Osse helped to make up this singular assembly. When we reached the narrow stone which marks off the frontier, with the name St. Martin inscribed upon the two sides of it in French and Spanish, we found ourselves face to face with the Spaniards, who formed an imposing group.

First was the alcalde of Isaba, who was to act the part of lord chief justice. He was wearing a black robe, bordered with red, and a large collarette by way of bands, while he carried in his hand the wand of justice, in the shape of a black stick with a silver knob. The alcaldes of three or four other Spanish villages were similarly attired, and they were accompanied by a numerous suite, made up of delegates from the general junta of the valley of Roncal, the notary, the veterinarian, and others, the escort consisting of seven or eight armed carrabineros and guards, while in the rear were a number of "bourriqueros," who had come in the hope of selling the skins of wine with which their donkeys were loaded.

It was about 9 a. m. when the ceremonial, which has been observed without interruption since 1375, commenced by the French mayors donning their tricolor scarf, and by the Spanish alcaldes advancing toward the frontier stone, accompanied by a herald bearing a lance on which was painted a red flame, the symbol of justice.

THE CEREMONY.

The two parties having halted at a distance of about twenty feet from their respective frontiers, the herald substitutes for his red flame a white one, which is the symbol of pacific intentions, and the alcalde of Isaba exclaims in Spanish, "Do you wish for peace?" To this the French mayors reply in the affirmative, also speaking in Spanish, and in order to testify to the sincerity of their intentions, their herald lays down his lance upon the top of the stone in the direction of the frontier, whereupon the Spanish herald comes and inserts his lance into the French soil, resting the shaft against the stone so as to form a cross with the French lance. The mayor of Arette then comes and lays his hand upon the cross so formed, a Spanish alcalde places his right hand upon that of the Frenchman and the other mayors and alcaldes do the same alternately.

Last of all, the alcalde of Isaba steps forward, and, lifting his wand of justice over the pile of hands, pronounces the oath, which all swear to keep. After this oath has been taken the alcalde of Isaba exclaims three times, "Paz daraus" (peace in the future). Peace is thus anew concluded, and to ratify their having given up all idea of vengeance the men of Roncal order the escort to discharge their guns in the direction of France. Then comes the reception of the blood tax, which used to consist of three perfectly white mares, but owing to the difficulty of getting them exactly alike three white heifers have been substituted for them. The three heifers presented this year were worth about twenty-three pounds, which is a large sum for the district, and after the Roncal notary had drawn up a proces verbal, which was signed all around, a repast was served at the expense of the Spaniards, toasts being proposed in honor of Spain, France and England, the introduction of England being due to the presence of several English visitors. After the repast was over dancing followed, and we then said goodby till next year.

How a Plant Protects Itself.

One little plant of South Africa protects itself by assuming a curious likeness to a white lichen that covers the rocks; the plant has sharp pointed green leaves; these are placed close together with their points upward, and on the tip of each leaf is a little white, scaly sheath. The resemblance of the smooth surface these present to the lichen growing on the rocks, beside which it is always found, is so great that it is not till you tread on it that you discover the deception.—Fortnightly Review.

Light Without Flame.

If one or two pieces of phosphorus of the size of peas be inclosed in a small bottle half full of olive oil and kept for some little time the air space in the bottle will become filled with a phosphorescent vapor. The phosphorescence will fade, but may be renewed by simply uncorking the bottle. Sufficient light will be given out to tell the time by; in fact this method is used by watchmen in some places where explosives are stored. —New York Recorder.

THE VALE OF ROCES.

Somewhere hid in lands of sun,
Lies the Vale of Roses;
Where of golden seasons spun,
The golden year uncloses.
Between the rose flushed peaks and skies,
The hidden valley hidden lies,
And happy he whose mortal eyes
Shall see the Vale of Roses.

Seaward from the mountains high,
Slopes the Vale of Roses;
Lazy sails go drifting by
Where the vista closes.
Never stormy wind may roar
'Round the placid lower shore—
Silence reigns for evermore
In the Vale of Roses.

Long dim aisles of roses shine
Up the Vale of Roses;
Scarlet flowers load the vine,
Where the palm reposes.
Oft the Persian minstrel flings
Wilder music on his strings,
As upon the plains he sings
Of the Vale of Roses.

Sweet the story is to hear
Of the Vale of Roses;
But the heart that holds it dear
On its secret closes.
Not to eastern lands alone
Is the fabled valley known—
Every clime has for its own
Some fair Vale of Roses.

Heights that lie just out of reach—
These are Vales of Roses;
Longing never set in speech
In each heart reposes.
Every soul its vale has sought,
Glimpses of its beauty caught,
And is nobler for the thought
Of the Vale of Roses.
—Florence May Alt in New York World.

Meerschaum Pipes, Violins and Poems.

Certain things are good for nothing until they have been kept a long while, and some are good for nothing until they have been long kept and used. Of the first wine is the illustrious and immortal example. Of those that must be kept and used I will name three—meerschaum pipes, violins and poems. The meerschaum is but a poor affair until it has burned a thousand offerings to the cloud compelling deities.

Violins, too—the sweet old Amati!—the divine Stradivarius! Stained, like the meerschaum, through and through with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies which have kindled and faded on its strings.

Now, I tell you, a poem must be kept and used like a meerschaum or a violin. A poem is just as porous as the meerschaum; the more porous it is the better. I mean to say that a genuine poem is capable of absorbing an indefinite amount of the essence of our own humanity, its tenderness, its heroism, its regrets, its aspirations, so as to be gradually stained through with a divine secondary color derived from ourselves.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A Water Cure!st.

My firm belief is that the use of drugs is very detrimental in at least nine cases of sickness out of every ten. The patient would improve more rapidly on plain diet—such as gruel, stale bread, graham mush and a liberal amount of vegetables, lean meats and fruits. Also bathe frequently, especially in warm weather, so the pores may be kept open. Medicine will make a well man sick and will kill the other half of the half dead sick men. Be temperate in all things and give nature a chance to perform her duty.

Recently I was taken with a severe chill. I only "shook" fifteen minutes, and I shook in a hurry too. My only remedy was hot water. I drank two cupfuls, took a hot foot bath, covered up in bed. "The perspiration did roll. Oh, my!" The next morning I ate a light breakfast and went to work, feeling perfectly well. I am a "water cure crank" myself and I have every reason to be.

All manner of diseases can be cured by the simple use of water in various ways, smallpox and cholera not excepted. —Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Freaks Among Apples.

Among apples, as among living things, there are freaks—forms appearing to individual trees at the very extremes of normal conditions. A member of the state board of agriculture, in one of the northern counties, has an apple tree that has never had a petal. No one would ever know it was in blossom, yet it bears fruit abundantly. This shows that the pretty rosy parts of the flower, the petals, are nonessential to fruitfulness. Some contend that the brilliant colors of the petals of flowers are given to attract insects, and arrange for cross fertilization. Others contend that the petals act as protectors of the undeveloped parts, while others believe that, to some extent, they have the functions of leaves, and prepare food for the younger parts. Whatever it be, we see by this freak it is possible to have apples without them.

Then there are seedless apples—apples with no core. There may be germs in the ovariums, and the germs may be properly fertilized by the pollen, but the power to absorb nutrition is weak and the ovaries die in infancy from sheer starvation. Having been once fertilized, the fleshy part we know emphatically as the apple grows on and matures, though the seed and core do not. Twins or even triplets are often seen in apples, as in so many other organisms, and just as in other organisms by independent germs coming into juxtaposition in an early stage of development, when the stronger body absorbs a considerable portion of the other.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

He Couldn't Recognize French Money.

It requires very elastic credulity to accept in these days of universal commerce the existence of a railroad employe who had never seen a French bank note, and who, when he did, considered it some sort of an advertising circular. But such a fellow did exist, and he worked on the railway that runs out to Sceaux. One day he found on the platform four bank notes of 100 francs each, put them in his pocket and said, "Some nice women on the top; I'll take 'em home to my little boy." Thanks to his ignorance, he was only able when he got home at night to present his son with three pictures. The boy carried them to school the next day, and at recess was about cutting out the "nice women," when the teacher saw what he was doing.

"Where did you get these notes?" he demanded. "Father gave them to me." "What for?" "To play with." "Very well; I shall take charge of them." They went together to the police station, and there the matter was satisfactorily explained. The money had been lost by a market woman, and she was so delighted at receiving the best part of it that she actually handed one of the bank notes to the man, exclaiming: "Here, take this, you old fool, and if you didn't know before what it was, you will know in the future."—Paris Corespondent Boston Herald.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wiener's Cash Stores!!

Cor. I & Tulare Sts., FRESNO, Cal.

BRANCH STORES,

HOLT BLOCK, VISALIA.
FISH BLOCK, BAKERSFIELD.

We carry an immense and well as sorted stock of Gents Clothing and furnishing goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Drygoods, Fancy goods Ladies' Hosiery, Underwear, Etc.

Our terms of trading are STRICTLY CASH.

We positively refuse one cent of credit. We have just one price to all.

This system enaables us to sell at a much lower rate than credit-giving stores, who make large bad debts, and a very slight acquaintance with us will prove that our statement is correct.

Our aim is to sell standard goods at cut rates, and the fact that our reputation for LOW PRICES and for STRAIGHT FORWARD DEALING is wider than THE STATE itself, and betokens our success in this direction.

Our stock is always fresh.

BARGAINS INNUMERABLE lie on our shelves and crowd our tables

If you want reliable goods chean, try us. We fear no trade competitors. All our goods speak louder for us than the blast of a thousand horns, because

They Are Always The Cheapest and Best.

ON APPLICATION we shall be delighted to forward our country patrons a complete bound volume containing catalogue and list of prices. We shall also gladly mail, free of charge, samples of goods if desired.

Our Country Order Department is a specialty with us, to which we devote the closest and most prompt attention.

WE WILL SERVE YOU WELL AND MAKE YOU HAPPY, so remember the address,

Wiener's I St. Stores
Cor. I & Tulare Sts. FRESNO, CAL.

P. S. Send for our 76 page illustrated catalogue and price list.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner

WM. H. HUFF, Prop't

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,

Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to no one on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of Pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

BIG PINE HOTEL.

BIG PINE · CAL.

New House,
New Furniture,
Low Rates

Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seeker.

Special attention given to the wants of every guest.

Thos Williams,
Proprietor.

J. W. Murphy.

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

OFFICIAL.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING OF APPLICATION TO MORTGAGE CERTAIN REAL ESTATE AND DIRECTING NOTICE TO BE GIVEN.

In the Superior Court of the County of Inyo State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased.

Thomas J. Goodale and Maggie P. Goodale, Executor and Executrix respectively of the last will and testament of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order authorizing and empowering and directing them to mortgage the south half of the south-east quarter of section 22; south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section 23 and the north-east quarter of the north east quarter of section 27, all in Township Eleven South, Range 34 East, Mount Diablo Meridian, or some part thereof, for the purposes and for the amount stated in said petition, or for such lesser amount as to the said Court may seem meet; it is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Judge of said Superior Court on Wednesday the 23rd day of December, 1891, at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Chambers of said Superior Court, at the Court-house, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executor and Executrix authorizing, empowering and directing them to mortgage the real property belonging to said estate, to wit: The south half of the south east quarter of section 22; south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section 23 and the north-east quarter of the north-east quarter of section 27, all in Township Eleven South, Range 34 East, Mount Diablo Meridian, or some part thereof, for the sum of $900.00, or such lesser amount as to the Judge of said Court shall seem meet; all of which more fully appears by the said petition now on file in the Clerk's office and two which reference is here made for further particulars.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Inyo Independent, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Inyo.

Dated November 18th, 1891.

GEO. M. GILL.
Judge of the Superior Court.

[Endorsed.]

SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF INYO.

In the Matter of the Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased.

Order fixing time and place for hearing of application to mortgage certain real estate and directing notice to be given.

Filed November 19th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Executors.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 18th day in November, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased, the undersigned will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States, at any time before the 25th day of May, 1892, at the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property, to wit:

Eighteen head of horses [illegible] old.

Bids or offers in writing will also be received at the office of the undersigned, in the said town of Lone Pine.

Dated November 18th, 1891.

L. M. EDWARDS.
Administrator of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26 day of Sept. 1891, an assessment (No. 7) of Thirty (30) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company in Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday the 28th day of Nov. will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 26th day December, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of John A. Hannah deceased.

Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 14th day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Court room of said Court, at the town of Independence in the County of Inyo, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said John A. Hannah, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. L. Hunter for the issuance to him of Letters Testamentary thereon.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
P. W. FORBES, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated October 25th, 1891.

NOTCE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, in Independence, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGNACIA ABE HUCO.
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence Cal.

NOTICES TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegrini, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MAYLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

Notice of Forfeiture.

To Dennis O'Keefe, or his heirs, executors administrators and assigns: You and each of you, are hereby notified that I have expended Three hundred [$300] Dollars in labor and improvements upon the quartz mine situate in the Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county California, commonly known and designated as the Phoenix Mine, and recorded in book [illegible] page [illegible] thereof, records of said district, to wit: One hundred dollars for the year 1889; One hundred dollars for the year 1890; and One hundred dollars for the year 1891 as appears by certificate on file in the office of the Recorder of said district.

If within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditures, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said Phoenix Mine will become the property of the undersigned under the provisions of Section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States. JOHN DUNPHY.

Dated November 3d, 1891.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO, CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK
MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
I. H. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the 'INDEPENDENT' building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M.D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.
DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful attention given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday	January 24th
"	February 21st
"	March 21st
"	April 18th
"	May 23rd
"	June 20th
"	July 18th
"	August 15th
"	September 12th
"	October 17th
"	November 14th
"	December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Fine pieces of all descriptions repaired and repaired, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and laired.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanic Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURCKHARDT

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.
Supt. Modeck Con. Mining Co., Modeck Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS.
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed Flooring.

P. W. FORBES P. H. MACK
MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address, P. H. MACK, Independence Cal
P. W. FORBES, Bishop Cal.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to settle on or before October 25th, as after that date I will enforce payment.

F. FITZGERALD.

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to Mrs. REDDY, Darwin, Cal.

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATE AND SECTIONS will be sent on application FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO. Newspaper Advertising Bureau 10 Spruce Street, New York.

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
Repairs done Promptly.
Prices Reasonable.
A. J. [illegible]

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF.

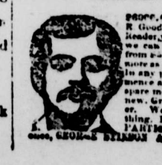
D. E. No. 513.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, Cal., Sept. 30, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intention to make final proof on his desert land claim, No. E. ½ of Section No. 3, and the W. ½ Sec. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M. D. M. before the Register and Receiver at Independence, on Saturday, the 10th day of Oct. 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G. Sanger, W. Sanger, A. M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, Cal.

C. W. CR[illegible]



INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4 1891

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 94¾.
Lead, 4 17
Copper, 11.15
Tin, 20.40
Sugar, .05¼
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 11 @ 14.

Religious Services.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m. Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.

Dr Van Deventer will be with us this week, lecturing on Friday evening at Lone Pine. Subject, "Men For To-day.", the collection for the New Church fund.

On Sunday at 10 a. m. a special address to the Sunday School at Lone Pine. 11 a. m., the Doctor will preach; after sermon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. At Georges Creek, address to young people at 2:15 p. m. and sermon by Doctor at 2:30.

At Independence, Praise service at 6:30 p. m.; sermon by the Doctor at 7 p. m. followed by sacramental service.

On Tuesday evening he will deliver his popular lecture on "How To Be Happy." Collection after each of the services for Presiding Elder Fund.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. H. Gill, Superior Judge.

MONDAY, November 30, 1891

Filed order for drawing Grand Jury.

Estate of John A. Hannah, deceased—Filed Petition for sale of personal property

Manuela Diaz vs. A. Diaz et. al.—Filed answer.

TUESDAY, December 1, 1891.

Estate of John A. Hannah, deceased—Filed inventory and appraisement.

SATURDAY, November 28, 1891.

People vs. Val. Sherman—Filed information for assault with a deadly weapon.

People vs. John Clarke—Filed information for assault with intent to commit murder.

THURSDAY, December 3, 1891.

Estate of F. Paderes, deceased—Filed proof of publication.

Estate of P. Pellegrino, deceased—Filed proof of publication.

Try some of Roeper's new sausage.

Mrs. R. Diaz of Lone Pine was in town yesterday.

J. J. Stewart of Lone Pine was in town last Tuesday.

B. Van Dyke of Lone Pine was in town on Monday last.

Ben Lusky came up from Lone Pine yesterday returning the same day.

Lord Edward Lytton, "Owen Meredith", died in Paris on the 24th ult.

Wednesday night was the coldest yet. The creek froze up and stopped.

W. M. Richards and wife of Keeler visited friends at Independence yesterday.

Jake Tracy and June Smith came down from Big Pine last Monday returning next day.

The next Republican National Convention will be held in Minneapolis on June 7th, 1892.

Don't forget the school entertainment tomorrow evening. Reserved seats at Rhine's.

Several citizens of Big Pine and Bishop were in town at the end of last week attending business in the land office.

Professor Tom Cate of Virginia City has gone to San Francisco to be treated for injuries received in a restaurant at the former place.

Meads' big team passed through town yesterday en route for Mojave. They carry freight for every town in the Valley and spend their money at home.

The Sheriff is summoning grand jurors to appear in the Superior Court on Tuesday, December 15th. There doesn't seem to be anybody particularly uneasy either.

The Owens Ditch Company met last Saturday, the principal business being in connection with the assessment recently levied, the maturity of which was postponed 30 days.

It is surprising to see how well the stock are looking on the outside range. Beef cattle are in good marketable condition; horses are doing particularly well and are in fine condition to stand the coming winter.

What are you going to do through the holidays? If there is to be a grand ball or celebration of any kind, now is the time to begin making preparations. Don't wait until the last minute and then have only an impromptu affair.

Yesterday afternoon a storm broke over the Sierras and still continues. A large quantity of snow has fallen in the canyons, and should the storm continue two days longer a good water season will be assured. A light snow fell in the Valley during the night but not enough to cover up the feed.

It may be, and then again it may not be. But when a young man goes to Los Angeles and then telegraphs for an outfit carefully prepared beforehand consisting of a dress suit, silk embroidered and scalloped underwear, robes de nuit with frills, puckers and fancy facings, it certainly looks suspicious. For further particulars ask Bill Johnson.

Rev. Doctor Van Deventer will lecture at Lone Pine tonight, the subject being "Men For To-day." He will deliver a lecture at Independence on Tuesday evening next on "How to be Happy." A cordial invitation is extended to all and you will surely be interested if you attend.

Deputy Sheriff O. I. Mairs started for Bakersfield on Tuesday with Tom McDonough and the two Indians, who are witnesses in the murder case at Bakersfield. It is said that the squaw who was with the marauding party and whose papoose was killed by the Constable's posse, has been found and will also be taken as a witness in the case.

Manly Talk

In the Mining Congress at Denver, Colorado, in discussing the silver question, Senator Wolcot of Colorado said: "No matter what may be the wishes of a majority of the party to which I belong, or its Chief Executive, and no matter how much my course may remove me from the sunlight of official patronage, until some new light crosses my vision which is not dimmed, I shall, so long as I remain in public life, vote for the free and unlimited coinage of silver." In the same congress Senator Stewart said: "The alternative is presented; perpetual contraction, falling prices and hard times, or the free and unlimited coinage of silver. There is no hope for silver legislation unless the friends of the white metal will stand together on the broad principle of free coinage, about which all agree."

Come Out And Enjoy Yourself.

The popular drama, "The Last Loaf," followed by a laughable farce will be presented at Mairs' Hall to-morrow evening under the auspicies of the Independence public school. Much careful preparation has been in progress during the past month, and that the affair will be a success goes without saying. The stage has been newly fitted up for the occasion, and the appurtenances will be perfect. The dramatis personnae is composed of entirely new material among our amateur talent, and the incentive to compare favorably with what has hitherto been rendered will be an added stimulus to success. Don't fail to secure a reserved seat early or you will get left. The object in view is a public benefit, and on that account, if no other, the play will be well attended.

A year ago to-day a heavy rain storm with snow in the mountains came to an end. Snow had fallen continuously for over a week, and the canyons were filled. This ensured a good water season for 1891 which was amply borne out. So far this year no snow of any consequence has fallen; the Sierras are barer than for many year, and unless storms set in soon the water next year will be low, as it is the early snows which, packing into ice, give the water during the summer months.

Wm. Rowen of Bishop passed through town yesterday with a fine lot of horses and mares for the Los Angeles market. Most of the horses were half-breed Normans and were large, handsome draft animals. Mr. Rowen drives to Los Angeles every year and is quite successful in finding a horse market.

"Of course it hurts, but you must grin and bear it," is the old time consolation given to people troubled with rheumatism. "If you will take the trouble to dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it over the seat of pain your rheumatism will disappear," is the modern and much more satisfactory advice. 50 cent bottles for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

Our readers will notice the advertisements in these columns of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, Iowa. From personal experience we can say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has broken up bad colds for our children and we are acquainted with many mothers in Centerville who would not be without it in the house for a good many times its cost and are recommending it every day.—*Centerville (SD.) Chronicle and Index.* 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

We want every mother to know that croup can be prevented. True croup never appears without a warning. The first symptom is hoarseness; then the child appears to have taken a cold, or a cold may have accompanied the hoarseness from the start. After that a peculiar rough cough is developed, which is followed by the croup. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse; a few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will prevent the attack. Even after a rough cough has appeared the disease may be prevented by using this remedy as directed. It has never been known to fail. 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month.

Terms Reasonable.

Inquire of
MRS. S. A. DENSMORE,
Independence, Cal.

For Sale Cheap

A two stamp mill in running order, with abundant water power, near railway. [Benton, Cal.] Apply to
F. W. FARWELL,
148 Market St., Chicago.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo County, Cal.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of Nov., 1891, an assessment (No. 14) of Ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United states gold coin, to the Secretary at No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of January 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 29th day of January, 1892 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
G. W. L. JOE, Secretary.
Office, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

A BIG BUSINESS.

The growth and present size of the great retail business of Weinstock, Lubin, & Co., Sacramento, shows on the face that it possesses *a distinct character* of its own. It has done much to introduce many important reforms in storekeeping, which have been widely copied. There are people who have never heard of the big establishment, but who, through its silent influence, are being served by local dealers better than they otherwise would be.

It has done more than any other ten stores to give the "One Price System" firm and substantial footing on the Pacific Coast.

It has shown people living in small towns that they can deal through the mails with as much security as if they bought in person.

It has, by constantly raising its own standard of qualities, had an influence in raising the standard everywhere. The average grade of goods kept upon the Coast grows better each year.

It has been prominent in bringing west as stylish and desirable goods as are kept by merchants in New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago. Indeed, the manufacturers who supply them supply it. The goods are the same; and the Sacramento prices, while never higher, are sometimes considerably less. This is explained by the fact that the cost of conducting business in large Eastern cities is far greater than in the Capital City, the extra expense of overland freight being but a comparatively small item.

It has made it possible for out-of-town people to enjoy quite as satisfactory shopping facilities as do those living in large cities.

There is no desire on the part of the firm to take any special credit for whatever influence for good the house may have exerted. They have sought simply to build up a business on fair and just principles; to buy and sell as low as they can; to deal as far as possible only in the very best goods; and neither to fear nor favor any one, but to treat every customer as they would their most favored friend.

Whatever of success has come, they attribute it to the faithful carrying out of these aims and principles.

A large illustrated catalogue, giving full information about goods and prices, how to order, etc., sent free to any address.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN, & CO.,
400-412 K Street,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Dried Fruit

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Dried Prunes.....12 1-2 cts.
Dried Peaches.....10 cts.
Dried Apples.....10 cts
Other varieties of dried fruit for sale on reasonable terms.

S. A. Densmore,
Independence, Cal.

[redacted]

PALACE SALOON
LONE PINE, CAL.
—THE FINEST—
WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS.

This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURKHARDT,
j 2-tf Lessee.

BUHACH
THE UNRIVALED
Insect Exterminator

Manufactured solely from Pyrethrum flowers, grown in California, in a locality where the soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to the production of flowers rich in the essential oil which makes them so remarkably destructive to insect life.

Avoid the Worthless and Spurious Preparations, sold as Insect Powders, and use Buhach from original packages, and clear your premises of all Annoying and Destructive Insect Pests.

Buhach Genuine Without the Trade Mark.

If your dealer doesn't keep it, order directly from the

Buhach Producing & Manufacturing COMPANY,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
STOCKTON, - - CALIFORNIA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for

Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:

Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the well known feed and livery stables patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise.
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

THOMAS & HILL.

Worth $100.00, our gold watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, solid GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and tell them about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $50 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Inyo Stage Company.

REGULAR LINE

—FROM—

Mojave To Keeler.

FINE COACH

FAST STOCK.

The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful

Redrock Canyon

And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.

Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.

Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m.

W. K. MILLER,
Propr.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and price before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal., March 9, 1891.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m3 0- RENO, NEVADA.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points

Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP

Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing .....$2.00 for Cash

For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, insuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,
GROCERIES
MINERS
Supplies

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out a flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House		11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m
Dayton		12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska		2:05 p. m.	2 50 p. m
Hawthorne		5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning		7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Sodа Springs		8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville		9:15 p. m.	7:55 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar.	10.00 p. m	Lv. 7.25 a. m
	No. 3. Leave—		No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville		8 20 a. m.	5:25 p m.
Benton		11:50 a. m.	1:35 a. m.
Bishop Creek		2:00p, m.	11:05 a. m
Alvord		2 45 p. m.	10:40 a. m.
Independence		4:20 p. m.	8:20 a. m
Lone Pine		5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler	Ar	5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (20 miles); Bodie (30 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downieville Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies'
Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOD

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain
Flour, etc., constantly
on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES,
LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.
—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-12 td

GOOD LUCK.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is often called the Good-Luck Baking Powder.

Owing to the fact that good luck always attends the use of Dr. Price's, it is not essential to use it the moment it is mixed nor is it required to have the oven always just so, as in the case with ammonia or alum powders. It is not luck after all, but the exact accuracy and care exercised in the preparation and combination of all the ingredients of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Competent chemists are employed to test the strength and purity of each ingredient. Nothing is trusted to chance. Hence; it is always uniform in its work.

House wives never fail to have "good luck" in making most delicious bread, biscuit, pastry and cakes that remain moist and sweet. Only Baking Powder that contains the white of eggs.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is reported by all authorities as free from Ammonia, Alum, or any other adulterant. In fact, the purity of this ideal powder has never been questioned.

Fruit Vender—I feela bada. Faithful Wife—Why you feela bada? Fruit Vender—One of the peaches I sella thata man was gooda.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

"I see Jack and Mollie have made it up again. Why was the engagement ever broken?" "They had a quarrel as to which loved the other the most."

HELPLESS.

Chicago, Ill.

I WAS confined to bed; could not walk from lame-back; suffered 5 months; doctors did not help; 2 bottles of **ST. JACOBS OIL** cured me. No return in 5 years.

FRANCIS MAURER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDERICK, Saugerties, New York.

A worn-out Stomach.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

Packed in patent canvas pouches, which retain the natural moisture of the tobacco and insures a cool, sweet smoke to the end. More solid comfort in one package of "Mastiff" than you can get out of a dozen others.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

A Strange Wager in Vienna.

A curious wager is at present occupying the attention of such widely separated classes as our young noblemen and the Association of Hotel and Restaurant Waiters in Vienna. Several of the younger scions of the highest Austrian aristocracy, who were accustomed to dine in an old hotel of high repute in the Karnthner strasse, took exception to the practice of the waiters, most of whom have seen twenty or thirty years' service, in dressing their mustaches in just the same fashion as the "noble swells" they had to serve. One of the high born customers accordingly laid a wager with some of his friends, which was immediately accepted, that within a given time the objectionable adornment should disappear from the upper lips of the waiters in all the fashionable hotels and restaurants in Vienna, otherwise the proposer himself was to shave off his own embellishment for a given period.

In order to effect his purpose the latter commenced by trying to persuade the hotel keeper in the Karnthner strasse to forbid all his servants wearing mustaches on penalty of losing his aristocratic customers. In this case he succeeded, but the waiters, who were mostly married men, one after another gave notice to leave their places. They were at once replaced by younger men, who for a consideration submitted to the imposed humiliation. The same thing happened in a number of other hotels and restaurants, and the wager was nearly won by the layer when the proprietor of the Hotel Imperial, the first hotel in Vienna, flatly refused to comply with the whim of the Vienna jeunesse doree, whom he told outright that if they deserted his house he should readily find better customers.

The case was also taken up, "as matter of right and honor," by the Association of Waiters, which threatened to expel from the society any member degrading himself by humoring aristocratic caprice in this matter. Thus the matter stands at the present moment. The bet appears likely to be lost, and then will come the triumph of the waiters, who expect soon to have the satisfaction of seeing their would be dictator instead of themselves going about with shaven lip. —Cor. London Standard.

One on Mr. Depew.

They say that when Mr. Depew came recently from Europe the usual swarm of yarn spinners gathered nightly in the smoking room to tell stories and chat about things in general. Every soul save one in the party kept his end up. The exceptional member of the party did not laugh or indicate by even a twinkle of the eyes any interest in the funniest jokes, and was as silent as a door knob at the best stories. This conduct began to nettle Mr. Depew and the other spirits, and when the final seance came around they had lost all patience with the reticent and unresponsive stranger. Mr. Depew was selected to bring him to terms. They were all comfortably seated and in came the stranger.

"See here, my dear sir," said Mr. Depew, "won't you tell a story?" "I never told one in my life." "Sing a song?" "Can't sing." "Know any jokes?" persisted Mr. Depew. "No." Mr. Depew and all were prepared to give it up when the stranger stammered and hesitated, and finally made it known that he knew just one conundrum. "Give it to us," said Mr. Depew and the others in chorus. "What is the difference between a turkey and me?" solemnly asked the stranger. "Give it up," said Chairman Depew. "The difference between a turkey and me," mildly said the stranger, "is that they usually stuff the bird with chestnuts after death. I am alive."—Illustrated American.

Stole Busts from a Cemetery.

That too ingenious person who stole bronze and marble busts from the cemetery of Montparnasse, touched them up and sold them as effigies of famous heroes, statesmen or orators, has at last met with the punishment which his lugubrious labors deserved. Moreau, for so the new kind of "resurrection man," to adopt the phrase of Dickens, is called, came up before the eighth tribunal of police, and was soon sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

The singular thefts perpetrated by Moreau in the cemetery long passed unperceived. He was accordingly able to make some money by his dismal and deplorable transactions, and it is considered probable that many of his transformed busts now adorn not only the humble homesteads of artisans in Paris, but also the libraries and museums of some provincial towns. On one occasion he is said to have sold the effigy of a worthy professor of the Sorbonne as that of a famous general of the revolution, while on another he passed off the bronze presentment of a departed grocer as that of a Demosthenes.

His Last Concert.

One of the most pathetic of sights was that seen in the Boston music hall at the last concert given by Mario, the once famous tenor. He was poor, and the hall was filled with persons who had been ardent admirers of his wonderful art, and now that he had lost his art were willing to put money in his purse.

The tenor tried one of his great songs, but his decayed voice refused to sing the notes. Again he tried, and again he failed. Then, with a sad smile, and a slow, mournful movement of his head, he suffered the orchestra to play through the air, and retired from the stage amid the silence of the pitying audience.

Another pathetic story is told of Bottesini, a famous violinist, concerning his last concert at Parma:

It was a rainy evening and the managers had forgotten to send a carriage for the veteran, who set out on foot, and had gone some distance before a passing friend perceived him and made him enter his carriage.

Arrived at the concert room, Bottesini tuned his instrument and began to rub his bow with rosin. The rosin crumbled in his hands, and, turning to his friends with a sad half smile, he said, "See, it is so that Bottesini, too, will break up."

Then he grasped his loved instrument and drew the bow across the strings, but instantly stopped with a wondering look, for he felt something strange in the tone; his touch was answered less readily and certainly than of old.

Once more he tried, and once more stopped, this time with a smile, saying only, "It answers no more." His audience perceived nothing unusual in the performance, which they applauded as warmly as ever, but Bottesini seemed to feel the shadow of death.

On the following day he was stricken with illness, and soon after the wonderful hand was stilled forever.—Youth's Companion.

How Gold Rings Are Made.

Gold rings are made from bars nine to fifteen inches long. One of these bars, fifteen inches long, two inches wide and 3-16 of an inch thick, is worth $1,000, and will make 400 fourpennyweight rings. A dozen processes and twenty minutes' time are required to convert this bar into merchantable rings. First a pair of shears cuts the bar into strips. Then by the turn of a wheel a guillotine like blade attached to the machine cuts the bar into slices, one, two or three sixteenths of an inch wide. A rolling machine next presses out the slices and makes them either flat or grooved. Each strip is then put under a blow pipe and annealed. The oxide of copper comes to the surface and is put into a pickle of sulphuric acid, after which the gold is stamped "14 k," "16 k" or "18 k," according to quality. Next it is put through a machine which bends it into the shape of a ring of the size required. The ends are then soldered with an alloy of inferior fineness to the quality of the ring. Many people think that rings are molded because they can't see where they are soldered. The ring spins through the turning lathe, is rounded, pared and polished, first with steel flings, then with tripoli and rouge.—Rehoboth Herald.

How She Foiled the Thief.

Some years ago one of the present congressman from New York state and his brother were examining the stock of a pawnshop in London with the hope of picking up some curiosities. They came across a necklace of green glass beads, which the New York man purchased for $2.50, intending to bring it home to his little daughter. The brother was surprised to find in the shop a counterpart of this necklace, which he brought home to his little girl. Two months later the latter showed her gift to a jeweler, who pronounced the glass beads to be emeralds, and who sold them afterwards for several thousand dollars. The member of congress, upon hearing this, took his necklace to the same dealer, who pronounced it to be composed of glass beads. The London pawn dealer had purchased them of a thief, who had stolen them from a wealthy woman. The latter kept the emeralds in a safe, and wore their glass counterparts. Of course no one could tell the difference when the necklace encircled her throat.—Exchange.

Gobelin Tapestry.

"When you hear people talk about getting Gobelin tapestry," says C. R. Clifford, of The Upholsterer, "they usually don't know what they are talking about. The Gobelin works are in France, and are subsidized by the government. They turn out goods designed for state gifts, and the same goods are not made in Philadelphia, although as the manufacturer of tapestries she is the metropolis of the world. It is not that we cannot make tapestries as valuable as the Gobelin, but who would buy them? No one could make them without immense subsidy. Chevreul, the great centenarian chemist, used to be the chemist of the Gobelin works. They spend a year in turning out as much of the article as could be made in a day or two at our rate of working. People frequently talk about Gobelin tapestry, but they apply the word to some fancy work done by the women. There is no manufacturer of it here."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

arious Ways of Bookkeeping.

The bakers here have a rather original way of keeping accounts which may be called a kind of bookkeeping by double entry. When the carrier delivers a loaf of bread, which, by the way, is about five or six feet long, he is handed a wooden lath about a foot long by the party to whom he delivers the bread. From a collection of laths of the same size, one for each customer, he picks out this particular customer's one, and placing the two parallel, he cuts a groove across the face of both. In the final adjustment of accounts both laths have to have the same number of notches. Cheap, but ingenious. —Prolles (France) Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Left Hand Thunder's Swell Wedding.

A wedding that developed considerable interest among the Sioux took place at Lower Brule agency Oct. 27. Chief Left Hand Thunder and a belle of the Sioux nation were united in marriage by a white clergyman. Representatives of various bands from all portions of the big reservation were present, and the feast given after the ceremony was the grandest thing of the kind ever indulged in by the noble red man. Left Hand Thunder is wealthy, and entertained his visitors royally.—Cor. St. Paul Globe.

Something About Storms.

The ancients, whose knowledge of meteorology was exceedingly limited, thought that storms were of supernatural origin.

To our vain ancestors, nothing could happen without direct reference to their existence, and it took many ages for mankind to be convinced that the forces of nature work without any reference to man's safety or peril.

The storm, the cyclone and the blizzard are just as natural phenomena as sunshine or the formation of dew. Yet to many persons the why and wherefore are still much of a mystery.

The atmosphere which surrounds our earth is like a great sea, constantly heaving and tossing in waves more or less immense.

This is due to several causes. The rotation of the earth on its axis is one cause; but the main cause is changes of temperature. If the temperature of the air were the same everywhere, the atmosphere would be in equilibrium, and a calm would always prevail, but while one portion is being heated another is cooling, and in consequence the equilibrium is disturbed; this causes a movement of the air from the cold to the warm region.

When air is heated it expands, becomes light and rises, and as it flows away in the upper regions causes a depression which is called the "area of the low barometer," because as the column of mercury in the tube exactly balances a column of air of equal diameter, the mercury falls as the pressure decreases.

Now, as the atmosphere, like water, is always trying to seek its level, the air from the "area high barometer"—that is, the area where the pressure is great—will always flow toward the area of low barometer, and endeavor to fill up the depression.—William Alva in Golden Days.

Men Without Names.

In a work upon the prisons of Siberia, Mr. Edgar Boulangier, a French engineer, who spent a long time in the service of the Trans-Caspian railway, describes a strange class of beings in that country. They are the men who do not know who they are.

No doubt many of these men merely assume this ignorance, in order to mystify the officials, but their identity is in many cases totally unknown to the authorities and all their acquaintances.

The prison of Alexandrovsk, Mr. Boulangier says, contains several of these singular people. Now and then, driven by hunger, a vagabond comes to the prison door and asks to be taken in.

"I have come to deliver myself up," says the vagabond.

"For what reason? Who are you?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know? What's your name?"

"I have forgotten it; it was so long ago."

"Where is your passport?"

"I have none."

"Then you are a brodiaga—a vagabond; you have escaped from prison. What crime were you in for?"

"I have forgotten."

Nothing more definite can be got out of him. Sometimes these vagabond exiles accuse themselves of crimes that they have not committed, in order to make interesting journeys at the expense of the government. Frequently their imposture is detected after they have been transported long distances, but who they really are the authorities seldom ascertain. They are kept under surveillance, and M. Boulangier is of the opinion that they sometimes really forget what their names are.—Youth's Companion.

The Land of Scott.

The chief impression a stranger is likely to get from his first visit to Scotland is that it was discovered, if not created, by Walter Scott. Wherever he goes, whatever he sees, Highland and Lowland, lake and stream, gray ruin, and green glen, that potent spirit is lord and master of all. There is nothing quite like it, I think, elsewhere; no other land on which the genius of one man has written his name so deep. Greece still cherishes the memory of Byron, and few Englishmen, at least, who travel those haunted shores are likely to forget that he owed to them his best poetry and gave them in return his life. But Byron's is, after all, but one of the many memories that throng that marvelous land. In Scotland all seems Scott. There Nature and Man, the Present and the Past, all seem to speak to us with his voice, and take the most part of their beauty and their glory from him. The Bruce and the Douglas, Cavalier and Covenanter, noble and moss trooper—they start from their graves at every turn to the call of the Great Magician.

The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid moldering ruins low he lies;

yet surely of few men are the old words so true—he being dead yet speaketh.—Macmillan's Magazine.

ARSENIC AND AMMONIA.

Remarkable Contrast in the Effect of Two Poisons on the Complexion.

The slow absorption of many poisons changes in some more or less modified form the complexion, but arsenic and ammonia show their effect about as quickly as any. The popular belief that arsenic clears the complexion has led many silly women to kill themselves with it in small, continued doses.

It produces a waxy, ivory-like appearance of the skin during a certain stage of the poisoning, but its terrible after effects have become too well known to make it of common use as a cosmetic.

The effects of ammonia upon the complexion are directly the opposite to that of arsenic. The first symptom of ammonia poisoning which appears among those who work in ammonia factories is a discoloration of the skin of the nose and forehead. This gradually extends over the face until the complexion has a stained, blotched, and unsightly appearance. With people who take ammonia into their systems in smaller doses, as with their water or food, these striking symptoms do not appear so soon. The only effect of the poison that is visible for a time is a general unwholesomeness and sallowness of the complexion.

Many people are slowly absorbing ammonia poison without knowing it. The use of ammonia in the manufactures has greatly increased of late, and it is unquestionably used as an adulterant in certain food preparations. Official analysis have plainly shown its use even in such cheap articles of every day consumption as baking powders. The continued absorption of ammonia in even minute quantities as an adulterant in food is injurious not merely from its effect upon the complexion, but because it destroys the coating of the stomach and causes dyspepsia and kindred evils.

Professor Long of Chicago, is authority for the statement that, if to fifty million parts of water there is one part of ammonia, the water is dangerous.

This is the season of the year when the young man goes to his funeral and pulls his gun over the fence after him.

TELEGRAPHER'S PARALYSIS.

Following is an interesting letter from W. S. Cassell, one of the managers of the Western Union Telegraph Co.:

"BLOOMINGTON, IND., Jan. 12, 1886.

I have been in the telegraph business for more than twenty years, and for the past five years have been troubled with what is called Writer's Cramp, or Telegrapher's Paralysis. At times my arm became so weak that I could not use it in sending dispatches, and had to use my left. Have spent many restless nights, the pain reaching from my hand up into my shoulder. Tried everything I could hear of, but with scarcely any relief. Having strained my left side a few weeks ago, I got one of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS, as I usually do in such cases, and accidentally happened to see where some one had cured a weak wrist by using one of these Plasters. I got another at once and cut it in two and put one-half around my wrist. In less than two days after the pain had entirely left my wrist and arm, and in two weeks I could send nearly as well as ever. I write this hoping it will reach the eyes of others who may be afflicted as I was, as I know there are scores of them."

Sweet Mabel went out for a ride one day
On a Columbia-avenue cable car,
She stepped from the car in a backward way;
She's an angel now. "And there you are."

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Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and the most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria; but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretion are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Constitution and physique are thus defended against the inroads of malaria by this matchless preventive, which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

A Hint to the Authorities—The Italians should be prohibited from scattering organ peals along the pavements.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are excellent for the relief of Horseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.

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A New Race of Wolves.

A St. John's, Newfoundland, special to The New York Herald says: The people of this country are gradually abandoning the fishery and turning their attention to farming, to mining and to manufactures. Many thousands of acres have been brought under cultivation. Sheep raising has received a great impetus, and in every village large flocks of sheep abound. One great obstacle has now been swept away. Great numbers of dogs were kept by the people. These were not the celebrated Newfoundland breed, of which indeed pure specimens are exceedingly rare. But they were strong and hardy, and when coupled were employed by the poorer classes to draw sleds laden with timber and firewood in the settlements along the coast, or in hunting expeditions in the interior of the country.

In the summer time, in spite of stringent laws regarding precautions, they frequently destroyed valuable sheep. It was proposed to introduce the reindeer in their stead. In the meantime the retention or abolition of these dogs has been made the subject of "local option." Many localities have abolished them completely and have introduced sheep farming on a large scale. The measure, however, has produced one incidental inconvenience of a serious nature. In some cases, whether through the negligence of the police or through the fondness of the owners, dogs have been suffered to escape to the forests; the animals have become quite wild and savage and continue to hang around backwoods settlements. In spite of the efforts of the police [redacted] her and destroyed the cubs. The hunting of this new race of wolves may become a national sport, or a national business, and our legislature may find itself compelled again to provide for the prices of wolves' heads.

Two English Authors.

I reached London just too late for the annual authors' dinner, which is one of the events of the season there, and on this account, and because my time was almost entirely taken up by the law business about which I had gone over, I did not meet as many of the literary men as I should have liked to meet. I saw a good deal, however, of Edmund Gosse, who is one of the most polished and delightful of men, and has always been very kind to me. His house is a sort of center, his Sunday evenings being delightful occasions where one may meet a score of writers, sculptors and painters.

Occasionally I met him at lunch at his club, where he would get Austin Dobson, who is, like himself, in an official position in Whitehall, and obtains therefrom the substantials of life which enable him to cultivate the muses on something a little better than "oaten reed." Both Dobson and Gosse are directly in line for the laureateship when it shall fall vacant, though no one knows who will get it. I am indebted to both of them for much personal kindness. Gosse is a good sized, handsome man, of the blonde English type, with the cheeriest face and voice, and wherever he goes it grows warm and comfortable. Dobson is somewhat older. Both of them strike me as being among the most cultured men I ever met. They have English literature at their fingers' ends, and dwell in an atmosphere which is redolent of the masters.—Thomas Nelson Page

The palaces of Versailles and Trianon are closed until further notice. The ravages of vandals have become unendurable.

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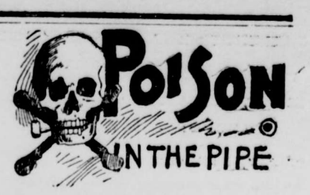

Leading medical authorities state that new and improperly cured tobacco when heated in the pipe produces a rank vegetable poison.

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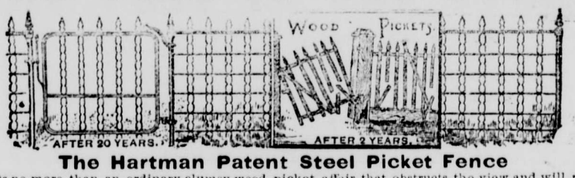

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Old Gold and Silver Bought; send your old Gold and Silver by mail to the old and reliable house of A. Coleman, 41 Third street, San Francisco; I will send by return mail the cash, according to assay; if the amount is not satisfactory will return gold.

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.

Independence, Cal.,

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1891.

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THREW AWAY A CROWN.

A French Woman did this Without Knowing it.

NAPOLEON'S ATTEMPT AT LOVE MAKING.

The Young Corsican needed Money, but not a Grand-mother.

At the commencement of his career the great Napoleon fell in with an ardent revolutionist, M. Paul Francois Barras, who took a great liking to the young Corsican, and conceived the highest opinion of his abilities and of the powers which, events proved, he possessed in so remarkable a degree. But in the opinion of Barras, Napoleon's want of means was a most serious obstacle to his chance of achieving fame, and he proposes to remedy this by selecting for him a rich wife. Now, whether it was that he did not number among his acquaintances many women with the requisite dot, or whether he thought that his portege's fiery youth would be better for the restraining influence which a wife of some experience in the ways of the world would no doubt be able to exert, Barras chose for this position a woman who, though still undeniably handsome, was no longer young.

Though she was called Mlle. Montansier, she was in reality a widow, who, because she had been on the stage, had never adopted the name of her husband. She was 60 years of age, but it was said that she made herself appear to be not more than 40 by the intimate knowledge that she possessed of the secrets of the toilet table.

Barras made up his mind that it was imperative to the success of Napoleon's career that he should make this elderly lady his wife, and accordingly he set himself to work to bring about the match by impressing upon each of them the advantages that would result from it. To Napoleon he dilated upon the power that would follow the acquisition of the wealth which Mlle. Montansier could give him; to the lady he enlarged on the position that his talented young friend was bound to make for himself, and that would, of course, be shared by his wife.

For the purpose of introducing the couple to each other, he decided upon giving a supper, to which they were both invited. He so arranged matters that they were placed together at the table, and hoped that this precaution, added to the injunctions which he had given to Napoleon to behave for once in his life with some show of civility to a lady, would have the happiest result. But in this he was fated to be disappointed. Napoleon was quite the last man to rely upon in such a respect. His manners toward the fair sex were those of a costermonger, and though he could generally hold his own in a conversation with men, he was entirely without the knack of making himself interesting or agreeable to women. He felt that his place was in the camp or the field, and he was quite out of his element among the conventionalities of a salon.

Had he been inclined to woo, it would have been in a straightforward, soldier like fashion, not with the dallyings and compliments so dear to the French woman of his time. So, presently, Barras had the mortification of seeing Mlle. Montansier, her back turned to Napoleon, engaging in a lively conversation with the gentleman on the other side, while the future conqueror was making, with little pellets of bread, a plan of battle on the table before him. Hardly a word passed between the two during the remainder of the meal. Barras watched with growing annoyance the indifference of Napoleon, and felt his plans melting into thin air as he saw the evident delight with which the widow turned from him to the more entertaining companion she had found elsewhere.

Supper over, Barras drew Napoleon aside and spoke forcibly to him of the foolish way in which he was throwing away his chances. "You know," said he, "that money is everything to you; here are 1,000,000 francs, and you will not stretch out your hand to take them; a most attractive woman, and you will not show her the smallest gallantry. Mlle. Montansier has come here this evening prepared to hear a declaration from you. Strike while the iron is hot, and win the wealth that you cannot do without at one bold stroke."

"The woman is old enough to be my grandmother," said Napoleon, who was then 25 years old; "but that is no matter, for to me all women are alike. Money is what I want; and, if I cannot get it without a wife, I must take the two together. I am no coiner of pretty speeches, but before the evening is over I will say to her: 'Mademoiselle, are you willing to accept me as your husband? More than that I cannot do."

"The very kind of proposal that any woman would expect from a blunt soldier," replied Barras. "Say that, and I desire no more. You are to be envied; for, besides her wealth, mademoiselle is very handsome still."

Napoleon turned away with a gesture of impatience; but half an hour later Barras noticed, to his joy, that the two were alone together in a recess. Presently Napoleon got up and went away, and the lady beckoned to Barras with her fan. "Take away that dreadful little man," she said with a shudder; "he has bored me to death, and I only prevented him from proposing by sending him for a glass of lemonade."

"But why prevent him?" said Barras. "He will be a great man yet."

"Give myself and my money to such a little horror, such an ill-mannered boor as that!" replied mademoiselle. "Never! I would sooner take the first beggar man cut of the streets. What have I done that I should be given such a wretched evening? Don't let your"——

But at this moment she was checked by the arrival of Napoleon with the lemonade. Barras hurried away, still hoping for the best; but soon he saw at the other end of the room Bonaparte standing in the attitude in which he has so often been depicted, with his arms folded and his chin sunk upon them.

"Well, are you to be married?" he said, hastening towards his protege.

"That old actress," said Napoleon, "that female Crœsus refused me before I had opened my mouth to ask her hand. I was on the point of speaking, as I told you I should speak, when she began to inform me that her wealth was the cause of her constantly receiving offers from adventurers who cared nothing for herself; that she thanked Providence she had so far seen through some fellows, and that she was resolved to keep her independence. I was glad I had not spoken, for it gave me the opportunity of saying: 'Mademoiselle, pray persevere in that praiseworthy intention; it is one which I am sure no one will ever try to persuade you to alter.' Let her keep her millions to bait the hook for some one else; I have done with her."

And in spite of Barras' endeavors the affair ended there.

In after years Mlle. Montansier was fond of boasting that, had she chosen, she might have been empress of France and wife of the most famous man of the age. Gould she have been gifted with the faculty of foresight, no doubt she would have regarded more leniently the young man whom M. Barras wished her to marry.—Chambers' Journal.

At the Gas Office Window.

"Anything new this year for the people in the way of gas meters?" asked a subdued looking citizen at one of the windows of the gas office on Dearborn and Lake streets.

The man on the inside, whose long attention to duty at that post has made him look haughty, tried to thaw out in front of the inquiry.

"You may say," he replied, as if he were conferring a favor, "that our gas meters will run this year as usual—which is to say, all right. And let me say another thing. There has been a good deal of complaint in the year gone, at this very window, and to this very person now speaking, sir, that we have rendered bills to people for gas who were out of town and who had not lighted a burner in six weeks. They have come to us and exclaimed with air of triumph, sir, that they had us at last. A sort of ah-ha business, you know, like the villain in the first act of the play."

Then the man at the window paused, took a fresh grip on his breath and resumed:

"You may say to these deluded people that a certain amount of gas is forced through the meter, any way, and if it isn't burned it will leak, and the register marks it up just as if it were burned. So you see that the gas company is not a robber after all. Tell that to the people."

The man without gave a longing look and gasped: "Then there is no hope?"

"You can take out the meter," said the wretch inside, as he resumed his work of compounding.—Chicago Tribune.

The Best Wearing Leather.

But very few people who wear Cordovan shoes have any idea where the leather bearing that name comes from, hence the question is often asked, "What is Cordovan?"

"Cordovan," the name by which leather made from the hides of horses is now known, was first finished in Hamburg, Germany, under the name of Ross leather.

In combination with it the hide has four layers of muscular skins which, with the "shell," give to the horse the great and tremendous pulling power that makes the animal so serviceable to mankind. This "shell," if properly tanned and shaven clean of its sinewy matter—a most difficult task—makes the best wearing leather in existence, and proves the theory of old time shoemakers—that only leather of a long fiber will wear—to be a mistaken one, as the "shell" has no fiber.

In this it has a decided advantage over calfskin with its fibers; the breaking of any one throws additional strain upon the other, and a break in the leather soon follows.

Experience has demonstrated that the "shell" will wear two or three times longer than calfskin.

Cordovan possesses another great advantage in being the nearest waterproof of any leather made. The fineness of texture also permits its taking a very high polish.—St. Louis Republic.

The Indian in Literature.

Cooper is said, by Bradner Matthews, to have been the first author who introduced the red man into literature. This has been disputed, and it is alleged that "Chateaubriand, who visited the new world in the year of Cooper's birth, certainly did not neglect the noble savage." But here are some mistakes. Chateaubriand was in America in 1791, when Cooper was 2 years old. His "Atala," a tale of Indian life, appeared in 1801. Cooper's first novel appeared anonymously in 1819, and his "Last of the Mohicans" in 1826. But Thomas Campbell had introduced the Indian to English literature in his "Gertrude of Wyoming," which appeared in 1809. But Alexander Pope's lines, beginning "Lo, the poor Indian," appeared about 1732, more than fifty years before Cooper was born; and it certainly refers to the red man of America, for the poet adds that his "humbler heaven" is a place

Where slaves once more their native land behold
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

The "Christians" here mentioned were the Spanish invaders of America.—Lowell Courier.

The Use of Letters.

It may not be generally known to the reading public how much each individual letter of the alphabet is used. D, h, n, o, c and u are in third place as regards ordinary use; t, s, a, i and r are in second place, being used a very little oftener; l and m are in fourth place, with f, g, y, v, p and b close afterward; j and k are not common, as compared to the rest; while z, q and x are used least of all. The letter e is in first place, being used far oftener than any other.—Christian at Work.

SOME ANCIENT PUZZLES.

They Seem to Have a Vigorous Immortality.

TRICKS PLAYED WITH NUMERALS.

Reviving a Conundrum That was Solved Forty Years Ago.

There are certain problems, chiefly arithmetical, endued with a vigorous immortality. No matter how often the solution is printed, or how widely an exhaustive answer is published, the question comes up again, before the ink is fairly dried, to the lips of hundreds who have not seen the reply, or who either cannot understand it or will not accept it. There are several of these which we have printed so often, but which still kept coming, that to save further time we struck off a hundred proofs of each, and mailed one to the inquirers in succession without comment. These proofs are exhausted, and we have accumulated from a score or more of correspondents the same old questions, with urgent requests for a fresh solution. We notice that The Brooklyn Eagle has been struggling with one of these. The editor who has charge of that department is very clever, and we think he is playing a little with his inquisitor.

The original question sent to us forty years ago and involving the same point submitted to The Eagle was, how to find the product of £19 19s. 11d. 3f. multiplied by itself. Of course if the parts of the pounds were stated as fractions, and the pounds as whole numbers, then 19 959-960ths could be multiplied by itself. But money of account has not two dimensions. If a table is 4 feet wide and 4 feet long, then 4x4=16 feet, and we have the number of square feet on the surface. Five times five pounds are £25, but five pounds times five pounds is unmeaning, as money does not measure itself in that fashion. Twice two children are four children, but twice children two children has no meaning. So "nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings, eleven pence, three farthings times nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings, eleven pence, three farthings." is utter nonsense.

The next puzzle on the list, and one which comes the oftenest to our desk, in some form of a problem which proposes to divide a whole sum into fractions that together did not make the dividend. The original of this in our columns was an answer to an actual case where a man in his will had devised one-third, one-fourth, one-fifth and one-sixth of his property respectively to his four children, supposing that he had thus devised the whole of his estate. The fractions mentioned only made nineteen-twentieths of a whole number. This is easily seen if they are reduced to a common denominator. One-third is twenty-sixtieths, one-fourth is fifteen-sixtieths, one-fifth is twelve-sixtieths, and one-sixth is ten-sixtieths, which together make but fifty-seven sixtieths, leaving three-sixtieths (or 1-20th) to make up the whole number.

This puzzle reappears in some form every few days the year round. It is answered on the same principle involved in the interpretation of the Arab's will. He had fifteen horses and four sons. He devised his estate, giving one son a half, another a quarter, another an eighth and the last a sixteenth. They found it impossible to agree on a division. The eldest son insisted that as seven horses would not be half of fifteen he should have eight; but the other sons objected, and as neither one-half, one-fourth, one-eighth nor one-sixteenth would give either son an even lot they had a fierce dispute over the division. A venerable sheik rode up just as the quarrel was at its height, and to compose their differences dismounted and generously offered to add his mare to the fifteen belonging to the estate, agreeing that each should take his allotted share from the whole sixteen, only stipulating that his should be the last selected. The addition made an easy solution of the difficulty. The first then took eight as his half of the sixteen, the next took four for his quarter, the third took two for his eighth, and the fourth took one for his sixteenth. As this made but fifteen the sheik mounted his mare and rode away. The Arab boys regarded it as a miracle, and exclaimed that Allah had given a horse to the sheik for his generous interference. In spite of this oft told tale the problem still survives and annually puzzles hundreds of our countrymen.

A more recent problem which we have already answered several times, but which is repeated every week from some quarter, is the division of one fraction by another. The original question which we answered several years ago was: "What is the quotient of two-thirds divided by one-half?" The unthinking person would say that as the half of two-thirds is one-third, this must be the solution of the problem, but Daboll will easily refute it. The quotient of 2-3 divided by ½ is 1 1-3; that is, ½ will go in 2-3 one and one-third times. The last form of the problem, received as we write this, is to find the quotient of 1 divided by ¼, two partners in a leading banking house, having disputed, as they say, all one day over the result, the senior maintaining that 1 divided by ¼ is ¼, and defying any one to refute it. We answer that when 1 is divided by ¼ the quotient is 2; that is, ¼ will be found two times in 1. If 6 be divided by ¼ the answer is 12; that is, there are twelve halves in six. We should beg pardon of our readers for repeating these demonstrations if it were not for the character and magnitude of the disputes which occur every day concerning them.

We have reserved for the last of the puzzles the century question, which will never be laid to rest, we believe, as long as the world stands. We printed 250 proofs of a former answer, and they have all been distributed to parties who have quarreled over it. A writer whose initials are E. E. B. asks us in a letter just to hand whether the Twentieth century begins with Jan. 1, 1900, or Jan. 1, 1901, and declares that of all whom he addressed for an answer about half took one date and half the other. There should be no question about it. This century ends with the last moment of the year 1900, and the next begins with Jan. 1, 1901.

The muddle grows out of the fixed idea which some people have that the reckoning of time begins with a cipher, and that one is counted when the hour, day, month or year has closed; whereas all the counting of time begins with one, and at the end of the first period two begins to count. Thus, when a child is born, he enters on his first day of the first month of the first year of his life. His ten years are finished, not when he enters in his tenth year, but at its close; and his hundred years are completed, not when the hundredth year is begun, but ended. When we write 1900 we have begun the last year of the century, not ended it. The centuries do not begin with 0, 100, 200, but with 1, 101, 201, and thus the Twentieth century begins with 1901 at the first moment of that year. The quoted date comes with the beginning, not the close of the twelve months; and therefore, while we quote the year 1900 as we do every other year at its beginning, we must wait till it ends to close the century.—Journal of Commerce.

Fighting Parson.

During the Eighteenth century Presbyterian ministers settled among the people of northern Scotland needed to be men of great strength, piety and zeal. The Rev. Eneas Sage, whose story is told in "Parish Life in the North of Scotland," belonged to the order of muscular Christians, being more than six feet in height and stout in proportion.

A year or two after he had become minister of Lochearean, he announced one Sunday his intention of holding "a diet catechising" at the house of a dissolute man, a desperate character of great physical strength.

The minister's friends remonstrated with him, but he went to the man's house, and was ordered to go away.

"Easier said than done," answered the minister; "but you may turn me out if you can."

They were both powerful men, and neither of them hesitated to put upon the other his ponderous strength. After a short but fierce struggle, the minister became the victor, and the landlord, prostrated upon his own floor, was with a rope coiled round his arms and feet bound over to keep the peace.

The people of the district were then called in, and the minister proceeded seriously to discharge the duty of catechising them. When that was finished, he set himself to deal with the delinquent present. The man was solemnly rebuked, and the minister so moved his conscience that he afterwards became a decided Christian.—Youth's Companion.

Early Use of Soap.

More than 2,000 years ago the Gauls were combining the ashes of the beech tree with goat's fat and making soap. When Marius Claudius Marcellus was hastening southward over the Flaminian way, laden with spoils wrested from the hands of Viridomar, the Gallic king lying dead by the banks of the Po, his followers were bringing with them a knowledge of the method of making soap. The awful rain of burning ashes which fell upon Pompeii in 79 buried (with palaces and statues) the humble shop of a soapmaker, and in several other cities of Italy the business had even then a footing. In the Eighth century there were many soap manufactories in Italy and Spain, and fifty years later the Phœnicians carried the business into France, and established the first factories in Marseilles. Prior to the invention of soap, fullers' earth was largely used for cleansing purposes, and the juice of certain plants served a similar purpose. The earth was spread upon cloth, stamped in with the feet, and subsequently removed by scouring. It was also used in baths, and as late even as the Eighteenth century was employed by the Romans in that way.—Exchange.

Ericsson's Home Life.

Wealth was unknown to the Ericsson family, and Swedish country living at that time was plainness itself; but love abounded, and the mother's cheerful temper, with the father's good humor and generous disposition, assured the blessings of a harmonious and happy home. Caroline was a child of unusual beauty, Nils was spirited and engaging, and the baby, John, a wonder to all. As a child John was busy the day long, drawing, boring and cutting. Providing himself with pencil and paper, he would, in the early morning, run to the mines, and sit there until dark, watching with deep, earnest eyes the motions of the heavy engines, copying their forms and studying into the secret of their motion. —"John Ericsson, the Engineer," by Col. W. C. Church in Scribner.

The Proper Form.

I am often asked what is the best style of dress to be worn at a morning wedding by the groom. I can only say that according to "form" in New York if the wedding occurs before noon, a double breasted Prince Albert coat, silk hat and light trousers. If after the noon hour, it is more strictly the vogue to wear a single breasted black cutaway coat and vest, dark striped trousers, and carry a black derby hat. Standing collars must be worn with either costume, a four-in-hand scarf of rich and quiet colors, gloves in harmony with the ensemble, and a bunch of white flowers as a boutonniere. The ushers and best man must be similarly attired, with the exception of a distinctive variation as to gloves and boutonniers.—Society Man in Globe-Democrat.

Vaccination on the Leg.

A French practitioner, in the course of a large number of revaccinations, was struck with the fact that the operation was far more successful when performed on the leg than when the arm was selected. Among 177 cases the percentage of failures was 45.45 on the leg, as compared with 53.84 on the arm.—Medical Circular.

CHINESE PRESENCE OF MIND.

An Instance of their Wonderful Self-Control.

TOLD BY A STUDENT OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The Lamp Caught Fire and Threatened to Burn the House.

"It is not along the broader lines of social life alone that we can trace race characteristics and distinctions," said a seedy looking individual in front of a Chestnut street hotel, buttoning up a well worn fall overcoat closely to his throat so as to conceal the still more worn summer coat beneath, and drawing on, with careless fastidiousness, a pair of kid gloves that were badly in need of repair. His general appearance was that of a broken down sporting man or a ward politician who had been subsisting for many months on the expectations of an appointment when the civil service law is repealed; his air was that of a millionaire just sauntering out after having enjoyed a sumptuous dinner, but, according to his own statement, he was neither.

"I am a student of social science," he said, "and nothing delights me more than to study national peculiarities and characteristics as they are revealed in the trivial occurrences of every day life.

"To illustrate, I went into a Ninth street Chinese laundry the other evening. The heathen had neglected to send my linen home. That, however, did not strike me as a race peculiarity; it is rather a class characteristic common to all laundrymen, no matter what their nationality. But something occurred while I waited that did strike me.

"It was just about dusk. The streets were crowded with people going home from work, and in the room half a dozen Chinamen were busy ironing at different tables. A coal oil lamp that hung in the bulk window had just been lighted. A good deal of oil had been spilled on the outside of the bowl in filling it, and suddenly this caught fire and blazed up, not only endangering the red curtains draped about the window, but threatening to cause an explosion of the lamp.

"A Chinaman on the far side of the room saw the flames and uttered a single exclamation to call the attention of the others. That was the only sound made by any of the Celestials, and none of them left their work except one nimble little fellow, who jumped lightly and quickly into the window.

"But the flames had been seen from the street, and instantly the room was filled with passers by, who rushed madly in, each one shouting directions at the top of his voice.

"'Throw the lamp into the street!' 'Dash water upon it!' 'Run for a policeman!' 'Strike the fire alarm!' they cried, and one excited individual yelled: 'Take a club and smash it to pieces!'

"Meanwhile the little Chinaman in the window had quickly seized a large, damp cloth from his table, and while his fellow countrymen looked calmly on amid all the confusion and hubbub he wrapped it around the burning lamp and held it there till the flames were completely smothered. Then he quietly returned to his work without stopping for a moment to discuss the occurrence, but it was several minutes before the excitement died out among the Caucasians who had crowded in and they were ready to depart.

"Now this difference of behavior in the face of danger and amid exciting circumstances does certainly indicate a fundamental and characteristic difference between the oriental and the occidental races. You may say that the conduct of the Chinamen resulted merely from oriental apathy, or you may attribute it to the fatalistic habits of thought engendered by eastern religions, or you may say that the occurrence furnished a confirmation of Herbert Spencer's theory that hurry and overwork have resulted in a condition of nervous instability among all the races of the west. But whatever you attribute it to, I tell you the Chinaman's method of action is the best when you have to deal with a coal oil lamp that is about exploding.

"You couldn't lend me a dime, could you, to pay my car fare? I want to get to Richmond, where I am announced to lecture before a conclave of the Theosophical society." — Philadelphia Inquirer.

Beginning of a Great Industry.

An old woman, feeding her hens with prudent care, is said to have made the beginnings of the great menhaden industry in Maine. Her name was Bartlett, and about half a century ago, down in Blue Hill bay, she was one day boiling some menhaden for her hens, when she found a quantity of oil rising to the top of the water in the pot. She skimmed it off, bottled it up, and, with unusual enterprise, got aboard the old sloop that plied between Boston and the east coast, and took the strange oil among the dealers of the "Hub." A man named E. E. Phillips examined it, and offered to buy all she could bring him. She went home happy, and all summer the old gentleman Bartlett fished and the old lady fried out the oil. In the autumn they had enough oil to bring them in several hundred dollars. This was the beginning of an industry that yields some years fifty thousand barrels of oil, and is second only to the whale fishery.—Boston Letter.

Saccharine is regarded by a French writer as a valuable antiseptic. A strength of 1 to 500 as an addition to mucilaginous and other solutions prevents the formation of low organisms. Thus a valuable, inexpensive dentifrice may be prepared by simply dissolving saccharine in water to the proportion of 6 per cent. A teaspoonful of this in a half pint of water forms an admirable antiseptic mouth wash. In cases of malignant or other diseases of the stomach, requiring the washing out of that organ, a solution of saccharine of the strength of 2 per cent. will be found very suitable.—New York Telegram.

The Chinese Puzzle.

Imagine a language devoid of grammar or syntax; unhampered by declensions, moods, tenses or inflections of any kind; essentially monosyllabic; in which the slightest change of pitch in the voice completely modifies the sentence; subject to no rules of logic or construction; a language petrified into solid blocks and representing human thoughts as a mosaic represents a picture; a language in which every sentence is a puzzle even to the sons of the country; a language which once written can no longer be read, but must be scanned—and even then you have imagined but a few of the characteristic peculiarities of Chinese.

It has often been said, it is still said today, that the Chinese speak after the fashion of children, directly, straight to the point, with an energy of expression, a directness of purpose, and a natural logic devoid of the artificiality of occidental tongues. As an example of this child like simplicity, which we may be pardoned for thinking peculiar, let us take the following sentence. A Chinaman says to us:

"To have—one—(numerical particle)—widow—wife—he—to be—religion—friend—house—within—necessary—to use—all—to have—although—forsooth—not—to count—rich—noble—to arrive—bottom—to pass—to obtain—day—product."

We see at once that in his simple, straightforward way he meant to say:

"There lived a Christian widow who possessed all that she needed; though not rich, she had enough to live upon."

If brevity be the soul of wit, our children of today have certainly improved upon the Chinese rendering, though how they might have expressed themselves fifty or sixty centuries ago, when the Chinese language was being invented, we have of course no means of knowing. If the parents of that time at all resembled those of today, they would have allowed the children to prattle on unheeded until they knew better, or sent them to bed—or— Well, whoever was right, somebody was wrong. So much for the vaunted simplicity of Chinese.—Harper's Magazine.

They Got the Scent.

There is a miserly old lady living in Oshkosh who, it is believed, judging from circumstances, has chests and chests of gold secreted in her house somewhere. She is so penurious and hates to part with her money so bad, that when she is compelled from absolute necessity to buy the necessaries of life she walks to the store farthest from her house so that she can keep in her possession the money that must be spent for food a little longer, and pays for her purchase with more reluctance than Isaac of York could command while parting with his gold.

It is told of this old lady that one day, while counting over some money, a five cent piece dropped in a big wood box filled with wood, shavings, etc. She searched for an hour in vain, and was almost distracted by the loss, when a bright thought struck her. She would have a couple of little boys, who were playing near the house, seek it. Accordingly she called them in and told them if they would find the money which had dropped in the wood box she would give them each a cent. The youngsters, eager to earn the price of a stick of candy, went willingly to work, and after hunting for about two hours, gave a howl of delight when they discovered the missing coin.

The old woman eagerly snatched it from them and, after carefully depositing it in her pocket book, called them dear little children and said they well earned their reward. She then went into another room, brought out a bottle that had once been filled with perfume, and gave each one of the boys a scent of the lingering odor, after which she called them dear little darlings again and told them to run away now and play. The little fellows were so overwhelmed with gratitude at the old lady's munificence that they kindly thanked her in their abstraction.—Oshkosh Times.

Electric Lights and the Eyes.

The men who made the electric light the indispensable thing to us that it is today must go a step further and invent some means of softening it, or we will become a nation of blind people in a few more generations. No eye can sustain the glare of the electric light that now meets the gaze everywhere. It is ruinous to the sight and induces paralysis of the eye. Any defect in the eye is readily transmitted to children, and we can easily see what weak and unhealthy eyes people will have after the electric light has been at work upon several degrees of ancestors.

We are much too reckless in our use of the light, when a little caution would relieve the eye from the danger. There is no good reason why a spectator in a theatre or ball should have to look at an electric light or past one in fixing his eyes on the stage, and yet this is what he must do now and then. Nor should one read or write by the electric light, yet there are a large number of people in St. Louis and every large city who never use any other light for night work. The only light the eyes will stand healthfully is a soft lamp light, and people will have to pay in the future for giving it up contemptuously as they have done.—Physician in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Happiness Assured.

First Paterfamilias—Beg pardon for intruding, but the fact is your son has proposed for the hand of my daughter; and as the two families are almost strangers, you knowing nothing of my daughter and I nothing of your son, I thought it would be a sensible thing to come around and compare notes.

Second Paterfamilias—Excellent idea! Has your daughter always had everything she wanted—dresses, jewels, waiting maids, and so on?

"No. She has had to help her mother. How old was your boy before you stopped thrashing him?"

"Well, I thrashed him pretty regularly until he was nearly grown up."

"I am satisfied."

"So am I."—New York Weekly.

DELAWARE'S WHIPPING POST

What it Has Been and What it is Now.

WOMEN OFFENDERS NO LONGER WHIPPED

How the Blows Were Regulated.—Indignant Butchers.

At the last session of the legislature it was enacted "that hereafter no female convicted of any crime in this state shall be whipped or be made to stand in the pillory."

The introduction of this act revealed a fact not generally known, that women could lawfully be whipped for counterfeiting, horse stealing, burglary, arson, maiming by lying in wait and poisoning. They are liable to be put in the pillory for perjury, subornation of perjury, forgery, receiving stolen goods, assault with intent to kill, conjuration, witchcraft, fortune telling and dealing with spirits. The law had been a dead letter for many years, the last white woman having been whipped for larceny about the year 1836. The law was afterward amended to do away with the lash for white women. As late as 1870 colored women were sent to the post. At the session of the legislature in 1871 the word "white" was stricken out of the law relating to the punishment of women for larceny, and the black sisters were put on an equality with their white sisters. Now it is designed to remove all possibility of women being whipped or put in the pillory.

A gentleman who has been perfectly familiar with the operations of the whipping post for over forty years says that he has seen scores of prisoners lashed at the post, and while it is seldom now that blood is drawn, if ever, he has seen backs of prisoners that were almost cut to "a jelly." He says that the whippings became less violent when the newspapers began to report the quarterly performances at New Castle with the cat. The whippings formerly took place twice a year.

There was a great tendency upon the part of sheriffs to regulate the force of their blow entirely through prejudice for or against a man. For instance, if the sheriff was a farmer he would have but little mercy for a fellow put under the lash for horse stealing. The man who robbed a store would get off pretty well if the sheriff was a farmer. Then again, if the sheriff was a city or town man he would have no mercy on a city burglar or sneak thief. This same gentleman declares that he has seen, but many years ago, nine or ten men run back from the post with their backs all bloody. The story that blood often runs from the backs of the victims and soaks the ground is absurd. The writer has seen two or three hundred men whipped, but has never seen the blood flow. He has seen large welts on the backs of the victims, and fine drops of blood almost ready to come through, but never any blood running.

Many years ago a butcher named Stanhope was waylaid and robbed on the highway, first being shot and badly hurt. The robber was arrested and convicted and sentenced to the pillory. A number of the butchers purchased three barrels of old eggs and went to New Castle on the day of the whipping armed with eggs. After the man was placed in the pillory, which was then in the open space outside of the jail yard, the butchers began a fusillade of eggs. The poor victim was a mass of foul matter, besides being bruised by being hit in the face. The sheriff had great trouble to stop the outrage. At the next session of the legislature the post was moved inside the jail yard. There have been no incidents of the Stanhope kind since. The jail gates are always thrown open to the public on whipping days, but the best of order prevails.

The history of the post for fifty years is that the lash as a rule has been used with leniency. The whites have escaped, it has been claimed, for political reasons, the sheriff being in a position to win a vote every time he spared a man's back. There has been but little difference as to numbers between white and black victims.

There has been a great toning down of late years of the number of lashes applied. It was a frequent thing years ago to give a prisoner a cumulative sentence, and for three successive Saturdays he would receive eighty lashes. The result was, even though the blows were lightly laid on, that the victim's back would be in an awful condition. The story is told of one old black man, who, after being whipped upon three Saturdays, was sold into slavery.

He declared that he would never go south, and when his purchaser got as far as Havre de Grace the poor fellow cut his throat.

It was the rule at one time to sell colored men and women to the highest bidder after they had been whipped, and they were frequently knocked down for $1 and quickly hurried south. There is an old man now in the New Castle county almshouse who was regularly engaged in the purchase of blacks and selling them into slavery.

It is really surprising, however, how few are the real facts and incidents that those who are in a position to know can tell.

There are very few whippings in Kent and Sussex counties, so that all material for a history of the post has to be gleaned in New Castle county. Nearly every whipping has some little incident attached to it, but the story of one is the story of all.—Wilmington News.

Love, it is said, was the cause of the first ascertained bank note forgery. A young man, an engraver, sought a pretty girl in marriage. Her father would not consent to the match unless his daughter's sweetheart put down a certain sum in ready money. He put it down in notes of the Bank of England—notes forged by his own hand—and the fraud being discovered he was hanged.—Montreal Star.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11.....1891.

It may be taken for granted that Mr. Blaine is going to break through the dense silence that has been reverberating around him for so long. Son Russell says that his pa is going to compel James to speak.

An English Earl has abused his wife and treated her as any man should be ashamed to treat any woman. She has brought an action for divorce against the fellow. But is that sufficient reason for flooding the American newspapers with columns of the disgusting details of the brutalities of the Earl, and for dishing up morning after morning all the nasty recitals of the divorce scandal?

The story of the wrecking of the fortune of Cyrus W. Field by his son is one too full of woe and distress to be the subject of extended comment. The aged American who has been so prominent and useful in the affairs of his country lies upon his dying bed as poor as when he entered the world, and his ruin is due wholly to the recklessness of the child of his heart. It is a pitiful spectacle, and so full of acute human misery that the supremest mercy to the sufferer is to withdraw from contemplation of it.

Secretary Tracy makes the excellent recommendation that a war vessel of the United States be stationed permanently in each of the large harbors of the country. Should this advice be adopted, there would be no important port undefended in case of a sudden attack by any foreign power. The people are fully alive to the need of protecting the coast, and Congress could not make a more popular appropriation than one providing liberally for increased naval strength and the effective fortification of the principal harbors.

John Howard Parnell is now on his way to Ireland with his mother, with the design to bring the warring factions to terms if possible. It is about time the unseemly divisions that have kept Ireland in a ferment for the past year were brought to a close. The cause has suffered more from these divisions and the scenes of strife they have engendered than it was in the power of Ireland's worst enemies to inflict. There seems to be a fixed determination amongst the friends of home rule in America to shut off money aid altogether until the chiefs of the factions learn how to bury the hatchet. If Charles Stewart Parnell's eldest brother goes to Ireland to use his influence in favor of reconciliation, he will doubtless be listened to, and his advice ought to carry great weight.

The fight for the speakership has been narrowed down by the withdrawal of Mr. Bynum of Indiana, a very strong man who has thrown his following to Mr. Mills of Texas. This leaves Mr. Mills, Mr. Crisp, Mr. McMillin, Mr. Springer and Mr. Hatch in the field. These are all strong men. Mr. Springer of Illinois would probably make the most ornate speaker. His district has returned him so often that that of itself ought to make him a hot favorite. He always appears on Pennsylvania avenue with a red, red rose in his button hole, and he is a good enough man and Democrat to be President. And yet the probabilities are that the prize will be gathered in by either Mr. Mills or Mr. Crisp. Both of these gentlemen are parliamentarian of exceptional ability, Democrats of standard excellence and notable politicians. The wiser choice would be Mr. Crisp, who would present no angular outlines to his party or to the people.

In reference to a rumor that the Charleston would capture the Hawaiian Islands on its return from China the Vancouver "Telegram" says: "There is no doubt at all about American designs on Hawaii. The American element there is intriguing to bring about annexation, and their schemes are looked upon favorably in the United States." It is well sometime to have doubtful questions settled by an authority from which there can be no appeal. In this country there is much doubt as to American designs upon the Hawaiian Islands. While annexation would be accepted as an alternative of the islands falling under British control, there is a general conviction that there should be a radical change in the character of the people of the islands before they should become a State in the Union. British Columbia would be a much more acceptable acquisition than the Hawaiian Islands.

The Bradlaugh Library.

Mr. Bradlaugh's daughter has published the priced catalogue of her late father's library, in the form of a substantial pamphlet. With a view to make it not merely a descriptive list of books but a memento of their original possessor, two photographic portraits are added, together with a fac similie signature. The books number in all 7,000 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets and blue books. They comprise, as his daughter says, only a few rare bindings and comparatively few costly first editions, but such as they were he valued them.

"Twice," she adds, "within recent years he thought he should be obliged to sell them to meet legal expenses. The first time it was to pay government costs during his parliamentary struggle; the second occasion was after the Peters and Kelly case. Each time the sale was happily averted, but the anticipation of the possibility brought extra lines to his face and bitterness to his heart. Last December, when he was feeling ill and in want of a rest and change, which he had no money to procure, I asked him: 'Why not sell two or three of the more valuable books? If you could get health with the money they would fetch, it would be well worth the exchange.'

"'Ah! my daughter,' he answered, with a sad half smile, 'when I have to part with my books'— I was anxious about him and ventured to press him further, but he only shook his head, saying, 'It is of no use arguing the matter.'"—London News.

Electricity and Ice Cream Poisoning.

A new experience of the danger of electricity has to be recorded. Dr. George S. Hull recently conducted some experiments with ice cream freezers, and he finds that galvanic action takes place, which results in the introduction of poisonous salts of copper and zinc into the cream. It appears that the freezer and the paddle are generally made of dissimilar metals, and the cream, especially if mixed with fruits or other acids or even saline substances, forms an electrotyte, which naturally completes the necessary conditions for galvanic action.

With galvanic action there is, of course, chemical action, resulting in the formation of salts of zinc and copper, which become mixed with the cream. Dr. Hull has probably discovered the cause of many mysterious cases of poisoning which have followed the consumption of ice cream. The remedy, however, seems very simple; if the freezer and the mixer were made of the same metal, no galvanic action could take place.—Iron.

The Longest Telegraphic Circuit.

Operator Dan Spencer, of the Buena Vista office of the Mexican Central railway, in this city, was called by the El Paso office, saying that the oldtime telegraph operators, who were having a reunion in Washington, would like to hear from their brethren and friends beyond the Rio Grande. El Paso signaled Spencer to call Kansas City which he did, and Kansas City in turn told him to call Washington, who was evidently waiting, as the reply came instantly, when Spencer sent the following message:

"T. T. Eckert and the Old Timers. The railway operators and trainmen in the land of the Montezumas send warmest greetings."

The circuit was made by way of El Paso, Kansas City, Chicago, Buffalo and New York to Washington from this city, forming the longest overland circuit in the history of the telegraph.—Mexico Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hysteria and Hypnotism.

At the recent meeting of the French Society of Hypnology in Paris Dr. Berillon astonished his hearers by stating that almost all children could be hypnotized except those who were idiotic or hysterical. The idea that there is any connection between hysteria and hypnotism was strongly disputed. One physician alleged that he had hypnotized sixty-nine patients out of seventy-two under his care for various diseases in a hospital, and said it was absurd to believe that so large a proportion could be hysterical.—Exchange.

How She Expressed It.

A veritable Mrs. Malaprop was encountered in a Brooklyn street car the other day. As the car neared the park her companion wondered what a large, evidently public, building seen in the distance was. "That," was the prompt reply, "is the Incurable Home for Women." Later the same woman was seated on a bench in the park when a dog following a young man along the path stopped and sniffed about near her. "Oh, call your dog," she cried in some alarm, "he's too official."

Evidently the woman was like the home.—New York Times.

A Pleasing Illusion.

Because they were more durable Mrs. Calliper had bought table knives with metal handles. She almost feared that Colonel Calliper might not like them, but the Colonel seemed rather to be pleased with them. "They are," he said, "just such knives as I have eaten with in many restaurants. To eat here at home and with a knife like this is almost as good as eating two meals at once."—New York Sun.

Raising Lobsters Artificially.

The decrease of the natural supply of lobsters has compelled scientific men to investigate their habits. Experiments, so far as they have been pursued, indicate that lobsters may be artificially reared for the market, but that they must be hatched and produced on a large scale to make the enterprise remunerative.—New York Herald.

How Egyptian Women Paint.

Loret says the ancient Egyptian women had blue hair, green eyelashes, painted teeth and reddened cheeks. He says the modern Egyptian women are much the same; they tinge their hands with henna, and prolong the eyes by means of kohol; they stain the nails brown and paint blue stars on the chin and forehead. "One hesitates a little about putting his hand into a hand—even very small—which extends itself to you painted a brick red. One is a little timid about looking too long into eyes—even very tender—when the blue star between them makes you squint." Loret, however, got bravely over his hesitation and his timidity, and thinks the fashion not altogether bad.—Popular Science Monthly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wiener's Cash Stores!!

Cor. I & Tulare Sts.,

FRESNO, Cal.

BRANCH STORES,

HOLT BLOCK, VISALIA.

FISH BLOCK, BAKERSFIELD.

We carry an immense and well assorted stock of Gents Clothing and furnishing goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Drygoods, Fancy goods Ladies' Hosiery, Underwear, Etc.

Our terms of trading are STRICTLY CASH.

We positively refuse one cent of credit. We have just one price to all.

This system ennables us to sell at a much lower rate than credit-giving stores, who make large bad debts, and a very slight acquaintance with us will prove that our statement is correct.

Our aim is to sell standard goods at cut rates, and the fact that our reputation for LOW PRICES and for STRAIGHT FORWARD DEALING is wider than THE STATE itself, and betokens our success in this direction.

Our stock is always fresh.

BARGAINS INNUMERABLE lie on our shelves and crowd our tables

If you want reliable goods cheap, try us. We fear no trade competitors. All our goods speak louder for us than the blast of a thousand horns, because

They Are Always The Cheapest and Best.

ON APPLICATION we shall be delighted to forward our country patrons a complete bound volume containing catalogue and list of prices. We shall also gladly mail, free of charge, samples of goods if desired.

Our Country Order Department is a specialty with us, to which we devote the closest and most prompt attention.

WE WILL SERVE YOU WELL AND MAKE YOU HAPPY, so remember the address,

Wiener's I St. Stores

Cor. I & Tulare Sts.

FRESNO, CAL.

P. S. Send for our 76 page illustrated catalogue and price list.

INDEPENDENCE

SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.

WM. H. EUFF, Prop'r

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,

Independence, Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE HEARTILY invited to call and inspect my establishment which has been entirely refurnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.

feb13-1

BIG PINE HOTEL.

BIG PINE - - CAL.

New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.

Special attention given to the wants of every guest.

Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

J. W. Murphy.

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale Cheap

A two stamp mill in running order, with abundant water power, near railway. [Benton, Cal.] Apply to
F. W. FARWELL,
148 Market St., Chicago.
Or W. H. RUSSELL, Benton.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent For
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

Dried Fruit

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Dried Prunes.....12 1-2 cts.
Dried Peaches.....10 cts
Dried Apples.....10 cts
Other varieties of dried fruit for sale on reasonable terms.

S. A. Densmore,
Independence, Cal.

PALACE SALOON
LONE PINE, CAL.

—THE FINEST—

WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS.

—o—

This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention to the comfort of my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.

j 2-tf

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of horses, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the ton or less.

O. J. MARKS, Proprietor.

E. H. Edwards,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
LONE PINE,
INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

BUHACH
THE UNRIVALED
Insect Exterminator

Manufactured solely from Pyrethrum flowers, grown in California, in a locality where the soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to the production of flowers rich in the essential oil which makes them so remarkably destructive to insect life.

Avoid the Worthless and Spurious Preparations, sold as Insect Powders, and use Buhach, from original packages, and clear your premises of all Annoying and Destructive Insect Pests.

BUHACH C. H. MILLS & CO. CALIFORNIA INSECT EXTERMINATOR

None Genuine Without the Trade Mark.

If your dealer doesn't keep it, order directly from the

Buhach Producing & Manufacturing COMPANY,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
STOCKTON, - - CALIFORNIA.

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $75 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. This information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

OFFICIAL.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING OF APPLICATION TO MORTGAGE CERTAIN REAL ESTATE AND DIRECTING NOTICE TO BE GIVEN.

In the Superior Court of the County of Inyo State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased.

Thomas J. Goodale and Maggie P. Goodale, Executor and Executrix respectively of the last will and testament of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order authorizing and empowering and directing them to mortgage the south half of the south-east quarter of section 22; south-west quarter of the south west quarter of section 23 and the north-east quarter of the north east quarter of section 27, all in Township Eleven South, Range 34 East, Mount Diablo Meridian, or some part thereof, for the purposes and for the amount stated in said petition, or for such lesser amount as to the said Court may seem meet; it is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Judge of said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 23rd day of December, 1891, at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Chambers of said Superior Court, at the Court-house, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executor and Executrix authorizing, empowering and directing them to mortgage the real property belonging to said estate, to wit: the south half of the south east quarter of section 22; south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section 23 and the north-east quarter of the north-east quarter of section 27, all in Township Eleven South, Range 34 East, Mount Diablo Meridian, or some part thereof, for the sum of $900.00, or such lesser amount as to the Judge of said Court shall seem meet; and for more fully appears by the said petition now on file in the Clerk's office, and to which reference is here made for further particulars.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Inyo Independent, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Inyo.

Dated November 18th, 1891.

GEO. M. OTIS,
Judge of the Superior Court.

[Endorsed.]

SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF INYO.

In the Matter of the Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased.

Order fixing time and place for hearing of application to mortgage certain real estate and directing notice to be given.

Filed November 19th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for executors.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 18th day of November, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased, the undersigned will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States, at any time before the 25th day of May, 1892, at the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property, to wit:

Eighteen head of horses in lots to suit.

Bids or offers in writing will also be received at the office of the undersigned, in the said town of Lone Pine.

Dated November 18th, 1891.

E. H. EDWARDS,
Administrator of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of Sept. 1891, an assessment (No. 7) of Forty (30) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company in Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday the 28th day of Nov. will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 26th day December, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

The date of delinquency of the above assessment is hereby extended till December 28th, 1891, and the date of sale of delinquent stock to January 27th, 1892.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Allen Hannah, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, William L. Hunter, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Allen Hannah, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said William L. Hunter, at the office of P. W. Forbes, in the town of Independence County of Inyo, State of California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the said County of Inyo, State of California.

W. L. HUNTER,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of John A. Hannah, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal. Nov. 18 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, in Independence, Cal. the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGNACIA DE HUCO,
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Administator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th, 1891.

WM. F. MATLACK,
Administrator of said Estate.

Notice of Forfeiture.

To Dennis O'Keefe, or his heirs, executors administrators and assigns: You, and each of you, are hereby notified that I have expended Three hundred [$300] Dollars in labor and improvements upon that certain mine situate in the Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county California, commonly known and designated as the Phoenix Mine in order to hold said mine as follows, to wit: One hundred dollars for the year 1889; One hundred dollars for the year 1890; and One hundred dollars for the year 1891 as appears by certificate on file in the office of the Recorder of said District.

If within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditures, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said Phoenix Mine will become the property of the undersigned under the provision of Section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States. JOHN DUNPHY.

Dated November 31, 1891.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
Obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK

MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
I. H. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the 'INDEPENDENT' building, Independence, Inyo County, Cal.

IRVING J. WOODIN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSfield, opposite the Southern Hotel.
Prompt and careful treatment given and the least possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday.....January 24th
" .....February 21st
" .....March 28th
" .....April 18th
" .....May 23rd
" .....June 20th
" .....July 18th
" .....August 15th
" .....September 12th
" .....October 17th
" .....November 14th
" .....December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.

Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated, satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and tested.

All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.

FRED BURKHARDT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Supt. Modeck Con. Mining Co., Modeck Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $25 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
78 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

FORBES & TOBEY,
HAWTHORNE, NEV.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS.

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed Flooring.

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,

Address,
P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal.
P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to settle on or before October 25th, as after that date I will enforce payment.

F. FITZGERALD.

For Sale!

House of five rooms and lot in town of Darwin. Terms very reasonable. For particulars apply at this office, or to
MRS. REDDY,
Darwin, Cal.

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York

BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED.
THE BEST MATERIAL.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.

Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,
nov30-tf Independence.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.
D E No. 513.

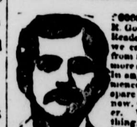
LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL.,
Sept. 3d, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis A. Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 513, for the E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of section No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M D M, before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G Sanger, W. Sanger, A. P. Smith and M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.

C. W. CRAIG, Register.

Some Note FORTUNES have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bunn, Toledo, Ohio. See int. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from 50c to $10 a day. All ages. Whether you live or not and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 PORTLAND, MAINE.


$5000.00 a year to bring made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages, in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay ALL for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything, EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11 1891

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 91¾.
Lead, 4 17
Copper, 11 15
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05⅝
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 11 @ 14.

Religious Services

Sunday Sunrise at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2.00 p. m. Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Wynne will preach on Sunday, Dec. 13, 1991, at the Forest 10 a. m., Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m., Lone Pine, 7 p. m., and Mr. Osman will preach at Independence at 7 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY, December 5, 1891.

People vs. Val. Sherman—Filed citation.

People vs. John Clarke—Filed citation.

Estate of V. Huckaby, deceased—Appraisers appointed.

Estate of Wm. Ischinger, deceased—Appraisers appointed.

MONDAY, December 7, 1891.

Ah Sing vs. O. H. Hill—Filed execution.

W. H. Russell vs. S. P. Smith et al.—Clerk's entry of default.

Estate of John A. Hannah, deceased—Filed order for sale of personal property. Petition for partition of water.

Estate of V. Hackaby, deceased—Geo. Huckaby appointed administrator.

Estate of Wm. Ischinger, deceased—John Ischinger appointed administrator.

TUESDAY, December 8, 1891.

W. H. Russell vs. S. P. Smith et al.—Order striking out the name of Emily J. O'Neal as defendant.

Ind—Decree of foreclosure and sale.

WEDNESDAY, December 9, 1891.

F. and H. Strohmeyer vs. estate of Wm. T. Davis, deceased—Filed amended complaint.

Estate of John C. Eldy, deceased—Filed various claims.

Estate of John A. Hannah, deceased—Order appointing attorney to represent the children of Delia Rooney.

Estate of James Ward, deceased—Filed decree of final discharge.

Estate of B. F. Theban, deceased—Filed order confirming sale of real estate.

FRIDAY, December 11, 1891.

Estate of F. Paderes, deceased—Filed order fixing time and place for hearing petition for sale of real estate.

BORN.

LAWRENCE—At Corna, Dec. 7, 1891, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lawrence, a daughter.

Cold and stormy weather has ruled for a week past.

Jas. Saely has returned from a trip to San Francisco.

Dom Pedro, ex Emperor of Brazil, died at Paris last Friday.

E. H. Edwards of Lone Pine is visiting friends at San Francisco.

O. I. Mairs reached Bakersfield all right with the Indian witnesses.

Regular meeting of Inyo Lodge 221, F. and A. M. at Independence to morrow night.

S. G. Sneden Esq. was down from Bishop during the week on business in the Superior Court.

It is reported that the Band Boys will give a sheet and pillow case party during the holidays.

The Pacific Coast is short on beef cattle, and there is hope of better prices before the winter closes.

The shutdown on the mines and mills at Candelaria has thrown at least 350 men out of employment.

There are over one hundred names on the assessment roll of parties who allowed their taxes to go delinquent.

If you want to buy a four-stamp quartz mill on very reasonable terms address W. H. Russell, Benton, Cals.

Mrs. Jas. A. McKenzie of Darwin and Mrs. Jas. R. Moffitt of Lone Pine started for San Francisco on Tuesday.

See the notice published this week of sale of personal property belonging to the late Judge Hannah to take place at Independence next Friday.

L. McLain came down from Bishop early in the week, and work on the Hillside Company's improvements will be discontinued until the cold weather is over.

Surveyor M. Knight and wife came down from Bishop on Wednesday's train. Mr. M. Knight is engaged in work under the Eastside canal that will occupy him for several days.

Rev. Dr. Van Deventer delivered a very interesting lecture at the M. E. Church on Tuesday evening, the subject being "How To Be Happy." The doctor was listened to attentively by quite a large congregation.

The criminal suit against John White prosecuted by the *Call* Publishing Company came to an end last week and White was not convicted, the jury standing eight to four. It is not likely that the case will again be tried.

The Democratic members of the House of Representatives held a caucus last Saturday to agree on a candidate for Speaker. Eleven ballots were taken without a choice. Crisp received 95 votes and Mills 91. Ex-Speaker Reed will receive the Republican complimentary vote.

A team belonging to Billy Boyd ran away last Monday and on reaching Baxter's place collided with a wagon in which were Mr. Walter of Camp Independence and Mrs. McGann. The parties were thrown out but luckily received no injury. No material damage was done to either wagon.

SUICIDE IN GOLD HILL.

P. J. Fields Shoots Himself Through The Heart. His Death Essays Aim at Immediately. Domestic Troubles Said To Be The Cause.

On last Sunday evening the communities of Virginia and Gold Hill were shocked by the news that P. J. Field, a young man well known in both places, had committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart with a pistol. The suicide occurred in the ticket and telegraph office at the Gold Hill depot at about a quarter to 5 o'clock. The circumstances of the affair are about as follow: Field was a telegraph operator by profession, and was frequently left in charge of the railroad office when Mr. Coffin, the company operator, was out to his meals. He was therefore familiar with the place, and spent considerable of his time there, not being employed regularly any place else. On Sunday evening Coffin was out when he entered the office. The only occupants of the room were George Ardery, a Baldwin switchman, and Manuel Francis, the railroad yard watchman. These men were sitting by the stove in the south west corner of the room outside of the counter, running east and west, which separates the room in two. Upon entering the office Field walked up to the stove where the men were and turned his back to it. While he was standing there the watchman spoke to him, but he did not answer, and presently walked around behind the counter, took a pistol out of a drawer in the office desk, placed it to his breast and fired the shot which caused his death. His aim was very deadly and effective, the pistol ballet passing through his body a little above the heart. Upon firing the shot he fell to the floor, and was found lying on his side in the throes of death by Ardery and Francis and the many people attracted to the office by the report of the pistol. He never spoke after the deed, dying within ten or twelve minutes after its commission. Ardery and Francis were prevented from seeing him commit the deed by cases of pigeon holes which occupy part of the counter. The bullet passed clear through his body, and slightly penetrated the wall behind him. The weapon used was a Smith & Wesson, 32 caliber.

The young man had lived a long time on the Divide and in Gold Hill, where he had many friends and acquaintances, and was living with his mother, two brothers and a sister on the Divide at the time of his death. His taking off by his own hand is much to be deplored, and and much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved relatives.

Deceased was a native of Bangor, Maine, and was 30 years, 3 months and 15 days of age. He was a member of the Emmet and Story Lodge, No. 3, A. O. U. W., in which latter order he was insured in favor of his mother for $2,000.

At the request held to inquire into the cause of his death yesterday by Justice Cook, Deputy County Coroner for Gold Hill, at that place, the verdict was rendered by the jury that he came to his death by a ball fired from a pistol held in his own hand, and penetrating his body just over the heart, causing immediate death, and, as it appears, with suicidal intent.

The funeral will take place today at 2 o'clock from the residence of his mother on the Divide under the auspices of the A. O. U. W.—*Enterprise.*

Meteorological Summary.

Following is the report of the Weather Bureau Station at Keeler for the month of November, 1891.

Mean barometer 30 048
Highest barometer 30 2 8
Lowest barometer ..... 29 [illegible]
Mean temperature 54 2
Highest temperature, 4th ..... 73.
Lowest temperature, 15 h ..... 35.
Greatest daily range temperature, 21, 29.
Least daily range temperature, 30th, 14.
Prevailing direction of wind, East.
Total movement of wind, 3169 miles.
Extreme velocity of wind, direction and date, 39 miles N. on 23 d.
Total precipitation, 0.00 inches.
Number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell, 0.
Number of clouds less days 19
Partly cloudy days 1
Cloudy days 10
Light frost on 15 h, first of the season.

H. E. WILKINSON,
Weather Bureau, Observer.

The *Chloride Bell* commenting on the recent closing down of the Holmes Mill and Mining Company, says that it is not probable that work will be resumed before Spring in either properties, and no certainty of its being done then. Upwards of 400 men find themselves thrown out of employment at the beginning of winter. Among this number are undoubtedly many who have not laid by for a rainy day, and these together with their families will experience sorrow and privation during the long dreary season that is to follow.

The school entertainment at Mairs' Hall last Saturday evening was a most decided success, both in point of attendance and in the merit of the performance "The Last Loaf" was rendered in an artistic manner, the characters being represented in a most natural manner. The farce was laughable and afforded much amusement. A handsome sum was obtained for the school organ fund and another entertainment as successful as this will complete the amount required.

Lone Pine is to vote on the question of raising bonds to the amount of $7,000 for the purpose of building a new school house on Saturday, January 2nd. The number of pupils in the Lone Pine District have increased to such an extent that a new building is an imperative necessity, and it is altogether likely that the election may result favorably.

A telegram to the *Examiner* last Saturday stated that Patsy Fields had committed suicide at Angel Hill and gave family troubles as the cause. It will be remembered that Fields was station agent and telegraph operator at Independence station and was married at Citrus seven years ago this coming Christmas. After leaving here he began drinking heavily and his death by suicide was the result.

The latest advices are to the effect that Mr. Crisp was elected Speaker of the House on the 30th caucus ballot. He received 119 votes, Mills 105, Springer 4 and Stevens 1. Crisp represents the spirit of Democracy most favorable to the West, being a silver man and not radical on the tariff question.

"Of course it hurts, but you must grin and bear it," is the old time consolation given to people troubled with rheumatism. "If you will take the trouble to dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it over the seat of pain your rheumatism will disappear," is the modern and much more satisfactory advice. 50 cent bottles for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

Our readers will notice the advertisements in these columns of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, Iowa. From personal experience we can say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has broken up bad colds for our children and we are acquainted with many mothers in Centerville who would not be without it in the house for a good many times its cost and are recommending it everyday.—*Centerville* (S. D.) *Choice and Index.* 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

We want every mother to know that croup can be prevented. True croup never appears without a warning. The first symptom is hoarseness; then the child appears to have taken a cold, or a cold may have accompanied the hoarseness from the start. After that a peculiar rough cough is developed, which is followed by the croup. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse; a few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will prevent the attack. Even after a rough cough has appeared the disease may be prevented by using this remedy as directed. It has never been known to fail. 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 7th day of December 1891 in the matter of the estate of John Allen Hannah, deceased, the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, will sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, on

FRIDAY, THE 18TH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1891, at one o'clock p. m., at the late residence of the said John Allen Hannah, deceased, in the town of Independence, in said Inyo county the following personal property, to wit:

Two horses.
One buggy and harness.
One shovel.
About three and one-half tons of corn.
Ten tons of hay.
One cider mill.
One three cord of wood.
One bundle of pickets.
One bedroom set and bedding.
Two carpets.
One organ.
One lounge.
One desk.
One half dozen chairs.
One Rocking chair.
One extension table.
One pantry caste.
One kitchen range and fixtures.
One parlor stove and pipe.
Library of about 150 volumes.
One sack clover seed.
One lamp.
One lamp stand.
One spraying pump.
One well pump.
One Sharps rifle.
One pistol.
200 shares of the capital stock of the Independence Water Co.
About five hundred rooted grape vines.

W. L. HUNTER.
Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Allen Hannah, deceased.
Dated December 7th, 1891.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY AND REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of Francisco Paderes deceased.

IT APPEARING TO THE JUDGE OF SAID Court by the petition this day presented and filed by Yrenia Abeuchuco, the Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased, praying for an order of sale of the personal property and real estate of said estate, that it is necessary to sell the said personal property, and the whole of the real estate, or a portion of it, to pay the debts outstanding against the estate, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the said deceased, appear before the Superior Court on Saturday, the 9th day of January 1892 at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the court-room of said Court, at the Court-house, in the town of Independence, in said county, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell the personal property and the whole or so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the INYO INDEPENDENT, a newspaper printed and published in said county.

Dated December 11th, 1891.

GEO. M. GILL,
Judge of the Superior Court.

[ENDORSED.]

SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF INYO.

In the Matter of the Estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Order Fixing time and place for hearing petition for sale of Personal Property and Real Estate.

Filed December 11th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL,
Clerk.
MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Petitioner.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo, Inyo county, Cal.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of Nov., 1891, an assessment (No. 14) of Ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United states gold coin, to the Secretary at No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of January 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 29th day of January, 1892 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.
Office, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month.

Terms Reasonable.

Inquire of
MRS. S. A. DENSMORE.
Independence, Cal.

A BIG BUSINESS.

The growth and present size of the great retail business of Weinstock, Lubin, & Co., Sacramento, shows on the face that it possesses *a distinct character* of its own. It has done much to introduce many important reforms in storekeeping, which have been widely copied. There are people who have never heard of the big establishment, but who, through its silent influence, are being served by local dealers better than they otherwise would be.

It has done more than any other ten stores to give the "One Price System" firm and substantial footing on the Pacific Coast.

It has shown people living in small towns that they can deal through the mails with as much security as if they bought in person.

It has, by constantly raising its own standard of qualities, had an influence in raising the standard everywhere. The average grade of goods kept upon the Coast grows better each year.

It has been prominent in bringing west as stylish and desirable goods as are kept by merchants in New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago. Indeed, the manufacturers who supply them supply it. The goods are the same; and the Sacramento prices, while never higher, are sometimes considerably less. This is explained by the fact that the cost of conducting business in large Eastern cities is far greater than in the Capital City, the extra expense of overland freight being but a comparatively small item.

It has made it possible for out-of-town people to enjoy quite as satisfactory shopping facilities as do those living in large cities.

There is no desire on the part of the firm to take any special credit for whatever influence for good the house may have exerted. They have sought simply to build up a business on fair and just principles; to buy and sell as low as they can; to deal as far as possible only in the very best goods; and neither to fear nor favor any one, but to treat every customer as they would their most favored friend.

Whatever of success has come, they attribute it to the faithful carrying out of these aims and principles.

A large illustrated catalogue, giving full information about goods and prices, how to order, etc., sent free to any address.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN, & CO.,
400-412 K Street,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

THOMAS & HILL.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any active intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Inyo Stage Company.

REGULAR LINE

—FROM—

Mojave To Keeler.

FINE COACH

FAST STOCK.

The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful

Redrock Canyon

And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.

Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.

Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m.

W. K. MILLER,
Propr.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

☞ Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.
Independence, Cal. March 9, 1891.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞ First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
RENO, NEVADA.
m30.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜
☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP

Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing ..... $2.00 for Cash

For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, insuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,
GROCERIES
MINERS
Supplies

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

A. N. BELL,
Independence, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m.
Dayton	12.00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.	2.50 p. m.
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Sodа Springs	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m.
Belleville	9:15 p. m.	7.50 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m.	Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m.	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.	1:35 a m.
Bishop Creek	2:00 p. m.	11:00 a. m.
Alvord	2.45 p. m.	10.40 a. m.
Independence	4:20 p. m.	8:20 a. m.
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.	7:40 a. m.
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m.

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

AT HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (3 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

AT LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leave on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville Grantsville and Belmont.

AT CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOD

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries a canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain Flour, etc., constantly on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

☞ Special attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES.

LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including pure water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon.

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

☞ The most careful attention given to the the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon. sept-19 tf

PROTECT OUR BREAD.

The machinery of the law has not been put to work too speedily against the fraudulent use of ammonia and alum in Baking Powders. Both health and the pocket of the people are demanding protection. The legislatures of New York, Illinois and Minnesota have taken this matter of adulteration up, and especially that of Baking Powders. It will be in the interest of public health when their sale is made a misdemeanor in every State in the UNION, and the penalties of the law are rigidly enforced. There is no article of human food more wickedly adulterated than that of Baking Powder.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is the only pure cream of tartar powder having a general sale that is free from ammonia, alum or taint of any kind of impurity. It makes the sweetest and lightest bread, biscuit and cake that are perfectly digestible whether hot or cold. It costs more to manufacture Dr. Price's than any other baking powder. It is superior to every other known and the standard for forty years.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is reported by all authorities as free from Ammonia, Alum, or any other adulterant. In fact, the purity of this ideal powder has never been questioned.

In the Restaurant—Mr. Feeder—What's that awful thumping out there? Waiter—Dat's de cook. Yo' ordered tenderloin steak, didn't yo' sah?

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

Don't You Believe It—The man who fights for a girl generally quarrels with her as soon as he gets her.

LOST TIME.

Newton, Ill.

FROM 1863 to 1885 —about 22 years— I suffered with rheumatism of the hip. I was cured by the use of

ST. JACOBS OIL.

T. C. DODD.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees. The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expells them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

A Germ Disease.

If you are willing to pay a few cents more for a strictly Pure Tobacco, try Mastiff Cut Plug. It is worth all the difference. Packed in patent canvas pouches.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

Useless Adjectives.

I was standing near a group of gay girls—buds of the season—when I heard one of them exclaim rapturously, "Isn't he a darling?" and the response of her friend, "Too sweet for anything," and I wondered a little who the subject of their conversation might be. They were buying dress goods, which they severally described as "perfectly lovely;" and at last I discovered that the "darling" was none other than a man dressmaker, a horrid thing who keeps you standing an hour at a time while he measures and pins in order to give you what he calls "feets." And I wonder what these girl gushers will do for adjectives when they are engaged or married.

I do know one young wife who calls her husband "Darl," an abbreviation she coined herself, while he thinks her chummy enough to be dubbed "Phil," because when he popped the question to her she sneezed just as "Phillis" did in the book of that name. Now, I would advise the "buds" to keep their perfectly-lovely-too-sweet-for-anything nomenclature for the rose colored atmosphere of the honeymoon. I wouldn't use it all up then, but save a lot of it to sweeten the years that are coming, and I would speak crisp, clear, common sense English, pure and undefiled by any admixture of the slang of affection, which men very properly designate as gush. — Detroit Free Press.

The Dotlet on the Veil.

It is not such wretched taste, perhaps, as the long skirt, but it is ridiculous all the same, the black "beauty spot" on the veil. Why is it there? Simply to say to the earnest spectator on the street: "Look at me. I am placed here to draw your attention to my mistress' pretty mouth or shapely nose. I am not a bit of courtplaster, but I look like one and answer the purpose." It is almost incredible that women whose modesty is beyond reproach can so plainly advertise their personal charms on the streets.

When any article of a man's attire is designedly conspicuous he confesses to the weakness of vanity or the misfortune of bad breeding, and difficult and distasteful as it would be to apply the same rule to the sex, it is impossible to find a valid reason for not doing so. The restrictions are fewer for women, of course, in the selection of street dress, and in the matter of color and cut, indeed, her freedom of choice is limited only by the decrees of fashion and the dictates of good taste; but when fashion leaps the boundaries of common sense and decency, as she has a scurvy trick of doing often enough, the woman of character and modesty revolts. That is exactly why the miserable dotlet on the veil should be abolished.—Philadelphia Press.

Woman's Rights in Austria.

Austrian women seem suddenly alive to their "rights." A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in Vienna, at which no man was present excepting the government commissary, whose presence is necessary at all public meetings. A spirited debate evolved the following resolution to be forwarded to the reichsrath:

"The women of lower Austria demand that parliament shall introduce such modifications into the existing administrative and constitutional laws as will insure the following measures:

"First—That the middle and lower schools be opened gratuitously to women, and that the number of professions accessible for women be increased.

"Second—That women be allowed to take part in political affairs; that all Austrian subjects of age and in the enjoyment of their rights as such, without consideration for the amount of taxes they pay and regardless of their position or sex, shall be entitled to equal and direct parliamentary suffrage."

The meeting was attended by literary women, governesses, tradeswomen and working girls.—Paris Letter.

An Actor's Coincidence.

The following instance may be regarded by the superstitious as sufficient warning against all jests on such a grim subject as grim death. It is related by Bolton, the English actor and author. Sim Reeves, the famous tenor, was once playing Squire in the "Mother Goose" pantomime, and at the very moment he was walking off the stage singing,

My wife is dead, there let her lie,
She's at rest and so am I,

a man tapped him hurriedly on the shoulder and whispered, "Sorry to tell you, Mr. Reeves, that Mrs. Reeves is dead. Mrs. Balyntyne directs me to tell you to come home immediately." Reeves was completely prostrated by the suddenness of the announcement, and was first to notice the odd coincidence that connected the little wayward song with his wife's death.—St. Louis Republic.

Abraham's Oak.

The old oak at Mamre in Syria, or, as it is known everywhere, "Abraham's Oak," is one of the most famous and venerable trees in the world. It is reverenced alike by Jew, Christian and Mahometan, for it is supposed to mark the spot where the patriarch pitched his tent in the desert. There is a superstition in Jerusalem, and in all the country about, that whoever shall cut or injure this tree will lose his first born son. So for centuries it has been allowed to toss its gnarled and contorted limbs in the gales which sweep from the Mediterranean over the Syrian plains.

This tree was visited by Sir Joseph Hooker in the autumn of 1860, and in his paper upon Syrian oaks, read the following year before the Linnaean society (Transactions, xxiii), he gave a description of it and a portrait drawn by his own hand.

Abraham's Oak was found to belong to Quercus pseudo-coccifera, which, to quote from Sir Joseph's paper, "is by far the most abundant tree throughout Syria, covering the rocky hills, of Palestine especially, with a dense brushwood of trees eight to twelve feet high, branching from the base, thickly covered with small evergreen rigid leaves, and bearing acorns copiously. On Mount Carmel it forms nine-tenths of the shrubbery vegetation, and it is almost equally abundant on the west flanks of the Antilebanon and many slopes and valleys of Lebanon. Owing to the indiscriminate destruction of the forests in Syria, this oak rarely attains its full size." The circumference of the trunk of "Abraham's Oak" is given as 23 feet, and the diameter of the spread of the branches as 90 feet.

Quercus pseudo-coccifera is an evergreen species, with the general appearance of the Ilex, of southern Europe, and closely related, botanically, to Quercus coccifera, a common and widely distributed scrub oak of southern Europe and of Algeria; indeed, Hooker was of the opinion that the two plants were merely geographical varieties of the same species.—Garden and Forest.

Shooting Canvasback.

"The only proper way to kill canvasback ducks is to shoot them on the wing as they fly over you. If you are a muff you will have lots of sport, and will not hurt the ducks. You will blaze away at them as they fly toward you, which is precisely what I, as a lover of the species, would best like you to do, unless you are generous and are disposed to divide your bag. So long as you shoot them in this way only a rare accident will enable you to do any harm to the beautiful creatures. They wear a breastplate of feathers which is practically impervious to shot. If you are a sportsman you will let them fly over, and shoot them as they recede.

"The fact that the ducks fly high and are very swift of wing renders it difficult to kill them on the wing at all, and as very few men are really good shots, resort is had by the majority to such 'blind' shooting as is permitted. Batteries are, of course, forbidden, and so are sneak boxes and the like. But it is permitted to the half skilled sportsmen to build blinds of reeds along the shore and to shoot from behind them when the ducks approach within range. In this sort of shooting very little harm would be done but for the fact that the canvasback is beset with a curiosity surpassing that of women.

"If he sees anything in motion on the shore which he does not understand, no consideration or prudence will restrain him from paddling at once towards it, regardless of all danger, and the duck shooters take advantage of this by training little dogs to run about in a frisky, absurd fashion in front of the 'blinds' when ducks are in sight. As soon as the ducks see what is going on the whole flock makes for the shore, and the sportsmen can shoot at what range they will. —Philadelphia Record.

A Milky Way.

I learned the other day that the big milk supply companies of the city found it necessary to exercise a surveillance over their drivers, but it has been already reduced to an elaborate system. An experienced and dishonest driver can start out with fifty gallons of milk inspected pure at the depot, and from the supply deliver sixty-five gallons, the fifteen gallons accruing to his own profit, and being secured by judicious watering at various points on the route. Before the discovery of this practice some of the drivers had a regular run of customers of whom their employers knew nothing. The companies' inspectors now go about the city at random, and, following a delivery of milk, as soon as the driver is gone subject it to an inspection with the lactometer. If it has been watered that driver is discharged, and, by an agreement with the other dairy companies, he cannot enter the employ of any of them. —Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

History of the Rat.

No, not the slang phrase, but the bothersome little rodent. Rats are natives of Asia and their raids westward belong to comparatively modern times. The little animal was unknown in ancient Europe. The black rat first came to Europe from Asia in the Sixteenth century, and about the beginning of the Seventeenth or the ending of the Sixteenth century he arrived in America. This black rat was the common house rat until the brown or gray rat made his appearance in 1775. The gray rat came to Europe from India by way of Russia, and is now known as the Norway rat from a mistaken tradition that it came from Norway to England, and from the latter country to America.—St. Louis Republic.

Mrs. Hobson's Choice.

Mrs. Hobson—I wish I had something to read. Did you get only one Sunday paper?

Mr. Hobson—Yes, my dear, but it is in two parts.

"Well, let me have one while you are reading the other."

"Certainly, love. Which half would you prefer, the political half or the baseball half?"—New York Weekly.

Benefit of a Club.

Mrs. Anna B. Scofield said, in a paper lately read before the Political Equality club, of Jamestown, N. Y.: "I would have women grow more confident of their own powers, more trustful of their own intuitions, more equal to carrying forward their own work in their own way. To this end I know of nothing more educational than the experiences afforded by a well conducted club. If you stick to it long enough you are bound to have your sympathies enlarged, and the nonsense well knocked out of you."

Joking with Sea Gulls.

Sea birds are always interesting objects to voyagers. They follow a vessel sometimes all the way across, ever restless and untiring. The gulls particularly, with their long, swift wings, realize the highest powers of endurance and fly with ease against the severest storms. Some say that these birds never visit the earth except to deposit their eggs; otherwise they live constantly between the sea and the sky. In fine weather they fly high in the air, descending with great rapidity to seize the fishes on the surface of the water.

The symmetry and strength of the gulls are remarkable, showing how nature has adapted them in every particular for the purpose of long flight. Their pectoral or breast muscles are one solid mass of firm, hard muscle, and their bones are hollow, having no marrow in them. Sleep is not necessary to them, or, rather, they rest upon their wings and allow themselves to be cradled by the breezes, whose violence neither worries nor frightens them. On the other hand, they seem to feel a fierce delight in the fury of the storm, which, convulsing the waves, brings up the dead fishes and mollusks.

Sailors are very fond of playing off a joke upon the gulls which are always hovering about the ships. They take three or four pieces of sail twine about six feet in length, these are tied together in the middle, and to the end of each a small piece of blubber or fat is attached tightly and then thrown into the sea. A gull comes along and swallows one piece; another then sees there is plenty to spare and swallows the next; perhaps a third bird takes possession of another, but as they are all attached to the sail yarns, whenever they try to fly away one or the other is compelled to disgorge his share, and this is continued to the tantalizing suspense of the poor gulls and the great fun of the passengers and sailors.—Ocean.

Adulterated Candies.

The Board of Trade Journal of Portland, Me., is authority for the statement that about 6,000 tons of terra alba were recently imported through the port of New York alone. The only use for terra alba in any quantity is in the adulteration of candies, and when these two facts are put together they become very significant. The substance is mineral, utterly insoluble in the saliva or the gastric juice and the result of eating candies adulterated cannot be otherwise than excessively injurious. The devilishness of the use of such stuff in candies is all the greater for the fact that most of the candies that are adulterated with it are used by children of tender years. The extent to which it exists in certain candies may be surmised by an incident which occurred within the experience of the editor of The National Druggist.

A wholesale grocery house of St. Louis made a claim against the South Shore line for damages done a certain lot of lozenges manufactured by a Boston house and shipped in barrels over that line. The general agent of the line procured some of the "lozenges" and brought them to the writer for examination. The result of our investigation showed them to consist entirely of terra alba bound together with a little gelatine or gum (we have forgotten which). Further investigation developed the fact that they were simply blocks or forms to be used in preparing cheap lozenges, the method of use being simply to immerse them for a few moments in syrups flavored with peppermint, wintergreen, etc. The agent, armed with these facts, refused to pay any damages and the concern, rather than risk the exposure incident upon a law suit, dropped the claim.—National Druggist.

AMMONIA AND SUICIDE.

One of the Most Certain Agents for Causing Death by Slow Poisoning.

[New York *Sun*.]

Of the number of those seeking suicide by swallowing some form of poison, probably there are few who have sought to kill themselves by means of ammonia. Nevertheless ammonia, although it is the active agent in most of the salts sold to women for their gilt decorated and perfumed scent bottles, is poisonous when taken internally in a concentrated form. To attest this there have been recently in New York several cases, the most recent being that of Herman Harowitz, of which Deputy Coroner Jenkens said that death took place in a comparatively short time after the ammonia was taken. In another case, that of a child, Dr. Jenkins said death resulted in five minutes after swallowing the ammonia solution.

There are on record also cases of slow poisoning from ammonia administered with intent to commit murder. Furthermore, the appearance of workmen in guano factories, where ammonia is set free by grinding guano, has been noted, and in every case there is an unmistakable system of poisoning. This is discoloration of the skin of the face, which assumes a blotched, dirty appearance. First to take on this appearance is the skin of the nose and forehead. Autopsies of those who die from ammonia poisoning reveal a dark hue on the mucous membrane lining the stomach and intestines.

As an agent for causing death by slow poisoning, ammonia is one of the most certain and most difficult of detection, owing to its volatile nature. This quality has led physicians to believe that some of the mysterious deaths that have taken place in the history of modern and mediæval crime are due to ammonia. It is known now that months have elapsed between the first symptoms of sickness and the death of a person from ammonia poisoning. On the other hand, death has resulted in four minutes from the time a large draught of ammonia has been swallowed. It has been found in cases of gradual absorption of ammonia in the human system that there is a general elimination of healthy oxidation of the blood and a consequent lowering of the bodily strength. In the cases of immediate poisoning, death comes with frightful agony, as in the case of Harowitz. Blood gushed from his nose and mouth.

Statistics is England put ammonia thirteenth in frequency in the list of poisons. Alexander Winter Blyth, medical officer of health in the St. Marylebone district, London, cites thirty cases of poisoning by ammonia swallowed for the purpose of committing suicide, or administered with the purpose of committing murder, or absorbed unconsciously in food. Of the suicidal cases six were fatal. Of twenty accidental cases twelve were fatal. Of cases of murder with ammonia, Dr. Blyth notes two, both of them children.

Rev. James B. Pratt, aged seventy-eight years, who came to Los Angeles from Pittsburg about five years ago, died suddenly last week.

Grape-picking is about finished in the Santa Clara Valley.

The reed bird on the bill of fare
Is pleasing to the eye;
But with the sparrow's aid, alas!
He proves an alibi!

OUR LITTLE WORRIES AND ILLS.

It is the little things of life, the worries of to-day and to-morrow, that make the crow's feet around our eyes. So the little pains of an hour or a minute break down the constitution. Look after the little ills. BRANDRETH'S PILLS cure dyspepsia, or indigestion, headache, pain in the shoulders, coughs, tightness of the chest, dizziness, sour stomach, bad taste in the mouth, bilious attacks, palpitation of the heart, inflammation of the lungs. Pain in the region of the kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offspring of dyspepsia. One or two pills every night is sufficient.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

A bird and a bottle in hand is worth two boarding-house dinners anywhere else.

THE WESTERN SETTLER'S CHOSEN SPECIFIC.

With every advance of emigration into the far West, a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities, on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the Bitters afford the only sure protection against malaria, and those disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, to which climatic changes, exposure, and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject him. Consequently, he places an estimate upon this great household specific and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.

THE THROAT—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the Throat. *Speakers* and *Singers* find the Troches useful.

The watch that is placed over the people's interests at the polls must not be a repeater.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell

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NOT TO BE ENDURED.

If the federal government desires to stamp out the lottery evil, there will be little opposition on the part of the people and the press, but if it gives irresponsible underlings the power to stamp out the press when it exercises its right to discuss the law, the result will be not only opposition, but indignation and trouble all along the line.

Just now the papers are having a good deal to say about the arrest of a Wisconsin editor because he published a clipping from an exchange questioning the validity of the anti-lottery law. If the arrest was made for nothing more than this, then it is putting it mildly to say that our government has become Russianized, so far as its treatment of the press is concerned.

This policy will not work. If lotteries cannot be destroyed without also destroying the freedom of the press, the people will be in favor of letting the lotteries alone. We cannot afford to yield our right to speak and publish fair criticisms of public measures. If we yield the right in one instance, we may expect to be forced to keep silence whenever it suits the government to demand it.

Fortunately it is no easy matter to bulldoze the newspapers of America. The menace of fine and imprisonment will intimidate very few. No matter what federal officials may hold, the newspaper men of the country will not change their conviction that an honest criticism or discussion of the provisions contained in the anti-lottery law cannot with any show of justice be held to be a violation of that law. If they are mistaken in this belief, then the law will have to be repealed or modified. In this republic the government cannot array itself against the press and have the support of the people.—*Atlanta* (Ga.) *Constitution*.

An Argument That Convinced Him.

"Mary," he said feebly, taking another hold on a sleeping 5-year-old boy as they came off the boat, "I won't carry Johnnie a foot further." He was staggering under his load and looked ready to drop. She was twice as big as he.

"John, you are selfish. Johnnie is tired to death."

"So am I. He can wake up and walk."

"He cannot. He has been running in the sand all day and is worn out."

"Yes, and I've been running after him."

"If you wake him up he will cry."

"Let him cry."

"Let that poor child cry? Haven't you any feeling for your own son?"

"I should think I have. He weighs enough to inspire me with feeling. I positively won't carry him."

"You will."

"If you don't take him I will drop him, and he can cry his lungs out."

"If you drop him I will take him in my arms, sit down on that step and not budge an inch."

"But I won't carry him. I can't."

"John Henry Smith, don't you tell me that you can't carry that dear boy. If you put him down and wake him up you will be turned out of the house to-night. You can spend the night in the streets and see how you like it. Don't you dare to put Johnnie down."

John Henry Smith was open to argument, for he did not put the dear boy down.—New York Tribune.

A Familiar Face.

When Congressman Thomas W. Updegraff was making a speech at Canton, O., in 1878 he was frequently interrupted by a man in the audience who shouted, "What about resumption?"

Finally Mr. Updegraff said: "There are a great many people in the country who are raising a terrific to-do about resumption. They talk about it as if it had teeth and claws and a hooked tail. My friend over there wants me to talk about resumption. I will tell him a story. A very worthy old lady, who had spent all her life on a farm in the Western Reserve, visited the state fair for the first time last year. Her son took her around and she admired the sights.

"Presently they came to a tent on which was placarded an invitation to the public to enter and behold a most wonderful bird —'the Melanerpes Erythrocephalus'—for the small price of ten cents. The old lady persuaded her son to take her in. She found an old friend in the small bird within a big cage. She repressed her emotion until they were outside the canvas again, and then she said with great emphasis, 'Why, John, that ain't nothin' but a red-headed woodpecker.'" — Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Very Old Horse.

"Old Kate," a horse burned to death in Cincinnati, was, her owner alleges, 45 years old. She was born in Wales of thoroughbred stock. She was shipped to Canada in 1846, being only a yearling. The voyage had a bad effect upon her, and the importer sold the stunted colt to a farmer, who kept her until she was 3 years old, when she began to grow.

The farmer sold her to Hugh Morgan, a lumber dealer of this city, and he kept her up to his death, in 1861. She was of a jet black at that time, and served as a carriage horse. At Mr. Morgan's death the mare went to Mr. Lanning, who ran a planing mill on Canal street. He in turn sold her to a fish and oyster dealer on Linn street, and it was of this man her last owner bought her seven years ago. She was then 38 years old, but lively as a kitten.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

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I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of
CONSUMPTION, *Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold*
I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's but see you get the original SCOTT'S EMULSION."

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IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.
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A BRAVE WOMAN.

Sleeps all Night With a Rat Under Her.

IT WOULD DO NO GOOD TO SCREAM.

The Doctor's Eloquent Plea for his Companion's Comfort.

More than a score of years ago a party of Americans were traveling in Spain. There were eight of them—four men and four women—and one night they found themselves in a little hostelry containing one bed, in which the four women slept, with the bare floor for the men, who found the necessary room to lie down in by utilizing the space under the bed for their feet. Just as the party were dropping off into their first doze the youngest woman felt something soft and warm moving in the straw of the tick beneath her. She awaited a moment to make sure, and then as it began a passage up one side of her body she gave a jump that landed her clear over by the opposite wall, and got ready to scream.

"What is it?" came from the doctor on the floor.

"There is a rat or a snake in the bed," she whispered excitedly.

The doctor sat up. "Nonsense!" he said.

"I tell you there is. It is in the straw of the tick. And it crept up my leg."

"Well," asked the doctor calmly, "suppose there is an animal there. What are you going to do about it?"

"Do? Why I'm going to get the girls out and open the tick and take the creature out. You don't suppose I'm going to sleep all night with a snake coiling around under me, do you?"

"Now, see here," expostulated the doctor, "let's reason about this thing. It can't be a snake; it's probably a rat; and it's inside the ticking and it can't get out. It can't possibly harm you. And by and by the warmth of your body will make it drowsy, and it will curl down quietly and go to sleep. So much for the rat.

"Now, here we are—eight of us tired out. Nobody knows about the rat but us two. Now, are you going to be selfish enough to wake these six people up, turn the girls out of their bed—they will scream, too, till they are black in the face—make us men take all the straw out of the tick, find and kill the animal and then get all the straw back into the tick—nearly a whole night's performance—just because you have got hysterical over a harmless little creature?

"Now, be a sensible girl, get back into bed and let me get to sleep again. When the rat gets to sleep you will, too. Just try it."

If it is ever given to a man to be eloquent it is when he is pleading for his own comfort, and the doctor was just a man after all. His persuasiveness won. The young woman crept timidly back, and lay with clinched fists and tightly shut eyes, while the little creature nestled uneasily about, and finally crept close to her side under the ticking and curled down to sleep. Sure enough the doctor was right. And pretty soon she did go to sleep, too, and only waked with the morning to tell the other women of their fifth bedfellow, and how she had saved them from an overwhelming fright.

And the girls quite turned her head with their ohs! and ahs! And the doctor said she was pretty sensible for a woman. And she sometimes tells the story even today. "But was it a rat after all?" the listener is sure to ask when she is done. And she also likes to answer, "It is my chiefest glory in the whole affair that I left the inn in an hour without speaking of the matter, and to this day I do not know whether I slept with a rat, or a kitten, or a snake."—New York Evening Sun.

Miss Drexel's Convent Life.

A pleasant faced, gentle, refined nun, who is introduced as Sister Katherine and whose face is suffused with a faint tinge of color as she is introduced, calls to mind a scene when, in the chapel of the Mercy convent, the lovely robe of white satin was, with the name of Miss Kate Drexel, discarded for the black robe and the name Sister Katherine. Sister Katherine is now engaged in teaching some of the 300 little folks who call St. Paul's Roman Catholic Orphan asylum their home.

Her school is composed of the primary pupils of the vast establishment, and tenderly and lovingly she governs them and teaches them the rudiments of an education. Other rooms and departments are under control of other sisters.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Do Something Well.

I would say to all young girls, whether rich or poor, educated or uneducated, make some one good thing a particular point in your life. If you will be a cook or housekeeper be thoroughly good. Have a general knowledge of all matters of interest and importance, but have one particular branch perfect, so that if the time comes when you must face the world and carve your own fortune you will be able to do something, and to do that something well. No matter how homely the duty its value is enhanced tenfold by being well done. It is as creditable to be a thorough housewife as to be a good teacher or accountant. — Mrs. George Rogers in Good Housekeeping.

Something Worth Remembering.

A correspondent writes: "Reading accounts of so many being lost in the snow and fog, I would call your attention to a simple means of determining the position of the sun at any time of the day, which is by placing the point of a knife blade or a sharp lead pencil on the thumb nail, which will cast a shadow directly from the sun, no matter how thick the snow or fog is. Try it."—Boston Journal.

Evading the Game Law.

There is a law in Pennsylvania against using ferrets in rabbit hunting. A Cochranton boy evades the law by catching a rat alive, tying a string to its neck, taking it to a rabbit's hole and letting it go into the hole, he holding the end of the string meanwhile. The frightened rat usually scares out the rabbit.—Chicago Herald.

Secret of His Success.

"So you are now editor and proprietor of The Boys' Champion."

"Yes, and making a fortune out of it."

"I don't see how that can be. It is positively the worst Jim Crow paper I ever saw."

"I know it, but each subscriber gets a toy pistol and twenty yards of string."—Lincoln Journal.

His Dear Little Dog.

Young Mr. Sissy—I have just had such a dear little dog presented to me, Miss Mary. Could you suggest a name for it?

Miss Mary—Jack, I think, is a pretty name.

Young Mr. Sissy—Aw, the dog, Miss Mary, is of the gentler sex.—The Epoch.

Brutal Policemen in Russia.

I shall never forget the first brutal exhibition of the kind I witnessed on Russian soil. It was on the docks at Baku. As the little Caspian steamer moved up to the wharf a swarm of ragged porters were seen struggling for position where they could pounce on the passengers' baggage. Gaunt, hungry looking and clad in rags, they seemed like the very off scouring of the world. Standing out in bold relief against them were a number of burley policemen. The chief duty of the latter seemed to be to abuse the former, which they did in a most unwarrantable manner.

The bluecoats did no artistic and finished tapping with the locusts, like the members of the Broadway squad, but they struck the poor, half starved wretches squarely in the face with clenched fist and kicked them in the stomachs. The burly policemen seemed to take a wanton pride in smashing the poor ragged devils in the face and in kicking them in dangerous places with their heavy topboots. As a picture of brute force unbridled, gloating over defenseless victims, it beats anything I ever saw.

It seems incredible to an Anglo-Saxon that human beings could ever be so thoroughly crushed and cowed as to submit meekly to such inexcusable brutality as the lower class Russians do. One after another the wretched victims of police brutality would go limping away, lamed or doubled up by a kick, and faces often streaming with blood. Our Russian passengers paid no sort of attention to the scene; only in the breasts of two persons present, in all that crowd, was aroused any sentiment of pity or condemnation, so far as could be seen on the surface. These two exceptions were an English war correspondent and myself.—Thomas Stevens' Letter.

Whistles of All Sorts.

The primary idea of a whistle lies in the making of a column of air to vibrate, in whatever condition. As there is no lack of means or methods for doing this, the infinite diversity of the forms of the apparatus for producing the vibrations and the resultant sounds is a matter of course. The most general form is the human whistle, which one can make sound—after a fashion—without much preliminary training; but many musicians have made themselves masters of its intonations to such a degree that, instead of the usual inharmonious and unmethodical discords, they can render with it the most difficult passages of elaborate musical notes. I shall not dwell upon the means that may be employed to make the sounds sharper and to modulate their tones. Every one knows what effects are produced by inserting the fore and second fingers so as to turn the tongue slightly back as the column of air passes over it, or by sending the blast over the outside of the bent fingers.

If we seek other primitive whistles, we have them in the hollow barreled key, the terror of authors and comedians; the famous willow whistle, cut when the twig is most sappy; the green dandelion stem, split along its length; the nut shell between the fingers; the cherry stone, which school boys grind down so patiently on the soles of the shoes and bore with a hole; the buckhorn, and all the other things which we are fond of contriving, in our early youth, with which to split the ears of our parents and teachers.—M. L. Gutode in Popular Science Monthly.

Advantages of Audible Laughter.

Man is the only audible laughing animal in existence. Girls giggle, boys te-he, women hah-ha, and men haw-haw. These are the spontaneous outbursts of jollity, and in trying to suppress it one cannot be accountable for the consequence. You have the faculty of communicating to your blind friend the reciprocal pleasure of life, therefore you have advantage over the most intelligent of the brute creation. No dumb animal has the faculty of expressing any emotion they may feel save the dog, who laughs with his tail as his long absent master returns; it seems as if he would never cease to wiggle-waggle his tail and nibble his master's beard from one ear to the other; he laughs with his tail, kisses, as it were, with his teeth, and caresses with his paws, seeming to be the exact converse of human nature. Be sure that heaven and all the cherubims are better pleased with inate goodness, roseate with smiles, than a face as long as your arm and as solemn as the day of judgment. Give us a bright, smiling face, indicative of the effervescence of the within. It helps us to enjoy a passing hour of blissful happiness. A new delight steals over the heart, and we willingly yield to the fleeting, fanciful dream that all of earth is surest bliss.—New York Press.

Inheritance of Moral Weakness.

"There are not too many people for the world to support," says Professor Summer; nor are there too many liable to be born; but there are by far too many of sorts that never ought to be born. He conceives that all social questions drop into this one of improved population. Mental and physical feebleness, or inferiority, is at the bottom of our troubles; but the professor must also include moral weakness, inherited like other evils, and aggravated by personal habit. Is it improbable that some degree of control may be some day established over the multiplication of diseased personalities?

Darwin dares to hint that the same care that is exercised in breeding our domestic animals might in the future be applied to humanity. Is it necessary that "Margaret, the mother of criminals," be allowed to populate the state with a breed so debased that in a few generations there are paupers, idiots, moral outcasts and beggars by the hundred, and hardly a savable person out of a score? It will not do, perhaps, at present to any more than suggest the question.—Globe Democrat.

What It Really Means.

Did you ever think what it really means to be a "tramp?" No home, no friends, no work, no chance, nobody in all the wide world to care whether you live, or die in the gutters like a dog. No heaven for such vags to inherit; no decent grave to hide them out of sight; no opportunity to be anything, and no hand stretched out to give the greeting or the good-by of love. Nobody to feel an interest in you, whether your bones ache from cold or your skin cracks with fever. No spot in all the world to call your own, not even the mud wherein your wandering footstep leaves its fleeting mark; no prospect ahead, and no unbroken link to bind you to the past. A name like a curse to blight every hope of manhood, and a reputation, like a ball and chain on your leg, to hinder the way to any good accomplishment. I tell you, when we sit right down to it, and figure out what it really means to be a tramp, I guess we will not find it so easy to withhold a piece of bread and a cup of coffee next time one calls at our door.—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

YANKEE LOCAL NAMES.

Odd Titles by Which Localities are Known.

BARBARY COAST AND CHRISTIAN SHORE.

Where the Hog was Run Down by a Train.—Stony Lonesome.

"Can you direct me to the Richardson neighborhood?" said a newspaper man, tramping along a dusty country road last summer. Two farmers leaned on their rakes and looked at each other inquiringly.

"Richardson neighborhood? Never heard o' no such place. Guess you must mean the Coop. Used to a Richardson live there once."

It is just this way all over New England. Every township is subdivided into localities and neighborhoods bearing odd and distinctive names. Often they are more than odd; they are quaint and eccentric, and sometimes laughable. This same Coop was bounded on the east by the Rock o' Dundee, on the north by the City, a solitary house, standing where four roads met, and on the west by Shadagee. And so it is in every town, there is an unwritten geography of New England.

Boston may have at one time been blessed with queer subdivisions of this sort, but they have now nearly all been swallowed up in the North End, the West End, the South End, etc. Lynn, on the other hand, abounds with them. There are Rail Hill, Breed's End, Blood Swamp, New Light Hill, Pan Swamp, Vinegar Hill, Sadler's Rock and Pudding Hill. This last name came to be applied from the fact that the father of Preserved Sprague, who lived in this section, was noted for the quality of his puddings. What is now Market square was once known as Kite End. It received its name at the hands of the late Joshua C. Oliver, who published a little sheet known as The Tattler, and, out of spite, he nicknamed the locality Kite End, and its people Kite Enders.

Manchester, N. H., boasts of a section known as the Barbary Coast, a name given it by an old sailor. Here too, are found Jacob's Ladder, Pig Village and Phinenton square. The city itself has been variously known as Harrytown, Tyngston, Derryfield and Nomoskeag.

In the suburbs of Bangor, Me., on the line of the old Veazie railroad, is a village still known as Hogtown. Years ago, when the railroad was in full operation and trains used to drag lazily along between Bangor and Oldtown, a terrible accident occurred there one morning. A woman living near the track was the happy possessor of a very large hog, and the animal in its meanderings came upon the road in front of an advancing train. The hog had never been accustomed to turn out for anything, and did not propose to commence with a trifling thing like an engine. It therefore held its ground, and a dying hog was soon rolling down the embankment.

The train stopped, as was its custom upon all occasions, even to allow a passenger to alight and cut a twig. Out came an angry woman, brandishing her arms and wildly calling upon the conductor of the train to pay for the fatally injured porker. In those days the conductor of the line was of as much importance as the general manager, and he flatly refused to pay for the hog, saying that the owner ought to have kept him away from the track. This settled the matter, and he started his train and left her. When that train returned, however, there was sorrow on board. The woman had taken the fat from the hog, and for a long distance had greased the rails so that it was impossible to pass the place. None of the modern appliances for surmounting such obstacles were then known, and the train was hopelessly stalled. A crew was employed to help the trainmen, and it took hours to clean the grease from the rails so that the train could proceed. Since that time the place has been called Hogtown.

To everybody in the city of Portland the neighboring town of Cape Elizabeth is known by the simpler name of Pooduck. This is a contraction of its ancient Indian name of Purpooduck. Augusta has among its subdivisions Rotten Row, Slab City, Mud Mills, and Britt's Gully. Suburban Lewiston is made up of "patches." There are the Baby patch, the Strawberry patch, the Bleachery Hill patch, the Foundry patch, Water street patch, and the Gas House patch.

Portsmouth, N. H., has its oddly named localities, and these have been well described in Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy." One of the best known is Christian Shore. The name of the district is supposed to have come from some early settler named Christian, who lived upon and owned the land on that side of Strawberry Bank creek, as the inlet now called the North pond was named by the early colonist.

In Providence, R. I., and its vicinity there are locations known by some peculiar names that are not to be found in the maps or directories. There are Squaw Hollow, Chicken Foot alley, Bulldog square, Shoo Fly Village, Maiden's Prayer park and a variety of others less familiar to the general public.

In this state Gloucester is especially rich in these queer localities. Loblolly cove is situated on the eastern side of the cape, and was probably the scene of an old time feast, at which "loblolly," a dish made from Indian meal, was the bill of fare. Cat pond is probably named from the plant called "pussy willow," which grew on its margin. Donefudging is the name applied to that strip of Squam river between the cut bridge and the old town landing. There are various derivations of this. One is that, the river being shallow near this locality, the boatmen in the olden time, who used poles to propel their crafts, were done "fudging" or propelling with their poles when the deep water in this vicinity was reached. Goose cove, on the northern side of the cape, was probably so called from the tame geese which were kept in that place.—Boston Dispatch in New York Sun.

English Friendly Societies.

The returns of some of the large friendly societies for 1890 are now coming in, and notwithstanding the increased expenditure caused by the influenza epidemic in the early part of the year, the figures in most cases show large increases, both in members and funds. The Ancient Order of Foresters, numerically the largest, with its 700,000 members, added 17,587 to its number and £159,303 to its funds, bringing the reserve capital up to £4,500,000. This society appears to be rapidly "leveling up" its actuarial deficiency, the returns showing that a proportion equal to 73.4 of its members are now paying graduated contributions according to age, as against 59.5 five years ago.

The Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows comes slightly behind the Foresters in respect to numbers, but occupies far and away the front rank of all societies in wealth, its invested capital reaching the magnificent amount of £7,250,000.

The Hearts of Oak, the largest centralized society without branches, has been advancing of late years by leaps and bounds. Its annual report shows that in 1890 it added 10,000 to its membership, which now numbers 140,000, and £76,000 to its funds, totaling its reserve capital up to £1,157,518. This society admits no one to its membership over thirty years of age, and is chiefly recruited from the ranks of small shopkeepers, clerks and skilled artisans.

In the aggregate these three societies total up an adult membership of 1,500,000, with 144,000 juvenile members and a gross invested capital of over £13,000,000.

The great burial collecting societies constitute quite another class, at the head of which stands the Prudential, with assets worth £12,000,000, and which claims to have 9,000,000 policies in force. The Prudential is a joint stock limited company, which began with a capital of £2,500 about forty years ago. A few years since this grew to £200,000. According to a statement recently made by Sir Herbert Maxwell in the house of commons the shareholders in 1887 received dividends equal to 400 per cent. on the original capital, besides bonuses amounting to £399,600.—St. James' Gazette.

The Ohioan Wanted to Sleep.

Sunday evening two young men retired in one of the principal hotels and went to sleep. One of these guests was from Ohio, the other, a genuine frontiersman from South Dakota. They slept until 2 a. m. Sunday, when awakened by a couple of roistering youths who occupied an adjoining room. The youths shouted and sang until guests all around commenced to protest, and then they shouted and sang all the louder.

The Dakota man rang for a porter, and sent him to quiet the unruly youths, but with no effect. Then the Ohioan arose, tied a suspender around his waist, rolled up the sleeves of his nightshirt and walked to the door whence came the riotous sounds. He knocked, and one of the fellows opened it. The Ohio man didn't stop to talk. He charged into that room, belted one youth in the neck, knocking him on top of the bed. Quick as a flash he seized the other and hurled him bodily across the first. Then he pounded their heads together while he regained his breath, and told them that if they woke him up again he would come in and throw both of them through the window.

He slept in peace until breakfast time.—Philadelphia Press.

A Railroad Man's Record.

C. P. Burton, of Aurora, Ills., challenges the country to match the following record: J. L. Watkins is the veteran ticket agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy at Mendota, Ills., and has been for thirty years. The greater portion of that time he has spent in the office, acting as night agent as well as day. Although in the midst of railroad trains, coming in contact daily with the turmoil incident to that rushing life, he has never stepped on a train in the years he has been agent until Tuesday, when he rode to Aurora and thence to Wheaton, and he was mad all the way. He had been subpœnaed as a witness at Wheaton and was obliged to go. He had expected at some future time to take a vacation, and thought he would ride on a railroad train when he got ready, but he had not intended that his first ride in years would be forced.—Chicago Tribune.

Settling Scores Posthumously.

Annie Kline, colored, weighing 350 pounds, died in Chicago the other day. It is averred that before departing this life she expressed an intention to "ha'nt" some surviving enemies. Be that as it may, Jennie Cook, a neighbor, declares that soon after the funeral, while she was passing the deceased's former abode, Miss Kline appeared at the window, robed not in regulation white, but in sable, and demanded the liquidation of a grocery bill. Jennie, in affright, appealed to the officer on the beat. The policeman reports that when he visited the house the ghost remarked: "Mulcahey, beware!" and threw a brick at him. There are those who are inclined to doubt that Miss Kline has materialized.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Adder with Two Heads.

Professor G. A. Rogers, the aeronaut, dropped into the office recently, having in his possession a very rare species of a brown adder. It was eleven and one-half inches long, and with two distinct heads, one and one-quarter inches from point of contact, had the appearance of two snakes artistically rolled into one. This peculiar freak of nature was killed a few days ago by a seven-year-old Milton (N. H.) boy, who performed the feat with a short stick as the adder was coming out of a small pile of rocks.—Boston Globe.

Big Prices for Newspaper Stock.

A few London Graphic shares came into the market the other day. The shares are $50 each, $35 paid; and on these dividends ranging from 25 to 104 per cent. have been paid. The lots were eagerly competed for at the prices ranging round $180 per share. This is a premium of over 500 per cent.—London Tit-Bits.

ROYAL BACK NUMBERS.

The Kings Uncrowned, Unhonored and Unknown.

GENUINE BLUE BLOOD IN HARD LUCK.

A King who is a Waiter.—An American King.

A full list of royal and imperial pretenders would include all sorts of people in all sorts of society, from the retired and wealthy nobleman, such as the Comte de Paris, to Crelie, the self styled king of Araucania, who is a sort of genteel deadbeat, and Francesco, the titular king of Armenia, whose royal predecessor was a waiter in Milan, who himself pursues the same honest, if not kingly, occupation in a restaurant at Versailles. As a rule nearly every king nowadays outside of the darkest part of the Dark Continent has a snug sum to his credit in English or American securities, so that in the event of being put out of a job he may have the wherewithal to keep the wolf of poverty from the door.

The Comte de Paris, Bourbon pretender to the throne of France, and now an exile, is worth about two millions of dollars. The bulk of his fortune is in British consols, and he also draws interest on United States bonds.

Prince Jerome Napoleon, the leading representative of the imperial house of Bonaparte, lives in luxurious exile at Prangins, Switzerland. He has a splendid residence there, and owns among his treasures various relics of the Bonaparte family, including an Egyptian saber which the great Napoleon carried in the first of his Italian campaigns. Prince Napoleon is wealthy and ambitious. The Bonapartes as a rule are not in good financial circumstances, and the purse of Prince Jerome is taxed to keep his friends and relatives from need.

The ex-queen of Spain, Isabella, takes life comfortably, even luxuriously, residing in fashionable style in Paris, with occasional trips to Nice and Boulogne.

Italy has a host of pretenders deprived of their toy crowns by the union of the Italian peninsula. Of these the house of Tuscany is the most fortunate, as Austria takes care of them, and the Archduke Francis Salvator has recently married the flower of the imperial family, the Archduchess Valerie. The heir of Bomba's crown of Naples is a quiet, harmless young man, strictly devoted to religion, and without any apparent design upon his ancestral dominions. Indeed the deposed Italian princes generally acquiesce in their fate, as hopeless of any change. All, without exception, are fairly well provided for.

Dom Pedro, the deposed emperor of the Brazils, is the most unhappy of ex-rulers. The death of his wife was a terrible blow to him, and he hungers to be permitted to go back to Brazil to die. As he has never formally renounced his claim to the crown he can fairly be called a pretender. Dom Pedro is far from wealthy. While in circumstances that should dictate close economy, he is so tender hearted that he hesitates to dismiss the retinue that is eating up his substance, and consequently he grows poorer every day. It would not be surprising should the old gentleman be compelled to accept the generosity of republican Brazil.

AN AMERICAN KING.

Few have heard of that other and rather amusing American pretender, resident in Paris, Orelie I, king of the Araucanians. Orelie is a Frenchman, a cheap lawyer, with a taste for adventure. His travels brought him to Chili, in South America. There he made his way by accident or design to a remote section of the republic, where the Araucanian Indians have for ages maintained their independence. He lived among these Indians and won their good will to such a degree that the chieftains elected him king of Araucania, and he was formally crowned with that title. As king Orelie led the Araucanians in forays, more or less successful, against their Chilian neighbors.

When he got tired of the masquerade, which involved some peril, as the Chilians followed the new king up sharply, he started for the coast, reaching it by the way of Peru, and returned to Paris. Here he still calls himself king of Araucania, and he has instituted two or three orders of nobility, which he confers for a consideration. The validity of these orders and his right to bestow them came up not long ago before a Paris tribunal, the point at issue really being whether Orelie was a king or a swindler.

The court decided that, inasmuch as he had been accepted as king by a community which exercised independent rights and which would probably be willing to recognize him again if he could get there, he was justified in using the royal prerogative of conferring orders of nobility. Since this decision the king's business has flourished more than ever, and his decorations go off like buckwheat cakes and maple sirup.

The king of Araucania is a good deal more fortunate than poor Francesco of Armenia, to whom I have before alluded. His full name and title is Francesco, king of Armenia, prince of Jerusalem, and hereditary guardian of the Holy Sepulcher. At present his majesty is head waiter in one of the small restaurants that dot the vicinity of Versailles. It is many years since Francesco's ancestors were driven by the Turks from the throne of Armenia; but there can be no doubt of the antiquity and purple blood of the family. Descended from a bold Crusader, they held their kingly rank for ages, until the renewed aggressiveness of the Mohammedans and the decline of Latin power in the east made them fugitives.

Russia for a long time afforded them an asylum, and gave the titular prince a pension. But this was dropped about forty years ago, and since then the royal house of Armenia has had to take its chances with the multitude. The late king was a waiter at Milan; the present king is a waiter at Versailles. Singularly enough the restaurant is one favored by the radicals, and the waiter of the bluest of blood is called on to serve wine and refreshments to the ardent opponents of thrones and titles. Few visitors, however, are aware that the sous they hand to the waiter are thankfully accepted by a king, for Francesco does not parade either his pedigree or his misfortunes.

You may see here in Paris a prince of Georgia driving a cab, and one of the best police agents in a scion of the royal house of Poland. To go through the roll of royal pretenders would occupy much time and space. It is probably longer than that of monarchs who have crowns on their heads.—Paris Cor. Chicago Herald.

Genuine Turkish Rugs.

Smith—Well, Pat, what are you doing for a living now?

Pat—Begorrah, I have an illigent job on the Bowery makin' generwine Turkish rugs.—Texas Siftings.

Bait for Desirable Tenants.

There is at present great rivalry among the owners of flats and tenements in the struggle to secure as tenants the thousands of families which at this season each year seek new quarters. The rapid growth of the city's population has been more than equaled by the number of flats and other dwellings erected during the past few years, with the attendant result that desirable tenants are at a premium.

"The inducements offered to parties of the class desired," said a prominent real estate agent recently, "are not directly of a pecuniary nature. In spite of the rivalry among house owners, there is a tacit understanding that there is to be little or no reduction in rents. The figures asked are reasonable, but great ingenuity has been displayed in the character of the inducements held out to secure good tenants. Formerly two weeks' free rent was considered quite a concession, but now one and even two months are thrown in to get a desirable party on a lease. Steam heat, electric bells, elevators, telephones and awnings to the windows are common at fair rentals in the better class of flats.

"Among the novelties offered are flats where all the coal and fuel needed are furnished free, thus doing away with a common cause of quarrel with janitors suspected of using the tenant's fuel. In some the gas bills and ice bills are paid by the landlords, and stationary mirrors and iceboxes still further reduce the tenant's expenses. A genius on the west side has filled his row of moderate priced flats by allowing each family the free use of a piano."—New York Telegram.

Reading About Foreign Countries.

At this time of year we are overrun with applications for guide books, works of travel, books of modern history of foreign countries, and even novels of which the scene is laid abroad. Whatever they may say in Europe about the Americans, they cannot truthfully declare that we do not prepare for a foreign tour, for hardly any one now goes abroad without reading of the countries he intends to visit, sometimes as carefully as though he expected to pass a competitive examination.

There are several persons in the city who go abroad every summer, and you can tell exactly where they are going by the books they ask for when they are getting ready for the tour. The fact shows that Americans are intelligent sightseers, and when they visit a foreign city know exactly what they are to see there, and often, by reason of the special cramming they undergo, understand the history, antiquities and curiosities of the places they visit better than people who have lived there all their lives.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Odd Plan for a Church.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, well remembered of Boston as a former pastor of the Dudley Street Baptist church, is nothing if not unusual. His audiences having outgrown his New York church, he has planned an auditorium as unique as himself. As his sermons have political preludes, his church is to have a wordly foundation. It will in fact not be a church but an office building, with stores on the first floor, an auditorium to seat five thousand, that is described as being on "the next three floors," and offices on six floors above.

It would appear that Mr. Dixon would have to do some loud talking to accommodate hearers in "an auditorium" that consisted of the second, third and fourth stories of the building, but probably this description of the edifice is not had at first hand from the architect. It is hardly Mr. Dixon's style to keep his audience in tiers.—Boston Commonwealth.

Reynard as a Rat Exterminator.

A Pennsburg gentleman, whose barn was formerly overrun with rats, is no longer troubled with them, and he used neither traps nor dogs in driving them out. About a year ago he purchased a fox somewhere in the west. The fox was given the freedom of the barn, and in a short time after its arrival all the rats found it convenient to depart, and none of them has found it expedient to return. Reynard catches rats after the manner of a terrier, and when not engaged is frequently seen following his master about like a well behaved canine, to which he bears no little resemblance. He is perfectly tame, and goes about the streets of the town without being molested by the dogs that roam around, ready to attack any animal not of their own species.—Allentown Chronicle-News.

Those Suspected Two Dollar Bills.

The number of two dollar bills in active circulation in New York is astonishing. Since the publication of the alleged extensive counterfeiting of the two dollar silver certificates the entire issue, genuine and bogus, seems to be kept on the move.

The two dollar notes fairly rain upon every tradesman, who passes them on as quickly as possible. The next man does the same. Nobody refuses, nobody disputes them; but all the same everybody lets go of them at the first opportunity. If the same uneasiness prevails elsewhere the problem of the two dollar notes will have solved itself. They will be worn out in six months.—New York Herald.

A coat of the great Napoleon was recently stolen from the country house of M. Cheval in a suburb of Paris, and the police have been trying to recover it. The burglars who carried it off with other booty were probably unaware of its historical value. Its recent owner bought it in St. Helena immediately after the death of the emperor.

A novel feature of a menagerie's exhibiting at the Crystal Palace is a huge cage containing a happy family of twelve lions, three Bengal tigers and cheetahs, panthers, polar and Thibet bears, ponies, goats and boarhounds, numbering twenty in all.

John Russell, who lives near La Gro, claims to be the oldest native son of Indiana. He was born there in 1811, and since 1834 has owned and lived upon a farm which he entered in that year.

KENTUCKY'S PIONEERS.

The Early Mothers who Could Protect Themselves.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN INDIAN FIGHTERS.

The Capture of a Lawless White Man.—Story of "Sharp Eye."

In the early settlement of Kentucky, the boys, and even the women and children, became as thorough soldiers as the men. This was the result of their surroundings. They were educated to it, and lived at a time when it was necessary to practice it daily. There were few women on the frontier but could load and fire a rifle, and many of them could do it with as fatal accuracy as their fathers, husbands and brothers. A fair illustration is found in the case of a Mrs. Daviess, whose husband was among the early settlers of Lincoln county. She could shoot an Indian with as steady a hand as Daniel Boone himself. One day a white man came to her husband's cabin who had stolen some property from him, and who bore a bad character generally.

Mrs. Daviess was alone with her children when this desperado called, and, knowing her husband was on the lookout for him, she resolved to capture him. Upon his entering the cabin she asked him if he would not "take a dram"—no pioneer's home was ever found without its whisky bottle, which was kept as a remedy for snake bites, etc. She put the bottle on the table and told him to step up and help himself. He set his gun against the cabin wall to comply with her invitation, and, after a hearty pull at the bottle, he turned to find himself looking into the muzzle of his own rifle, which Mrs. Daviess had picked up while he was drinking, cocked it, and stood with it leveled at his head. When he asked her what she meant, she informed him that he had stolen her husband's property, and she meant to keep him there until his return, and she did. She stood guard over him until her husband's return, when she delivered to him her prisoner.

The boys were no less brave and manful. To fight the "Injuns" was the first thing they learned, and, by the time they could lift a rifle they knew how to use it. Many instances and incidents could be given illustrating the heroism of the border boys, of which the following may be taken as a fair sample: Among the early settlers of Hardin county was one Silas Hart, an expert hunter, a thorough backwoodsman, and an inveterate Indian hater and fighter. Whenever an Indian incursion was made into the state he was one of the first on the trail, and he pursued them relentlessly and with the keenness of a bloodhound. His keen eye, and prowess in skirmish and battle, won from the Indians the name of "Sharp Eye."

On one of their many incursions into his neighborhood, Hart pursued them with a few chosen followers, and before they reached the Ohio shot and killed their chief. The savages vowed vengeance against him and his family, and shortly another incursion was made by them under the leadership of the brother of the fallen chief. As usual, Hart was first on their trail, and the savages retreated toward the Ohio. The whites finally despaired of overtaking them and returned home, when the Indians turned upon their trail and became the pursuers instead of the pursued. Hart reached his home about dark, and, being much fatigued from his long tramp, slept soundly all night, little dreaming of danger lurking near.

Next morning, just as the family were sitting down to breakfast, the savages appeared at the door, and the dead chief's brother shot Hart dead. His son, a lad but 12 years old, sprang up, seized his father's rifle and shot the murderous savage. As the next Indian sprang over his fallen leader, the brave and undaunted boy, with a large hunting knife, stabbed him to the heart. But the odds were against him, and he and his mother were carried away captives. It was the intention of the savages to take them to their towns and torture them, but they were finally ransomed and returned

The same Daviess mentioned above was surprised one morning in August, 1782, by Indians. They had approached his cabin during the night, concealed themselves, and waited for him to make his appearance. Daviess, a little after daylight, got up and stepped out of his cabin. He had proceeded but a short distance from the door when, turning, he beheld a number of savages behind him and the cabin. Seeing there was no chance to render his family assistance, he fled to the nearest station, which was five miles distant, for help.

The Indians made prisoners of his wife and children, the eldest a boy 12 years old, and, knowing Daviess had escaped, they soon left with their prisoners, hoping to escape beyond the Ohio. Daviess gathered a force, and pursued so rapidly as to overtake them before night. As usual, when about to be brought to bay, the savages essayed to kill their prisoners, but were too closely pressed by the whites. A savage, however, succeeded in knocking down the boy and scalping him. The boy was not killed, only stunned by the blow, and almost as soon as the savage left him bounded to his feet, exclaiming: "Durn that Injun, he's got my scalp."

The boy lived to grow up to manhood, but was ever after "bald headed"; the hair would grow no more on that part of the head which had been scalped. He never forgave the savages for rendering him prematurely bald headed, but swore eternal vengeance against them. In the summer of 1792, ten years after his experiences detailed above, a band of Indians raided the settlement, and stole a number of horses. Young Daviess joined a party in pursuit of them. When the savages found they would be overtaken they ambushed the whites, and in the skirmish that ensued young Daviess was killed. Thus the Indian fatality clung to him.—William Henry Perrin

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18.....1891.

The determined fight against the free coinage of silver is one of the anomalies of our politics It shows the hold which the Wall street element has on the press and politicians of the country It is a contest in which success is certain to rest on the banners of the bi-metalists, and yet every foot's advance will represent a veritable tug of war.

Such of the Republican papers as have commented upon the appointment of defaulter Dan Burns as a commissioner to select policemen to catch thieves, show that they feel the disgrace cast upon their party by Governor Markham. But they seem to forget that Markham only paid a political debt in appointing Burns; and Markham might further claim that the Republican press and the party condoned Burns's crimes when they accepted him without protest as their chief manager during the last campaign. Markham can surely throw himself back upon such a plea; but it is not a very high or noble stand for a governor to take in extenuation of his act in commissioning a man who has robbed the State, to an office of great dignity and power.

The much dreaded "grip," which spread over the world a year ago, seems to have broken out again in Europe. The dispatches speak of 40,000 cases of "influenza" in Berlin during the past week, and say that Hamburg is panic stricken over the prevalence of the disease in that city. What is called "la grippe" is a severe form of influenza, corresponding to to the epizootic among horses. A dispatch reports that influenza is raging in Austria, and that many horses are attacked and many persons prostrated. It has become the fashion in this country to to speak of ordinary influenza as "la grippe", but at this time there are no reports of the existence in America of the serious form of influenza to which the term properly applies.

The Crocker old People's Home is said to be embarassed financsally, and an appeal to the public is probable. There must have been bad management. The Home takes in old people and guarantees them certain accommodations for life upon payment of a lump sum in advance. It is a sort of insurance proposition. The managers of the Home apparently find that they have not charged a high enough rate. We do not see, however, what they can do now unless charge future applicants for admission a rate so much higher that it will pay their expenses, and also make up the deficit for the present inmates. As for hte public, they are likely to remark, if solicited for subscriptions, that they do not see why they should contribute to the glory of a certain family connection. The Old People's Home has paraded as charity but it is really a business proposition.

The death of Dom Pedro was probably hastened by the troubles into which he was plunged at the close of his career as ruler of Brazil. No doubt he grieved sorely over his abdication from control of the destinies of the nation he loved so well. There have been few emperors comparable with him in the characteristics which make true greatness. He was a patriot of the first order. He accomplished wonders for Brazil, and had he remained in power his beneficent reign would probably have still further advanced the welfare of the country. It is doubtful whether Brazil is fit for republican government. The course of events since Dom Pedro's abdication indicates that the present form of government is insecure and unstaple. The emperor himself believed that the country was not sufficiently advanced for the peaceable revolution to which he consented, but he gracefully yielded to the wishes of the people. Most men in his position would have sought to strengthen their hold upon power. His ability and personal popularity were so great that he could have remained emperor until his death, had he so willed. But he himself prepared the way for his retirement by giving encouragement to republican ideas and seeking to educate his people for self-government. Dom Pedro will live in history as one of the wisest, most benificent and most unsefish ruler the world has ever known. What a contrast between his noble spirit and the vain-glorious self-exaltation of the present emperor of Germany.

Two Deer Fight.

The gentlemen comprising the surveying party now working for the Bear Valley company up Millard's canyon, were on Monday treated to a sight which seldom comes to men in this center of civilization. We get the story from Messrs. Pollock and Ross, transit men of the party.

The men were working up the canyon about a mile above the Millard House when they heard a peculiar, crashing noise. Looking up they saw on the cliffs high above the stream, and about a quarter of a mile from them, two noble bucks standing, with heads lowered, about ten feet from each other. Thus they stood eying each other and pawing the dirt for fully a minute. Then they made a simultaneous spring, and came together with a noise like a falling tree. So violent was the concussion that the animals were thrown back until a distance of ten or fifteen again intervened between them. The men, fascinated with the sight, watched the deer go through the same performance again and again.

Finally, after a more than usually violent rush, the bucks did not separate, but struggled as if apparently trying to push each other back. It soon became plain to the men, however, that instead of pushing they were pulling away from each other. In other words their horns had become locked, and from raging combatants the bucks became frightened animals, and were only bent on securing a divorce. Messrs. Ross, Pollock and party then conceived the idea of taking advantage of the helpless condition of the bucks and capturing them. They made a great rush for the scene, but before they reached it the deer in their struggles approached too near the edge of the cliff and both of them fell to their death in the pool below. When the party reached the water the deer were found locked in each other's horns quite dead.

The gentlemen thought to skin the deer and bring in the hides to lend an air of authenticity to the tale, but the law is so strict as to having in your possession the hide of a newly deceased deer, no matter whether the deer dies of la grippe, commits suicide or falls out of a balloon, that they forbore.—Banning Herald.

Three American Queens.

Three little dirty, half clad girls made a brief sensation on upper Broadway the coldest day recently. The eldest was not more than eight, and her companions might have been six and seven respectively. The eight-year-old carried a faded, rib rotten parasol that had once been pale blue, and her two companions were trying to squeeze their heads under it, while they carried the rear of their short dresses in one hand, as ladies manipulate their trains at a muddy crossing.

The eldest divided her attention between the proper angle for the parasol and getting her little skirt down low enough to touch the sidewalk, which she occasionally accomplished by stooping. Three pairs of feet were visible through the dilapidated shoes, and the shabby old July hats wouldn't have been picked out of the gutter. And these three little girls playing lady on Broadway were evidently delighted at the good humored attention of stalwart gentlemen in heavy ulsters, ladies in costly furs and carriage drivers muffled to the ears in warm livery.—New York Herald.

Fixed to the Rail by Electricity.

A very peculiar case of shocking by electricity occurred in Shelbyville recently. The victim was William Louden, who works at the Hotel Ray. In front of the hotel is an iron veranda running to the third story. An electric wire passes from the street into the room occupied by George Goulding in the hotel building. This evening when the electric light was turned on a heavy rain was falling. The electricity apparently had heavily charged the iron veranda. Louden came out of the hotel and stood with his back against the iron railing. In an instant he was shocked and fixed in his position. His frightful yells attracted a big crowd. Charles Huffman ran out of his store, and, touching Louden, was also badly shocked. Louden finally fell on the sidewalk. The two men are badly burned.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Almost Drowned in Sawdust.

Men have lost their lives in quicksands, but seldom, if ever, has any man come nearer sinking down to death in quick sawdust than did Merchant Tailor E. W. Batzle, of Williamsport. Walking along eight or ten yards from the river bank, upon what he did not know was made ground almost entirely composed of sawdust, he began to sink before he realized any danger. After he had gone down to his waist, and could not regain the shore, he removed his upper garments and threw himself as fast as possible out into the river, where he struck wading ground and made his way in the water around the treacherous sawdust tract.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Made Things Lively.

Although the district school in Holloway, Conn., was tightly closed during the vacation, there was one caller that licked up a rumpus. It was a thunderbolt, but where it entered can only be conjectured. During its short stay it passed through a wide range of studies, including spelling, reading, grammar, arithmetic and geography. Besides throwing new light upon the books treating on these subjects, it tore up the floor, splintered the desks and in its exciting exit carried off part of the window sash.—Yankee Blade.

Pretty Good Pay for a Physician.

William K. Vanderbilt, not feeling very well the other day, decided to take a trip to Europe, and he wanted a physician to go with him. The doctor said he could not afford to leave his practice, which was worth $1,000 a week. Mr. Vanderbilt offered to give him $10,000 to make a trip of six weeks with him, and the offer was accepted.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.

His Fat Saved Him.

John Burton, a fat man, of Cambridge, went to the Howard Athenæum, at Boston, to see a variety show. As the curtain went up he fell over the gallery rail to the pit, thirty-five feet below. He landed in the aisle and got up unhurt, save by a slight cut over the eye.—Exchange.

Big Cabbages.

A wagon load of produce recently brought into Dallas consisted of but six heads of cabbage, the half dozen filling the wagon bed.—Dallas (Or.) Chronicle.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wiener's Cash Stores!!

Cor. I & Tulare Sts.,

FRESNO, Cal.

BRANCH STORES,

HOLT BLOCK, VISALIA.

FISH BLOCK, BAKERSFIELD.

We carry an immense and well assorted stock of Gents Clothing and furnishing goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Drygoods, Fancy goods Ladies' Hosiery, Underwear, Etc.

Our terms of trading are STRICTLY CASH.

We positively refuse one cent of credit. We have just one price to all.

This system ennables us to sell at a much lower rate than credit-giving stores, who make large bad debts, and a very slight acquaintance with us will prove that our statement is correct.

Our aim is to sell standard goods at cut rates, and the fact that our reputation for LOW PRICES and for STRAIGHT FORWARD DEALING is wider than THE STATE itself, and betokens our success in this direction.

Our stock is always fresh.

BARGAINS INNUMERABLE lie on our shelves and crowd our tables

If you want reliable goods cheap, try us. We fear no trade competitors. All our goods speak louder for us than the blast of a thousand horns, because

They Are Always The Cheapest and Best.

ON APPLICATION we shall be delighted to forward our country patrons a complete bound volume containing catalogue and list of prices. We shall also gladly mail, free of charge, samples of goods if desired.

Our Country Order Department is a specialty with us, to which we devote the closest and most prompt attention.

WE WILL SERVE YOU WELL AND MAKE YOU HAPPY, so remember the address,

Wiener's I St. Stores

Cor. I & Tulare Sts.

FRESNO, CAL.

P. S. Send for our 76 page illustrated catalogue and price list.

INDEPENDENCE

SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair-Cutting, etc., done in the best manner

WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r.

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,

Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt an furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12d

BIG PINE HOTEL.

BIG PINE - CAL

New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates

Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seeker.

Special attention given to the wants of every guest.

Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

J. W. Murphy.

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale Cheap

A two stamp mill in running order, with abundant water power, near railway. [Benton, Cal.] Apply to
F. W. FARWELL,
148 Market St., Chicago.
Or W. H. RUSSELL, Benton.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent For

Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:

Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.

Dried Fruit

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Dried Prunes.....12 1-2 cts
Dried Peaches.....10 cts
Dried Apples.....10 cts
Other varieties of dried fruit for sale on reasonable terms.

S. A. Densmore,
Independence, Cal.

PALACE SALOON

LONE PINE, CAL.

—THE FINEST—

WINES,
BEER,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS.

— o —

This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons. FRED. BURCKHARDT,
j 12tf Lessee.

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of this well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Hogs, Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 7th day of December, 1891 in the matter of the estate of John Allen Hannah deceased, the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, will sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, on

FRIDAY, THE 18th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1891, at one o'clock p. m., at the late residence of the said John Allen Hannah, deceased, in the town of Independence, in said Inyo county the following personal property, to wit:

Two horses.
One buggy and harness.
One shovel.
About two and one-half tons of corn.
Ten tons of hay.
One cider mill.
One three cord of wood.
One bundle of pickets.
One bedroom set and bedding.
Two carpets.
One organ.
One lounge.
One desk.
One half dozen chairs.
One Rocking chair.
One extension table.
One pantry table.
One kitchen range and fixtures.
One parlor stove and pipe.
Library of about 150 volumes.
One sack clover seed.
One lamp.
One lamp stand.
One spraying pump.
One well pump.
One Sharps rifle.
One pistol.
210 shares of the capital stock of the Independence Water Co.
About five hundred rooted grape vines.

Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Allen Hannah, deceased.
Dated December 7th, 1891.

OFFICIAL.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING OF APPLICATION TO MORTGAGE CERTAIN REAL ESTATE AND DIRECTING NOTICE TO BE GIVEN.

In the Superior Court of the County of Inyo State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased.

Thomas J. Goodale and Maggie P. Goodale, Executor and Executrix respectively of the last will and testament of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order authorizing and empowering and directing them to mortgage the south half of the south-east quarter of section 22; south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section 23 and the north-east quarter of the north east quarter of section 27 all in Township Eleven South, Range 34 East, Mount Diablo Meridian, or some part thereof, for the purposes and for the amount stated in said petition, or for such lesser amount as to the said Court may seem meet; it is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Judge of said Superior Court on Wednesday the 23rd day of December, 1891, at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Chambers of said Superior Court, at the Court-house, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executor and Executrix authorizing, empowering and directing them to mortgage the real property belonging to said estate, to wit: The south half of the south east quarter of section 22; south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section 23 and the north-east quarter of the north-east quarter of section 27, all in Township Eleven South, Range 34 East, Mount Diablo Meridian, or some part thereof, for the sum of $900.00, or such lesser amount as to the Judge of said Court shall seem meet; all of which more fully appears by the said petition now on file in the Clerk's office and two which reference is here made for further particulars.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Inyo Independent, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the County of Inyo.

Dated November 18th, 1891.
GEO. M. GILL,
Judge of the Superior Court.

[Endorsed.]

SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF INYO.

In the Matter of the Estate of Ezra M. Goodale, deceased.

Order fixing time and place for hearing of application to mortgage certain real estate and directing notice to be given.

Filed November 18th, 1891.
J. N. YANDELL, Clerk.
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Executors.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance to an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 18th day of November, 1891, in the matter of the estate of John Lucas, deceased, the undersigned will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, good coin of the United States, at any time before the 25th day of May, 1892, at the law office of Long & Lee, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property, to wit:

Eighteen head of horses [illegible] sale.

Bids or offers in writing will also be received at the office of the undersigned, in the said town of Lone Pine.

Dated November 18th, 1891.
L. A. EDWARDS,
Administrator of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of Sept. 1891, an assessment (No. 7) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company in Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday the 28th day of Nov. will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 26th day December, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
P. H. MACK, Secretary.

The date of delinquency of the above assessment is hereby extended till December 8th, 1891, and the date of sale of delinquent stock to January 27th, 1892.

By order of the Board of Directors.
P. H. MACK, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Allen Hannah, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, William L. Hunter, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Allen Hannah, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said William L. Hunter, at the office of P. W. Forbes, in the town of Independence County of Inyo State of California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the said County of Inyo, State of California.

W. L. HUNTER,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of John A. Hannah, deceased.
Dated at Independence, Cal. Nov. 18, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADERES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the law office of Mack & Laird, in Independence, Cal. the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

YGNACIA ABE RUCO,
Administratrix of the estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.
Dated at Independence, Cal., July 29th, 1891
Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PELLEGRINY deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Administrator of the estate of Paulino Pellegriny, deceased, to the creditors, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo.

Dated July 24th 189.
WM. P. MAILACS,
Administrator of said Estate.

Notice of Forfeiture.

To Benjamin O'Keefe, or his heirs, executors administrators and assigns: You and each of you, are hereby notified that I have expended Three hundred [$300] dollars in labor and improvements upon the mineral mine situated in the Cerro Gordo Mining District, Inyo county California, commonly known and designated as the Phoenix Mine in order to hold said mine as follows, to wit: One hundred dollars for the year 1889; One hundred dollars for the year 1890; and One hundred dollars for the year 1891 as appears by certificate on file in the office of the Recorder of said District.

If within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditures, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said Phoenix Mine will become the property of the undersigned under the provisions of Section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States. JOHN DUNPHY.
Dated November 31, 1891.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and
Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada.
BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.
The obtaining of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK

MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
I. H. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the "INDEPENDENT" Building, Independence, Inyo county, Cal

IRVING J. WOODIN, M D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(COUNTY PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Reddy place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. B. WASSON.

DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, opposite the Southern Hotel
Prompt and careful treatment given and the easiest possible pain inflicted. Address
WASSON & WASSON,
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses. Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891, will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday.....January 24th
".....February 21st
".....March 21st
".....April 18th
".....May 23rd
".....June 20th
".....July 18th
".....August 15th
".....September 12th
".....October 17th
".....November 14th
".....December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Fine watches of all descriptions repaired and regulated to strict accuracy guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Engraving executed and repaired.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics' Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURCKHARDT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Sept. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $25 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer with out cost of repairs than any other machine, Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
25 and 27 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

FORBES & TOBEY,

HAWTHORNE, NEV.,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC
MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER,

Matched and Dressed Flooring.

P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.

Real Estate Agents,

Address,
P. H. MACK, Independence Cal.
P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to settle on or before October 25th, as after that date I will enforce payment.

F. FITZGERALD.

FREE OUR NEW $55 Solid Gold Watch FREE Worth $100.00, best $55 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and tease about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $50 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 819, Portland, Maine.

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York

BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE AND REPAIRED.

THE BEST MATERIAL.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done Promptly.

Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DAVIS,
nov26-tf Independence.

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF.

D E No. 513.

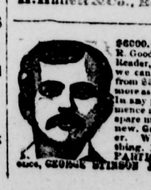
LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL., Sept. 5d, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 513, for E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of sec No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M D M. before Register and Receiver at Independence California, on Saturday, the 10th day of Oct 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G. Sanger, W. Sanger, A. P. Smith, M. Naylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County California.

C. W. CRAIG, R.

Sung little FORTUNES have made a work for us in Austin, Texas, and Jno. Brown Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Industrious women are as well as men. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine.



$6000.00 a year is being made by Jesse R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can reside at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay DONE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, ME.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18 ..... 1891.

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 94¾.
Lead, 4 17
Copper, 11.15
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05⅝
Coffee, 20@ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 11 @ 14.

Religious Services.

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m. Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.

Rev. F. J. Windsor will preach at Lone Pine on Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.; at Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; at Independence at 7:00 p m.

Services on Christmas morning at 10:30.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY, December 12, 1891.

John Lubken et al. vs H. J. Robinson—Foreclosure of mortgage. Filed complaint and issued summons.

W. H. Uhlemeyer vs. Sylvania Mining Company—Action dismissed.

MONDAY, December 14, 1891.

Estate of Wm. Ischinger, deceased—Filed bond of John Ischinger.

WEDNESDAY, December 16, 1891.

F. and H. Strohmeyer vs. estate of Wm. T. Davis, deceased—Filed findings and facts and entered Judgment.

O. I. Mairs got home from Bakersfield on Monday.

Fred Holbert returned form Los Angeles last Monday.

Martin Mee came in from Darwin on Thursday's train.

Keeler will celebrate Christmas with a tree for the little ones.

J. A. McKenzie and J. Wilson were up from Darwin during the week.

There will be a Christmas tree and exercises at the school house Christmas Eve.

The Grand Jury was impanelled on Tuesday and has been in session during the week.

Anyone desiring a nice quiet room or rooms, inquire of Mrs. S. A. Densmore, Independence.

The Harmony Orchestra will donate their services for the school benefit ball on on New Year's Eve.

Mrs. J. J. Gann came in from Lookout on yesterday's train and will spend the holidays at Independence.

L. McLean left Independence last Tuesday for his home at San Mateo. He visited Carson on the way.

Remember that the sale of personal property belonging to the Judge Hannah estate takes place this afternoon.

Tom McDonough and the Indian Caesar returned home from Bakersfield by rail visiting San Francisco on the way. Caesar was decorated with a brand new plug hat.

The opening at Rhines last Saturday evening was crowded with people to see the many pretty things. It had the effect of a social gathering where the townspeople met and passed a pleasant evening.

Harry C. Vanuatta, a nephew of the late George Hearst, passed through Independence yesterday en route for Fresno. He has been engaged in mining in Nevada during the past summer.

S. P. Smith, Val. Sherman and J. W. Clarke appeared in the Superior Court last Monday, plead to the complaints preferred, and their trials were set for January 26th, 27th and 28th respectively.

Will Yaney passed through Independence yesterday en route for the Death Valley country. He has visited there several times and has been interested in prospects for several years past. Hope he will be successful.

A grand ball for the School benefit fund will be given at Independence on New Year's Eve. The committee in charge will endeavor to render the affair a complete social success. Further particulars will be published as they are resolved upon.

Christmas is always the brightest anticipation of the year to a child. Under the direction of the teacher, Mr. Oman, a Christmas tree will be given on Thursday evening next. Parents should render every assistance in their power to make the occasion a happy one for the children.

It is reported that Jack Wilson has sold certain mining property at Darwin to P. Reddy and has invested in town property in Lone Pine, where he removed his family. J. A. McKenzie has purchased the Hunter place at Lone Pine and will make his future residence there.

L. Wood has received a handsome lot of new Christmas goods, comprising albums in morocco and plush, manicure sets, plush work boxes, toilet cases, shaving sets, dressed dolls and various elegant children's toys. Will be sold very cheap. Call and see them before purchasing elsewhere.

The following named Carsonites visited Independence this week, returning home on Thursday's train. Mr. and Mrs. George T. Mills, Mrs. T. R. Hofer, C. F. Williams and W. R. Randall. The parties named are interested in the Eastside canal and had business in the local Land Office connected therewith.

Henry Hearn, an old time miner of Inyo county, was found dead outside his cabin at Fish Spring on Monday last. An inquest was held on Tuesday by Justice of Peace D. J. Hession and it was found that he came to his death through natural causes. He had been in ill health for a long time.

Under the able management of W. K. Miller the Mojave and Keeler stage line is now in first-class running order. The trip is made in twenty hours or less. Four good animals are used on the coaches and five changes are made on the trip. The time from Keeler to San Francisco is thirty-two hours and to Los Angeles, twenty-six hours. The line is on a good paying basis and will constantly improve.

The Grand Jury.

The Grand Jury of Inyo county for 1891 was impanelled last Tuesday. Following is the list of members:

J. L. Bonland, Foreman.	O. I. Mairs
	C. H. Parsons
J. H. Stoutenborough	Frank Shaw
James Peregrine	W. H. Jenkins
J. V. Skinner	J. H. Bulpitt
John A. Lank	Joseph Shelly
J. D. Harger	Henry Fehrman
W. Muth Rasmussen	A. K. Eagley
A. C. McDonald	W. L. Hunter
Henry Shirley	James Shaw

The Jury continued in session until noon to-day, when they brought their labors to a close. The following recommendations were made:

That the case of the People vs. S. P. Smith in the Superior Court be dismissed.

That saloon licenses be increased.

That the traders' license be amended to exclude the sale of liquor. That a special license be required.

That the attention of the Sheriff and District Attorney be directed to the sale of flavoring extracts to Indians.

The action of Sheriff Gorman in prosecuting offenders for selling whisky to Indians was warmly commended and the Supervisors desired to reimburse him for amounts expended in rewards.

That a fire-proof vault be provided for the County records.

The hospital and jail were reported kept in good condition.

The books of the various county officers were reported correct.

Recommended that Justices of the Peace be required to furnish an itemized bill of fines and expenses in criminal cases to the Board of Supervisors.

Miners Convention.

As the result of much agitation and discussion of the subject the miners of Placer county have issued a call for a State convention. The mining law of California is susceptible of many changes that would benefit not alone those engaged in placer mining but the general mining interests of the State. Following is the

CALL.

The miners of Placer county in Convention assembled, hereby issue a call for a Miners' State Convention to meet in San Francisco on Wednesday, the 20th day of January, 1892, at 2 o'clock p. m.

The appointment of delegates to said State Miners' Convention shall be thirty (30) from each county in California, except San Francisco, which shall be entitled to sixty delegates.

Said delegates shall be elected by a Convention of the miners and mining sympathizers called to meet in each county on or before the first day of January 1892, for that purpose. Any three or more miners may issue the call for said county Convention.

If, however, in any county of the State, the miners fail to meet and elect delegates as herein provided, on or before the 1st day of January, 1892, then the Supervisors may and they are hereby requested to appoint the delegates which their respective counties are entitled to in said State Convention.

Provided, that no man who is unfriendly to the mining interests shall be eligible to a seat in said convention, and where Supervisors may appoint they are requested to discriminate in favor of mining men.

Settlement Notice.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the undersigned are hereby notified to call and settle their accounts on or before the 1st day of January, 1892.

A. K. EUGLEY.
Big Pine.

About the finest dried fruit we ever saw was put up by S. A. Densmore on his Camp Independence ranch this year. There are three varities of prunes and all perfect; also dried apples and peaches. Mr. Densmore has sent sample boxes to Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles and other cities, and it is a certainty that no finer fruit will be exhibited anywhere.

Cork Forests.

Cork growing in Spain and Portugal is an extremely precarious business, and it demands considerable capital. Only the other day a man in this city was seeking a partner with $100,000 to put into a cork forest in Spain, with a lease of 150 years. The bark is cut only once in ten years, but as the forests are very large the grower manages to obtain an annual crop. This year's crop is just beginning to come into the American market, the trees having been barked in July and August.

Crude cork comes over in great bales weighing from 175 to 225 pounds each. The heat to which it is subjected in order to flatten out its curves also drives out most of the insects, such as one would naturally expect to find in bark. As cork is too light to form a cargo of itself, the cork carrying vessels also bring oil, olives, wine and heavy merchandise of various sorts.—New York Sun.

Some Big Pumpkins.

One man regards as a wonderful achievement the raising of four pumpkins on one vine, weighing respectively 115, 95, 90 and 80 pounds. The biggest cornstalk reported was 16 feet 8 inches high. The biggest ear was eight feet from the ground. Lots of others were fourteen to fifteen feet high. One man thought it of sufficient importance to report that he had raised a potato vine fifteen feet long. Reports of second crop strawberries have been frequent, and farmers had some on the Reading market less than ten days ago. At least twenty farmers reported that they had recently picked a second crop of raspberries.—Pennsylvania Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A Lawyer's Harvest.

It is the man with the idea who develops his opulency today. A lawyer of this city not long since in three months persuaded all the manufacturers of a certain staple product in the eastern states to form a combine. He visited all of them and finally got them together and drew the articles of agreement. He joined about twenty-five concerns into a combination, with a capitalization of over a million. At the outset he claimed 2 per cent., and his realization for his three months' work was $30,000. This is a fact. Two New Haven concerns are in the combination.—New Haven Palladium

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"Of course it hurts, but you must grin and bear it," is the old time consolation given to people troubled with rheumatism. "If you will take the trouble to dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it over the seat of pain your rheumatism will disappear," is the modern and much more satisfactory advice. 50 cent bottles for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

Our readers will notice the advertisements in these columns of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, Iowa. From personal experience we can say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has broken up bad colds for our children and we are acquainted with many mothers in Centerville who would not be without it in the house for a good many times its cost and are recommending it every day.—*Centerville* (S.D.) *Chronicle and Index.* 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

We want every mother to know that croup can be prevented. True croup never appears without a warning. The first symptom is hoarseness; then the child appears to have taken a cold, or a cold may have accompanied the hoarseness from the start. After that a peculiar rough cough is developed, which is followed by the croup. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse; a few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will prevent the attack. Even after a rough cough has appeared the disease may be prevented by using this remedy as directed. It has never been known to fail. 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

Social Dance at Independence.

SCHOOL BENEFIT!

On New Years Eve, Thursday, Dec. 31.

Harmony Orchestra. Tickets, $1.50.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY AND REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of Francisco Paderes deceased.

IT APPEARING TO THE JUDGE OF SAID Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by Ygnacia Abechuco, the Administratrix of the Estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased, praying for an order of sale of the personal property and real estate of said estate, that it is necessary to sell the said personal property, and the whole of the real estate, or a portion of it, to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Saturday, the 9th day of January, 1892 at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court-room of said Court, at the Court-house, in the town of Independence, in said county, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell the personal property and the whole or so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the INYO INDEPENDENT, a newspaper printed and published in said county.

Dated December 11th, 1891.

GEO. M. GILL,
Judge of the Superior Court.

[ENDORSED.]

SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF INYO.

In the Matter of the Estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Order Fixing time and place for hearing petition for sale of Personal Property and Real Estate.

Filed December 11th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL,
Clerk.

MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Petitioner.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo, Inyo county, Cal.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 19th day of Nov., 1891, an assessment (No. 14) of Ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United states gold coin, to the Secretary at No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of January 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 29th day of January, 1892 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month.

Terms Reasonable.

Inquire of

MRS. S. A. DENSMORE,
Independence, Cal.

A BIG BUSINESS.

The growth and present size of the great retail business of Weinstock, Lubin, & Co., Sacramento, shows on the face that it possesses *a distinct character* of its own. It has done much to introduce many important reforms in storekeeping, which have been widely copied. There are people who have never heard of the big establishment, but who, through its silent influence, are being served by local dealers better than they otherwise would be.

It has done more than any other ten stores to give the "One Price System" firm and substantial footing on the Pacific Coast.

It has shown people living in small towns that they can deal through the mails with as much security as if they bought in person.

It has, by constantly raising its own standard of qualities, had an influence in raising the standard everywhere. The average grade of goods kept upon the Coast grows better each year.

It has been prominent in bringing west as stylish and desirable goods as are kept by merchants in New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago. Indeed, the manufacturers who supply them supply it. The goods are the same; and the Sacramento prices, while never higher, are sometimes considerably less. This is explained by the fact that the cost of conducting business in large Eastern cities is far greater than in the Capital City, the extra expense of overland freight being but a comparatively small item.

It has made it possible for out-of-town people to enjoy quite as satisfactory shopping facilities as do those living in large cities.

There is no desire on the part of the firm to take any special credit for whatever influence for good the house may have exerted. They have sought simply to build up a business on fair and just principles; to buy and sell as low as they can; to deal as far as possible only in the very best goods; and neither to fear nor favor any one, but to treat every customer as they would their most favored friend.

Whatever of success has come, they attribute it to the faithful carrying out of these aims and principles.

A large illustrated catalogue, giving full information about goods and prices, how to order, etc., sent free to any address.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN, & CO.,
400-412 K Street,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.,

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

THOMAS & HILL.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any active intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for months earned in this way. Lady or gentleman, I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and NOBLE. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
RENO, NEVADA.

m3)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Inyo Stage Company.

REGULAR LINE

—FROM—

Mojave To Keeler.

FINE COACH

FAST STOCK.

The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful

Redrock Canyon

And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.

Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.

Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m.

W. K. MILLER,
Propr.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

EDWARD CHENOT

Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS extensive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1889.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel

Keeler, Cal.

John Barnes, Prop'r.

First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK

BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

Customers supplied on all points Of the C. & C. Railroad.

Send orders to

L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

BLACKSMITHING,

Horseshoeing, General Iron

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP

Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing .....$2.00 for Cash

For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK.

INDEPENDENCE

MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, insuring the purity of meat, and every ort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer In
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,
GROCERIES
MINERS
Supplies

PROVISIONS,

&c., &c., &c.

A. K. EUGLEY,

Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S

Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S

EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

Independence, Cal. A. N. BELL,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1	To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—	Arrives—
Mound House.....	11:30 p. m.	5.50 p. m
Dayton	12:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.	2:50 p. m
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Soda Springs.....	8:05 p. m.	9:15 a. m
Belleville.....	9:15 p. m.	7:55a. m.
Candelaria.....	Ar. 10:00 p. m.	Lv. 7:20a. m.
	No. 3. Leave—	No. 4. Arrives—
Belleville.....	8 20 a. m.	5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.	1:25 a m.
Bishop Creek	2:00p, m.	11:00 a. m
Alvord.....	2:45 p. m.	10:00 a. m
Independence.....	4:20 p. m.	8:30 a. m
Lone Pine.....	5:10p. m.	7:40 a. m
Keeler.....	Ar. 5:55 p. m.	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. & C. R., which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (26 miles); Bodie (8 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salisbury & Co's. tri-weekly stages (leave Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downeyville, Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

R. J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies'
Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOOD'S

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain
Flour, etc., constantly
on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE

Is Where You Get

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE

Independence, -

New House
New Furniture

Special attention will be given to the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINE

LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including water. A comfortable and pleasant place.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS

The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon.

A Perfect Baking Powder.

The constantly growing demand for Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, the standard cream tartar powder for forty years, is due to two causes.

FIRST:—The extreme care exercised by the manufacturers to make it perfectly pure, uniform in quality, and of highest raising power.

SECOND:—The recent investigations exposing the fact that certain other brands of baking powder contain ammonia and still others that were found to contain alum. These unscrupulous manufacturers are being found out, and the consumers are giving them a wide birth.

Nothing is left to chance in the manufacture of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Chemists are employed to test every ingredient as to purity and strength. Hence; its marvelous purity and uniformity. Each can is like every other. It never dissapoints. BEST is ALWAYS the CHEAPEST.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is reported by all authorities as free from Ammonia, Alum, or any other adulterant. In fact, the purity of this ideal powder has never been questioned.

The Maidens Soliloquy—She—How can I ever expect him? He is rich and amiable and I like him, but his hair is red, and red is so horribly unbecoming to me.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

Chile is an example of a very common paradox. She is so small that she isn't afraid of anybody.

IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., Aug. 9, '88.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling.

C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. G. GREEN Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Mildest, purest and best smoking tobacco made. Does not bite the tongue. Mastiff gives more solid comfort in one package than you can get out of a dozen others. Packed in canvas pouches.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia

Murder Will Out.

Ten years ago an old timer named Tom Poole, who, with his two children, lived on a farm between Pemberton meadows and Lillooet lakes, was found murdered. The bodies of the children, horribly mutilated, lay across the father's corpse in the cellar of the house, which had been burned over their heads after the horrible butchery. Suspicion rested on a neighbor named Graham, who was last seen near the ranch. He was arrested and tried in New Westminster for the crime, being afterward acquitted.

The provincial government offered a reward for the capture of the murderer, and there the case dropped and public interest gradually died out. Within the past few months certain discoveries have been made which go to show that Graham was really innocent, and the real murderer is an Indian chief named Nemiah, who, two years ago, murdered a Chinaman on the Frazer river, and has since been evading the authorities.

About two weeks ago Nemiah quarreled with another Indian in his band, and the hands of the chief were almost stained with the blood of his third victim. Other Indians present seized and bound him, and immediately sent a message to B. Franklin, justice of the peace at Tatlae Lake, that they had got Nemiah and wanted the authorities to come up and take him. On receipt of this information Franklin, accompanied by a posse of special constables, left immediately, only to find on arriving at their destination that their bird had flown.

Nemiah's squaw had cut the ropes that bound him while the others were asleep. Making good use of his liberty Nemiah took to the "stick," where he is supposed to be at present. The party found that the Indian Guishou, with whom Nemiah had the quarrel, was not dangerously injured. All the other Indians are willing to assist in the capture of Nemiah, or appear to be.—Vancouver (B. C.) Cor. Tacoma Ledger.

Mushroom Lore.

A local expert proposes to make mushroom hunting a specialty this summer, and he is certain that if there is any section of Maine where there are lovers of this fungus it is right here in Lewiston and Auburn. On his finger he can count scores of men (has to use his fingers twice over and more, too, you see) who are fond of them and know how to cook them. At one certain country house in Lewiston the Sunday mushroom dinner is a fixed thing in summer, and my! aren't they delicious! The old rule for distinguishing them from toadstools—viz., eat them, and if you die they are toadstools—is not now operative.

It's a poor mushroom gatherer who does not know the difference. The top of the young mushroom is white, the under portion loose and lighter. As it matures the top changes to a brown color and the under part to a dark red. The stem, which is white and round when young, also grows dark with age. Eatable mushrooms have pleasant odor and are never slimy. A test proposed is to sprinkle salt on the under side or spongy part and give it time to act. If it turns black the mushroom is good; if yellow, the toadstool is poisonous.—Lewiston Journal.

Beating Street Car Railways.

It is hard to get ahead of the street car companies, but some people in Chicago think they are going to do it. They are having constructed vehicles exactly like street cars, except that the wheels are a little larger. They are gauged to fit the car tracks, and it is proposed to run them on the tracks just like any horse car, without asking with your leave or by your leave. They will stop like the street cars and charge the same fare. If the car companies object, owners of the new vehicles will point to the fact that they are simply omnibuses, which are entitled to use any portion of the public streets, whether tracks happen to be there or not. If the car companies don't like their tracks to be used they are at liberty to take them away.—Exchange.

Hands That Statesmen Write.

Among Lord Granville's other amiable possessions was that of a very neat and scholarly handwriting. Perhaps this is one reason for his popularity with press men. On the whole, however, statesmen certainly do not write worse than "writers." Mr. Gladstone's hand is indeed spoiled by over indulgence in postcards. Mr. Balfour's hand is not pretty, and Mr. Goschen's is execrable. Mr. John Morley's hand has character, but is not always easy to read. Lord Salisbury writes clearly. So do Lord Rosebery and Lord Hartington. But it may be doubted whether any of those we have mentioned write at once so prettily and so legibly as did Lord Granville.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Senses Go to Sleep in Definite Order.

According to the best writers on the subject, it has been ascertained that in beginning to sleep the senses do not unitedly fall into a state of slumber, but drop off one after the other. The sight ceases, in consequence of the protection of the eyelids, to receive impressions first, while all the other senses preserve their sensibility entire. The sense of taste is the next which loses its susceptibility to impressions, and then the sense of smelling.

The hearing is next in order, and last of all comes the sense of touch. Furthermore, the senses are thought to sleep with different degrees of profoundness. The sense of touch sleeps the most lightly and is the most easily awakened; the next easiest is the hearing; the next is the sight, and the taste and smelling awake the last.

Another remarkable circumstance deserves notice; certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Sleep commences at the extremities, beginning with the feet and legs, and creeping toward the center of nervous action. The necessity for keeping the feet warm and perfectly still as a preliminary of sleep is well known. From these explanations it will not appear surprising that, with one or more of the senses, and perhaps also one or more parts of the body, imperfectly asleep, there should be at the same time an imperfect kind of mental action, which produces the phenomenon of dreaming.—Chambers' Miscellany.

Solid Comfort at Last for Bald Heads.

The skin grafting physician of Reading, Dr. Ege, who has successfully demonstrated by practical tests that it is possible to turn a black man white, has made known his real object in conducting these experiments. The doctor does not think that there are any colored people in the world who would be foolish enough to submit to the skin grafting torture in order to be classed with the white folks, but he does claim that thousands of bald headed people are willing and anxious to wear a genuine head of hair. This can be accomplished by the skin grafting process. Dr. Ege stoutly asserts that a bald head can be covered with scalp teeming with healthy hair. He has several letters in his possession from persons anxious to undergo the operation.

The wonderful process opens up a world of possibilities. The sensitive red haired man could trade scalps with some black headed person who is anxious to get rid of a cowlick. Dame Fashion might decree that polka dot was the proper caper in hair, and the new process would be a harbor for the ultra fashionable. Again, by utilizing the hide of a blue Skye terrier the Fourth of July orator could make an impression upon his hearers by wildly tearing out handfuls of red, white and blue hair.—Philadelphia Record.

A Natural History Lesson for a Cent.

There is a new member of the now numerous slot machine family. It is a "drop-a-cent-in-the-slot-look-through-the-microscope-and-see-the-wonders-of-nature" contrivance, and is really a very clever idea. Few of them have as yet appeared. The machine stands on an iron pedestal. It is square, and from the top of it sticks up a nickel tube in which is placed a very good microscope. A small lamp, like those in use on cigar counters, stands just at the back of the machine, throwing a ray of light into its dark interior.

When the penny is dropped into the slot it removes a slide from the lens of the microscope and sets revolving a dial inside the machine on which are placed seven of the so called "wonders of nature." As the dial revolves these pass under the microscope. The "wonders" in each machine are changed once a week. In the machine seen by the writer were a human hair, a section of a hard corn taken from somebody's foot, a flea, a croton water bug, a bedbug, a strand of raw silk, and the wing of a fly.—New York Times.

AN IMPORTANT BILL.

The Royal Baking Powder Condemned in the New York Legislature.

[New York *Press*, April 13, 1891.]

Last Monday Mr. Kelly introduced the following bill in the assembly. A careful reading of it will show that it is a very important one.

AN ACT to prevent the use of poisonous and injurious ingredients in baking powders.

WHEREAS, Baking Powders manufactured in this state, known as the "*ROYAL*" alum and other Baking Powders are advertised for sale as absolutely pure; and

WHEREAS, Official examination show them to contain ammonia and other injurious ingredients; therefore THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1.—Every can or package of baking powder containing Ammonia offered for sale in this State shall have a conspicuous label thereon with the words "Contains Ammonia" printed thereon in plain type, not smaller than great primer and any person who shall sell, or have or offer for sale, any such can or package of baking powder without such label thereon, shall be guilty of misdemeanor.

Section 2.—This act shall take effect July 1, 1891.

Woodpecker's Justice.

A year ago a pair of red headed woodpeckers determined to peck a hole in the boarding under the eaves of a house, as woodpeckers often do. The owner of the house, not liking such mutilation, after repeated efforts succeeded in driving them away, and they went to work at once and dug a hole in the nearest tree.

When the birds' home was finished and housekeeping had begun the farmer's boys captured the female as she sat in the nest and kept her in a cage, hoping to catch the male also.

Two days later he returned with another wife. The boys relented at the sight. They gave Mrs. Woodpecker No. 1 her liberty and awaited results.

To their surprise the male woodpecker, after a relentless pursuit of about six hours, killed her. Then he destroyed the one egg which she had laid, and continued housekeeping with wife No. 2 as if nothing had happened.—Cor. Youth's Companion.

When You Go to Europe.

A hint from one who knows continental hotels: I carried with me one good sized bedroom pillow encased in dark summer silk, and wished many times that I had brought one or two more, as one is forcibly reminded of the block and guillotine when placing the head upon some of the miserable contrivances politely called pillows in many places in Europe.

Paganini's Favorite Instrument.

Paganini purchased many other violins, particularly several Stradavari, and was continually buying and selling fine instruments, but nothing could induce him to part with his "Joseph del Jesu." He kept it constantly with him, and watched it as a father might watch a delicate child. Once it was sick, appearing suddenly to lose all its quality, and he took it to Vuillame, known as the most famous repairer of fiddles in Europe. The expert said that it must be taken apart. Paganini insisted that it must not go out of his sight, and compelled the work to be done in his own apartments. Vuillame told afterward that Paganini watched him as he put in the knife and pried the delicate wood apart, and started at every fresh thrust as though the knife were going into his own body. Afterward Vuillame had to take it to his shop to put it together. When the work was done Paganini gave him a gold box set with precious stones, which Paganini said was exactly the same as one he had to give to his physician, and that the doctor of his body and the doctor of his violin were entitled to equal consideration. The box was worth several hundred dollars, probably ten times as much as the original maker received for the violin when it was new.

While the violin was in his shop Vuillame made measurements of its exact dimensions down to the very unevennesses of the varnish, and from these he subsequently made another violin that was the exact duplicate of Paganini's, but when the latter heard of it he insisted that it should be sold to him, and so no one ever had a violin like that of Paganini until, dying, Paganini bequeathed the copy to Camillo Sivori, who has ever since played upon it. The original violin Paganini left to his native city, Genoa, to be kept forever in remembrance of him. It is kept with scrupulous care, and only the most famous artists are or have ever been allowed to touch it. Once before the honor has been accorded to Sivori. This time Leandro Campanati, the director of the Milanese quartet, shares the honor with Sivori.—New York Sun.

Hold It Over a Day.

Let me tell you how I write mean letters and bitter editorials, my boy. Some time, when a man has pitched into me and "cut me up rough," and I want to pulverize him, and wear his gory scalp at my girdle and hang his hide on my fence, I write the letter or editorial that is to do the business. I write something that will drive sleep from his eyes and peace from his soul for six weeks. Oh, I do hold him over a slow fire and roast him. Gall and aquafortis drip from my blistering pen. Then, I don't mail the letter and I don't print the editorial. There's always plenty of time to crucify a man. The vilest criminal is entitled to a little reprieve. I put the manuscript away in a drawer.

Next day I look at it. The ink is cold; I read it over and say: "I don't know about this. There's a good deal of bludgeon and bowie knife journalism in that. I'll hold it over a day longer." The next day I read it again. I laugh and say: "Pshaw!" and I can feel my cheeks getting a little hot. The fact is, I am ashamed that I ever wrote it, and hope that nobody has seen it, and I have half forgotten the article or letter that filled my soul with rage. I haven't been hurt, I haven't hurt anybody, and the world goes right along, making twenty-four hours a day, as usual, and I am all the happier. Try it, my boy. Put off your bitter remarks until to-morrow. Then, when you try to say them deliberately, you'll find that you have forgotten them, and ten years later, ah! how glad you will be that you did! Be good natured, my boy. Be loving and gentle with the world, and you'll be amazed to see how dearly and tenderly the worried, tried, vexed, harassed old world loves you.—Burdette's Letter.

As if Nothing Had Happened.

A few years after the war a gentleman had occasion to visit Richmond with his family, and living at the time in the county of Patrick, fifty miles from any railroad station, very few of the darkies in that county had ever seen a railroad train. A nurse was a necessary part of the family equipage, and he had secured the services of a coal black specimen, about 15 years of age, who was as quick witted as usual, but was as veritable a Topsy as ever "growed." The party took the train at the nearest station, and after a few hours' run a broken rail threw the train off the track. Some of the cars made a revolution down an embankment, and some were lodged on its incline at an angle of forty-five degrees. Great consternation, of course, ensued; the men were shouting and the women and children screaming. After great difficulty our party scrambled out of the coach on the steep incline of the embankment. Finding no bones broken with wife or little one, the writer, who was surprised at the placid, undisturbed appearance of the nurse, who, holding the baby in her arms, looked upon the scene as if nothing had happened, said:

"Milly, were you much frightened?"

"No, sah," she said; "I thought it had to stop that way."—Harper's Magazine.

Vocal Tricks on the Stage.

There are several fixed rules—we might almost call them tricks—for the production of vocal sounds on the stage, the acquisition of which is invaluable to the artist. The abrupt force, for instance, as it is technically called, which distinguishes Mme. Sara Bernhardt above all other living actresses, and which consists of an exceedingly rapid, yet distinct, utterance of the words of her most passionate speeches, beginning in a very low tone with extraordinary swiftness, and ending the phrase with a loud and vibrating climax, which gives an impression of intensity and power well calculated to startle the audience and rouse the greatest enthusiasm, is only an acquired art—a trick—and simply the result of hard practice. She herself has said that her quarrel scene in "Frou Frou" took her many months to learn. Her method is to first read the speech as she would like to eventually speak it on the stage, but in an undertone, as slowly as possible, pronouncing each word with a long breath before and after it. This exercise she by degrees increases in rapidity until she has almost insensibly the habit of pronouncing the sentence with what appears to the spectator to be a perfect whirlwind of inspired passion.—Saturday Review.

Commemorating the Jubilee.

Mr. Assheton Smith is commemorating her majesty's jubilee in a remarkable manner. He has caused to be planted on the slopes of Moel Rhiwen mountain a plantation composed of 630,000 trees. Nearly 200 men have been continually employed since the jubilee in planting the trees, which will be so arranged as to represent the words "Jubilee, 1887." Each letter measures 200 yards long and twenty-five feet wide. The first tree of the letter J was planted on jubilee day.—Boston Budget.

American authors are more read than the English in Japan. Last year 85,000 English and 119,000 American books were imported into that country, so that the old question, "Who reads an American book?" was fairly answered.—Chicago Herald.

The worst people in the world occasionally blunder on good deeds; but men who make a practice of doing good soon become experts.

During the last year and a half the cotton manufacturing power of Japan has increased more than 150 per cent.

A clergyman has been caught making clippings from books at the British museum.

PILES! PILES! PILES

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c and $1.00 per box. WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.

She sought to shine, this pretty maid,
In literary ranks,
And when himself he offered said,
"You are declined with thanks."

THE WESTERN SETTLER'S CHOSEN SPECIFIC.

With every advance of emigration into the far West, a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities, on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the Bitters afford the only sure protection against malaria, and those disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, to which climatic changes, exposure, and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject him. Consequently, he places an estimate upon this great household specific and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.

A water spaniel and an ocean greyhound are no relation to each other.

IMITATORS AND IMPOSTORS.

The unequalled success of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS as an external remedy has stimulated unscrupulous parties to put forth imitations, which they endeavor to sell on the reputation of ALLCOCK'S. It is an absurdity to speak of them in the same category as the genuine and original porous plaster. Their pretensions are unfounded, their vaunted merit unsupported by facts, their alleged superiority to or equality with ALLCOCK'S a false pretense.

The ablest medical practitioners and chemists and thousands of grateful patients unite in declaring ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS the best external remedy known.

Johnny—Papa, what is a fallacy? Papa—It's a folly, see?

BRONCHITIS.—For Hoarseness and Sore Throat, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a specific.

Went down with colors flying—the painter who stumbled on his way to work.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell

Try Germea for Breakfast.

Fires That Firemen Hate.

"Do you know how half of the most dangerous fires start?" asked an old fireman of a reporter.

Both stood in the hall of a west side dwelling and a woman had just gone into the basement with a wooden box filled with hot ashes.

"Well, continued the veteran without waiting for an answer, "that woman illustrates it to perfection. They will put ashes in a box or barrel and then take them down to the cellar. The first thing you know a live coal in the ashes sets fire to the barrel, and then you have a fire which makes an awful lot of smoke and may be suffocates somebody.

"Then, again, it makes a fire bad for the firemen to fight, for they cannot locate it. It is down a cellar, and the cellar is filled with smoke. I tell you the firemen use plenty of 'cuss' words when they are called to a fire like that. Always put ashes in a tin vessel," and a passing car carried the speaker away toward the quarters of his engine company.

Lord Palmerston's Last Word.

Lord Palmerston once made use of some very effective pauses which he could not have prepared beforehand, and a sample of these is worth quoting. While electioneering at Taunton he was greatly troubled by a butcher who wanted him to support a certain Radical policy. At the end of one of his lordship's speeches the butcher called out! "Lord Palmerston, will you give me a plain answer to a plain question?" After a slight pause Lord Palmerston replied: "I will." The butcher then asked: "Will you or will you not support this measure—a Radical bill?" Lord Palmerston hesitated, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "I will"—Then he stopped. Immediately the Radicals cheered tremendously. "Not," continued his lordship. [Loud Conservative cheers.] When these ceased Lord Palmerston finished his sentence—"tell you." He then immediately retired.—Chambers' Journal.

How Literature Pays.

Gilbert received only £1 for the immortal "Rhyme of the Nancy Bell," and that only from a second class and now defunct sheet, after it had been refused by Punch. He throws its success in Punch's teeth yet. The best paying book in the world has been "Grant's Memoirs," which have netted his widow about $25 a line. Mr. Gladstone received for a recent article in The Nineteenth Century about £1 a line, which was not considered by the publishers here a munificent payment by any means. But then Mr. Gladstone likes to express himself occasionally for his own sake. The Youth's Companion paid Huxley that much last summer for an article on architecture.—New York Graphic.

It Was All Right.

"Is the plumbing in your office all right?" he asked of a Griswold street lawyer.

"Why, yes, I think so."

"I was thinking you sent in a complaint about it."

"Not as I remember of."

"Let's see. What was it? Oh, I remember. You let the water flood the office below and had to pay $75 damages."

"Yes, that was it, and it proves the plumbing was all right, or you could not have got so much water."—Detroit Free Press.

First Gushing Female Philanthropist (with bouquet)—I have been in every greenhouse in the city, and these are all the choice flowers I could find. Isn't it too bad the poor, dear man murdered his wife at this time of year!

Second Gushing Female Philanthropist (with tray of delicacies)—If it had been even a month later I could have found ever so much nicer fruits and earlier vegetables than these. It does seem as if he might have been more thoughtful.—Chicago Tribune.

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Old Gold and Silver Bought; send your old Gold and Silver by mail to the old and reliable house of A. Coleman, 41 Third street, San Francisco; I will send by return mail the cash, according to assay; if the amount is not satisfactory will return gold.

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have become so famous. They act gently on the digestive organs, giving them tone and vigor without griping or nausea. 25c.

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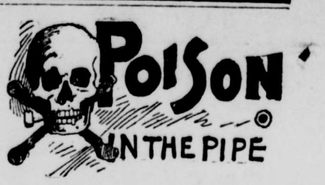

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INYO INDEPENDENT.
COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.
IRV. H. MULHOLLAND, Editor & Proprietor.
Independence, Cal.,
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1891.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

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Three Persons Prominent for Novel Reasons.

THE BIGGEST PROSECUTOR IN AMERICA.

A Young Californian who Refused a Scholarship Medal.

Fame is not always a matter of endeavor and accomplishment. It often comes to people in curious ways, as witness the cases of the three persons mentioned below.

Stephen A. Douglas is a Chicago lawyer of good repute who now fills the position of public prosecutor. He is a son of the "Little Giant," and has inherited to a certain degree the talent of his distinguished father. But neither ability nor parentage is responsible for the fact that Mr. Douglas is one of the best known and most conspicuous men in the World's fair city. People point him out because he is a heavyweight. They first remark to a visiting stranger, "That's Steve Douglas; aint he fat?" And then they add, "Pretty smart fellow too; good lawyer and a chip of the old block."

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

When Mr. Douglas assumed the office of prosecuting attorney under the new Republican administration of the city of Chicago he chose for his assistant his former law partner, Mr. Crawford. The prosecutor weighs 295 pounds, and the assistant 815. They were compelled to have a brace of extra size chairs built so that they might sit in comfort while preparing opinions or cases, and when they go to luncheon they are forced to seek a place where they can eat standing at a high counter. In other respects their flesh does not discommode them, and they are jolly, brainy, and, in the avoirdupois sense of the word, famous.

When Cæsar thrice put from him a kingly crown he acted like a practical politician who knew his business, and among those in the secret his conduct was the cause of no surprise. But considerable astonishment followed by applause resulted the other day from the action of a young Californian who refused the first public honor won by him in the battle of life. His name is A. M. Seymour and he was recently graduated from the University of California. On being awarded the gold medal of the year for the best record of scholarship in his class, he declined the usually

A. M. SEYMOUR.

coveted prize peremptorily saying: "I am opposed to seeing one pupil selected as preeminent when all have fulfilled the requirements and have done faithful work. It looks to me like unjust discrimination. The fact that a medal is given at the end of the course may prove an incentive to overstudy. I am opposed to the whole plan as liable to provoke unfriendly rivalry."

Mr. Seymour's conduct is indorsed by the faculty of the university. The graduate who has thus achieved fame is no callow youth and knows what he is talking about. He was born nearly thirty years ago and has absolutely worked his way to get an education. In San Francisco business circles he already enjoys high repute as an expert bookkeeper.

Some months ago, by act of the legislature of Mississippi, the name of Jefferson Addison Hayes was changed to Jefferson Hayes Davis. The president of the southern confederacy had sons, but they left no male issue. His daughter Margaret married Mr. Hayes, and it is their first

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

born who has been chosen to bear his grandfather's name. He is a bright little fellow who can be coaxed but not driven. He shows a decided preference for having his own way, but always yields to parental authority when his sense of honor or duty is appealed to. Because of his change of name he is widely known, particularly in the south and in Colorado, where his father has business interests and a summer home.

WILL GIVE HER BABIES AWAY.

Because She Doesn't Want to Drag Them Down with Her.

Bargains in babies! Entire stock must be closed out at a sacrifice! For terms address Mrs. Rosetta Osburn, care of Poor Commissioner Martin.

"There's a woman over at our house who has four children she wants to dispose of through you," were the words the clerk at the Plankinton brought to the poor office yesterday.

I went with Superintendent Martin across to the Plankinton, where we found in a small back room a young woman and, swarming about her, three babies, who appeared on first sight to be triplets. On the bed, asleep, lay a fourth. One's first impression was that she must have bought up a foundling asylum somewhere with a view to speculation. She sat three children in a row on the edge of the bed, and they cowered under her glance and raised finger as she commanded them not to budge. In a few minutes, though, there was mutiny. The three youngsters keeled over in a perplexing heap on the bed, giggling and squirming, and none but a mother could have extricated one from the other. Order again established by scattering them in separate corners, the young woman in her strangely quiet way went on to tell her story.

The sleeping baby is 6 months old, and one of a pair of twins that were born but three weeks before her husband died in Little Rock, Ark., last July. One twin only lived to be a week old. Her husband had been working on a salary as piano tuner, and left her destitute. Her own health was in a condition that did not permit her remaining in Arkansas, where the climate disagreed with her. On the 1st of August she came to Muskegon to join a couple of sisters living there. These sisters, however, are not in a position to afford permanent relief. "Further on" were the words that appeared to the poor woman on every horizon. The day before Christmas she packed up her few belongings and many children and started out to find relatives of her husband, little of whom she knew, saved that they lived in Simcoe, Canada. Still further on! These people could not, or would not, provide for her or her wee ones, and, every door shut in her face, there was nothing left to her but the world. The world is a hopelessly large field for one incapable woman and four babies to look for a home in, and Friday she arrived at the Plankinton with just $10 between her and starvation. The two oldest children are a boy and girl—Faust and Fay she calls them—5 years of age. The next is a ball of a boy, 3 years old. The 6-months-old baby is a girl.

"Do you want to give them all away?" asked Mr. Martin.

"I don't know what else I can do," she replied, her voice growing more and more quiet, till it sent chills creeping over me. "There is no work I am fitted for. Canvassing is the only thing I hope to do, and if somebody else can provide a good home for my children it is my duty to let them go. I would be glad if the twins could be taken together."

"But you wouldn't part with the baby, would you?"

"If I must give up one I can give up all." At last the emotion that she had suppressed broke through the ice of her demeanor and she burst into tears. The baby faces about grew solemn as they watched her, and finally the little girl, with a choked "me too," sprang into her mother's arm, her brothers endeavoring to make a place there too, and there the three clung, wailing none the less piteously because they did not know the reason why they cried.

The woman appears to be one of the [illegible] sort, that, however blown about by the winds of adversity, looks only for means of support outside of herself. Such women, by their inability to stand alone, make satisfactory wives, but wretched failures as widowed mothers. Her mind seems fully made up to parting with her babies, and on the advice of Commissioner Martin she is waiting two or three days before consigning them to an asylum, hoping that she may give them first hand into the keeping of some child hungry heart.—Detroit News.

The Emperor's Objection.

It is reported from Japan that it is in contemplation to erect a bronze statue on an open space immediately outside of the imperial palace in Tokio, and artists were invited to send in designs. One of the latter represented the emperor seated on his favorite charger, the horse being so placed that its feet should rest on either side of the entrance bridge. This is said to have been much admired by the officials of the imperial household, but when it was submitted to the emperor it was immediately vetoed, on the ground that it was not in accordance with the principles of hospitality and politeness that foreign princes and personages of distinction who came to visit him should have to pass under the feet of a horse bestridden by him.—Exchange.

Too Many Diamond Cutters.

There are 7,000 diamond cutters out of work in Amsterdam alone. At a meeting of more than a thousand of them recently held there M. Van Praag attributed the want of work chiefly to the high price of raw diamonds, and next to the tendency of the jewelers to trade in raw diamonds instead of devoting themselves to their preparation for the market. The speaker counseled either the establishment of a workingmen's company, with 500 grinding stones and a capital of 500,000 florins, or the transfer of the trade to London, where the dealers in raw diamonds and the owners of the diamond fields were living.—New York Sun.

Bruin's Perilous Voyage.

An immense cottonwood tree went down the Sacramento river, past Colusa, last Saturday morning. Its only occupant was a brown bear that seemed paralyzed with fright. As the tree swept under the bridges the bear saw its chance, and by a rapid swing he caught the lower bent, pulled himself up on the railway, and trotted into Butte county.—Virginia City Enterprise.

SAW THE NORTH POLE.

Smith Tells the Ananias Club all About it.

A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE CRUISE.

He Says the Long Sought for Pole is a Mile High.—A Proud Crew.

One of the greatest explorers and most fearless navigators on the globe is a member of the Ananias club. He is writing an interesting narrative of his wanderings, to be printed in book form. At the club meeting Patrolman Peter Smith entertained his friends with an account of his trials and hardships in 1822, when he discovered the North Pole.

"I sailed from Indianapolis in May of 1822, on the sidewheeler Dictator. She had been fitted up especially for an arctic voyage, and was the fastest boat on any waters. She had double engines, and her hull was pierced with axles, to which could be attached wheels, so that she could run over land in case of low water. From Indianapolis we went to Toledo over the strip of country now traversed by the L., H. and D. and other railroads, and I must say the Dictator attracted a great deal of attention from the natives as she rolled along through the meadows and over the hills. They had never witnessed such a sight before. We launched the steamboat at Toledo and sailed down the lake to Detroit, crossed to Windsor, and then overland again to New York via Montreal. We took the roundabout way in order to gather up our crew, it being much cheaper to go after them than for them to come to us.

"When the steamboat passed down Long Island sound she carried 500 men, provisions for a ten years' cruise, a battery of fifty guns and 20,000 rifles, pistols, swords and shotguns, seventy tons of powder, and the boat was ballasted with cannon balls and bomb shells.

"In three weeks we had reached Iceland, and a month later crossed the arctic circle. While crossing the arctic line we were almost shipwrecked. A heavy wind had brought the line near the surface of the water, and it caught one of the steamboat's wheels. Luckily we were not running over twenty knots an hour, and the engineer was able to stop before the line had been pulled tight enough to tear off the wheel. We sailed eastward to the Viglen islands, which are on the west coast of Norway, and laid by for a week. Then we ventured out again and crossed the circle in safety. In August we reached Spitzbergen, and five months later were in the polar regions proper. I saw there the first rolly howlyus"——

"Aurora Borealis you mean, don't you?" asked Patrolman Slate.

"Were you there, Mr. Slate?" asked Smith sternly. "If you were perhaps you will tell this story."

"Well, no, but then I've read"——

"I don't care what you have read. I wish you would not interrupt me talking of things you know nothing about. It's a very strange phenomenon. A belt seemed to rise across the sky from northeast to northwest, and in the belt appeared golden whirlpools, silver eddies, and diamond sparks seemed to be flying by millions.

"In the center of the arch appeared the American flag, and beneath its folds, on a snow white background, were the portraits of Indianapolis' mayor and city officials. They looked as if they had been painted there with a pencil of fire. Thunder rolled and the wind howled all the time the rolly was in sight, which was, if I remember right, about eight weeks. With a Yankee ship and a Yankee crew there is no such word as fail, and one pleasant July day, when the mercury was 120 degs. below freezing, we pushed forward for the North Pole! For months we made our way across seas filled with floating icebergs, some of them two miles thick and reaching into the clouds out of sight. Three years later we came to an open sea, and in this we cruised for seven months. The water became muddy, and birds flying about told us that we were near land, and in a week's time we steamed into a harbor.

"We had found the North Pole. Many people who have never seen it imagine that the North Pole is made of wood. This is a mistaken idea. It is a solid iron column about a mile high, and reaches entirely through the earth—the other end of it being called the South Pole. I should judge it to be about seventy-five miles in diameter, and of course of great strength, in order to hold up the immense weight of the earth. It glistened like silver, and I thought it was some precious metal until I tested it with acids, and found it to be just as I stated—plain, every day iron. You can imagine the kind of a jubilee we had on board the old steamboat Dictator. Our cannons were fired and our band played.

CLIMBING THE POLE.

"We rested in the shadow of the pole for a week, and then determined to reach the summit. This was no easy thing to do, for, as I stated, the column is of iron and as smooth as glass. I ordered the steam drills on shore and we commenced drilling. The iron was unusually hard, and a number of drills were broken before holes could be made, but we succeeded at last. In each hole was placed a wooden bar that projected about fifteen feet, and thus a ladder was made. In two months' time we had the ladder completed, and it resembled a large telegraph pole driven full of spikes. To ascend then was mere child's play, and myself with 200 of the men were soon at the top. I think it took us about three hours to climb up.

"The apex of the North Pole is a broad, level plateau. Of course nothing grows there, and the rotary motion made us slightly dizzy until we got used to it. The pole itself does not whirl as fast as the earth does. If it had we would have fallen off. I released three carrier pigeons for Indianapolis, with messages to the city officers, but as they never reached their destination they were probably killed by the Esquimaux. We were at the top for four days. The view was magnificent, and there is no scenery in this part of the country like it. The city of Indianapolis looked like a lot of pin heads in a cork, and the steamboat plying White river resembled chips floating on a tiny brook. New Orleans was simply a white patch, and a small one at that.

"With glad, free hearts, proud that we had accomplished what no other living man had done, we sailed away for our southern homes. It was five years before we got back, and were given a reception that I have never forgotten. The whole town went wild."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Excuse At Last.

Mrs. Brown—Why does a man always want a seat in the front row when he gets bald?

Brown—Because if he sat under the gallery everybody would be dropping things on his head.—Epoch.

It's a Way They Have in Russia.

The Veritzins were nobles of enormous wealth and power. Paul held a high office in court. One night, glittering with jewels and orders, the young prince, who was one of the handsomest men in Russia, danced in a quadrille opposite the empress. As she passed him in the dance she fancied that his eyes scanned her gross figure with covert amusement. After the quadrille she beckoned to him, and with a smile handed him her tiny ivory tablets, containing seven pages, one for each day in the week. On the first was written: "The imperial ball room, St. Petersburg." On the last, "The mines, Siberia."

He read it; his face grew gray as that of a corpse, he bowed low, kissed her hand and withdrew, "taking," says the old chronicle, "his wife, the beautiful Princess Ivanovna, with him." He was heard to say, as he left the ballroom, "My minutes are numbered; let us not lose one." Flight or resistance was impossible. The hold of Catherine on her victims was inexorable as death. Prince Veritzin was forced to remain passive in his palace, while each day the power, the wealth and the happiness that life had given him were stripped from him.

First he was degraded from all his offices at court; next, his estates were confiscated by the crown; his friends were forbidden to hold any communication with him; his very name, one of the noblest in Russia, was taken from him, and he was given that of a serf. Then his wife and children were driven out of the palace to herd with beggars. "On the last day," says the record, "Paul Veritzin, in rags and barefoot, chained to a convict, bade an eternal farewell to his home and departed to the dark and icy north. He was seen of men no more."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Veteran Circusman.

James Robinson, the veteran bareback rider, whose early triumphs belong away back in the childhood of men now grizzly with years, is to be seen almost every day at Broadway and Twenty-eighth street. He is a small, wiry man with thin, dark features, a little black mustache and the clearest of blue-gray eyes. Looking at him it is difficult to reconcile his almost youthful appearance with the fact that he began his career as a rider as long ago as '45. This was almost fifty years ago. Jim, as his intimates call him, was a boy then, of course. He was apprenticed in that year to John Gossen, an old time circus man.

In that day riders used the pad or pillion, and boys were taught the art in a different manner from what they are now. The "mechanic," by which novices are attached to a revolving beam, a rope from the beam to a stout belt around the waist supporting them as the horse makes the circuit of the ring, was not then known. Boys or girls who were ambitious to ride in spangles wore a belt to which a cord was fastened which passed through a ring in the pillion and thence to the hands of the ringmaster, who when he saw a beginner losing his balance pulled the cord and thus drew the rider to the horse, preventing a fall. It was this way Jim Robinson learned to ride in a style and with a recklessness which soon won him the title of champion bareback rider of the world.—New York World.

Rosina Vokes and Her Maid.

Those persons who have had the good fortune to meet the vivacious Rosina Vokes may recall, along with the vivid impression that the actress made, the no less vivid impression that was sure to be left in the minds of those who saw her maid. This maid, who is especially devoted to her mistress, has not been liberally endowed by her Creator with those attributes that go to make up the sum of personal beauty—in fact, is that next best thing to being beautiful—being gloriously ugly.

A friend relates how, during her recent tour in this country, while the actress was performing in Chicago, she found herself in need of some article from the chemist across the way. It was late at night, after her return from the theatre. Hannah, the faithful maid, was asked to go and get it. But Hannah urged mildly that it was late, and she feared to go into the street alone lest some man might annoy her. "It will be your own fault if they do," said Rosina, who was tired and cross.

"Indeed, ma'am," expostulated Hannah, "nobody can say that I do not behave myself properly in the street. I always keep my veil down, ma'am."

"Precisely," said Rosina. "But for goodness' sake, Hannah, if you want to protect yourself keep it up, keep it up."—New York Evening Sun.

The Judge and the Sport.

Mr. Justice Hawkins was once taken to be a member of the P. R. He was waiting to take his ticket at a railway station in Paris, at which there were a number of English roughs returning from the races, one of whom was very rude to him. The judge remonstrated, whereupon the man became more insulting, and said that if he would come outside he would give him "what for." Sir Henry, who wears his hair cut very short, then took off his hat, thinking that as the men were probably of the criminal classes they would recognize him, and quietly remarked:

"Perhaps you do not know who I am?"

Did the man in awestricken tones exclaim, "'Awkins, by thunder?"

No. What he said was: "S'lep me bob, a bloomin' prize fighter! Not me!" And the judge was not further molested.—St. James' Budget.

A Trait of the Prince's.

The Prince of Wales, usually exceedingly liberal, seems to have been caught in a petty meanness. He has refused to pay the $300 due for his eldest son's tenancy of apartments in St. James' palace. His excuse for this is that the young man was absent in India and that his tenancy was therefore broken temporarily! In other words, the apartments must be reserved for the prince at all times, but paid for only when occupied! The treasury department will not prosecute the claim, but a good deal of indignation has been expressed by John Bull at large since the story leaked out.—Cor. Chicago News.

The Dear Girls.

Ethel—What are you so angry about tonight?

Maud—I've received a note from Jack saying that he's engaged to Clara Beachly.

Ethel—Well, I should think that would relieve your mind rather than make you angry. You are engaged to Tom Shore and intended to throw Jack over anyway.

Maud—Yes, goosey, but do you think I wanted to lose the fun of throwing him over?—Epoch.

How They Got Rich.

She—I could have married either Whipper or Snapper if I'd wanted to, and both of those men whom I refused have since got rich, while you are still as poor as a church mouse.

He—Of course. I've been supporting you all these years. They haven't.—New York Weekly.

THEY FOUGHT IT OUT.

How a Deputy Marshall Captured a Gambler.

OBEYING THE LAW IN A MINING CAMP.

They Raised Their Revolvers Together.—A Determined Officer.

"Do you see that tall man standing there?" asked the colonel. "Notice how he brushes his hair forward on the sides, as some Englishmen do. One of those locks hides a scar which bears eloquent testimony as to a narrow escape from death.

"Thirty years ago he was a deputy marshal in Nevada. He started out one day to arrest a notorious gambler who had killed a man over a game of cards. The gambler knew that the marshal was seeking him, but with a cool effrontery walked about the streets all day. Wil—that is, the deputy marshal—heard that the man he wanted was in a well known barroom. He set out for the place, and carelessly walked boldly in. He had not crossed the threshold before he found himself looking into the barrel of a six-shooter.

"'Come, Hardy,' he said coolly, 'this won't do. I've come to get you, and I want you.'

"'See here, John,' said the gambler, 'I don't want to kill you, but I won't let any man arrest me. Go away and let me alone.'

"'No, I want you,' said the marshal quietly. 'Put down the six shooter and come with me.'

"'I'll see you shot first,' said Hardy.

"'I can't help that,' said the other. 'I must have you. Now you have the drop on me, but you must come with me or kill me in cold blood,'

"'I don't want to kill you,' said Hardy.

"'Then put down your gun.'

"'John, I won't be arrested. Don't touch me. I don't want to shoot a man without cause.'

"'I've got to do it, Hardy.'

"'See here,' said the gambler, turning white, 'if you move a foot I kill you. But I hate to be a coward. That was fair and square last night. We both pulled together.'

"The marshal shook his head.

"'I'll do one thing, John,' Hardy went on. 'I'll back up to that wall. You back up to the other. I'll drop my revolver to my hip and you can draw yours. Then it's the best man.'

"The marshal moved backward to the wall and Hardy did the same. Then the marshal drew his revolver and held it at his side, muzzle down. All this time Hardy had kept his weapon leveled at the marshal. Slowly his arm sank until his revolver touched the seam of his trousers. Both men were perfectly calm and immovable, the marshal determined looking, the gambler still pale.

"'Now, John,' said Hardy. Instantly both weapons went up. It was all over so quickly that both men were on the floor together. But Hardy had fired too soon; his ball went at an upward angle and grazed the marshal's temple. But the marshal had sent his bullet straight on a line to Hardy's heart, and there was no need to arrest the gambler."—New York Tribune.

A Centenarian's Giant Progeny.

Probably the most remarkable family in the United States is the Walker family, living near Hendersonville, N. C. William Walker, the oldest member of the family, was a soldier in the war of 1812, and professes to remember the revolutionary war. He is generally supposed to be about 110 years of age, although the record is not as exact as might be wished.

At an early day Walker came to North Carolina, where he raised a family of twenty-two children, equally divided between the sexes. The eleven boys ranged in height from 6 feet 4 inches to 7 feet, and all of them are still living. Seven of these men have sons, and there is not one of these sons who is less than 6 feet in height. There are twenty-five grown grandsons and five grown great-grandsons, and every one of them is full 6 feet and over in height.

They have always lived in the mountains a few miles from Hendersonville, and follow farming for a livelihood. No record has been kept of the generations, but there are five living generations, and the families have been large, so that the descendants of this man, who is still living, if brought together would make a respectable sized town.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Possibilities of the Bells.

Bell ringers ought to be able to give a change of bill at every performance. It is curious to notice what a variety of changes can be rung on bells. Eight notes will give 40,320 different passages, and ten notes 9,658,880. The changes which may be rung on twelve bells are 479,001,600, which, at the rate of two strokes a second, will take ninety-one years to ring. Another authority says, upon the calculation of ringing 720 changes in an hour, it would take an incessant ringing of thirty-seven years to complete 479,000,000. Fourteen bells, at the rate first given, would take 16,575 years to accomplish the changes, and upon twenty-four bells the changes could not be rung in less than 117,000 billions of years, and no concert company is likely to hold together for a "season" of that length.

Not Against the Law.

"Is this the police station?" queried a female voice through the telephone the other day.

"Yes'm."

"Well, I want you to arrest my husband."

"What for?"

"He's carrying on the awfulest you ever saw."

"How?"

"Why, he's gone and got a crowbar, and he says he is going to dash out my canary bird's brains. He keeps making the awfulest motions you ever saw, and I know he intends to commit murder."

"I'm afraid we can't do anything."

"Isn't it against the law for a great big man to strike a wee little canary bird with a crowbar or sledge hammer?"

"Hardly, ma'am."

"Well, that's a pretty state of affairs, and shows what kind of a country we live in! Good-by, and"——

The crowbar probably descended with a "sqush" just at that time, as she closed the telephone with a snap.—Detroit Free Press.

Where the Luck Comes In.

Sadleigh—Did you hear of Mr. Garner's sudden death? It was very sad. Just as he had finished the accumulation of a large fortune, and had made up his mind to retire and enjoy himself for the remainder of his life, he was suddenly struck down from nervous exhaustion. It is terrible!

McPhile—Yes, but isn't it fortunate he can't take his fortune with him? The fellow who gets it without the nervous exhaustion is in luck.—Boston Transcript.

A MOSLEM HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

Scenes of Splendor in a Mosque—Glimpses of the Worshipers.

You enter this mosque through a bronze door, having, of course, previously shod your profane feet with protecting babooches; and then you are free to examine and admire. The first feature that strikes you is four enormous pillars, which might be compared to four fluted towers, and which support the weight of the principal cupola. The capitals of these pillars are carved into the form of a mass of stalactites, a style of ornament which may be observed in many fine Persian monuments; and halfway up they are encircled by a band covered with inscriptions in Turkish characters. The strength and simplicity of these four pillars, which at once explain to the eye the constructive system of the building, give a striking impression of robust majesty and imperishable stability. Sourates, or verses from the Koran, form bands of running ornament around the great cupola and the minor domes and the cornices.

From the roof are suspended to within eight or ten feet of the ground innumerable lusters, composed of glass cups full of tallow, set in a circular iron frame and decorated with balls of crystal, ostrich eggs and silk tassels, as in St. Sophia and all the other mosques. The mihrab, which designates the direction of Mecca—the niche where rests the sacred book, the Koran, the "noble book taken from a prototype kept in heaven"—is inlaid with lapis lazuli, agate and jasper. Then there is the usual member, surmounted by a conical sound board; the mastaches, or platforms supported by colonettes, where the muezzins and other clergy sit. As in all the mosques, the side aisles are incumbered with trunks and bales of merchandise, deposited by pious Mussulmans under divine safeguard; and finally, the floor is covered with fine matting in summer and carpets in winter.

While I was lost in wonderment at the splendor of this mosque several Moslems came in to pray, with the usual prostrations and beard stroking and yawning. Two or three women also came to pray, clad in feridjis of brilliantly striped silks—rose and white, azure and white, yellow and red—and they, too, kneeled on the matting and bowed and touched the ground with their brows; and their little baby girls, with their fine eyes and white veils wrapped round their heads, stood patient and motionless beside them, not being yet old enough to pray, or perhaps not strong enough on their legs to prostrate themselves without irremediably losing their balances.—Atlantic Monthly.

Men Who Get Side Tracked.

Perhaps the most numerous class of men who get side tracked are those who start in life in an occupation for which they have no natural aptitude. There are thousands of farmer boys who never should remain on the farm—the loud protestations of the agricultural press to the contrary notwithstanding. There are, doubtless, men who make a life business of stirring the soil when they ought to be stirring the senate; and, on the contrary, perhaps, there are men who are trying to stir the senate who ought to be stirring the soil. Good business men are frequently spoiled to make poor preachers; and there are many large and heavy lawyers who would make ideal blacksmiths; and there are some slender and unsuccessful blacksmiths with the keen logical brain and the shrewd masterful mind of the lawyer. Such men are side tracked for life, unless there is some great event crosses their track, such as crossed the track of Grant the teamster, or Cromwell the country squire. But no doubt there are many Grants who always team, and many Cromwells who never leave the farm. There are many men who start out in life, like hunters, on the wrong trail. They never bring down their game because their game has gone in another direction. They are like fishermen who bob for cod in a trout brook, or start a-whaling on an inland pond.

There are some men who are side tracked for life at their very birth. They are born into a mesh of circumstances from which there is no extrication. Of course it is easy enough to say that a man, like water, will always find his level; but its hard for water to rise plumb with its fountain head when confined in an underground pipe. It would have been difficult for Shakespeare to assert his claim to immortality if he had been born in Patagonia, and we would never have heard of Plato if he had first seen the light in Scythia. To say nothing of the hereditary influences that mold the unborn man, the environment of the young human's infancy usually shapes and directs his destiny, so irrevocably that only men of the strongest will and the toughest mental and physical fiber can ever counteract the impetus that is given them in childhood.—Yankee Blade.

Mr. Lincoln's Little Speech.

Mr. Lincoln was quite apt to prepare himself in advance for these little events, and when he did he generally followed his manuscript carefully. Mr. Hitt was present when the representatives of the national convention, headed by George Ashmun, called on Mr. Lincoln to inform him of his nomination. Mr. Lincoln did not quite like to see a man reporting him, especially when he was only making a speech of a few minutes, and when, after a little general talk, Mr. Ashmun stepped forward and began to address Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Hitt got behind one of the spectators, and proceeded to take Mr. Lincoln's response verbatim. After the affair was over Mr. Lincoln came up to Mr. Hitt and asked: "Did you hear all that I said?" "Every word," was the response. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I was afraid you would not be able to hear, so I wrote what I was going to say beforehand," and he handed Mr. Hitt the speech in writing. Mr. Hitt and Henry J. Raymond compared the written speech and the stenographic report, and there was not the variation of a word.—"F. P. P." in Chicago Times.

Sewer Waste of Paris.

Sometimes the waste water of the kitchen and that of the closets is all emptied out into the sewers. Sometimes it is caught in a barrel shaped vessel (painted) which retains the solid matter and lets the water pass. These receptacles, called tinettes, are removed at stated intervals by persons who use the contents for fertilizing fields in the suburbs. A great majority of the houses still have cesspools or tinettes in the cellars, which are pumped out or removed by the main entrance at stated intervals. So far only about 1,000 houses have their closets directly connected with the sewers, though the number is increasing rapidly and all will eventually be so arranged. It will then be more difficult to keep the sewers clean, but the nettoyage will follow its normal development, and the neatness of the underground avenues will still rival that of the streets above.—Paris Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Cobalt for Plating.

Mr. Alexander Watt, the author of several valuable works on metallurgy, thinks that cobalt should take its place as a substitute for nickel for coating various articles. The advantages claimed for it are its superior whiteness, and the readiness with which it may be deposited by electricity.—Chicago Times.

ENTERPRISING INDIANS.

They Build a Flourishing City in Alaska.

THE RESULT OF A MISSIONARY'S WORK.

Wonderful Transformation of the Island of Metlakahtla.

Rev. W. Duncan, of Metlakahtla, Alaska, is a portly, benevolent looking old gentleman of perhaps sixty-five years, and the world has been made better by the grand work in which the declining years of his life are being spent. When interviewed by a reporter he was reticent at first in speaking of the fruits of his philanthropic labors in the land by the frozen sea, saying that a description of the colony he had founded would seem better coming from the lips of disinterested parties.

"Metlakahtla," said the venerable missionary, "is situated on an island in the archipelago in the southeastern part of Alaska. It is a colony founded three years and a half ago, when I organized thirteen bands of British Columbia Indians, and by showing them the virtues of a city and government of their own and instilling in their minds the beauties of a civilized existence, induced them to migrate to the far north, where they would live in peace and security and where they would not be disturbed in their peaceful possessions.

"Today there is a city of 800 souls at Metlakahtla, and the settlement is a flourishing and happy one. I am one of those who reject the declaration that the only good Indian is the dead one. I am able to demonstrate that the best Indian is a live one.

"Three years ago the forest primeval stood on the site where now many happy Indians live, in many pleasant cottages. There are sixty-one capacious houses in the city. For three years I was the only white man in the settlement. I have recently been joined by an assistant, however, in the person of Dr. Blewett. You might say that the Indians have an eye to real estate values, for they all wanted corner lots, so that I was compelled to divide the blocks each into four lots. Everybody is satisfied, for an inside lot is not to be found there.

"The inhabitants live by hunting and fishing, but the latter occupation has branched out into a large industry now, and I am here to obtain necessary machinery and an outfit for a salmon cannery there.

"I would rather have a tourist speak of our colony than to dwell upon its merits myself. Should you visit our island you would be surprised to find a city of Indians and natives with only two exceptions. We have a government which is an Indian council presided over by an Indian chief. The young ones are taught in commodious schools, and in my absence a native teacher is instructing them.

"In olden days the Indian tribes were envious of each other, and feuds were incessant and war was a business. In our colony the hatchet is buried out of sight, the tribal jealousies are forgotten in the educated life and the weapons of war have been molded into implements of peace.

"We have a native corps of constables and officers to attend to the city's health and sanitation. We have entertainments, too, and splendid music is furnished by our Indian band of twenty instruments. We have a large sawmill conducted by Indians, and never was a happier colony than that of the British Columbia Indians on the island of Metlakahtla."—Seattle Telegraph.

His Critics!

"What it takes to make a paradise," some one has said, "depends upon the person who is going there." There was once an artist who painted a picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. It was exhibited publicly. One day the painter, entering the hall, saw two men who appeared to be farmers, standing before the picture.

"Now," said the artist to himself, "I can hear an unprejudiced opinion of my work."

He drew near and listened to what the farmers were saying.

"Well, John," said one, "what do you think of it?"

"It's pretty good," said the other, "but there's one thing about it that strikes me as a little mite queer."

"What's that?"

"Why, he's got Eve with a Rhode Island greening in her hand."

"Well, what of it?"

"Hum! Seeing that the first Rhode Island greening was raised in this century, I don't quite see how they could have had them in paradise!"

"No greenings!" exclaimed the other, contemptuously; "how do you suppose they could have got along in the Garden of Eden without Rhode Island greenings?"—Youth's Companion.

A Hungry Sheriff.

Sheriff Ellsworth, of Richmond county, S. I., recently taxed up a bill of costs amounting to $1,652 in a South Beach real estate dispute, and Judge Bartlett cut it down to $1.50—all that could be legally charged, exclusive of traveling expenses at the rate of six cents a mile. The sheriff of Richmond county is a believer now in the theory that this world is all a fleeting circus and that he is a poor, neglected clown.—New York World.

As It Should Be.

A class of boys had this sentence given to them for correction:

"We saw a marble bust of Sir Walter Scott entering the vestibule."

One of the boys handed in the following version, which bears internal evidence of having been made in spring time:

"Entering the vestibule, we saw Sir Walter Scott bust a marble."—Cor. Youth's Companion.

Probably.

"Did you go to the reception?" asked the Telegraph Wire of the Lamp Post.

"No; where was it?"

"At the Subway's. They had quite a blowout, I heard."

"They didn't invite me. I guess they knew I couldn't get down."—Puck.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

Irv. H. Mulholland,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25.....1891

The discoverer of the new cure for drunkenness has picked upon Los Gatos as a suitable location for the Pacific coast branch of his famous dispensary at Dwight, Illinois. The people of Los Gatos, however have not yet decided whether they want the new institution or not. Visions of exorcised snakes remind them that it may be an undesirable acquisition.

Boss Buckley has left his luxurious quarters in Montreal and is now on his way home to San Francisco, that city having no terrors for him now that the grand jury has been declared an illegal body. As the feeling of revenge is deeply implanted in the hearts of most people, Chris will no doubt make it a point to "get even" with those who have forsaken his banner, and we may look for rather warlike times among the Democratic party of San Francisco before long.

The supreme court in the Madera irrigation district case re-affirmed the constitutionality of the Wright law. It is claimed that the Turlock case was a friendly suit and that the decision of the court in that case was not conclusive. In the Madera case the best legal talent in the State was employed by the parties opposed to the district law, and the result was the same. It would be the part of wisdom now for the people to unite, in all localities where irrigation is required and take advantage of the district plan and work harmoniously for the redemption of the desert places.

In Fresno county arrangements were made for an immense rabbit drive a day or two before Christmas. The purpose is to rid the country of thousands of the pests and at the same time provide a free distribution of game for the poor of San Francisco. It is expected that from 5,000 to 10,000 rabbits will be 'rounded up" and and killed. Vineyards on the west side of the county are said to be overrun with the pests, and a drive is the most effective way to get rid of them. A drive is accomplished by hundreds of men and boys, who form in lines and march in such a way as to force the rabbits into an enclosure, where they are killed.

The last issue of "California," published at Los Angeles, contained the following: "It is very certain that an earnest investigation is now in progress looking to the solution of the problem, whether or not we need any greater railroad facilities of a transcontinental character than we have. Believing that an affirmative answer should be found in this inquiry some study of the traffic of the Southern Pacific system will explain why it appears a third system of roads would find business here, and that without detriment to those that now enter the territory. The advent of the Santa Fe system has in no sense lessened the earnings of the Southern Pacific, but has largely increased them by helping to develope the country. The road from Salt Lake, whenever it is built, will be of direct advantage to the roads now here. A further development of the resources of the country will ensue; the coal and other mineral regions of South Utah and Nevada will be opened and cheap coal brought in here.

"The temptation to build the road in question is very great. The route affords the easiest gradients of any across the continent. It is free from snow and has few large or dangerous water courses to cross. It traverses a country rich in mineral deposits, as well as agricultural resources, but all in a most undeveloped condition. The building of the road will be followed by a great era of development in this region, and the new population will draw on all the country for supplies, which will give business to the roads that cross the continent. If the road is built now it will be by some combination with the Rio Grande Western, which has a branch running well down the Servier valley toward the headwaters of the Virgin river, which empties into the Colorado river above The Needles. It would strike the Santa Fe line at Ludlow. This road is directly related to the great Rock Island system, which is not in accord with the Gould system, and which naturally would like to be independent of that system. The Rock Island system makes connection with the Rio Grand Western from Denver by means of the Denver & Rio Grande, and by the Colorado Midland."

BRITISH PUNISHMENT.

OFFICERS OF THE LAW SENTENCED FOR TAKING BRIBES.

History of One of the Most Celebrated Criminal Cases of the Century—A Crime That Tarnished the Fame of England's Pet Detective Force.

In December, 1875, a remarkable trial took place before Baron Pollock at the Old Bailey, London. Great Britain awoke one morning to find that the most trusted officials of Scotland Yard had been receiving large bribes from a gang of noted criminals. Carr and Benson—the latter of whom committed suicide in this country a few years ago—were undergoing a long term of penal servitude for what were known as the "great turf frauds." While in prison they tendered certain evidence to the British government which led to the arrest of Chief Detective Inspector Clark, Detective Inspectors Druscovitch, Meiklejohn and Palmer, with their legal adviser and attorney, Edward Froggat, attorney at law.

The news sent a shock throughout the British islands. The police force in general was not by any means considered immaculate, but the great bureau of detection at Scotland Yard was entirely exempt from a shadow of suspicion. Every effort had been made to hush up the case, so as not to shake the confidence of the public. Dismissal, with consequent loss of large pensions, was, it was urged, sufficient punishment, but the home secretary was inexorable, and the trial went on.

"I was present during several days of its duration," said the Englishman. "The detectives were confident of acquittal, being ignorant of the overwhelming evidence in the hands of the prosecution. Their look of confidence changed into one of consternation when, close cropped and haggard, clad in the hideous striped dress of the felon, upon which from head to foot was stamped the government broad arrow, Harry Benson, the notorious swindler, entered the witness box.

"He was a man of education and marked ability, a first class linguist and capable of mixing in the best society. The defense was ably conducted, but no cross examination could shake the convict, who now had his natural enemies in his toils and for once was telling the truth. Carr followed and in every point corroborated his fellow prisoner. He belonged to a lower grade than Benson, but possessed considerable force of intellect. So much for the evidence of bribery, which, it may be said, came from a tainted source.

"But telegrams were produced showing that when in pursuit the detectives wired the convicts of their movements, warning them to fly. Time after time, when close on their track, these messages were sent and subsequent meetings were held in London, where hundreds of pounds were paid over to these sleuth hounds of the law. Froggat, the lawyer, was also in the conspiracy and rendered services of a technical nature. He and Clark were out on bonds and quite confident of acquittal.

"The first relied on lack of evidence; the chief inspector had stronger grounds. For years he had been body detective to the Prince of Wales, and during his attendance on his royal highness it may be supposed that he had acquired secret knowledge of his actions which the crown officials would not like divulged. That 'knowledge is power' was proved in this instance, for it certainly enabled Clark to elude the meshes of the law.

"The judge charged the jury dead against the inspectors and Froggat, but was very light on the chief. In fact the crown produced very little testimony against him. After an absence of about an hour the jury returned. The verdict was 'Guilty' as against the four minor detectives and the lawyers, 'Not guilty' as against Clark, who at once left the dock.

"'Have you anything to say, Dracovitch,' asked the judge, 'why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?'

"The prisoner made a fine speech—he could speak six languages—in which he referred to long services rendered, the ruin which his conviction involved, the overwhelming nature of the temptation and finally his helpless wife and family. The other officers followed in a similar strain and with tearful eloquence begged for mercy. These men, who had mercilessly fastened the steel handcuffs on victims innumerable made a piteous spectacle when in the strong grasp of the law. Their pleadings were of little avail, and after reminding them of the scandal they had brought upon their profession, the baron sentenced them to two years' imprisonment with hard labor—this was the severest punishment available under the act of parliament—and before they fully realized their doom they were hustled out of sight into the cells of the Old Bailey.

"Froggat's turn now came, and it was generally thought his sentence would be lighter.

"'I have a special sympathy for you, Edward Froggat,' concluded the judge. 'You belong to the same honorable profession as I do myself. Much is intrusted to us and much is expected of us. In sentencing you I do so with pain and reluctance, but I cannot see any reason for reducing the term of imprisonment—two years with hard labor.'

"This came on the wretched man like a thunderbolt, and, bursting into hysterical tears, he raised his hands above his head. 'For God's sake, my lord,' he exclaimed, 'lessen the sentence!' This was all he had time to say, for the jailers do not encourage sentiment, and he was instantly hurried out of sight. I may mention that he was rearrested at the termination of his sentence for defrauding a lady of £5,000, for which, at the same bar of justice, he received seven years' penal servitude.

"Thus ended one of the most celebrated trials of this century, which gained its importance not of course from the enormity of the crime, but from the vital principles involved, which struck at the root of the whole English police system."—Chicago News.

To Investigate the South Pole.

Professor Nordenskjold, of arctic fame, will soon start from Australia in two small sailing vessels, having auxiliary steam power, for an exploration of the antarctic ocean. The vessels will be thoroughly equipped with every device found useful in ice navigation. The locality has not been visited since James Ross' expedition in 1841, although the English ship Challenger went as far south as latitude 65 degs. 42 min. in 1874. —Exchange.

How She Served the Summons.

She was bright and pretty, and she dropped into a lawyer's office the other day and asked for work.

"What can you do?"

"Anything a woman of ability can do, and more than most men."

"Great opinion of yourself, young woman," said an elderly lawyer present. "Perhaps you think you could serve this summons."

"I might," said she. "May I look at it? Yes, I will."

"If you do that you'll do something we've all been trying to do for a week. He's a slippery fellow and his people are all posted. However, you may try it. You can afford to lose a little conceit," and the lawyer smiled grimly.

At 10 the next morning the office door was opened and the bright young woman walked in again.

"Thought you'd give it up, eh? Found him too slippery for you? Thought so."

"The paper is served," said she. It was her turn to smile now, and she did it. The lawyer swung round in his chair.

"Served. How'd you do it?"

"Oh, it was simple enough. I called at his place of business, looked around, priced some materials and then asked if he was in.

"'No,' said the salesman, 'but I can do as well.'

"'I think not,' I said quietly. 'He has always served me before, and he understands just what I want.'

"'Oh, in that case you might call at his house. He will be in to dinner.'

"I did call at his house, dressed in my best, card case in hand. I sent in my card and he appeared promptly.

"'Mr. ——?' said I, rising.

"'Yes. You wish to see me on business?'

"'I hear you are interested in property in —— street?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I have a paper which will interest you concerning it,' offering him the summons, which he took with a smile. He looked at it and flushed crimson. So did I. Nothing was said. He controlled his temper and accompanied me to the door.

"Another field open to women," was the lawyer's only comment.—New York World.

Pity the Poor Drummer.

A very good looking drummer he was, and he had succeeded in making a great impression upon the table girl at a Maine hotel. He paid strict attention to the girl and to his dinner and his performance was creditable and thorough in both directions. But he did not eat his sweet corn. Finally the girl said in her sweetest tone: "You must have another ear of corn. That is cold and is not filled out."

"Oh, no"— but she is gone.

She returned with a steaming ear of corn and then waited expectantly to see him bury in the succulent vegetable his pretty teeth, that he showed with such charming grace in his smile. He ought to have known better, but in a spirit of bravado he responded to the mute appeal in that waiter girl's eyes and set his teeth into the corn. The first mouthful went all right, the second was a great success, but the third—we would that our tale could end here, but it cannot.

At the third mouthful, as he darted a gleam of fond adoration at the girl, his teeth loyally stayed by the mangled ear of corn for an instant, then dropped to the floor with a rattle that sounded in his ears like the discharge of heavy artillery. Worst of all, as he madly scratched for them he couldn't find his treasure. Finally the girl recovered them from a neighboring table, after a lady had kindly moved her skirts aside and revealed the truant teeth. The look that passed between that girl and the drummer as she handed him the teeth had something in it that wilted the bouquet over which it passed.—Lewiston Journal.

An Adirondack Term.

Healthy summer visitors to the Adirondacks frequently hear a term used by the natives in describing some of their city comrades in those delightful and health giving regions that greatly mystifies them at first. The people thus referred to technically are called the "lungers," who are generally found to be pretty plentiful. "Lungers," pronounced "lung-ers," is a word that has not as yet got into general usage outside the range of the pine tree odors of the northernmost part of New York state; but its meaning and derivation are soon perceived and compel instant admiration for their simplicity and significance.

The "lungers" of the Adirondack regions are none other than the consumptives who resort thither for the benefit of their lung troubles, and who form a class by themselves in the eyes of the natives apart from the mere huntsmen and pleasure seekers. There is a sort of distinction in being a lunger that naught else can give, and though the word thus evolved by an admirable philological fitness seems to have a touch of rugged brutality in it at first sight, yet there is, after all, a kind of rough sympathy in it that is redolent of the soil.

As the pulmonary knowledge of the Adirondack people increases in minuteness, as it doubtless will, one may expect to hear the more detailed designations of "one lungers," "half lungers," etc., though this, it is believed, has not yet been observed.—New York Tribune.

What Three Women Do While Riding.

A busy woman says it gives her mind a complete rest on her journeys to and from the scene of her daily work: "I close my eyes behind my hand or paper and make my mind as complete a blank as possible." Another woman, a writer, says, on the contrary, "I make a practice to give my brain over to wandering fancies, often getting my best ideas while in transit." Still another woman, a busy mother, plans the children's frocks, "Mentally making over, altering and combining in a way that is most helpful to me afterward." All of which shows that this perennial riding has come to have an allotted place and consideration.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Will Drain the Lake to Get the Body.

Diver Dolph, who has been searching at the bottom of Hutton lake, near Laramie, Wy., eight days for the body of M. B. Dawson, drowned three weeks ago, has given it up. The only thing to do now is to drain the lake, and this will be undertaken at once. The estimated cost is $5,000 to $7,000. Aside from humane and family considerations it is very important to recover the body, as $27,000 of life insurance is involved.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wiener's Cash Stores!!

Cor. I & Tulare Sts.,

FRESNO, Cal.

BRANCH STORES,

HOLT BLOCK, VISALIA.

FISH BLOCK, BAKERSFIELD.

We carry an immense and well assorted stock of Gents Clothing and furnishing goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Drygoods, Fancy goods Ladies' Hosiery, Underwear, Etc.

Our terms of trading are STRICTLY CASH.

We positively refuse one cent of credit. We have just one price to all.

This system enables us to sell at a much lower rate than credit-giving stores, who make large bad debts, and a very slight acquaintance with us will prove that our statement is correct.

Our aim is to sell standard goods at cut rates, and the fact that our reputation for LOW PRICES and for STRAIGHT FORWARD DEALING is wider than THE STATE itself, and betokens our success in this direction

Our stock is always fresh.

BARGAINS INNUMERABLE lie on our shelves and crowd our tables

If you want reliable goods cheap, try us. We fear no trade competitors. All our goods speak louder for us than the blast of a thousand horns, because

They Are Always The Cheapest and Best.

ON APPLICATION we shall be delighted to forward our country patrons a complete bound volume containing catalogue and list of prices. We shall also gladly mail, free of charge, samples of goods if desired.

Our Country Order Department is a specialty with us, to which we devote the closest and most prompt attention.

WE WILL SERVE YOU WELL AND MAKE YOU HAPPY, so remember the address,

Wiener's Cash Stores

Cor. I & Tulare Sts.

FRESNO, CAL.

P. S. Send for our 76 page illustrated catalogue and price list.

A. W. Eibeshutz

Independence, Cal.

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agent for

Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. of California:

Commercial Union Assurance Co of London.

Dried Fruit

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Dried Prunes.....12 1-2 cts.
Dried Peaches.....10 cts
Dried Apples.....10 cts
Other varieties of dried fruit for sale on reasonable terms.

S. A. Densmore,
Independence, Cal.

E. H. Edwards,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

LONE PINE,

INYO COUNTY - - - CALIFORNIA

OFFICIAL.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court in and for the County of Inyo, State of California, made on the 18th day of November, 1891, in the matter of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased, the undersigned will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States, at any time before the 25th day of May 1892, at the town of Lone Pine, County of Inyo, State of California, the following personal property to wit:

Eighteen head of horses in his possession.

Bids or offers in writing will also be received at the office of the undersigned, in the said town of Lone Pine.

Dated November 18th, 1891.

E. H. EDWARDS.
Administrator of the Estate of John Lucas, deceased.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

STEVENS DITCH COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Independence, California. Location of Ditch, near Independence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 26th day of Sept. 1891, an assessment (No. 2) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company in Independence, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday the 5th day of Nov. will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 26th day of Nov. 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

The date of delinquency of the above assessment is hereby extended to December 5th, 1891, and the date of sale of delinquent stock to January 27th, 1892.

By order of the Board of Directors.

P. H. MACK, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of John Allen Hannah, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, William L. Hunter, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Allen Hannah, deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said William L. Hunter, at the office of P. H. Mack, in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, State of California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate, in the said County of Inyo, State of California.

W. L. HUNTER,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of John A. Hannah, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal. Nov. 18 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of FRANCISCO PADARES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of the said deceased to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the law office of Mack & Laird, in Independence, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Inyo State of California.

VINCENTE BUCO
Administrator of the estate of Francisco Padares, deceased.

Dated at Independence, Cal. July 9th, 1891.

Mack & Laird, Attorneys for Estate, Independence, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of PAULINO PERCHINY deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, administrator of the estate of Paulino Perchiny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his residence in the town of Independence, County of Inyo, State of California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Inyo.

Dated July 24th 1891.

WM. F. KALECK,
Administrator of said Estate.

Notice of Forfeiture.

To Dennis O'Keefe, or his heirs, executors administrators and assigns: You and each of you are hereby notified that I have expended three hundred [300] dollars in labor and improvements upon the mining claim situate in the Coso Mining District, Inyo county, California, known and designated as the Phoenix Mine, and you failed and refused to hold your share thereof to wit: One hundred dollars for the year 1888; one hundred dollars for the year 1889; and the same for the year 1890, as it appears by certificate on file in the office of the Recorder of said district.

It within 90 days from the date of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditures, together with the cost of publication, as co-owners, your interests in said Phoenix Mine will become the property of the undersigned under the provisions of Section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States.

JOHN DUNPHY.

Dated November 31, 1891.

PALACE SALOON

LONE PINE, CAL.

—THE FINEST—

WINES,

BEER,

LIQUORS,

& CIGARS

This Saloon is conducted in a strictly first-class manner, and every attention tendered my patrons.

FRED. BURCKHARDT, Lessee.

IRWINS' SALOON

Cor. Edwards and Market Streets,

Independence . Cal.

THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE RESPECTFULLY invited to call and inspect my establishment, which has been entirely rebuilt and furnished in a style second to none on this side of the mountains. A SPLENDID NEW BILLIARD TABLE provided for the amusement of patrons.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the most celebrated brands of pure Wines and Liquors and the Finest Havana Cigars.

JOHN C. IRWIN, Proprietor.
feb12tf

Pioneer Livery & Feed Stables.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

Having returned and resumed the management of the above well known feed and livery stables, patrons can be assured of finding there the best of Buggy Teams, Saddle Horses, and

Livery Accommodations

in general. Also, Hay and Grain for sale by the pound or ton.

O. I. MAIRS, Proprietor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN S. GORMAN,
Sheriff and Tax-Collector.
INYO CO., CAL.

JOHN N. YANDELL,
COUNTY CLERK,
—AND—
Ex-officio Auditor and Recorder,
INYO CO., CAL.

P. W. FORBES,
District Attorney,
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Cases in U. S. Land Office a Specialty.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

S. P. M'KNIGHT, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
—AND—
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
For California and Nevada
—BISHOP CREEK, INYO CO., CAL.—
Locating of United States mineral patents a specialty.
All kinds of surveying given the most careful and accurate attention.

J. J. MOORE,
County Treasurer,
INYO CO., CAL.

J. W. P. LAIRD. P. H. MACK

MACK & LAIRD.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
INDEPENDENCE CAL.

F. E. DENSMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Independence, Cal.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and the General Land Office.

JUSTICE OF PEACE,
I. H. MULHOLLAND.
Office in the Independent Building, Independence, Inyo county, Cal.

Irving J. Woodin, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
(LOCKE PHYSICIAN)
Louise L. Woodin, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
NIGHT CALLS ATTENDED.
Office and residence at the Shady place, Independence.

J. C. WASSON. J. D. WASSON

DENTISTS.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK OF BAKERSFIELD, BAKERSFIELD, CAL.
Product of teeth a specialty. Visits the east side yearly. Address
WASSON & WASSON
Bakersfield, Cal.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
Two span first class work horses, Harnesses. Also three colts. Separately or in lots. No reasonable offer refused. Inquire of J. Vagt, Camp Independence.

Lodge 221, F. & A. M.

Regular meetings of Lodge No. 221, F. & A. M., for the year 1891 will be held at the Lodge room at Independence as follows:

Saturday ..... January 24th
" ..... February 21st
" ..... March 21st
" ..... April 18th
" ..... May 23rd
" ..... June 20th
" ..... July 18th
" ..... August 15th
" ..... September 12th
" ..... October 17th
" ..... November 14th
" ..... December 12th

JOHN S. GORMAN, W. M.
C. MULHOLLAND Sec.

FRED BURCKHARDT
Watchmaker & Jeweler
LONE PINE, CAL.
Time pieces of all descriptions repaired and regulated satisfaction guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Firearms repaired and healed.
All orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to, at the most reasonable charges. At the old stand "Mechanics Hall," Lone Pine.
FRED BURKHARDT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the undersigned will present the same by the first of each month and payment will be made on the 5th.

FRANK FITZGERALD.

Sept. Modock Con. Mining Co., Modock Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink or ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Best inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
78 and 87 5th Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

FORBES & TOBEY,

HAWTHORNE, NEV.,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS.

DOORS,
SHINGLES,
SASH AND BLINDS,
LATH,
RUSTIC MOULDINGS,
DRESSED LUMBER.

Matched and Dressed Flooring.

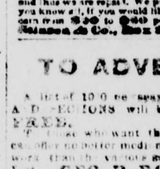
P. W. FORBES. P. H. MACK.

MACK & FORBES.
Real Estate Agents,
Address, P. H. MACK, Independence, Cal. P. W. FORBES, Bishop, Cal.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to settle on or before October 25th, as after that date I will enforce payment.

F. FITZGERALD.



OUR NEW 1892 Solid Gold Watch Worth $100.00, we will give away FREE. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting case. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and tease about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and then we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $50 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATE AND SECTIONS will be sent on application FREE.

Those who want their advertising to pay, can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the above mentioned list. Select lists. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce street, New York.

BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE AND REPAIRED.

THE BEST MATERIAL.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Repairs done promptly.

Prices Reasonable.

A. J. DE[illegible]

[illegible]adores.

DESERT LAND FINAL PROOF.

D. E. No. 515.

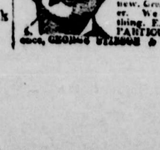
LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL., Sept. 30, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that Daniel Leonard of Bakersfield, Kern County, California, has filed notice of intention to make final proof on his desert land claim No. 515, for E. ½ of Section No. 2, and the W. ½ of Sec. No. 1, Tp. 10 S., R. 34 E., M. D. M., and that he will make final proof before the Register and Receiver at Independence, California, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: G. Sanger, W. Sanger, A. T. Taylor, M. N. Taylor, all of Big Pine, Inyo County, California.

C. W. CRAIG

Some nice FORTUNES have been made in work for us by Ladies in Austin, Texas, and Jno. Scobedo, Ohio, see list. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Profits even over $200.00 a month can be made by the industrious everywhere you are. Even beginners easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how to start you. Can work in spare time. Big profits for all workers. Failure unknown with them. NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars free. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.



$5000.00 a year is being made by R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for him. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to make from 50c to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your spare moments only to the business. Great pay $5.00 for every evening. We start you, furnish everything. FAMILY SPECIMEN PARTICULARS FREE. Address, GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

INYO INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25 1891

MARKET REPORT.

Bar silver, 91¾.
Lead, 4 17
Copper, 11 15
Tin, 20 40
Sugar, .05⅛
Coffee, 20 @ 21¾
Wool, foothill, 11 @ 14.

Religious Services

Sunday School at Lone Pine at 10 a. m.; Independence 2:00 p. m. Georges Creek, 2:15 p. m.

Rev. H. J. Wilson will preach at Lone Pine on Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.; at Georges Creek, 2:30 p. m.; at Independence at 7:00 p. m.

COURT NOTES.

Geo. M. Gill, Superior Judge.

SATURDAY, December 19, 1891.

Estate of Reuel Diaz, deceased—Filed certificate to decree setting final account.

Estate of V. Hickaby, deceased—Filed bond of George Hickaby.

Estate of W. A. Bringer, deceased—Filed claim of J. C. Lewis.

Harvey vs. Harvey—Deposit made by J. D. Lewis.

DIED.

STUBBLEFIELD—At Independence, Dec. 23, 1891, Mrs. Harriet A. Stubblefield, a native of Lowell, Mass., aged 49 years 1 month and 28 days.

Pin Bedford is spending the holidays at Bishop.

T. J. Gorman was in from Fish Springs yesterday.

C. W. Craig is on the sick list, being laid up with the grip.

Hon. P. Reddy came down on Monday's train and passed through to Darwin.

Frank Dunn came down from Hawthorne on Wednesday's train. He reports lots of snow at Bonie.

Mr. Jesse R. Harcourt of Belleville and Miss Jennie Bell of Big Pine were married at Belleville last evening.

Mrs. Beale and little daughter came down on Monday's train to join Mr. Beale, who is station agent at Citrus.

Clarke Young of Bishop passed through town early in the week with a small bunch of horses en route for Los Angeles.

There will be a social dance at Lone Pine to-night to which all are invited, and a thoroughly good time will be enjoyed.

The personal property belonging to the Hannah estate was sold last Friday. Considering the times the articles sold brought very fair prices.

A violent wind storm came up on Wednesday and raged during the day. It assumed the proportion of a young hurricane, but no damage was done so far as known.

C. Mulholland returned from the East on last Monday's train. He has been very ill with pneumonia since his arrival but his condition is improving daily and nothing serious is now apprehended.

Don't forget the school benefit on next Thursday—New Years—Eve. Leap year begins at 12 o'clock of that night and as the principal that the early bird stands the best show it might be a good idea for some of our old bachelors to be on hand. What do you think about it, Murphy?

There came near being a serious conflagration at Keeler on Wednesday night. A lamp exploded in the depot scattering its contents over a lot of papers and a big blaze was started immediately. Prompt and energetic measures were taken by the neighbors, and the building, and probably the town, was saved. A high wind was blowing at the time.

The N. S. G. W. intend giving an entertainment and ball at Independence on Washington's Birthday. A Committee has been appointed and the programme will be put in shape soon. Further particulars will be published as they are resolved upon. It is understood that the object is to defray expenses still due from the last 4th of July celebration.

The mining suit between the Indian Queen and the Poorman companies was tried at Hawthorne last week, Judge Rising presiding. The case was given to the jury on Friday last but no verdict was returned. Hon. P. Reddy conducted the plaintiff's case and Judge Crocker and P. M. Bowler appeared for the defense. It is likely that the injunction against the Poorman company will be dissolved.

Obituary.

Mrs. Harriet A. Stubblefield died at Independence on Wednesday evening after a lingering illness. She had suffered a long time from heart disease and lung trouble. Mrs. Stubblefield was one of the pioneer settlers of the Valley and leaves a gap in the ranks of the old timers that will be greatly felt. She was a quiet, retiring woman, not much given to visiting or social pleasures but of the greatest kindness of heart and exceeding good will to all. The funeral took place at Camp Independence at 10 o'clock to-day and was largely attended. She leaves no children and died at the age of 49 years.

The Great Register.

The late Legislature passed an act mending the registration law in certain particulars, and in response to inquiries by various county clerks, Attorney General Hart has given it as his opinion that next year a new registration of voters will be necessary. He concludes his opinion as follows: "Looking either at the letter of the law, or at its apparent intent and purpose, viz., to prevent frauds at elections, I arrive at the same conclusion, that a new and complete registration of the voters must be had, and that it should commence exactly one hundred days prior to the next general election, in conformity with the requirements of Section 1096 of the Political Code, as amended, statutes of 1889, page 424.

Merry Christmas!

The towns of Independence, Lone Pine and Keeler celebrated Christmas with exercises and the customary tree and many a little heart was gladdened. Christmas, of all holidays, is essentially the children's day. The little ones look forward with eager anticipation when the first cold winds of winter announce the approach of Santa Claus, and it is to live youth over to watch each little face light up with pleasure when the green tree, type of everlasting life, with its glittering array of gifts and twinkling candles, meets their gaze. It is the one day of the Christian year which marks a universal brotherhood of kindly feeling. When the wind, prejudice, worldly grossing, selfish ambition are laid aside, and the world's heart beats with accordant impulse to make each other glad. The custom from time immemorial of giving presents on this day arises from the glad outpouring of the heart and the desire to make some one else happy. In the old days of the Argonauts of '49, half-savage tribes of Northern Europe before Christianity was known, when Thor and Odin were the gods of our forefathers, feasts were prepared, enemies as well as friends invited, and the hogs log burned with happy hearts at Yule-tide. And to-day is Christmas day, and we wish you many happy returns.

A Nevada Enterprise

The people of Nevada are gradually awakening to the knowledge that by the adoption of irrigation upon a large scale, a surer source of wealth will be forthcoming than in all the mines that have ever been discovered there. A plan is now under way for the irrigation of a large tract of land in the vicinity of Hawthorne. It is proposed to divert the water of a number of streams which at present empty into Mono lake, and conduct them into a storage reservoir, a site for which has been found in a valley bearing the euphonious name of Whisky Flat. Below that reservoir is some 50,000 acres of fertile land that only needs the aid of irrigation to become highly productive. It is estimated that the entire work will not cost to exceed $500,000, and it is proposed to bond the lands to be benefitted in order to obtain the necessary capital.

Pine Nut Booming.

The Carson *News* of the 18th says: "The new Pine Nut discovery is still the talk of the town, and new prospecting parties are arranging to leave for that mining district as soon as the weather clears up. Stock in the Monarch consolidated cannot be purchased. Oliver Roberts returned from Pine Nut late last evening and reports the camp as booming with excitement. New claims are being taken up daily. This recent discovery is surely very encouraging, as it uncovers all doubt that it is not a newspaper "fake." Would it not surprise some of our leading contemporaries, especially the S. F. Chronicle, if a young Comstock were discovered in Pine Nut? Well, we should snicker."

Settlement Notice.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the undersigned are hereby notified to call and settle their accounts on or before the 1st day of January, 1892.

A. K. EUGLEY.
Big Pine.

"Of course it hurts, but you must grin and bear it," is the old time consolation given to people troubled with rheumatism. "If you will take the trouble to dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it over the seat of pain your rheumatism will disappear," is the modern and much more satisfactory advice. 50 cent bottles for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

Our readers will notice the advertisements in these columns of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, Iowa. From personal experience we can say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has broken up colds for our children and we are acquainted with many mothers in Camden who would not be without it in the house for a good many times its cost and are commending it everywhere.—*Centreville (Md) Chronicle and Leader.* 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine.

We wear every article we know the cring can be prevented. The cringe appears without a warning. The first symptom is hoarseness; then the child appears to have taken a cold, or a cold may have accompanied the hoarseness from the start. After this a peculiar rough cough is developed, which is followed by the croup. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse; a few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will prevent the attack. Even after a rough cough has appeared the disease may be prevented by using the remedy as directed. It has never been known to fail. 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by

A. K. EUGLEY
Big Pine.

Social Dance at Independence.

SCHOOL BENEFIT!

New Years Eve, Thursday, Dec. 31.

On Hanaway Orchestra.

Tickets, $1.50

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale Cheap

A two stamp mill in running order, with abundant water power, near railway. [Benton, Cal.] Apply to
F. W. FARWELL,
148 Market St., Chicago.
Or W. H. RUSSELL, Benton.

INDEPENDENCE
SHAVING SALOON.

Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., done in the best manner.

WM. H. HUFF, Prop'r

BIG PINE HOTEL.

BIG PINE · CAL.

New House.
New Furniture.
Low Rates

☞Splendid hunting and fishing near by, in fact, it is a veritable paradise for tourists and pleasure seekers.

Special attention given to the wants of every guest.

Thos. Williams,
Proprietor.

J. W. Murphy.

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
General Iron Work.

Wagons and Carriages Repaired.

HORSESHOEING, $2.00 for CASH

Shop on Edwards St., opposite the Court House, Independence.

ORDER FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY AND REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Inyo, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of Francisco Paderes deceased.

IT APPEARING TO THE JUDGE OF SAID Court by the petition this day presented and filed by Yguana Archuleta, the Administratrix of the Estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased, praying for an order of sale of the personal property and of so much of the real estate of said estate, that it is necessary to sell the said personal property, and the whole of the real estate, or a portion of it, to pay the debts outstanding against the decease, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the said petition, appear before the said Superior Court on Saturday, the 9th day of January 1892 at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Court, at the Court house, in the town of Independence, in said county, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell the personal property and the whole or so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the INYO INDEPENDENT, a newspaper printed and published in said county.

Dated December 11th 1891.

GEO. M. GILL,
Judge of the Superior Court.

[ENDORSED.]

SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF INYO.

In the Matter of the Estate of Francisco Paderes, deceased.

Order Fixing time and place for hearing petition for sale of Personal Property and Real Estate.

Filed December 11th, 1891.

J. N. YANDELL,
Clerk.

MACK & LAIRD, Attorneys for Petitioner.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

INYO MARBLE COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Inyo, Inyo county, Cal.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of a Board of Directors, held on the 19th day of Nov., 1891, an assessment (No. 14) of Ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of January 1892 will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 29th day of January, 1892 to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. LUCE, Secretary.

Office, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month.

Terms Reasonable.

Inquire of
MRS. S. A. DENSMORE,
Independence, Cal.

A BIG BUSINESS.

The growth and present size of the great retail business of Weinstock, Lubin, & Co., Sacramento, shows on the face that it possesses *a distinct character* of its own. It has done much to introduce many important reforms in storekeeping, which have been widely copied. There are people who have never heard of the big establishment, but who, through its silent influence, are being served by local dealers better than they otherwise would be.

It has done more than any other ten stores to give the "One Price System" firm and substantial footing on the Pacific Coast.

It has shown people living in small towns that they can deal through the mails with as much satisfaction as if they bought in person.

It has, by constantly raising its own standard of qualities, had an influence in raising the standard everywhere. The average grade of goods kept upon the Coast grows better each year.

It has been prominent in bringing west as stylish and desirable goods as are kept by merchants in New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago. Indeed, the manufacturers who supply them supply it. The goods are the same; and the Sacramento prices, while never higher, are sometimes considerably less. This is explained by the fact that the cost of conducting business in large Eastern cities is far greater than in the Capital City, the extra expense of overland freight being but a comparatively small item.

It has made it possible for out-of-town people to enjoy quite as satisfactory shopping facilities as do those living in large cities.

There is no desire on the part of the firm to take any special credit for whatever influence for good the house may have exerted. They have sought simply to build up a business on fair and just principles; to buy and sell as low as they can; to deal as far as possible only in the very best goods; and neither to fear nor favor any one, but to treat every customer as they would their most favored friend.

Whatever of success has come, they attribute it to the faithful carrying out of these aims and principles.

A large illustrated catalogue, giving full information about goods and prices, how to order, etc., sent free to any address.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN, & CO.,
400-412 K Street,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
LARGEST GENERAL RETAIL HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

THOMAS & HILL,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

We keep constantly on hand goods of all kinds needed in a country home. We order only First-Class Goods and ask no more than a reasonable profit. Give us a trial.

BIG PINE, INYO COUNTY, CAL.

THOMAS & HILL.

$3000 A YEAR. I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Inyo Stage Company.

REGULAR LINE
—FROM—
Mojave To Keeler.

FINE COACH
FAST STOCK.

The route route lies through the picturesque and beautiful

Redrock Canyon

And along the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the grandest scenery in America.

Stage leaves Mojave,
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
at 6 o'clock p. m.

Stage leaves Keeler,
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
at 7 o'clock a. m.

W. K. MILLER,
Propr.

Wm. Muth-Rasmussen.

Bee Keeper.

Manufacturer of Comb Foundation.

Independence, Inyo Co. Cal.

EDWARD CHENOT
Independence, Cal.,

INVITES PUBLIC ATTENTION TO HIS exclusive Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDIS

....Consisting of....

GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS

Tobacco, Cigars,

WINES AND LIQUORS

FLOUR & GRAIN

Together with an Assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

ETC., ETC

☞Buyers and consumer should call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

E. CHENOT.

Independence, Cal., March 9, 1884.
n47tf

Lake View Hotel
Keeler, Cal.
John Barnes, Prop'r.

☞First-class hotel in every respect. The table always supplied with the best in the market. Clean, nicely furnished rooms. Transient visitors will receive every courtesy and attention.

THE BAR

—Is constantly supplied with the finest—

Wines,
Liquors,
& Cigars.

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS WATCHES.

Hyman Fredrick, Reno, Nev.

The attention of the people of Inyo and neighboring counties is respectfully invited to the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK

of Watches, Diamonds, Ear and Finger Rings, Bracelets and all other kinds of Jewelry this side of San Francisco. Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Table Ware of the Best quality.

PRICES DEFY OUTSIDE COMPETITION.

☞ All repairs done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Address orders and packages to

HYMAN FREDRICK, Jeweler,
m30- RENO, NEVADA.

BISHOP ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. E. DUNLAP.

Harness Maker.

Harness of all kinds, from the lightest to the heaviest. Any kind of new work made promptly and of the best material. Repairing done on the shortest notice. A full line of saddles and harness.

Valley View Hotel.

O. H. Hill, Prop'r.

A New House Newly Furnished Throughout. Guests will receive every courtesy and attention.

BISHOP CREEK
BREWERY,

L. MUNZINGER & CO.,
Proprietors.

All the appliances and conveniences of First Class Brewery, including a beautiful grove for out-door parties.

☞ Customers supplied on all points ☜

☞ Of the C. & C. Railroad. ☜

Send orders to
L. MUNZINGER & CO.
Bishop Creek, Cal.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horseshoeing, General Iron
—AND—
WAGON WORK.

PIONEER BLACKSMITH SHOP

Cor. Main St. & Depot Ave.,
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.

W. F. MATLACK.....PROPRIETOR.

Horseshoeing ..... $2 00 for Cash

For particulars, call and see
W. F. MATLACK

INDEPENDENCE
MEAT MARKET,

J. C. ROEPER, Prop.

Keep constantly on hand the very choicest of all kinds of meats, including

Beef,
Mutton,
Pork,
Sausage.

A well appointed shop, with refrigerator, insuring the purity of meat, and every effort made to give satisfaction to patrons.
j19-tf

A. K. EUGLEY,

BIG PINE INYO CO. CAL.

Dealer in
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,
GROCERIES
MINERS
Supplies

PROVISIONS,
&c., &c., &c

A. K. EUGLEY,
Big Pine, Cal.

BELL'S
Flouring Mills,

A. N. BELL, Prop.

TRY BELL'S
EXTRA PATENT ROLLER FLOUR.

Having added Patent Rolls and other Improvements to our Mills, I am now turning out Flour that is fully

Equal to the Best

Corn, Oats and Barley Cracked on Short Notice.

Independence, Cal. A. N. BELL,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Time Table.

CARSON & COLORADO R. R.

TAKING EFFECT

Sunday, November 16,

STATIONS.	From Mound House. No. 1		To Mound House. No. 2.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Mound House	11:30 p. m.		5.50 p. m.
Dayton	12.00 p. m.		5:10 p. m.
Wabuska	2:05 p. m.		2 50 p. m.
Hawthorne	5 50 p. m.		11:10 a. m.
Luning	7:05 p. m.		9:55 a. m.
Sodа Springs	8:05 p. m.		9:15 a. m.
Belleville	9:15 p. m.		7:55 a. m.
Candelaria	Ar. 10.00 p. m.		Lv. 7:20 a. m.
	No. 3.		No. 4.
	Leave—		Arrives—
Belleville	8 20 a. m.		5:25 p m.
Benton	11:50 a. m.		1:35 a. m.
Basin Creek	2:00p. m.		11:00 a. m.
Alvord	2 45 p. m.		10:00 a. m.
Independence	4:20 p. m.		8:30 a. m.
Lone Pine	5:10 p. m.		7:40 a. m.
Keeler	Ar. 5:55 p. m.		Lv. 7:00 a. m.

Trains 1 and 2 run daily.
Train 3 runs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays
Train 4 runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturday

Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of V. & T. R. R., which connect at Reno with east and west bound trains Central Pacific Railroad.

Stage Connections:

At HAWTHORNE with United States Stage Company's coaches for Aurora (36 miles); Bodie (65 miles); Lundy and Bridgeport.

At LUNING (125 miles from Mound House) with Gilmer, Salsbury & Co's. tri weekly stages (leaving Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) for Downieville, Grantsville and Belmont.

At CANDELARIA with U. S. Stage Co's. stage for Columbus (8 miles), Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain, etc.

H. M. YERINGTON,
General Superintendent.

J. LAWS, Assistant Superintendent.

D. A. BENDER,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Newest Styles

OF

Fashionable Clothing
Dry Goods, Ladies'
Wear, etc., etc

AT

L. WOODS

CASH STORE

A small stock of fresh groceries and canned goods constantly renewed.

Fresh Produce, and Grain
Flour, etc., constantly
on hand.

CANDIES,
PEANUTS
WALNUTS,
TOYS!

THE CASH STORE
Is Where You Get
WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

NORMAN HOUSE,

Independence, - Cal.

New House
New Furniture.
Low Rates.

☞Special attention will be given to details the comfort of guests.

O. I. MAIRS, Prop.
feb12tf

ANTONS SALOON

KEELER, CAL.

In Lake View Hotel

BEER, WINES,

LIQUORS and CIGARS

All kinds of Fancy Drinks, including Seltzer water. A comfortable and pleasant Hall.

JOHN C. ANTON, Prop.

Palace Saloon

J. C. MILLER, Lessee.

—THE BAR—

Is constantly supplied with the best kinds of

WINES,
LIQUORS,
& CIGARS.

☞The most careful attention given to the amusement and comfort of patrons.

A FINE BILLIARD TABLE

Is always at the disposal of visitors to the Palace Saloon.

CONDEMNED.

Ammonia Baking Powder Must Go.

Bills have been introduced in the New York, Illinois and Minnesota Legislatures compelling the manufacturer of such baking powders to brand on the label in bold type, this powder "Contains ammonia." Physicians and chemists condemn the use of ammonia in baking powders as a crime. Its constant use no matter how small the quantity deranges the stomach, neutralizing the gastric juice and destroying the complexion. It is the small quantities taken every meal that do the mischief.

It is gratifying to know there are pure baking powders to be had on the market and at no greater cost to the consumer than some of these so-called "absolutely pure" ammonia powders.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, the standard pure cream of tartar powder for forty years. Free from the taint of either ammonia or alum. None so pure—None so wholesome.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is reported by all authorities as free from Ammonia, Alum, or any other adulterant. In fact, the purity of this ideal powder has never been questioned.

When a man has lost his opportunity he does not know where to look for it again.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

When Jay Gould is a bull he tries to give the public the wrong steer.

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

MANY SUCH.

A group of mechanics was seated in the engine-room when one said: "How was it Tom?" [illegible] was caught up, slapped against the ceiling and whirled down to the floor. I lay there like one dead, and every muscle was sprained! I was cured in one day." What cured him?

ST. JACOBS OIL

with equal facility and certainty has cured promptly and permanently worse cases, and permanently after suffering half a lifetime. Here is one of many. 14 Sumner St., Cleveland, O., Aug 11, '88. In 1881 sprained my arm clubbing chestnuts; could not lift my arm; constant pain until 1880, when St. Jacobs Oil cured me. JACOB EITZENSPERGER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda.

There are emulsions and emulsions, and there is still much skimmed milk which masquerades as cream. Try as they will many manufacturers cannot so disguise their cod liver oil as to make it palatable to sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion of PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL, combined with Hypophosphites is almost as palatable as milk. For this reason as well as for the fact of the stimulating qualities of the Hypophosphites, Physicians frequently prescribe it in cases of

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS and CHRONIC COUGH or SEVERE COLD.

All Druggists sell it, but be sure you get the genuine, as there are poor imitations.

From the "Pacific Journal."

"A great invention has been made by Dr. Tutt of New York. He has produced

Tutt's Hair Dye

which imitates nature to perfection; it acts instantaneously and is perfectly harmless. Price, $1. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

There is always a best even among a score of good things, and every pipe smoker who has tried the Mastiff brand acknowledges it to be the sweetest, coolest smoking tobacco made. It does not bite the tongue, and is positively free from any foreign mixture.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

A DREAM.

I dreamed I had hard words with you
Last night, dear love, I know not why,
Some trivial word or act of yours
Had roused my anger, and when I
Awoke, my heart and brain
Were smarting with the wrong and pain.

I dreamed your eyes—those tender eyes—
Looked coldly, sternly into mine,
And in the accents of your voice
Was no conciliating sign.
And yet, 'tis strange I do not know
What 'twas that chafed and vexed us so.

Forgive me, love! I had forgot;
Dreams are as treacherous as our joys,
And, dreaming, I remembered not
That for three years your blessed voice
Has silent been, and daisies white
Have hid your sweet eyes from my sight.

—Housekeeper, Weekly.

AH CHING FO'S WILL.

Ah Ching Fo was as his name, as any one might have read on the door of his laundry—if any one happened to know Chinese. Of course he was called John. The American dubs every Chinaman John—just as the stout old gentleman calls every pretty girl "my dear."

If you chanced to walk south on Mott street four years ago I have no doubt you saw John's laundry. It was in the basement of a big tenement house. Through the open windows one might have seen John at work, sprinkling the clothes through his teeth—a la mode Chinoise—or, perhaps, polishing a refractory shirt front. At all events, there he stood for ten good hours every day, with that smile of bland idiocy that, among strangers, the Chinaman wears like a mask.

Above stairs in the tenement dwelt all sorts and conditions of people. There were broken down gamblers, Irish laborers, Jew peddlers and a few "swell" negroes given to flaring scarfs and much cheap hair oil. It was in two dingy rooms at the back and up three pairs of stairs that old Otto von Haeckel and his pretty daughter Lischen lived. Herr von Haeckel earned a few dollars every week by playing the violin in a Bowery "theatre of varieties." Now, be it understood that a Bowery "theatre of varieties" is a very unsavory place, and the less said about it the better.

Lischen, like a good little housewife of fifteen, stayed at home and scrubbed the bare floor till it shone and darned stockings till they were good as new—better in fact—and was desperately unhappy. For Lischen, like Cæsar and a great many worse folk, was ambitious.

"You have a voice like a bird, dearest child," her father would say; "it is gold, liebes kind, but it needs refining and minting."

So Lischen, knowing what need there was for minted gold, practiced the exercises her father set her, and hoped. And the poor old man saved every penny—few enough they were—and tried to make himself fancy that some day he would take his nightingale to Milano.

For Herr von Haeckel believes that one cannot learn singing outside of Italy. But in spite of Lischen's hopes and the old man's hoarded pennies, Milano was very far away indeed; it seemed as though it moved a few leagues farther away each day.

John, in the basement among the shirts and collars, had a sharp ear for the staircase. Whenever he heard Lischen's little feet tripping down he was sure to be at the window to see her pass. Lischen fell into the habit of glancing down at him; soon the glance grew into a smile; the smile grew into a nod.

One day as she was coming home John Chinaman met her in the hall. After much mysterious fumbling he produced a large packet from some hidden cave in his blouse. He thrust it into Lischen's hands and vanished. Chinamen have the art of vanishing—Chu Fong did. Lischen carried the packet to her room and opened it. It contained a large papier mache dragon and this was filled with salty Chinese bonbons of wonderful taste. When the old violinist came home that afternoon from the Bowery theatre of varieties she showed him the dragon, and laughingly told him how she had been presented with it.

"H'm, gut—ja!" said her father, and wrapped it up and took it down to the Chinaman.

"My daughter cannot take this," he explained, "she is much obliged to you. Do you understand?"

"Go'long way," returned John placidly, "n'lot mine—go'long way."

Herr von Haeckel tried again with no better success than before. At last he was fain to go back, dragon and all, as he came.

After that mysterious parcels would come sailing through the transom; long silk scarfs and gay colored handkerchiefs twisted under the door like snakes—and apparently of their own volition.

One afternoon Lischen was startled by a sharp knock. She opened the door and there stood John Chinaman. He wore a long blue silk blouse, flowered gorgeously. Yellow silk smalls were wrapped about his thin legs, and white silk shoes adorned his feet. His pigtail hung to the floor and his face was wreathed in a smile blander than new butter. In one hand he carried a lighted wax candle. This he deposited on the table. Then he drew up a chair and sat down.

"Plitty day," he said. "Will you mally me?"

"What?" exclaimed Lischen.

"Mally me, please," Ah Ching Fo repeated, and pointing to the candle he gave her to understand that while it burned she could ponder over her decision.

Half laughing and half frightened, she jumped up and blew out the candle. Ah Ching Fo sighed, shook his head sadly, and went away.

Of course the Chinaman knew—how could he help knowing? Every one in the tenement had heard of Lischen's ambition and the old violinist's savings.

When the old man came home that afternoon Milano seemed [illegible] to tea away indeed. John Chinaman [illegible] very far to the wise as Ah Ching Fo—stopped him in the hallway and [illegible] spoke to him.

"Velly plitty gel, y'lil gel, mally John? No, no, no! Lil gel go 'long way; be gleat snuggel an' be velly rich—good gel! Have plenty heap dollals—lil gel be gleat singer—good bly!"

Now, that speech the old man understood in a moment, for Ah Ching Fo thrust into his hand a box filled with bank notes, big and little, and a jolly jumble of gold and silver coins. It was a hard struggle for the poor old German violinist—in a Bowery theatre of varieties, mark you—but he was a gentleman still, and he gave it back.

"No," he said. "You have a good heart, but you do not understand our ways. No, no!"

Then he went slowly upstairs. Ah Ching Fo sat down in his laundry, and for the second time that day his face clouded, and he puffed out an opiated sigh. John Chinaman had been saving this money in order to go back to China and be a great man—a magnate in his native village. Somehow or other that old ambition seemed flat, stale and unprofitable now. It had lost its old time flavor. So Ah Ching Fo sighed and looked disconsolate enough.

All at a sudden he broke out into a Gargantuan laugh, such as Chinaman never laughed before or since. Then he locked up his shop and went out. In a few moments he returned with two friends, slanting as to the eyes and yellow as to the skin. The three sat and smoked opium and chatted hieroglyphics together for half the night. The first thing in the morning they set off to a lawyer's and Ah Ching Fo made his will—absolutely made his will—and the two friends witnessed it.

Now, as a matter of fact, you may believe in old superstitions or you may not. But how are you going to get over this fact? The very day that Ah Ching Fo signed his will he was taken desperately ill. He was in terrible pain. He rolled on the floor and groaned.

John grew worse and worse. One of his friends went out for a physician and came back with a pimply young man—assistant in the drug shop in Mulberry street. This wise youth looked at the squirming Chinaman very sagely, hemmed, pocketed a dollar, and went away, promising to send some medicine.

But before the medicine came John Chinaman was past mending. Ah Ching Fo was dead. Dead beyond doubt, you understand, absolutely dead. One of his countrymen went out and bought a coffin, and Ah Ching Fo was laid out forthwith. Prayers were burnt over him; three pots of evil smelling incense darkened the air; in the corner a prayer machine clicked dolorously away.

Ah Ching Fo was dead. The next day the coffin was taken away. Followed by many of Ah Ching Fo's sorrowing, almond eyed friends, it was borne to its last resting place.

Little Lischen looked down over the staircase as the coffin was borne away. She half wondered at the sudden tears that flooded her eyes. The laundry was sold out, and Mott street knew Ah Ching Fo no more forever.

Lischen went back to her dingy little room. She sat by the window brooding. The old man, her father, drew mournful sounds from his violin.

"Rat-tat-bang!"

Herr von Haeckel opened the door; a fat, red faced man, with a long black mustache, came in smiling. "Ah!" said he, "here we are—all of us. "Misther Hickle, Miss Hickle, mesilf—I congratulate ye!"

"What do you mean?" asked the old German shortly.

"By that same token, Misther Hickle, ye needn't be after being so quick! I am a lawyer—barrister, Trin. Col., Dublin—an' me client's dead; dead, sir! and by that same token, 'though he was a hathen, he's lift $3,000 to your daughter. Here's the will!"

Aye, there was the will! It was duly signed, sealed and witnessed, giving to Lischen von Haeckel all the property whatsoever of which Ah Ching Fo might die possessed.

And, of course, she went to Milan and became a great singer, and took a high sounding name, and you have applauded and cheered her, and lost your heart to her, and so have I.

I heard her the night she made her American debut. She sang Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust"—the German version. The house was crammed. By chance I glanced up to the gallery. There in a dark corner sat a dry, bland, little Chinaman chuckling to himself. Had I not known that Ah Ching Fo was dead—dead as a coffin nail, absolutely dead—I should have sworn that that Chinaman grinning in the gallery was Ah Ching Fo. But then there are no ghosts in Mott street. And all Chinamen look alike.—Vance Thompson in New York Mail and Express.

They Usually Do.

"Did you make much on your last stock deal?"

"No; lost $700."

"But I thought that MacDollars gave you a pointer."

"He did; but it proved to be a disappointer, instead."—Munsey's Weekly.

After Many Days.

"Why so beaming, Briefless?"

"Congratulate me. I have got a client at last."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir; myself. My landlord is suing me for rent."—New York Sun.

His Way of Advertising.

"I beg pardon for intruding upon your time," said the polite, smiling man with the small valise in his hand. "A peddler is a nuisance. I know it as well as anybody. But there are various kinds of peddlers, and all of us must live. It isn't our fault that we are here. Those of us that earn our living honestly have to share the odium that belongs to the calling. I'm not complaining of this, gentlemen. It is part of the curse that came in the original package to Adam. If there is any one of you that has a spot of grease on his coat, vest or pant—trousers," he added, opening his valise and taking out a small cake of soap and sponge, "I shall be happy to remove it, and without charging a cent and without asking anybody to buy my soap. It's my way of advertising. My dear sir, allow me. There is a little spot on your vest."

He rubbed the spot with a piece of sponge, deftly applied the sponge, made [illegible] passes over the cloth with a piece of sheeting, and said:

"There, sir, that spot is [illegible] of cotton never see it again. And [illegible] never see me again [illegible] gone. You will [illegible] once through [illegible] probably you will [illegible] either, as I travel but [illegible] granted [illegible] a community. My goods [illegible] at the stores. I take it for [illegible] that nobody wishes to buy a cake [illegible] soap. I wish you good morning, gentlemen."

After the polite, smiling visitor had gone away the gentleman whose garment had been operated upon had occasion to consult his watch.

It wasn't there.

It had disappeared with the spot.—Chicago Herald.

What Tears Are Made Of.

The principal element in the composition of a tear, as may readily be supposed, is water. The other elements are salt, soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda and mucus, each in small proportions.

A dried tear seen through a microscope of good average power presents a peculiar appearance. The water, after evaporation, leaves behind it the saline ingredients, which amalgamate and form themselves into lengthened cross lines, and look like a number of minute fish bones.

The tears are secreted in what are called the "lachrymal glands," situated over the eyeball and underneath the lid. The contents of these glands are carried along and under the inner surface of the eyelids by means of six or seven very fine channels, and are discharged a little above the cartilage supporting the lid.

The discharge of tears from the lachrymal glands is not occasional and accidental, as is commonly supposed, but continuous. It goes on both day and night—though less abundantly at night—through the "conduits," and spreads equally over the surface of the lids.

After serving its purpose the flow is carried away by two little drains, situated in that corner of each eye nearest the nose, into which they run, and called the "lachrymal points."—Brooklyn Standard.

Stork's Pathetic Romance.

A strange and pathetic romance ended happily at the Old Bailey Tuesday. One William Stork, a most respectable laborer, was indicted for trying to murder his sweetheart. He and she had loved each other for seven years. Poverty, however, had kept them from marrying. Out of his earnings of £1 a week Stork had kept the girl, her aged and infirm father and brother and his own mother from the workhouse. She, fearful of being a further burden, left to stay with a brother. The lovers, however, met one day—the man pressing the woman to marry, she, still dreading their poverty, refusing. Wild with despair Stork tried to cut the girl's throat and his own. The judge and the jury both agreed in sentencing him to a mere formal punishment, and the devoted couple met the reward of their long self-denial by getting a gift of £10 from the sheriff's fund to enable them to marry and set up house together.—London Letter.

Bridging Behring Straits.

Engineering skill has been advanced so far that no project is now sufficiently stupendous to appal the imagination. Plans have accordingly been drawn to bridge Behring Straits and construct an all rail route to Europe via Asia. The chief difficulty—one that for the present at least is insurmountable—is, such a road would not pay, and therefore could not command the necessary capital. As to the construction of two bridges, each twenty miles long, across the arm of the sea, that could probably be done if there was money in it. But in spite of the assurance that the climate is mild, owing to the Pacific Gulf stream, and that there is no danger from ice, it would require some education of the traveling public to induce them to risk their lives on such a bridge.

ALUM AND AMMONIA IN OUR BREAD.

Shall we drive Slow Poison from our Breakfast Table.

A nuisance that troubled England fifty years ago is now rapidly spreading in this country, that is, putting Alum in the bread we eat. This question is causing a great deal of discussion at the present moment, as it is revealed that alum is being used as a substitute for cream of tartar in baking powders. A story is told that a very large percentage of the baking powders sold on the market contain either alum or ammonia and many of them contain both these pernicious drugs. Much timely alarm is felt at the wholesale use of alum in bread, biscuit and pastry. To young children, growing girls, persons of weakly frame, alum bread eaten morning, noon and evening is the most harmful. It is the small quantities taken at every meal that do the mischief. Alum is cheap, costing but two or three cents a pound, while cream of tartar costs 30c, and the high price of cream of tartar has led cheap baking powder to be made of alum. If the reader wants to know something of the corrosive qualities of alum let him touch a piece to his tongue then reflect how it acts on the tender, delicate coats of the stomach.

The *Scientific American* published in a recent number a list of alum and ammonia baking powders, which is of great value at this time. Following is a condensed list compiled from official reports. Powders marked with a star seem to have a general sale, as they are mentioned in at least two of the official reports:

*ATLANTIC & PACIFIC.	*ROYAL.
CROWN.	SILVER STAR.
*DAVIS O. K.	*SNOWDRIFT.
GEM.	STAR.
*KENTON.	STANDARD.

There are, in addition to the foregoing list from the *Scientific American*, a number of such powders sold in the western that were not found in the eastern stores.

Following is a list of the most prominent:

ANDREWS' PEARL, - - Contains Ammonia (C. E. Andrews & Co., Milwaukee.)
ACME, - - - - Contains Ammonia. (Thos. Wood & Co., Philadelphia.)
BON BON, - - - Contains Ammonia. (J. C. Grant Baking Powder Co., Chicago.)
CALUMET, - - - Contains Alum. (Calumet Baking Powder Co., Chicago.)
CLIMAX, - - - Contains Ammonia. (Climax Baking Powder Co., Indianapolis.)
FOREST CITY, - Contains Ammonia Alum (Vouwle Bros., Cleveland.)
HOTEL, - - Contains Ammonia Alum (J. C. Grant Baking Powder Co., Chicago.)
HERCULES, - - - Contains Ammonia. (Hercules Baking Powder Co., San Francisco.)
ONE SPOON, TAYLOR'S, - Ammonia Alum. (Taylor Mfg. Co., St. Louis.)
RISING SUN, - - - Contains Ammonia. (Phoenix Chemical Works, Chicago.)
ROYAL, - - - Contains Ammonia. (Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.)

A Kentucky Estimate.—Jimpson—What is meant by the horn of plenty? Grogly—About a quart.

THE WESTERN SETTLER'S CHOSEN SPECIFIC.

With every advance of emigration into the far West, a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities, on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or miasmatic [illegible] soon learns, when he does not already know, that the Bitters afford the only [illegible] emigrant against malaria, and those [illegible] stomach, liver and bowels [illegible] sure protection against changes, exposure, and [illegible] disorders of the healthy water or diet [illegible] to which climatic [illegible] unaccustomed or unprepared [illegible] subject him. Consequently, he places an [illegible] on hand [illegible] and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep [illegible] restorative and promoter of health so [illegible] to be relied upon in time of need.

Sign of a Hard Winter—They have begun to leave the door open after them when they go out.

HEALTH IN OLD AGE.

Edward Collinson, Queens, N. Y., says: "I commenced using BRANDRETH'S PILLS over fifty-five years ago. I first bought them in London, and have continued using them since I came to this country in 1836. I am now over seventy-five years old, hale and hearty, and attribute my wonderful health to the persistent use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. Occasionally I have a bad cold or severe attack of rheumatism, indigestion or biliousness, but four or five doses of BRANDRETH'S PILLS always cure me. Whenever my children have been sick with scarlet fever, measles, mumps, acid stomach, disordered digestion or costiveness, a few doses of BRANDRETH'S PILLS restore their health at once."

Wild oats are generally sown in the liver, and they can't be pulled up.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic, and Pulmonary Complaints, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" manifest remarkable curative properties. 25 cents a box.

The less religion people have the more they insist upon others having.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell

Try Germea for Breakfast.

The Chinese Evolution Theory.

The rocks are the bones of the divine body, the soil is the flesh, the metals are the nerves and veins; the tide, wind, rain, clouds, frost and dew are all caused by its respirations, pulsations and exhalations. Originally the mountains rose to the firmament and the seas covered the mountains to their tops. At that time there was in the divine body no life besides the divine life. Then the waters subsided; small herbs grew, and in the lapse of cycles developed into shrubs and trees.

As the body of man, unwashed for years, breeds vermin, so the mountains, unlaved by the seas, bred worms and insects, greater creatures developing out of lesser. Beetles in the course of ages became tortoises, earth worms became serpents, high flying insects became birds, some of the turtle doves became pheasants, egrets became cranes, and wildcats became tigers. The praying mantis was by degrees transformed into an ape, and some of the apes became hairless. A hairless ape made a fire by striking crystal upon a rock, and, with the spark struck out, igniting the dry grass. With the fire they cooked food, and by eating warm victuals they grew large, strong and knowing, and were changed into men.—Toledo Blade.

Presentiment of Death.

"Yes, I believe that many a soldier who loses his life in battle has a presentiment of death," said Edward McDevitt, of the United States clerk's office. "I formed that conclusion early in the war of the rebellion, and as the war progressed I became more firmly intrenched in the belief. I can recall many instances where young men showed by their conduct that they were marked for death, and in each case the man was killed as soon as we went into battle.

"There was one case that impressed me more than any other. We had in our company a young country fellow—a big, strapping fellow, and one of the bravest men I ever saw go into battle. I saw him in numerous battles, and I never saw him flinch until the day he was killed. He didn't seem to know what fear was.

"One morning we were lying in our trenches when the word was passed along that we were going into battle. This young man was next to me, and I noticed that he turned white at the announcement. When we were ordered to fall in he trembled all over, and was so weak he could hardly carry his gun. I never saw such a change come over a man, and I asked him what was the matter.

"'I feel that my time has come,' was his reply, and that was all he said.

"We were going up a hillside, and hadn't gone more than a hundred feet from the trenches when a shell burst in front of us. A piece of it struck the young soldier in the face and carried away a part of his head. Death was so sudden that he never knew how it occurred. That is only one of many like instances that I might cite in support of my belief."—Indianapolis News.

Famished in the Sahara.

That part of the sandy and sultry Sahara near Biskra has been the scene of a tragedy which was caused by a want of water. Some time ago a young soldier named Frossard was sent from a topographical station in Algeria to Biskra for victuals. He was accompanied by a mounted spahi and had two mules. By a strange inadvertence the little caravan ran short of water after it had been in the desert for a short time. Frossard accordingly directed the spahi to leave him his horse, and to take the mules with him to the nearest oasis for a supply of the necessary fluid.

The spahi journeyed on through the scorching sands for a day and a night before he came to the oasis of Gartha, but when returning to where he left Prossard he lost his bearings and had to go back to the oasis. There a small expedition was fitted out by the local sheik, and after a long search the dead body of the young soldier was found half devoured by hyenas and jackals.

The carcass of the spahi's horse was also discovered not far away. It appears that the soldier had killed the horse with his sword and then drank its blood. He had likewise cut out the animals lungs and put them aside, but before he could use them as food he was either surprised by the beasts of the desert or succumbed to the intense heat coupled with a return of thirst.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Well Preserved Wood.

B. Dean, of Jonesboro, Ga., has a block from a garden gate post that was hewn out and placed in the ground in 1804. He made a visit to his sister in Baldwin county, and it was at her home that he secured the block from the aged yet serviceable post. The post was hewn out of a light wood tree, and is perfectly sound today. Mr. Dean says it is good for another eighty-six years and perhaps much longer.—Chicago Herald.

No Physic Like It.

"Why, how did you cure that game leg? I thought you would be lame for life."

"So did I before I got a verdict for $5,000 against the railroad company, but that straightened it out in no time."—Epoch.

Justice Bradley, of the national supreme court, is an expert mathematician. He has been known to make almanacs and calendars just to keep his mind in good working order.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores Complexion; cures Constipation. Send to 319 W. 45th St., N.Y., for Samples of

WANTED! Agents to sell the "Life of Parnell" containing a Biography of W. E. Gladstone. The most popular and best selling book now offered. Profusely illustrated. Agents are making over $10 per day. Apply quick for territory. Can supply any book published. Mention this paper.

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18 California St., San Francisco.

If you want POWDER for Mining, Railroad Work, Stump Blasting or Tree Planting, send for Price List.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

AGENT made $71 in four days on my Electric Corsets and Specialties. 100 per cent Profit and Cash Prizes. Sample free. Dr. Bridgman, Broadway, N. Y.

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Do You Need A PLOW? GALE Chilled Plows Unexcelled.

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